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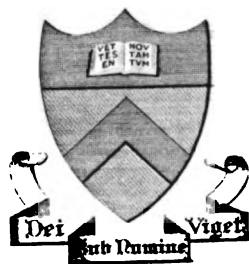
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INDEX.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

Acquaintances, Friends and,	Page 193
Answers to Correspondents,	129
Australian Meg Dods, an,	207
Avis, a Rara,	171
Beards of Our Fathers, the,	369
Bedroom Fire, by the,	177
Birch, the, Ancient and Modern,	81
Brigade, a New,	106
Catastrophe, a,	404
Cheap Tour, an Exceedingly,	33
China, Going to the Play in,	79
Christmas among the Norsemen,	11
Common-place People,	17
Sense,	321
Declined with Thanks,	262
East, Researches in the,	24
Female Professions,	387
Fête at Tzarako-Selo, a,	119
Fictionist's World, the,	241
Friends and Acquaintances,	193
Genteel Economy,	65
Hat? Why do I wear a,	140
Heroism? What is,	297
Hôtel Dessin, at the,	103
House, My Night in the,	97
Italy, Religion, Love, and Marriage in,	145
Life, the Span of,	161
Major Truefitt on the Too Fine,	113
Meg Dods, an Australian,	207
Money, Spare,	408
My Night in the House,	97
New-year's Day—When?	6
No. 19. W.,	215
Norsemen, Christmas among the,	11
Parks, the Weather and the,	180
Peasant-life in Syria,	339
People, Common-place,	17
Pionia,	353
Popular Puppets,	123
Postman, the Soft-hearted,	245
Professions, Female,	387
Rara Avis, a,	171
Religion, Love, and Marriage in Italy,	145
St George and the Dragon,	408
Self-dependence,	310
Sense, Common,	321

Shop-windows,	Page 225
Span of Life, the,	161
Spare Money,	408
Spiritual Extension of a Physical Law, a,	49
Tancred Hall,	385
Thanks, Declined with,	262
Tour, an Exceedingly Cheap,	33
Truefitt, Major, on the Too Fine,	113
Weather and the Parks, the,	150
Woman's Thoughts about Women,	273, 310,
Working-man's Growl, a,	60
World, the Fictionist's,	241

POETRY.

Angels, the,	Page 144
Bird in the Storm, the,	16
Day,	272
Dream, a,	32
En Avant!	304
Even-tide, at,	336
Evening-star, the,	256
Fireside Song, a,	48
Garland of Wild-flowers, the,	400
Gone,	176
Life Returning,	240
Love,	192
Mohammedan Lady to her Hand-maiden, the,	224
Mortality,	112
Mountain Stream, the Song of the,	352
Old Man's Question, an,	64
Path through the Snow,	416
Poetry versus Science,	198
Slaves, the Fugitive,	96
Sonnet,	160
Stanzas,	288
Sweet-sedge, the,	368
Vigils,	80
Wedding-day, the,	320
'Will Sail To-morrow,'	384
Worlds, between Two,	128

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Ant Gossip,	Page 300
Art Palace at Manchester, the,	337
Atlantic Telegraph, the,	401
Bessemer Question, Present State of the,	363
Branches, a Cunning Hand among the,	15
Family, a Strange,	121
Fever-poisons,	160
Fish without a Position, a,	255
Fog-seas of the Moon,	188
Light, Copying by,	127, 224
Livingstone, Dr. and his Discoveries,	42
Month, the: Science and Arts—	77, 141, 205, 270, 350, 414
Natural History of My Pond,	90, 107
Naturalists' Field-clubs—A Day with the Woolhepe,	227
Odour to Flowers, how to impart,	368
Science versus Poetry,	198
Sky-hieroglyphics,	372
Trawling and Dredging,	333
Victoria Bridge, the,	144
Watling Street, a Walk in,	173

TALES AND OTHER NARRATIVES.

Adventure in the Canton River, a Ladrone,	Page 196
Australian Meg Dods, an,	207
Catastrophe, a,	404
Conscience, Hendrik,	214
Dark, a Leap in the,	364
Father Mathew,	56
Grant Highlanders, Mutiny of the,	22
Herpin, Catharina—The Wife of the Palatinat,	209
Humboldt at Home,	175
Jeameses, One of the,	327
Ladrone Adventure in the Canton River, a,	196
Lady's Occupation of Sveaborg, a,	231
Leap in the Dark, a,	364

105296

Life, Three Chapters out of My—	Page
157, 169, 190	
Louis XVI. on the Scaffold, . . .	248
Meg Dods, an Australian, . . .	207
Palatinate, the Wife of the, . . .	209
Photograph of a Negro Town, . . .	263
St George and the Dragon, . . .	406
Sarawak, a Glimpse of, . . .	390
Story of an Engaged Young Person, the, . . .	45
Tancred Hall, . . .	386
Three Chapters out of My Life—	157, 169, 190
Tour, an Exceedingly Cheap, . . .	33
War-trail, the; a Romance. By Captain Mayne Reid—	
I. Souvenirs, . . .	1
II. A Mexican Frontier Village, . . .	2
III. The Rangers on Picket, . . .	3
IV. Making a Captive, . . .	4
V. My Captive, . . .	25
VI. Isolina de Vargas, . . .	26
VII. An Order to Forge, . . .	29
VIII. Don Ramon, . . .	38
IX. 'Un Papelito,' . . .	39
X. An Old Enmity, . . .	41
XI. Rafael Jurra, . . .	51
XII. The Yellow Domino, . . .	53
XIII. The Blue Domino, . . .	54
XIV. Love-thoughts, . . .	72
XV. An Odd Epistle, . . .	73
XVI. The Manada, . . .	75
XVII. The Hunt of the Wild-horse, . . .	76
XVIII. The Phantom Horse, . . .	84
XIX. A Prairie Dream, . . .	85
XX. Lost upon the Prairie, . . .	86
XXI. A Prairie Repast, . . .	87
XXII. Chased by a 'Grizzly,' . . .	108
XXIII. The Toughest Struggle of my Life, . . .	110
XXIV. Old Comrades, . . .	111
XXV. A Queer Conversation, . . .	114
XXVI. Vows of Vengeance, . . .	115
XXVII. A 'Weed' Prairie on Fire, . . .	117
XXVIII. Rube Roasted Alive, . . .	134
XXIX. The Mesa, . . .	136
XXX. Guerrilleros, . . .	138
XXXI. The Parley, . . .	139
XXXII. A Dead Shot, . . .	153
XXXIII. A Running-shot, . . .	154
XXXIV. Rube's Charger, . . .	156
XXXV. El Zorro, . . .	162
XXXVI. A Plan of Escape, . . .	163
XXXVII. Elijah Quackenboss, . . .	164
XXXVIII. Rube's Plan, . . .	165
XXXIX. Scaling the Cliff, . . .	183
XL. A Reinforcement, . . .	185
XLI. The Indian Spy, . . .	186
XLII. The Caballada, . . .	187
XLIII. A Chapter of Explanations, . . .	200
XLIV. Dutch Lige in a Difficulty, . . .	202
XLV. A Lover on the Trail, . . .	203
XLVI. A Declaration on Horseback, . . .	220
XLVII. Strayed from the Track, . . .	221
XLVIII. An Adios, . . .	223
XLIX. Threats, . . .	235
L. Awkward Odds, . . .	237
LI. An Official Black-list, . . .	238
LII. The Route, . . .	250
LIII. Camp Gossip, . . .	252
LIV. The Ruined Rancho, . . .	253
LV. A Cruel Proscription, . . .	254
LVI. The Bivouac of the Guerrilla, . . .	265
LVII. Taking the Trail, . . .	267
LVIII. The Voyageur, . . .	268
LIX. Trailing by Torch-light, . . .	269
LX. The Sombrero, . . .	275
LXI. The Trail recovered, . . .	276

LXII. Wolves on the Track, . . .	Page
277	
LXIII. Across the Torrent, . . .	278
LXIV. A Lilliputian Forest, . . .	293
LXV. Scattering the Wild Stallions, . . .	294
LXVI. Lost in a Chapparal, . . .	295
LXVII. Encounter with Javali, . . .	296
LXVIII. The Woods on Fire? . . .	312
LXIX. Smoke and Thirst, . . .	313
LXX. A Burnt Prairie, . . .	314
LXXI. The Talk of the Trackers, . . .	315
LXXII. 'Injun Sign,' . . .	316
LXXIII. Translating the 'Sign,' . . .	329
LXXIV. The Steed Lassoed, . . .	330
LXXV. The 'Indios Bravos,' . . .	330
LXXVI. On the War-trail, . . .	332
LXXVII. The Writing on the Magney, . . .	343
LXXVIII. The Southern Savage, . . .	344
LXXIX. A Subterranean Fire, . . .	345
LXXX. A Red Epistle, . . .	346
LXXXI. More Writing in Red, . . .	347
LXXXII. An 'Injun on the Back-track,' . . .	358
LXXXIII. My Plan, . . .	359
LXXXIV. 'Painting Injun,' . . .	360
LXXXV. The last Hours on the Trail, . . .	361
LXXXVI. The Comanche Camp, . . .	362
LXXXVII. No Cover, . . .	376
LXXXVIII. Rube consulting his Oracle, . . .	377
LXXXIX. The Trapper's Counsel, . . .	378
XC. Talking to the Water, . . .	379
XCI. Up-stream, . . .	380
XCI. Coup d'Œil of the Camp, . . .	393
XCIII. A Friendly Encounter, . . .	393
XCIV. The Council, . . .	395
XCV. Measuring the Chances, . . .	395
XCVI. The White-haired Chief, . . .	396
XCVII. Speeches in Council, . . .	409
XCVIII. A Rough Courtship, . . .	410
XCIX. The Crisis, . . .	411
C. The Last Chase, . . .	412
Wickham, Mr, the Great, . . .	308
Wife of the Palatinate, the, . . .	209
Wife's Relations, Visiting My, . . .	281
Young Person, the Story of an Engaged, . . .	45

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Boswell, Temple's Letters of James, 88	
Stewart's Practical Angler, . . .	291

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

Acquaintances, Friends and, . . .	193
Alsace—The Ghost-play, . . .	303
America, Emigration to, made Easy, 95	
—, Glimpses of Affairs in.	
By W. Chambers—	
An Old Question in a New Aspect, . . .	8
How it came about, . . .	18
We get to the Missouri Compromise, . . .	35
Florida—Texas—Fugitive Slave-bill, . . .	66
The Kansas-Nebraska Affair, . . .	100
The Struggle in Kansas, . . .	131
Manœuvring, . . .	178
Free People of Colour, . . .	211
What is to be done? . . .	242

Answers to Correspondents, . . .	Page
129	
Ant Gossip, . . .	300
Appeals—The Glorious Uncertainty of the Law, . . .	361
Art Palace at Manchester, the, . . .	337
Arts and Science—	
77, 141, 205, 270, 350, 414	
Atlantic Telegraph, the, . . .	401
Australian Meg Dods, an, . . .	207
Basket, how to Fill your, . . .	291
Beards of Our Fathers, the, . . .	369
Bedroom Fire, by the, . . .	177
Bessemer Question, Present State of the, . . .	363
Birch, the, Ancient and Modern, . . .	81
Bird's-eye View of Tobacco, a, . . .	317
Blessed Providence for our Continental Neighbours, a, . . .	328
Boswell, Letters of James, . . .	88
Branches, a Cunning Hand among the, . . .	15
Brigade, a New, . . .	106
—, the Shoe-black, . . .	69
Brighton, the Theory of, . . .	167
Canonbury Tower, . . .	181
Canon River, a Ladrone Adventure in the, . . .	196
Captain Dodd at Sea, . . .	257, 304, 352
Catastrophe, a, . . .	404
China, Going to the Play in, . . .	79
Christmas among the Norsemen, . . .	11
Civil Service, the, . . .	217
Coleridge and Hazlitt—At the Hôtel Dessin, . . .	108
Collection of Mottoes, a Motley, . . .	280
Common-places People, a, . . .	17
—, Sense, . . .	321
Conscience, Hendrik, . . .	214
Consolidation of the Statute-laws of England, . . .	31
Correspondence, Matrimonial, . . .	93
Correspondents, Answers to, . . .	129
Dark, a Leap in the, . . .	364
Declined with Thanks, . . .	262
Designers' Ateliers in Paris, . . .	305
Dragon, St George and the, . . .	406
Dredging and Trawling, . . .	333
Dumas—A Parisian Litterateur, . . .	296
East, Researches in the, . . .	24
Economy, Genteel, . . .	65
Emigration to America made Easy, . . .	95
England, Consolidation of the Statute-laws of, . . .	31
Exceedingly Cheap Tour, an, . . .	33
Family, a Strange, . . .	121
Father Mathew, . . .	56
Fathers, the Beards of Our, . . .	369
Female Professions, . . .	387
Fête at Tsarsko-Selo, a, . . .	119
Fever-poisons, . . .	160
Fictionist's World, the, . . .	241
Field-clubs, Naturalists'—A Day with the Woolhope, . . .	227
Fire, by the Bedroom, . . .	177
—, proof Dwellings, . . .	234
Fish without a Position, a, . . .	255
Fog-seas of the Moon, . . .	188
Friday an Unlucky Day? . . .	366
Friends and Acquaintances, . . .	193
Genius, Toadyism of, . . .	348
Genteel Economy, . . .	65
Ghost-play, the, . . .	303
Glimpse of Sarawak, a, . . .	390
Glimpses of Affairs in America.	
By W. Chambers—	
8, 18, 35, 66, 100, 131, 178, 211, 242	
Governor, Our Friend the, . . .	289
Grant Highlanders, the Mutiny of the, . . .	22
Great Mr Wickham, the, . . .	308
Growl, a Working-man's, . . .	60
Hall, Tancred, . . .	385
Hat? Why do I wear a, . . .	140
Health, Good News of the National, . . .	153
Heroism? What is, . . .	297

	Page		Page		Page
Hôtel Desain, at the, . . .	103	Past and Present of India, . . .	355	Toadyism of Genius, . . .	348
House, My Night in the, . . .	97	Patent Warfare, . . .	247	Tobacco, a Bird's-eye View of, . . .	317
How to Fill your Basket, . . .	291	Peasant-life in Syria, . . .	339	Tour, an Exceedingly Cheap, . . .	33
Humboldt at Home, . . .	175	People, Common-place, . . .	17	Trawling and Dredging, . . .	333
India, Past and Present of, . . .	355	Philosopher en Robe de Chambre, a, . . .	342	Tristan d'Aounha—Our Friend the Governor, . . .	289
Italy, Religion, Love, and Marriage in, . . .	145	Photograph of a Negro Town, . . .	263	Truett, Major, on the Too Fine, . . .	113
Jeameses, One of the, . . .	327	Physical Law, a Spiritual Extension of a, . . .	49	Tzarako-Selo, a Fête at, . . .	119
Knock, the Postman's, . . .	397	Pionics, . . .	353	Visiting My Wife's Relations, . . .	281
Ladrons Adventure in the Canton River, a, . . .	196	Play in China, Going to the, . . .	79	Walk in Watling Street, a, . . .	173
Lady's Occupation of Sveaborg, a, . . .	231	Poetry versus Science, . . .	198	Warfare, Patent, . . .	247
Law-reform, Work of, . . .	151	Pond, Natural History of My, . . .	90, 107	Weather and the Parks, the, . . .	150
—, the Glorious Uncertainty of the, . . .	381	Poor Number Two! . . .	279	Why do I Wear a Hat? . . .	140
Lay-monks, . . .	59	Postman's Knock, the, . . .	397	Wickham, the Great Mr., . . .	308
Leap in the Dark, a, . . .	364	—, the Soft-hearted, . . .	245	Wife of the Palatinate, the, . . .	209
Letters of James Boswell, . . .	88	Professions, Female, . . .	387	Woman's Thoughts about Women, a, . . .	273, 310, 387
Life, the Span of, . . .	161	Progress of Tasmania, . . .	339	Woolhope, a Day with the—	
—, Three Chapters out of My—	157, 169, 190	Providence for our Continental Neighbours, a Blessed, . . .	328	Naturalists' Field-clubs, . . .	227
Light, Copying by, . . .	127, 224	Puppets, Popular, . . .	123	Working-man's Growl, a, . . .	60
Litterateur, a Parisian, . . .	298	Ragged School, the First, . . .	134	World, the Fictionist's, . . .	241
Livingstone, Dr. and his Discoveries, . . .	42	Railway, Second Class—Poor Number Two! . . .	279	Young Person, Story of an Engaged, . . .	45
London—Researches in the East, . . .	24	Rare Avis, a, . . .	171		
Louis XVI. on the Scaffold, . . .	248	Relations, Visiting my Wife's, . . .	281		
Mail-gig, a Ride in the French Imperial, . . .	63	Religion, Love, and Marriage in Italy, . . .	145		
Major Truettitt on the Too Fine, . . .	113	Researches in the East, . . .	24		
Manchester, the Art Palace at, . . .	337	Ride in the French Imperial Mail-gig, a, . . .	63		
Mathew, Father, . . .	56	Robe de Chambre, a Philosopher en, . . .	342		
Matrimonial Correspondence, . . .	93	St George and the Dragon, . . .	406		
Meg Dods, an Australian, . . .	207	Salmon and the Salmon-trade, . . .	284		
Millot-Brulé, M.—A Cunning Hand among the Branches, . . .	15	Sarawak, a Glimpse of, . . .	390		
Money, Spare, . . .	408	Scaffold, Louis XVI. on the, . . .	248		
Month, the: Science and Arts—	77, 141, 205, 270, 350, 414	Schools Cheap and Nasty, . . .	374		
Moon, Fog-seas of the, . . .	188	Science and Arts—	77, 141, 205, 270, 350, 414		
Mottoes, a Motley Collection of, . . .	290	Science versus Poetry, . . .	198		
Mutiny of the Grant Highlanders, . . .	23	Sea, Captain Dodd at, . . .	257, 304, 352		
My Night in the House, . . .	97	Self-dependence, . . .	310		
Nationality, . . .	323	Sense, Common, . . .	321		
Natural History of My Pond, . . .	90, 107	Service, the Civil, . . .	217		
Naturalists' Field-clubs—A Day with the Woolhope, . . .	227	Seventeen Hundred and Fifty-six, . . .	12		
Negro Town, Photograph of a, . . .	263	Shoe-black Brigade, the, . . .	69		
New Brigade, a, . . .	106	Shop-windows, . . .	225		
—year's Day—When? . . .	6	Sky-hieroglyphics, . . .	372		
—year's Eve, a Retrospect on, . . .	12	Smoke-nuisance, the, . . .	46		
No. 19. W., . . .	215	Soft-hearted Postman, the, . . .	245		
Norsemen, Christmas among the, . . .	11	Span of Life, the, . . .	161		
Occasional Notes—		Spare Money, . . .	406		
Work of Law-reform, . . .	151	Spiritual Extension of a Physical Law, a, . . .	49		
Good News of the National Health, . . .	152	Statute-laws of England, Consolidation of the, . . .	31		
One of the Jeameses, . . .	327	Strange Family, a, . . .	121		
Our Friend the Governor, . . .	289	Stuarts, Talk under the, . . .	125		
Palatinate, the Wife of the, . . .	209	Sveaborg, a Lady's Occupation of, . . .	231		
Paris, Designers' Ateliers in, . . .	305	Syria, Peasant-life in, . . .	339		
Parisian Litterateur, a, . . .	298	Tancred Hall, . . .	385		
Parks, the Weather and the, . . .	180	Tasmania, Progress of, . . .	239		
		Telegraph, the Atlantic, . . .	401		
		Theory of Brighton, the, . . .	167		

ANECDOTES AND PARAGRAPHS.

Alcohol in Wines, . . .	64
Bavarian Prison-reform, . . .	394
Benefit and Sick Clubs, . . .	352
Black-puddings, Antiquity of, . . .	176
Burmese Village, Type of a, . . .	192
Calculating-machine, . . .	48
California, Progress of, . . .	64
China, Fishing in, . . .	272
—, Low Value of Life in, . . .	288
Coal-oil, . . .	288
Criminals in London, Crime and, . . .	48
Decimal Monetary System, New, . . .	288
Dress-parties in Ancient Egypt, . . .	256
Emigration Enterprise, Important, . . .	320
Flowers, how to impart Odour to, . . .	368
Games, Identity of Dyak and European, . . .	272
Goodwin Sands, Prevention of Casualties on, . . .	304
'Gosse, a Tilt at Mr.,' . . .	96
Horse's Coat, Gloss for a, . . .	128
Literature and Literary Men, . . .	32
Longevity, Greek, Roman, and Negro, . . .	144
Paradise of the Old, . . .	256
Paupers for Sale, . . .	352
Ruskin turneth round on Turner, . . .	144
Teeth, Concomitance of high Civilization and Bad, . . .	384
Victoria Bridge, the, . . .	144
Vinification, New Process of, . . .	32
War-decorations, . . .	368
Wine, Philanthropy in, . . .	320
Women's Rights, . . .	272

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THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.*

CHAPTER I.

SOUVENIRS.

LAND of the nopal and maguey—home of Moctezuma and Malinché!—I cannot wring thy memories from my heart! Years may roll on, hand wax weak, and heart grow old, but never till both are cold can I forget thee! I *would* not; for thee would I remember. Not for all the world would I bathe my soul in the waters of Lethe. Blessed be memory for thy sake!

Bright land of Anahuac! my spirit mounts upon the aerial wings of Fancy, and once more I stand upon thy shores! Over thy broad savannahs I spur my noble steed, whose joyous neigh tells that he too is inspired by the scene. I rest under the shade of the *corozo* palm, and quaff the wine of the *acrocornia*. I climb thy mountains of amygdaloid and porphyry—thy crags of quartz, that yield the white silver and the yellow gold. I cross thy fields of lava, rugged in outline, and yet more rugged with their coverture of strange vegetable forms—the *cycas* and cactus, *yuccas* and *zamia*s. I traverse thy table-plains through bristling rows of giant aloes, whose sparkling juice cheers me on my path. I stand upon the limits of eternal snow, crushing the Alpine lichen under my heel; while down in the deep barranca, far down below, I behold the feathery fronds of the palm, the wax-like foliage of the orange, the broad shining leaves of the *pothos*, the *arums*, and *bananas*! O that I could look with living eye on these bright pictures! But even palely outlined upon the retina of memory, they impart a soothing pleasure to my soul.

Land of Moctezuma! I have other souvenirs of thee, more deeply graven on my memory than these pictures of peace. Thou recallest scenes of war. I traversed thy fields a foeman—sword in hand—and now, after years gone by, many a scene of soldier-life springs up before me with all the vividness of reality.

The Bivouac!—I sit by the night camp-fire; around are warlike forms and bearded faces. The blazing log reflects the sheen of arms and accoutrements—saddles, rifles, pistols, canteens, strewn the ground, or hanging from the branches of adjacent trees. Picketed steeds loom large in the darkness, their forms dimly outlined against the sombre background of the forest. A solitary palm stands near, its curving fronds looking hoary under the fire-light. The same light gleams

upon the fluted columns of the great organ-cactus, upon agaves and bromelias, upon the silvery *tillandsia*, that drapes the tall trees as with a toga.

The wild tale is told—the song is sung—the jest goes round—the hoarse peal echoes through the aisles of the forest, frightening the parrot on its perch, and the wolf upon his howl. Little reck they who sing, and jest, and laugh—little reck they of the morrow.

The Skirmish!—Morning breaks. The fragrant forest is silent, and the white blue light is just tinging the tree-tops. A shot rings upon the air: it is the warning-gun of the picket-sentinel, who comes galloping in upon the guard. The enemy approaches! 'To horse!' the bugle thrills in clear loud notes. The slumberers spring to their feet—they seize their rifles, pistols, and sabres, and dash through the smouldering fires till ashes cloud the air. The steeds snort and neigh; in a trice they are saddled, bridled, and mounted; and away sweeps the troop along the forest road.

The enemy is in sight—a band of *guerillas*, in all their picturesqueness of *manga* and *serapé*—of scarlet, purple, and gold. Lances, with shining points and streaming pennons, overtop the trees.

The bugle sounds the charge; its notes are drowned by the charging cheer. We meet our swarthy foemen face to face; spear-thrusts are answered by pistol-shots; our sabres cross and clink, but our snorting steeds rear back, and will not let us kill each other. We wheel and meet again, with deadlier aim, and more determined arm; we strike without remorse—we strike for freedom!

The Battle-field!—The serried columns and the bristling guns—the roar of cannon and the hoarse roll of drums—the bugle's wildest notes, the cheer, the charge—the struggle hand to hand—the falling foeman and his dying groan—the rout, retreat, the hoarse nuzza of victory! I well remember, but I cannot paint them.

Land of Anahuac! thou recallest other scenes, far different from these—scenes of tender love or stormy passion. The strife is o'er—the war-drum has ceased to beat, and the bugle to bray; the steed stands chafing in his stall, and the conqueror dallies in the halls of the conquered. Love is now the victor, and the stern soldier, himself subdued, is transformed into a sooting lover. In gilded hall or garden bower, behold him on bended knee, whispering his soft tale in the ear of some dark-eyed *doncella*, Andalusian or Aztec!

Lovely land! I have sweet memories of thee; for who could traverse thy fields without beholding some

* Right of translation reserved.

fair flower, ever after to be borne upon his bosom. And yet, not all my souvenirs are glad. Pleasant and painful, sweet and sad, they thrill my heart with alternate throes. But the sad emotions have been tempered by time, and the glad ones, at each returning tide, seem tinged with brighter glow. In thy bowers, as elsewhere, roses must be plucked from thorns; but in memory's mellowed light I see not the thorns—I behold only the bright and beautiful roses.

CHAPTER II.

A MEXICAN FRONTIER VILLAGE.

A Mexican *pueblita* on the banks of the Rio Bravo del Norte—a mere *rancheria* or hamlet. The quaint old church of Morisco-Italian style, with its cupola of motley japan, the residence of the *cura*, and the house of the *alcalde*, are the only stone structures in the place. These constitute three sides of the plaza, a somewhat spacious square. The remaining side is taken up with shops or dwellings of the common people. They are built of large unburnt bricks (*adobes*), some of them washed with lime, others gaudily coloured like the proscenium of a theatre, but most of them uniform in their muddy and forbidding brown. All have heavy, jail-like doors, and windows without glass or sash. The *reja* of iron bars set vertically, opposes the burglar, not the weather.

From the four corners of the plaza, narrow, unpaved, dusty lanes lead off to the country, for some distance bordered on both sides by the adobe houses. Still further out, on the skirts of the village, and sparsely placed, are dwellings of frailer build, but more picturesque appearance; they are *ridge-roofed* structures, of the split trunks of that gigantic lily, the arborescent yucca. Its branches form the rafters, its tough fibrous leaves the thatch. In these *ranchitos* dwell the poor peons, the descendants of the conquered race.

The stone dwellings, and those of mud likewise, are *flat-roofed*, tiled or cemented, sometimes tastefully jappanned, with a parapet breast-high running round the edge. This flat roof is the *azotea*, characteristic of Mexican architecture.

When the sun is low and the evening cool, the *azotea* is a pleasant lounging-place, especially when the proprietor of the house has a taste for flowers; then it is converted into an aerial garden, and displays the rich flora, for which the picture-land of Mexico is justly celebrated. It is just the place to enjoy a cigar, a glass of *pinolo*, or, if you prefer it, *catalan*. The smoke is wafted away, and the open air gives a relish to the beverage. Besides, your eye is feasted; you enjoy the privacy of a drawing-room, while you command what is passing in the street. The alight parapet gives security, while hindering a too free view from below; you see, without being seen. The world moves on, busied with earthly affairs, and does not think of looking up.

I stand upon such an *azotea*: it is that over the house of the *alcalde*; and his being the tallest roof in the village, I command a view of all the others. I can see beyond them all, and note the prominent features of the surrounding country. My eye wanders with delight over the deep rich verdure of its tropic vegetation; I can even distinguish its more characteristic forms—the cactus, the yucca, and the agave. I observe that the village is girdled by a belt of open ground—cultivated fields—where the maize waves

its silken tassels in the breeze, contrasting with the darker leaves of the capsicums and bean-plants (*frijoles*). This open ground is of limited extent. The *chapparal*, with its thorny thicket of acacias, mimosaes, ingas, and robinias—a perfect maze of leguminous trees—hems it in; and so near is the verge of this jungle, that I can distinguish its undergrowth of stemless *sabal* palms and bromelias—the sun-scorched and scarlet leaves of the *pita* plant shining in the distance like lists of fire.

This propinquity of the forest to the little *pueblita* bespeaks the indolence of the inhabitants; perhaps not. It must be remembered that these people are not agriculturists, but *vaqueros* (herdsmen); and that the glades and openings of that thick *chapparal* are speckled with herds of fierce Spanish cattle, and droves of small sharp-eared Andalusian horses, of the race of the Barb. The fact of so little cultivation does not abnegate the existence of industry on the part of the villagers. Grazing is their occupation, not farming; only a little of the latter to give them maize for their *tortillas*, chile to season it with, and black beans to complete the repast. These three, with the half-wild beef of their wide pastures, constitute the staple of food throughout all Mexico. For drink, the denizen of the high table-land finds his favourite beverage—the rival of champagne—in the core of the gigantic aloe; while he of the tropic coast-land refreshes himself from the stem of another native endogen, the *acromomia* palm.

Favoured land! Ceres loves thee, and Bacchus too. To thy fields both the god and the goddess have been freely bounteous. Food and drink may be had from them on easy terms. Alas! as in all other lands—one only excepted—Nature's divine views have been thwarted, her aim set aside, by the malignity of man. As over the broad world, the blight of the despot is upon thy beauty.

Why are these people crowded together—hived, as it were, in towns and villages? Herdsmen, one would expect to find scattered by reason of their occupation. Besides, a sky continually bright, a genial clime, a picturesqueness of scene—all seem to invite to rural life; and yet I have ridden for hours, a succession of lovely landscapes rising before my eyes, all of them wild, wanting in that one feature which makes the rural picture perfect—the house, the dwelling of man! Towns there are, and at long intervals the huge *hacienda* of the landed lord, walled in like a fortress; but where are the *ranchos*, the homes of the common people? True, I have noticed the ruins of many, and that explains the puzzle. I remember, now that I am on the *frontier*; that for years past the banks of the Rio Bravo, from its source to the sea, have been hostile ground—a war-border of 1500 miles in length! Many a red conflict has occurred—is still occurring—between those Arabs of the American desert—the *Horse* Indians—and the pale-faced descendants of the Spaniard. That is why the *ranchos* exist only in ruins—that is why the *haciendas* are loopholed, and the populace pent up within walls. The condition of feudal Europe exists in free America, on the banks of the Rio Bravo del Norte!

Nearly a mile off, looking westward, I perceive the sheen of water: it is a reach of the great river that glances under the setting sun. The river curves at that point; and the summit of a gentle hill, half girdled

by the stream, is crowned by the low white walls of a hacienda. Though only one story high, this hacienda appears, from its extent, and the style of its architecture, to be a noble mansion. Like all of its class, it is flat-roofed; but the parapet is crenated, and small ornamental turrets over the angles and the great gateway relieve the monotony of its outlines. A larger tower, the belfry, appears in the background, for the Mexican hacienda is usually provided with its little *capilla*, for the convenient worship of the peon retainers. The emblems of religion, such as it is, are thick over the land. The glimmer of glass behind the iron *rejas* relieves to some extent the prison-like aspect, so characteristic of Mexican country-houses. This is further modified by the appearance over the parapet of green foliage. Forms of tropic vegetation shew above the wall; among others, the graceful curving fronds of a palm. This must be an exotic, for although the lower half of the Rio Bravo is within the zone of the palme, the species that grow so far north are fan-palms (*chamerops* and *sabal*). This one is of far different form, with plume-shaped pinnate fronds, of the character of *cocos*, *phenix*, or *exterpe*. I note the fact, not from any botanical curiosity with which it inspires me, but rather because the presence of this exotic palm has a significance. It illustrates a point in the character of him—it may be *her*—who is the presiding spirit of the place. No doubt there is a fair garden upon the *azotes*—perhaps a fair being among its flowers! Pleasant thoughts spring up—anticipations. I long to climb that sloping hill, to enter that splendid mansion, and, longing still, I gaze.

The ring of a bugle reminds me of my duties. 'Tis but a stable-call; but it has driven those sweet reflections out of my mind, and my eyes are turned away from the bright mansion, and rest upon the piazza of the pueblita. There, a far different scene greets their glance.

CHAPTER III.

THE RANGERS ON PICKET

The centre of the piazza presents a salient point in the picture. There the wall (*el poso*), with its gigantic wheel, its huge leathern belt and buckets, its trough of cemented stone-work, offers an oriental aspect. Verily, it is the Persian wheel! 'Tis odd to a northern eye, particularly to find such a structure in this western land; but the explanation is easy. That idea has travelled from Egypt along the southern shores of the Mediterranean. With the Moors it crossed the Straits of Gibraltar, and the Spaniard has carried it over the Atlantic. The reader of the sacred volume will find many a familiar passage illustrated in the customs of Mexico. The genius of the Arab has shaped many a thought for the brain of the Aztec!

My eye rests not long upon the Persian wheel, but turns to gaze on the scene of active life that is passing around it. Forms, and varied ones, I trow, are moving there.

Gliding with silent step and dubious look—his wide *calzoneros* flapping around his ankles, his arms and shoulders shrouded in the mottled *serapé*, his black broad-brimmed hat darkening still more his swarth face—goes the *poblano*, the denizen of the adobe hut. He shuns the centre of the piazza, keeping around the walls; but at intervals his eyes are turned towards the well with a look of mingled fierceness and fear. He reaches a doorway—it is silently opened by a hand within—he enters quickly, and seems glad to get out of sight. A little after, I can catch a glimpse of his sombre face dimly outlined behind the bars of the *reja*. At distant corners, I descry small groups of his class—all similarly costumed in *calzoneros*, striped blankets, and glaze hats; all, like him, wearing uneasy looks. They gesticulate little, contrary to their usual

habit, and converse only in whispers or low mutterings. Unusual circumstances surround them.

Most of the women are within doors; a few of the poorer class—of pure Indian race—are seated in the piazza. They are bucksters, and their wares are spread before them on a thin palm-leaf mat (*petaté*), while another similar one, supported umbrella-like on a stem, screens them and their merchandise from the sun. Their dyed woollen garments, their bare heads, their coarse black hair, adorned with twists of scarlet worsted, give them somewhat of a gipsy look. They appear as free of care as the zingali themselves: they laugh, and chatter, and shew their white teeth all day long, asking each new-comer to purchase their fruits and vegetables, their *piñole*, *atole*, and *agua dulce*. Their not unmusical voices ring pleasantly upon the ear.

Now and then a young girl, with red *olla* poised upon her crown, trips lightly across the piazza in the direction of the well. Perhaps she is a *poblana*, one of the belles of the village, in short-skirted, bright-coloured petticoat, embroidered but sleeveless chemise, with small satin slippers upon her feet; head, shoulders, and bosom shrouded in the blue-gray *rebozo*; arms and ankles bare. Several of these are seen passing to and fro. They appear less uneasy than the men; they even smile at intervals, and reply to the rude badinage uttered in an unknown tongue by the odd-looking strangers around the well. The Mexican women are courageous as they are amiable. As a race, their beauty is undeniable.

But who are these strangers? They do not belong to the place, that is evident; and equally clear it is that they are objects of terror to those who do. At present, they are masters here. Their numbers, their proud confident swagger, and the bold loud tone of their conversation, attest that they are masters of the ground. Who are they? Odd-looking, I have styled them; and the phrase is to be taken in its full significance. A more odd-looking set of fellows never mustered in a Mexican piazza, nor elsewhere.

There are fourscore of them; and but that each carries a yäger rifle in his hand, a knife in his belt, and a Colt's pistol on his thigh, you could not discover the slightest point of resemblance between any two of them. Their arms are the only things about them denoting *uniformity*, and some sort of organisation; for the rest, they are as unlike one another as the various shapes and hues of coarse broadcloth, woollen jeans, cottonades, coloured blankets, and buckskin, can make them. They wear caps of 'coon-skin, and cat's-skin, and squirrel; hats of beaver, and felt, and glaze, of wool and palmetto, of every imaginable shape and slouch. Even of the modern monster—the silken 'tile'—samples might be seen, *badly crushed*. There are coats of broadcloth, few in number, and well worn; but many are the garments of 'Kentucky jeans,' of bluish-gray, of copper-coloured nigger-cloth, and sky-coloured cottonade. Some wear coats made of green blankets, others of blue ones, and some of a scarlet red. There are hunting-shirts of dressed deerskin, with plaited skirt, and cape, fringed and jauntily adorned with beads and embroidery—the favourite style of the backwoods' hunter; but others there are of true Indian cut—open only at the throat, and hanging loose, or fastened around the waist with a belt—the same that secures the knife and pistol. There are cloth jackets too, such as are worn by sailors, and others, of sky-blue cottonade—the costume of the Creole of Louisiana; some of red-brown leather—the *jaqueta* of the Spano-American; and still another fashion, the close-fitting embroidered 'spencer' of the Mexican *ranchero*. Some shoulders are covered by *serapés*, and some by the more graceful and toga-like *manga*. Look lower down: examine the limbs of the men of this motley band: the covering of these is not less varied than their upper garments. You see

wrappers of coarse cloth, of flannel, and of baize; they are blue, and scarlet, and green. You see leggings of raw hide and of buckskin; boots of horse-leather reaching to the thighs; 'nigger boots' of still coarser fabric, with the pantaloons tucked under; *brogans* of unstained calf-skin, and moccasins of varied cut, betokening the fashion of more than one Indian tribe. You may see limbs incased in calzoneros, and others in the heavy stamped leather *botas* of the Mexican horseman, resembling the greaves of warriors of the olden time.

The heels of all are armed, though their armature is as varied as the costumes. There are spurs of silver and steel, some plated, and some with the plating worn off; some strapped, and others screwed into the heel of the boot; some light, with small rowels and tiny teeth, while others are seen (the heavy spur of Mexico) of several pounds' weight, with rowels five inches in diameter, and teeth that might be dashed through the ribs of a horse!—cruel weapons of the Mexican *cavallero*.

But these spurs in the piazza, these *botas* and calzoneros, these mangas and serapés, are not worn by *Mexicans*. Their present wearers are men of a different race. Most of those tall, stalwart bodies are the product of the maize-plant of Kentucky and Tennessee, or the buckwheat and 'hog-meat' of the fertile flats of Ohio, Indiana, and the Illinois. They are the squatters and hunters of the backwoods, the farmers of the great western slopes of the Alleghanies, the boatmen of the Mississippi, the pioneers of Arkansas and Missouri, the trappers of prairie-land, the *voyageurs* of the lake-country, the young planters of the lower states, the French Creoles of Louisiana, the adventurous settlers of Texas, with here and there a gay city spark from the larger towns of the 'great west.' Yes, and from other sources are individuals of that mixed band. I recognise the Teutonic type—the fair hair and whitish-yellow moustache of the German, the florid Englishman, the staid Scot, and his contrast the noisy Hibernian; both equally brave. I behold the adroit and nimble Frenchman, full of laugh and chatter, the stanch soldierly Swiss, and the moustached exile of Poland, dark, sombre, and silent. What a study for an ethnologist is that band of odd-looking men! Who are they?

You have thrice asked the question. I answer it: They are a corps of '*Rangers*'—a guerilla of the American army.

And who am I? Their captain—their chief.

Yes, I am the leader of that queer crew; and, despite their rough motley aspect, I dare affirm, that not in Europe, not in America elsewhere, not upon the great globe's surface, can be found a band, of like numbers, to equal them in strength, daring, and warlike intelligence. Many of them have spent half a life in the sharpening practice of border warfare—Indian or Mexican—and from these the others have learnt. Some have been gentlemen upon whom fortune has frowned; a few have been desperadoes within the pale of civilised life; and a smaller few, perhaps, *outlaws* beyond it—bad materials wherewith to colonise; not so bad, if you go but to conquer.

Rude as is the *coup d'œil* of the corps, I am proud to say that a high sentiment of honour pervades it, higher than will be found in the picked *corps de garde* of an emperor. True, they appear rough and reckless—terrible, I might say; for most of them—with their long beards and hair, dust-begrimed faces, slouched hats, and odd habiliments, belted as they are with knife, pistol, powder-horn, and pouch—present such an aspect, that you would wrong them to take them as they look. Few among them are the pure bandits whose aim is plunder. Many a noble heart beats beneath a rude exterior—many a one truly humane. There are hearts in that band that throb under the influence of

patriotism; some are guided by a still nobler impulse, a desire to extend the area of freedom; others, it is true, yearn but for revenge. These last are chiefly Texans, who mourn a friend or brother slain by Mexican treachery. They have not forgotten the cowardly assassination of Goliad; they remember the red butchery of the Alamo.

Perhaps I alone, of all the band, have no motive for being here; if one, 'tis slight—scarce so noble as vengeance. Mere chance, the love of excitement and adventure, perhaps some weak fondness for power and fame, are all the excuses I can urge for taking a hand in this affair. A poor adventurer, without friends, without home, without country—for my native land is no more a nation—my heart is not cheered by a single throb of patriotism. I have no private wrong to redress, no public cause, no country for which to combat.

During intervals of inaction, these thoughts recur to me, and give me pain.

The men have picketed their horses in the church enclosure; some are tied to trees, and others to the reja-bars of the windows: like their riders, a motley group, various in size, colour, and race. The strong high-mettled steed of Kentucky and Tennessee, the light 'pacer' of Louisiana, the cob, the barb, his descendant the 'mustang,' that but a few weeks ago was running wild upon the prairies, may all be seen in the troop. Mules, also, of two distinct races—the large gaunt mule of North America, and the smaller and more sprightly variety, native of the soil.

My own black steed, with his pretty fern-coloured muzzle, stands near the fountain in the centre of the piazza. My eye wanders with a sort of habitual delight over the oval outlines of his body. How proudly he curves his swan-like neck, and with mock anger paws up the dust! He knows that my eyes are upon him.

We have been scarcely an hour in the rancheria; we are perfect strangers to it: we are the first American troop its people have yet seen, although the war has been going on for some months further down the river. We have been sent here upon picket-duty, with orders to scour the surrounding country as far as it is safe. The object in sending us hither is not so much to guard against a surprise from our Mexican foe, who is not upon this side, but to guard *them*, the Mexicans, from another enemy—an enemy of *both of us*—the Comanche! These Indian Ishmaelites, report says, are upon the 'war-trail,' and have quite an army in the field. It is said they are foraging further up the river, where they have it all to themselves, and have just pillaged a settlement in that direction—*butchered the men, as is their wont, and carried off the women, children, and chattels*. We came hither to conquer the Mexicans, but we must *protect while conquering them!* *Cosas de Mexico!*

CHAPTER IV.

MAKING A CAPTIVE.

I was musing upon the singular character of this triangular war, when my reverie was disturbed by the hoof-strokes of a horse. The sounds came from a distance, outside the village; the strokes were those of a horse at full gallop.

I stepped hastily across the azotea, and looked over the parapet, in hopes of obtaining a view of this rapid rider. I was not disappointed—the road and the rider came full under my eyes.

In the latter, I beheld a picturesque object. He appeared to be a very young man—a mere youth, without beard or moustache, but of singularly handsome features. The complexion was dark, almost brown; but even at the distance of two hundred yards, I could perceive the flash of a noble eye, and note a damask

redness upon his cheeks. His shoulders were covered with a scarlet manga, that draped backward over the hips of his horse; and upon his head he wore a light sombrero, laced, banded, and tasselled with bullion of gold. The horse was a small but finely proportioned mustang, spotted like a jaguar upon a ground colour of cream—a true Andalusian.

The horseman was advancing at a gallop, without fear of the ground before him: by chance, his eyes were raised to the level of the azotea, on which I stood; my uniform, and the sparkle of my accoutrements, caught his glance; and quick as thought, as if by an involuntary movement, he reined up his mustang, until its ample tail lay clustered upon the dust of the road. It was then that I noted the singular appearance of both horse and rider.

Just at that moment, the ranger, who held picket on that side of the village, sprang forth from his hiding-place, and challenged the horseman to halt. The challenge was unheeded. Another jerk of the rein spun the mustang round, as upon a pivot, and the next instant, impelled by the spur, the animal resumed his gallop. He did not return by the road, but shot off in a new direction, nearly at right angles to his former course. A rifle-bullet would have followed, and most likely have stopped the career of either horse or rider, had not I, just in the nick of time, shouted to the sentry to hold his fire.

A reflection had occurred to me: the game was too noble, too beautiful, to be butchered by a bullet; it was worth a chase and a capture.

My horse was by the water-trough. I had noticed that he was not yet unsaddled, and the bridle was still on. He had been warmed by the morning's scout; and I had ordered my negro groom to walk him round for an hour or so before letting him at the water.

I did not wait to descend by the *escalera*; I sprang upon the parapet, and from that into the plazza. The groom, perceiving my intention, met me half-way with the horse. I seized the reins, and bounded into the saddle. Several of the readiest of the rangers followed my example; and as I galloped down the lane that led out of the *rancheria*, I could tell by the clattering of hoofs that half a dozen of them were at my heels. I cared not much for that, for surely I was a match for the stripling we meant to chase. I knew, moreover, that speed at the moment was of more importance than strength; and that if the spotted horse possessed as much 'bottom' as he evidently did 'heels,' his rider and I would have it to ourselves in the end. I knew that all the horses of my troop were less swift than my own; and from the half-dozen springs I had witnessed on the part of the mustang, I felt satisfied that it remained only for me to overhaul him.

My springing down from the roof and up into the saddle had occupied scarcely two minutes' time; and in two more, I had cleared the houses, and was scouring across the fields after the scarlet horseman. He was evidently making to get round the village, and continue the journey our presence had so suddenly interrupted.

The chase led through a field of *milpas* (maize). My horse sank deeply in the loose earth, while the lighter mustang bounded over it like a hare: he was distancing me. I began to fear I would lose him, when all at once I saw that his course was intercepted by a list of *maguays*, running transversely right and left. The plants were of luxuriant growth, eight or ten feet high, and placed alternately, so that their huge hooked blades interlocked with each other, forming a natural *chevaux-de-frise*.

This barrier at first glance seemed impassable for either man or horse. It brought the Mexican to a halt. He was turning to skirt it, when he perceived that I had leaned into the diagonal line, and could not

fail to head him. With a quick wrench upon the rein, he once more wheeled round, set his horse against the *maguays*, plied the spur, and dashed right into their midst. In a moment more, both horse and rider were out of sight; but as I spurred up to the spot, I could hear the thick blades crackle under the hoofs of the mustang.

There was no time for reflection. I must either follow, or abandon the pursuit. The alternative was not thought of. I was on my honour, my steed upon his mettle; and without halt we went plunging through the *maguays*.

Torn and bleeding, we came out on the opposite side; and I perceived, to my satisfaction, that I had made better time than the red rider before me: his halt had lessened the distance between us. But another field of *milpas* had to be passed, and he was again gaining upon me, as we galloped over the heavy ground. When nearly through the field, I perceived something glancing before us: it was water—a wide drain or ditch, a *zequia* for irrigating the field. Like the *maguays*, it ran transversely to our course.

'That will stop him,' thought I; 'he must take to the right or left, and then'—

My thoughts were interrupted. Instead of turning either to right or left, the Mexican headed his horse at the *zequia*, and the noble creature rushing forward, rose like a bird upon the wing, and cleared the canal!

I had no time to expend in admiring the feat; I hastened to imitate it, and galloping forward, I set myself for the leap. My brave steed needed neither whip nor spur; he had seen the other leap the *zequia*, and he knew what was expected of him. With a bound, he went over, clearing the drain by several feet; and then, as if resolved upon bringing the affair to an end, he laid his head forward, and stretched himself at race-course speed.

A broad grassy plain—a savannah—lay before us, and the hoofs of both horses, pursuer and pursued, now rang upon hard firm turf. The rest of the chase would have been a simple trial of speed, and I made sure of overhauling the mustang before he could reach the opposite side, when a new obstacle presented itself. A vast herd of cattle and horses studded the savannah throughout its whole extent; these, startled by our wild gallop, tossed their heads, and ran affrighted in every direction, but frequently as otherwise, directly in our way. More than once, I was forced to rein in, to save my neck or my horse's from being broken over a fierce bull or a long horned lumbering ox; and more than once I was compelled to swerve from my course.

What vexed me most, was that in this zigzag race, the mustang, from practice, perhaps, had the advantage; and while it continued, he increased his distance. We cleared the drove at length; but to my chagrin I perceived that we were nearly across the plain. As I glanced ahead, I saw the chapparal near, with taller trees rising over it; beyond, I saw the swell of a hill, with white walls upon its summit. It was the hacienda already mentioned: we were riding directly for it.

I was growing anxious about the result. Should the horseman reach the thicket, I would be almost certain to lose him. *I dared not let him escape.* What would my men say, if I went back without him? I had hindered the sentry from firing, and permitted to escape, perhaps a spy, perhaps some important personage. His desperate efforts to get off favoured the supposition that he was one or the other. *He must be taken!*

Under the impulse of fresh determination, I lanced the flanks of my horse more deeply than ever; he knew what was wanted, and stretched himself to his utmost. There were no more cattle, not an obstacle, and his superior speed soon lessened the distance

between himself and the mustang. Ten seconds more would do it.

The ten seconds flew by. I felt myself within shooting distance; I drew my pistol from its holster.

'*Alto o go tiro*' (Halt! or I fire), I cried aloud. There was no reply: the mustang kept on! 'Halt!' I cried again, unwilling to take the life of a fellow-creature—'halt! or you are a dead man!'

No reply again!

There were not six yards between myself and the Mexican. Riding straight behind him, I could have sent a bullet into his back. Some secret instinct restrained me; it was partly, though not altogether, a feeling of admiration: there was an indefinable idea in my mind at the moment. My finger rested on the trigger, and I could not draw it.

'He must not escape! He is nearing the trees! He must not be allowed to enter the thicket; I shall cripple the horse.'

I looked for a place to aim at; should I hit him in the hips, he might still get off. Where?

At this moment, the animal wheeled, as if guided by his own impulse—perhaps by the knees of his rider—and shot off in a new direction. The object of this manoeuvre was to put space between us. So far it was successful; but it gave me just the opportunity to aim as I wanted; and levelling my pistol, I sent a bullet into the kidneys of the mustang. A single plunge forward was his last, and both horse and rider came to the ground.

In an instant the latter had disengaged himself from his struggling steed, and stood upon his feet. Fancying he might still attempt to escape to the thicket, I spurred forward, pistol in hand, and pointed the weapon at his head.

He had no intention either of further flight or resistance; but facing the levelled tube, and looking me full in the face, he said with an air of perfect coolness:

'*No matame, caballero! Soy muger!*' (Do not kill me, sir! I am a woman!)

NEW-YEAR'S DAY—WHEN?

AMONG the knotty questions unravelled in the almanacs and calendars, we do not, in our day and in our country, include any relating to the period of each year's commencement—the 'New-year's Day,' popularly so called. Not only are we accustomed from childhood to assign a particular day in a particular month for inaugurating each year, but it would appear a manifest absurdity if such identification were departed from; the beginning of the year, in popular estimation, is as indissolubly associated with the 1st of January as Christmas-day with the 25th of December, or Lady-day with the 25th of March. Persons who possess a little, but only a little familiarity with astronomy, believe that there is something in the planetary movements, the mechanism of the solar system, which determines the precise day whereon the year commences; it is only after somewhat deeper inquiry that this supposition vanishes, and that the mere conventionality of the whole affair becomes apparent. *There is no necessary connection between the 1st of January and the beginning of the year.* This is a curious fact in the history of dates; but a little knowledge of the matter is useful as well as curious, since a due understanding of history and biography, in other times or other countries, often depends in part on a recognition of the calendar adopted.

That this subject is important to the steady readers of history, is made evident by several remarkable

circumstances. Irrespective of the confusion arising from the Old Style and the New Style, changes in the day of beginning the year throw a complexity over historical dates. A French chronological work of great authority, *L'Art de Vérifier les Dates*, speaking of the events of the 4th of August 1563, when Charles IX. ordered the year in France to commence on the 1st of January, remarks: 'In relation to periods anterior to this date, nothing is more necessary than to remember the variations in the commencement of the year. Without care on this point, it will not be possible to reconcile various dates, which are nevertheless just and accurate in themselves; and there will be a constant liability to meet with apparent embarrassments where no errors in reality exist.' Let the reader ask himself whether he is prepared to answer the two following questions:—Was Charles I. beheaded in 1648 or 1649? Was James II. driven from the throne in 1688 or 1689? Of course, every one will expect to find these questions solved by referring to any of the familiar histories of England; but when he is informed that both pairs of dates are adopted, and that *both are right*, the importance of the matter becomes somewhat more apparent. Dipping into a pamphlet written by Henry Wilson in 1735, we find the following:—'While we are maintaining the beginning of the year according to the rubric of the Common Prayer, we seem to forget that our year begins on the 1st of January, both in our common licensed almanacs and even in the Book of Common Prayer itself; and it may mount to a question very difficult to be answered, why the rubric of the Common Prayer enjoins the year to begin on the 25th of March, and yet the column for the lessons, &c., begins on the 1st of January.' This shews how matters stood in those times.

What little philosophy there is in the question, lies in a nut-shell. That the period occupied by the earth in making one revolution on its axis should be adopted as a measure of time, the 'day,' seems reasonable enough; that the period occupied by the moon in making a circuit round the earth, from new moon to new moon, should be adopted as another measure of time, the 'lunation' or 'month,' is equally reasonable; and there is needed no great depth of scientific knowledge to perceive and admit, that a complete revolution of the seasons, during which the sun appears to travel round a whole circle in the heavens, supplies a convenient measure for a larger portion of time, the 'year.' But in this last-named period there are two sources of uncertainty—a difficulty in determining the exact number of days and fractions of days contained in a year; and a freedom of choice as to the particular day on which the year shall be said to begin. The first of these two difficulties has been lessened by the progressive advance of astronomical science; but the second remains, as it has ever been, at the mercy of conventionalism. Shall the year begin on the day when the sun attains his highest noon-altitude, or his lowest noon-altitude; or when he is at his greatest distance from the earth, or at his least distance, or at his mean distance; or in the particular season when day and night are equal all over the globe; or on a church-festival day; or on any other day? Who has a right to decide this question, and to demand that others shall agree with him?

Looking at past records, it will be seen how discordant have been the arrangements in this behalf. The letters A.U.C. in books on Roman history—*ab urbe condita*, 'from the building of the city'—give us a clue to the calendar first employed by that remarkable

people. It was a tradition that Romulus founded Rome on April 21, and this day was reckoned as a date to start from; but several changes were afterwards made in the selection of New-year's Day by priests who knew little of astronomy. In Cæsar's time, the year began in autumn; but he ordained a monster year of 445 days, in 47 B.C., in order that New-year's Day might begin in winter—thereby shewing that it depends on the choice of man, and not on the course of the heavenly bodies, whether the year shall begin on this or that day.

It is curious that the Roman A.V.C. refers to nearly the same epoch as that selected for the commencement of the Greek *Olympiads*—nearly eight hundred years before the birth of Christ. The Olympiad was a period of four years—so confused as to the number of moons or months contained in each year, that the date of New-year's Day was continually fluctuating. After forty Olympiads had passed, an adjustment was made whereby the year began between the days of new and full moon nearest to the summer solstice. Professor de Morgan, who has investigated this subject more fully, perhaps, than any other man living, cannot give classical readers more precise information than this—that the Greek year began 'within a fortnight of the beginning of July.'

When Christianity progressed and spread through Europe, it seemed fitting that men should associate the beginning of the year with some great festival in their religion, seeing that astronomy could not determine the matter; yet such was the confusion in the ancient and mediæval calendars, that many centuries elapsed before there was any definite understanding in Europe that the year should begin on the 1st of January. There were occasional discussions, too, concerning the day on which Christ was born; and, moreover, some persons reckoned the year immediately before the birth of Christ as 1 B.C., while others gave that designation to a period one year earlier. Thus there was frequently an ambiguity both in the year of the Christian era, and in the particular day on which each year was considered to begin.

Most readers know something concerning the Old Style and New Style—how that, for a thousand years or more, the Christian ecclesiastical year had been about eleven minutes too long, and that this trifling excess had accumulated to ten days; how that Pope Gregory XIII., to cure the evil, ordered that the year 1582 should contain 355 days only, in order that the Church fasts and feasts should come round again to the proper seasons of the year. All the Roman Catholic countries at once adopted this New Style, as it was termed; the Protestants of Germany gave in their adhesion in 1699, and those of England in 1752. Certain days in October 1582 were left out by the Roman Catholics, in December 1699 by the Germans, and in September 1752 by the English. The error, amounting to ten days in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, accumulated to eleven in the eighteenth, and is, or would have been twelve in the present century. The Greek Church, pertinaciously opposed to the Romish on many points, has to this day refused to adopt the Gregorian correction: it still adheres to the Old Style. This circumstance has led to some confusion in the records of the late war.* To us, the battle of Inkermann was fought on the 5th of November, but a Russian would date it October 24. Although *nominally* the year, in Roman Catholic Europe, both before and after the change of style, began on the 1st of January,

* 'It is frequently necessary, in Russian documents, to give a double date. This arises from the fact, that Russia still retains the Old Style, which England abandoned in 1752, and which has been abandoned by most other nations. June 14, in Russia, corresponds with June 26 in England. In any double date, the earlier of the two dates is Russian.'—*Chambers's Pictorial History of the Russian War*, p. 20.

yet the real day, the day in relation to the earth's orbital motion, was obviously different. In England, however, the change was both nominal and real; for besides the omission of eleven days in 1752, the legal year underwent a separate modification.

During past centuries, although most European nations adopted the arrangements ordered by the papal authorities concerning the length and division of the year, yet the selection of New-year's Day remained strangely discordant. In some countries, it was Easter-day; in others, Lady-day; in others, March 1; in others, Christmas-day; while in others there were actually different dates adopted in different provinces of the same country.

Let any one, who might conceive it to be an easy thing to settle such problems as mere dates, consider for a moment the confusion in the supposed age of the world. Most English writers on religious subjects in recent times set down 4004 years between the creation of the world and the birth of Christ; but theologians have counted up no less than a hundred and forty theories or estimates, ranging from a minimum of 3616 years to a maximum of 6484. Hence arose the discrepancies between the various 'eras;' such as those of Constantinople (during its Christian period), Antioch, Alexandria, Abyssinia, &c. As the eras differed, so did the New-year's Day. The Abyssinians feel so certain, or speak so boldly, on these matters, that they actually name the very day of creation, equivalent to August 29, 5493 years before the Christian era; and the anniversary of this date they select as their New-year's Day.

Nations which have not adopted the Christian faith are of course exempt from certain obligations which would appear binding on others. The Jewish civil New-year's Day has an astronomical basis, since it occurs on or immediately after the day of new moon following the autumnal equinox.

In our own country, the question has stood thus: From the seventh to the thirteenth centuries, the year was considered to begin on Christmas-day; but from thence to the middle of the eighteenth century, it was celebrated on the 25th of March. All this was in relation to the *ecclesiastical* and *legal* year, but not to the year of the historians and the common people, which from very early times began on the 1st of January. The Church wavered and hesitated between four of her festivals—the birth of Christ (December 25), the Circumcision (January 1), the Conception (March 25), and the resurrection or Easter (variable), as the beginning of the year, until a final settlement in 1752. Scotland settled the question in 1599, in a document which is worth reprinting if only as a specimen of old Scottish orthography:

'Apud Hallruidhous, xlvj Decembris—mvlxxxxix.

'The first day of the year appointit to be the first day of Januar yeirle.

'The Kingis Majestie, and Lordis of His Secreit Counsell, understanding that in all utheris weill governit commoun welthis and cuntreys, the first day of the year begynis yeirle upoun the first day of Januar commounlie callit New Yeris day, and that this realme onlie is different fra all utheris in the compt and reckining of the yeiris: And His Majestie and Counsell willing that thair salbe na disconformitie betwix His Majestie, his realme and leigis, and utheris neighbour cuntreys in this particular, bot that thay sal conforme thameselfis to the ordour and custum observit be al utheris cuntreys, especialie seing the course and seasoun of the yeir is maist proprie and anserabill thairto, and that the alteration thairof importis na hurte nor prejudice to ony partie: Thairfor His Majestie, with advice of the Lordis of his Secreit Counsell, statutis and ordanis, That in all tyme cumyng, the first day of the yeir sal begin yeirle

upoun the first day of Januar, and thir presentis to tak execution upoun the first of Januar nextcom, quhillk salbe the first day of the IM and six hundredth yeir of God: And thairfoir ordanis and commandis the clerkis of his Hienis Sessioun and Signet,' &c. &c. It ends by ordaining 'publication to be made heirof at the Mercat Croceis of the heid burrowis of the realme, quhairthrow nane pretend ignorance of the same.'

The reader will now see in what way complexity might arise concerning the two events in English history before adverted to. If Charles I. had been beheaded two months later, ecclesiastics and historians would have agreed in assigning the event to the year 1649; but as the day in question (January 30) occurred *before* the ecclesiastical New-year's Day (March 25) it was reckoned in legal and church phraseology as belonging to 1648, while historians and the public set it down as 1649. If James II. had landed in Ireland, on his futile expedition to recover his throne, a week or two later, all writers would have assigned the year 1689 to mark this event; but as it occurred early in March, it belonged to the ecclesiastical year 1688. And so of all dates between the 1st of January and the 25th of March; each date belonged to two different years, according as the historical or the legal and ecclesiastical computation was adopted. This explains the meaning of such entries as January 30, 1648, or 1648-9, or February 6, 1778, found in a multitude of publications issued a century and a half or two centuries ago: the upper or smaller number gives the date used in formal documents relating to legal and church matters; and the undermost or greater number expresses the date as used by historians, traders, and the public generally—by all, in short, who accepted the 1st of January as New-year's Day. Fortunately, it has been the custom among most of the English historians, and all of them in recent times, to adopt the popular New-year's Day in their computations; but readers accustomed to an older literature cannot afford to be off their guard in relation to any event occurring during the first three months of the year: the strange equation 1648=1649 stares them in the face.

It will be inferred, from the details above given, that other countries have not been free from the anomalies observable in our own. In France, from the days of Charlemagne to the eleventh century, New-year's Day was on Christmas-day; thence, until the sixteenth century, regal documents assumed the year to begin at Easter, after the benediction of the Holy Candle on Holy Saturday or Easter-eve, and consequently varied from year to year. Some of the French provinces at the same time adopted Lady-day; but at length the 1st of January was formally declared to be New-year's Day, by edict of Charles IX., in 1563. In Germany, the New Year anciently commenced on Christmas-day; it varied much during the middle ages; but the 1st of January became pretty generally adopted about the beginning of the sixteenth century. In Denmark, the New Year in early times was appointed on the 11th of August, the natal-day of a saint whose memory was much cherished; but this was afterwards changed for the 1st of January. In Italy, it is scarcely possible to unravel the confusion in different states between Christmas-day, the 1st of March, Lady-day, and Easter-day, until the final adoption of the 1st of January as the beginning of the year. In Russia, even to the present time, there has been an ecclesiastical New-year's Day, differing widely from that adopted in civil affairs. In Spain, Lady-day was adopted till the fourteenth century; then Christmas-day till the sixteenth; and then the 1st of January. In the Low Countries, Good Friday was added to the above list in early times; but the modern commencement was accepted in the sixteenth century.

Thus, then, we find that the right, true, orthodox, familiar, popular, domestic, boys' and girls' 1st of January has had a series of hard battles to fight, ere it could obtain a European recognition of its claim to the honours and dignity of New-year's Day.

GLIMPSES OF AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

AN OLD QUESTION IN A NEW ASPECT.

'RACE! Do not speak to us of race—we care nothing for breed or colour. What we contend for is, that slavery, whether of black or white, is a normal, a proper institution in society.' So proclaim southern writers in the United States. The principle of enslaving only coloured persons, descendants of imported Africans, is now antiquated, and a scheme which embraces slavery of every race and variety of complexion is at length put forward as a natural and desirable arrangement for all parties—a highly commendable state of things. Any one could have foreseen that it must come to this. The prodigious and irregular amalgamation of races in the south, with the deterioration and helplessness of the less affluent class of whites in the slaveholding states, has, as may be supposed, led to a pretty nearly pure, nay, absolutely pure breed of white slaves. A new style of reasoning is consequently required. If slavery is to be at all vindicated, it must not now be on the narrow basis of colour, but on the broad grounds, that there is an inherent right in the stronger and more wealthy classes to reduce the poorer, and, it may be, more ignorant orders to a state of perpetual bondage. The cool announcement of this extraordinary doctrine, from influential parties in a great thriving republic, strikes one with so much wonder, that we almost inquire if we have heard aright, or if we are really living in the second half of the nineteenth century.

The most casual glance at the products of the southern press leaves no room for doubt on the subject. A few scraps cannot but be classed among the curiosities of modern literature. Mr Fitzhugh, a southern writer, says: 'We do not adopt the theory that Ham was the ancestor of the negro race. The Jewish slaves were not negroes, and to confine the justification of slavery to that of race, would be to weaken the scriptural authority, and to lose the whole weight of profane authority; for we read of no negro slavery in ancient times. Slavery, black or white, is right and necessary.' The *Richmond Inquirer*, an able Virginian paper, says: 'Until recently, the defence of slavery has laboured under great difficulties, because its apologists—for they were mere apologists—took half-way grounds. They confined the defence of slavery to mere negro slavery; thereby giving up the slavery principle, admitting other forms of slavery to be wrong. The line of defence is now changed. The south now maintains that slavery is right, natural, and necessary. While it is far more obvious that negroes should be slaves than whites—for they are only fit to labour, not to direct—yet the principle of slavery is itself right, and does not depend on difference of complexion.'

Mr G. W. Weston, a writer in the cause of emancipation in the *New York Tribune*, observes: 'It is not true, in law or in fact, that the condition of slavery at the south is confined to the African race. The principle of American slavery which distinguishes it from

the slavery of patriarchal times, and from oriental slavery at this day, is, that where the mother is enslaved, the offspring follow the condition of the mother. The female slaves, exposed of necessity to the disorderly passions of the whites, are made the instruments through whom the Caucasian race is itself reduced to the condition of servitude. The blood of orators, statesmen, generals, and even presidents, flows in the veins of thousands who are bought and sold like mules and horses. The time is not distant when the genuine unmixed African will not be found at the south. He is already rare, although it is less than half a century since the prohibition of the foreign slave-trade.' Besides the source of whiteness above referred to, it is understood that numbers of purely Anglo-American children pass into slavery. In some instances, the indigent whites of the south sell their children to traders; and the practice of kidnapping white children in the northern states, and transferring them southward, is said to be notoriously on the increase. We see it mentioned that, in the city of New York alone, as many as thirty children on an average are stolen yearly; it being shrewdly guessed that many of them are carried to the markets of the south, where a good price for them can be readily obtained. If there be the slightest truth in the supposition that gently nurtured white infants are so abstracted from the homes of their parents, nothing could give a more forcible impression of the horrors entailed on American society by the tolerance of slavery within its bosom.

It has been customary to blame England for having, in the first instance, introduced negro slavery into the States; but, admitting to its full extent her guilt in the slave-trade, we can hardly see how her doings in this respect are to be consistently condemned, if American writers be sincere in thinking that slavery is a normal and absolutely necessary institution. From the sentiments lately avowed, it would appear that there can be no right condition of affairs without slaves. Free labour is spoken of as improper, and a thing that must end in national disaster. The only security is for every man who has the means to buy slaves, and get all his work done by them. A widely circulated newspaper—the *New Orleans Delta*—says: 'We have a proposition to lay down that may appear startling to many because it is new, but will have weight and consideration with the thinking, inasmuch as it is based on both philosophy and experience. We therefore declare that slavery is not only national in its origin, but it is essential to republican nationality. But for slavery, republicanism would have long since become a tale in these United States. It is among the slaveholding population that republicanism has had its true home and only defence. It is they who have made the Union what it is commercially and politically. It is only they who can hereafter maintain a safe and honourable union, and enjoy rational liberty. History is instructive; heed its teachings; they are invariable and unerring. It tells us that a great republic never existed without slavery. It tells us that where partial and defined slavery did not exist of law, the mass of the working-people have been slaves, and worse than slaves. It tells us that wherever universal freedom has nominally existed, poverty, want, and possible famine, and humiliating dependency of the poor on the rich, have been the price of painted delusion. Slavery was an institution

in all the ancient republics, but in two we have eminent examples. In Rome, the mightiest in arms, and Athens, the most glorious in art of all the old republics, slavery prevailed to a greater extent than in any state of the Union. In Athens, the proportion of slaves to freemen was about two to one—in Rome, scarcely less; and yet with this institution imbedded in their very hearts, they lived and flourished, century after century, and reached a magnificence and grandeur of which the history of modern free society affords no example. Modern free society, as at present organised, is radically wrong and rotten. It is self-destroying, and can never exist happily and normally until it is qualified by the introduction of some principle equivalent in effect to the institution of negro slavery. In the northern states, free society has proved a failure. It is rotten to the core. Let the dominion which its putrescence has engendered succeed, and society, with its most sacred sanctions and its holiest institutions, will fall before it, both in the north and south, and the country must become the seat of howling anarchy or iron despotism. Negro slavery, then, is the conservative element of republicanism, and the firmest basis of society in these United States. Such being the social and political value of slavery, its diffusion and extension are of the first importance, and nothing at the present time should more nearly interest the wise philanthropist and the patriotic statesman, than to devise measures to effect these objects—to restore slavery to its original national character, and make it an object of political solicitude.'

These notions are far from singular. By several writers, freedom is spoken of with coarse contempt. 'Free society!' says the *Muscogee Herald*, an Alabama newspaper, in the interest of the new president. 'We sicken at the name. What is it but a conglomeration of greasy mechanics, filthy operatives, small-flsted farmers, and moon-struck theorists? All the northern, and especially the New England States, are devoid of society fitted for well-bred gentlemen. The prevailing class one meets with is that of mechanics struggling to be genteel, and small farmers who do their own drudgery, and yet who are hardly fit for association with a southern gentleman's body-servant. This is your free society, which the northern hordes are endeavouring to extend into Kansas.' It would be unjust to lay too much stress on the grotesque ravings of an obscure print, did they not find an echo in the *Richmond Inquirer*, a paper which, as already hinted, is conducted with no mean ability. 'Repeatedly,' says its editor, 'have we asked the north—Has not the experiment of universal liberty failed? Are not the evils of free society insufferable? and do not most thinking men among you propose to subvert and reconstruct it? Still no answer. This gloomy silence is another conclusive proof, added to many other conclusive evidences we have furnished, that free society in the long run is an impracticable form of society; it is everywhere starving, demoralised, and insurrectionary. We repeat, then, that policy and humanity alike forbid the extension of the evils of free society to new people and coming generations. Two opposite and conflicting forms of society cannot, among civilised men, co-exist and endure. The one must give way, and cease to exist; the other become universal. If free society be unnatural, immoral, unchristian, it must fall, and give way to slave society—a social system, old as the world, universal as man.' It would seem that the measure of public liberty which Washington fought for and achieved is a blunder; and that for the much-venerated free institutions of the States, must be substituted the mixture of aristocracy and helotism of the ancient world.

Another well-known Virginian print, the *Richmond Examiner*, about two years ago came out with a flat contradiction of there being any longer a desire to see the country clear of slavery. 'It is all a hallucination to suppose that we are ever going to get rid of African slavery, or that it will ever be desirable to do so. It is a thing that we cannot do without—that is *righteous, profitable, and permanent*, and that belongs to southern society as inherently, intricately, and durably as the white race itself. Yea, the white race will itself emigrate from the southern states to Africa, California, or Polynesia, sooner than the African. Let us make up our minds, therefore, to put up with and make the most of the institution. Let us not bother our brains about what *Providence* intends to do with our negroes in the distant future, but glory in and profit to the utmost by what He has done for them in transplanting them here, and setting them to work on our plantations. Let the politicians and planters of the south, while encouraging the "Baptists and Methodists"—and other denominations having a less number of votes—in Christianising the negro, keep their slaves at hard work, under strict discipline, out of idleness and mischief, while they live; and when they come to die, instead of sending them off to Africa, or manumitting them to a life of "freedom," licentiousness, and nuisance, will them over to their children, or direct them to be sold where they will be made to work hard, and be of service to their masters and to the country. True philanthropy to the negro begins, like charity, at home; and if southern men would act as if the canopy of heaven were inscribed with a covenant, in letters of fire, that *the negro is here, and here for ever; is our property, and ours for ever; is never to be emancipated; is to be kept hard at work, and in rigid subjection all his days; and is never to go to Africa, to Polynesia, or to Yankee Land—far worse than either—they would accomplish more good for the race in five years than they boast the institution itself to have accomplished in two centuries, and cut up by the roots a set of evils and fallacies that threaten to drive the white race a-wandering in the western wilderness, sooner than Cuffee will go to preach the gospel in Guinea.*

We should imagine that to most of our readers these sentiments will come with startling novelty. While the philanthropists of England are pushing forward all sorts of meliorations in social economy, they do not appear to be aware that in the progress of events beyond the Atlantic, views have arisen respecting the slave question which are altogether obstructive of popular freedom, and calculated to reduce every unprotected labourer to the condition of a chattel. 'We have,' says the *South-side Democrat*, a Virginian contemporary of the *Inquirer*—'we have got to hating everything with the prefix *free*, from free negroes down and up through the whole catalogue—free farms, free labour, free society, free will, free thinking, free children, and free schools. But the worst of all these abominations is the modern system of free schools.' The only relief can arise from a return to that blessed state in which the bulk of the population shall be kept in ignorance and servitude under a strong-handed minority—there is, it is alleged, no other means to assuage the poverty incidental to universal competition. All who are unable to maintain their families in decency, had better be at once sold to those who are disposed to take charge of them. 'Sell the parents of these children into slavery. Let our legislature (continues the authority just quoted) pass a law, that whoever will take these parents, and take care of them and their offspring, in sickness and in health, clothe them, feed them, and house them, shall be legally entitled to their services; and let the same legislature decree, that whoever receives these parents and their children, and obtains their services, shall take care of them as long as they live.' We infer from all that is told of the condition of the

impoverished 'white trash' in the southern states, that the legislative measures here pointed at would present a natural and not unlikely solution of a somewhat puzzling question. Sanguine as are our expectations of social advancement, under prudent safeguards, who can tell that at least a section of a great nation may not, even in our times, return to the almost forgotten usages of medieval Europe. The world is after all, perhaps, not so vastly improved as one would be inclined to think.

Unlike the serfdom of the middle ages, when war and famine carried off no small share of the redundant population, southern slavery cannot be successfully maintained unless means be found for employing the increase on adjoining lands, or disposing of it for transit to distant settlements. The pressing necessity for extending limited properties into large possessions, is stated to be operating on a gigantic scale in Alabama. The Hon. C. C. Clay, Jun., on lately addressing a Horticultural Society in that great cotton-growing state, laments the absorption of small properties. 'Our wealthier planters,' he observes, 'with greater means, and no more skill, are buying out their poorer neighbours, extending their plantations, and adding to their slave force. Of the 20,000,000 of dollars annually realised from the sales of cotton crop of Alabama, nearly all not expended in supporting the producers is reinvested in land and negroes. Thus, the white population has decreased, and the slave increased, almost *pari passu* in several counties in our state. In 1825, Madison county cast about 8000 votes; now she cannot exceed 2800. In traversing that county, one will discover numerous farmhouses, once the abode of industrious and intelligent freemen, now occupied by slaves, or tenantless, deserted, and dilapidated; he will observe fields once fertile, now unfenced, abandoned; he will see the moss growing on the mouldering walls of once thrifty villages, and will find "one only master grasps the whole domain," that once furnished happy homes for a dozen white families.' To this dismal description, that respectable authority, Olmstead, says that the political experiment of Old Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, is being repeated to the same fatal result in Young Alabama.

The generally blighting influence of slavery is clearly a main cause of its extension. To exist at all, it must push into new regions, everywhere exhausting lands, extinguishing freedom, and dishonouring independent rural industry. Pursued by a fearful Nemesis, the slave-power still seeks for more and more scope for its devastating encroachments. An amount of labour far beyond the bounds of internal supply is in demand. If the great west is to be added piecemeal to the slave states of the Union, the breeding-pens of Virginia will fail to furnish stock except at exorbitant prices. Nothing, accordingly, remains but a legalised revival of the slave-traffic from the coast of Africa, or the legal extension of slavery to the poorer classes of the white population. We have seen what is said of the latter expedient; and a desire to supply the labour-market by the former odious means is likewise expressed in no reserved terms. The *New Orleans Delta* says, on a late occasion, 'we not only desire to make territories, now free, slave territories, and to acquire new territory into which to extend slavery—such as Cuba, North-eastern Mexico, &c.—but we would reopen the African slave-trade, that every white man might have a chance to make himself owner of one or more negroes, and go with them and their household gods wherever opportunity beckoned to enterprise. But the north would never consent to this; they would dissolve the Union rather than grant it, say the croaking impracticables. Gentlemen, you do not know the north, oracular as you look when dubiously shaking your heads. It would not oppose

any more bitterly a large demand like this, boldly made, than the smallest one, faintly and politely urged. Try it. There is nothing to lose by the experiment. At all events, if the attempt to reopen this trade should fail, it would give one more proof of how injurious our connection with the north has become to us, and would indicate one more signal advantage which a southern confederacy would have over the present heterogeneous association called the Union.' How the north has deserved that cut! The advantages of a revived African slave-trade were argumentatively pointed out by the *Charleston Standard* so recently as last October. 'From first to last, there has been a constant want of labour. Three millions of our people have perhaps as many slaves as they naturally require; but there are three millions more who are unsupplied. They would take slaves if they could get them; but they are not to be had at prices which will enable them to be used in competition with the free labour of the world. All we have are wanted for agriculture, and even these are not enough. While all are employed, and employed most profitably, lands all over the country are parched and unprofitable for the want of labour, and millions more could have been absorbed. The labour of those brought one year, would have paid for those to be brought the next; as employments opened, white men of enterprise would have come in more abundance than they have done; the stream of labour from Africa would have met a stream of enterprise from Europe; both would have poured in together; the population of the southern states would have been more dense; the population of the northern states would have been more sparse; Georgia would have been to New York as New York is now to Georgia; other states from Texas and New Mexico would have been brought in; and thus, if the slave states had held on to the sources of their real power, the south would have been the Union. . . . There is now buried under every acre of land in South Carolina at least fifty dollars in gold; and the day that the savage African is landed on our shores to cultivate it, that gold will glitter on its surface.'

It will not be imagined that these wild opinions meet with universal response in the south, where, indeed, many planters above the ordinary standard are conscious of the evils of slavery, and would gladly listen to any reasonable plan for relieving themselves of their coloured dependents. Least of all do such notions meet with approval in the north. But it is not less certain that, from causes not far to seek, a new tone of sentiment has begun to prevail among the general slaveholding interest. What was long lamented and reluctantly endured, is now resolutely maintained, and arguments are found to vindicate its indefinite extension. A social condition in which slavery is a necessary ingredient, is ardently defended by the most able writers of the day. Clergymen of reputation pronounce a glowing eulogium on the institution. According to a report in a New Orleans paper, one of these clerical orators, the Rev. C. R. Marshall, in a speech on education, described slavery 'as contributing to the glory in arts and sciences, in religion, and national prosperity, in all countries wherein it has ever existed . . . he believed slavery to be right, and that within fifty years, instead of decreasing, it would be double in extent to what it now is.' Secretly disliked as such opinions may possibly be, they meet with little open challenge, either north or south; and looking only to practical results, it is observed that the extreme party which denounces free labour, and ostentatiously aims at slavery extension, has, with a marvellous degree of general accord, assumed the entire control of public affairs. By a distinctly marked movement over a period of nearly sixty years—a movement seen better, perhaps, at a distance than near at hand—the grand old spirit of '76, which

rolled back the power of England, has obsequiously quailed before the menaces of a body of partisans insignificant in point of numbers, but unscrupulous in the means by which they uphold their remarkable supremacy.
W. C.

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE NORSEMEN.

CHRISTMAS, regarded in its social aspect, is pre-eminently a Teutonic festival. Among the Latin and Slavonic races, it is observed as a season of religious joy and thankfulness; among the Norse and Saxon nations alone is it celebrated with social festivity. In Germany, the domestic observance of Christmas is remarkable alike for its childlike physiognomy and its pictorial effect. The Lilliputian fir-tree, with its fairy lights, its glittering gifts, its joyous circle of visitants, all have, of late years, become so familiar to us in our own land, that we stay not to depict them here. Rather would we transport our readers nine hundred years back, to gaze upon a Christmas festivity amidst our Norse forefathers, from whom have been derived many of those social customs which are now entwined within the very heart of Great Britain and its people.

It was towards the close of the tenth century: the scene is laid at Drontheim, within the king of Norway's palace. But let not our readers be misled by these courtly words of 'king' and 'palace,' for in those times the kings of Norway were rather pirate sea-kings than established rulers of the people who owned their sway; and their palaces were merely wooden houses, laid upon a loose stone foundation, and destitute alike of the elegances and luxuries of life.

Only a few years before the period above alluded to, and the winter festival at the 'king's house' in Drontheim was altogether of a heathen character, for he and his bondsmen always met together at mid-winter to celebrate a festival called Yule, in honour of Odin, and so designated from Yeolner, one of his names. It was a time of merriment and good cheer, when horses were slain in sacrifice, and their flesh eaten by the guests. It was also called Höggn Nott* (hewing-night), because of the slaughtering of cattle which then took place. At these feasts, the people drank to excess of ale and mead, emptying goblets in memory of departed friends, and offering remembrances to the gods, praying at the same time for a good season during the ensuing summer. Now, however, all this was at an end, at least within the neighbourhood of King Hakon the Good, who had been educated in England under the care of his foster-father, King Athelstan, and who, on his return to Norway, had introduced Christianity into that country. Most of the people were still heathens at heart; but in obedience to King Hakon's order, 'the Yule, or mid-winter festival, was now to be begun at the same time the Christians kept it, and every man was obliged, under a certain penalty, to brew a meal of malt into ale, and therewith kept the Yule holy as long as it lasted.' The good king hoped thus to 'entice his subjects into Christianity,' a rather questionable mode of procedure in so grave and important a matter; but however ill he may have succeeded in the great object he had in view, the result henceforth was, that Christmas became indissolubly associated in the Norse mind with merry-making and good cheer.

And now that Christianity was in some fashion established in Norway, let us glance for a moment into King Hakon's hall, while he is seated among his chief bondsmen at the Christian Yule feast. It is a spacious but low apartment, built of wood, and wainscotted with the same, having the floor strewn with

* Hogmanay-night is still the vernacular name in Scotland for the first night of Yule.

juniper-tops, which imparted a peculiar fragrance to the whole dwelling. In the centre of the chamber, upon a broad flag, was piled a fire whose smoke partially escaped through a hole in the roof. The huge Yule-log was placed upon the summit of the pile, and shed its fierce and glowing flame upon the guests, who sat upon two long benches at each side of the fire. A lofty seat was placed upon the middle of one of those benches, and there the king sat high above his subjects. The caldron of horseflesh was no longer seen upon the fire, for this viand was so closely associated with heathen rites and heathen worship, that King Hakon had absolutely prohibited its use; but the slaughtered ox had been feasted upon by the guests. And now the drinking-horn was filled with ale, which King Hakon quaffed to his father's memory; and as he rose up reverently for that purpose, his bondsmen gazed upon their king with satisfaction; for not only was he tall and comely in person, but there was also an air of sagacity and decision in his countenance which made him feared as well as loved by his subjects.

Next, there was handed to him a larger horn, filled to the brim with foaming ale. Studs were fixed within it at certain intervals, marking the portion of liquor allotted to each guest. This was called drinking by measure. They handed this horn to each other across the fire, each one drinking in succession to Christ's health—a strange idea this, in our eyes, but in those rude and primitive times this social custom was an open and practical testimony that they had abandoned dead idols for a living Saviour. After this solemn draught, the horn circulated freely among the guests, who now quaffed it without measure during many succeeding hours of the night.

After this rude fashion they feasted day after day, until New-year's-eve, when the king dismissed his guests with handsome presents, giving to the most distinguished persons among them gold-mounted swords, which had been prepared for the occasion.

These festal Christmas customs were introduced by the Northmen into Great Britain, which, during the ninth and tenth centuries, suffered severely from the continual inroads of these hardy and adventurous Norsemen, by whom eventually a large portion of Scotland and of England was populated. They brought with them their deep reverence for law, their true loyalty of heart, and—alas! that there should be a dark shade in the picture—their inordinate love of the foaming horn, now exchanged for the tankard.

Amid all the changes of the last eight or nine hundred years, the merry Christmas of the Norseman still lives on in the hearts and homes of Great Britain; but little do many of our hardy northerners, while placing the Yule-log upon their hearths, imagine that the very word itself may be traced back to the dark ages of heathenism, when their forefathers, instead of eating roast-beef at Christmas, devoured horseflesh in honour of Thor and Odin!

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX.

A RETROSPECT ON NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

THE final day of the period known and to be chronicled in the world's history as *Anno Domini* 1856, is quickly waning away into the irrevocable region of the past; and the deep-toned bells are ready to announce, with pealing chime, the advent of another January, the first day of a new year—a day of solemn and serious consideration, if you will, yet one also of social greetings and innocent enjoyment. In all seemliness and propriety, we may mingle gaiety with gravity, and be merry as well as meditative, while hopefully wending our way by this prominent landmark in the pilgrimage of life; for whatever individual suffering or distress we may have encountered in the passing, or may naturally expect to meet with in the coming year, we

can console ourselves with the reflection, that the aggregate amount of human misery is gradually decreasing—that the world is annually becoming wiser, better, and happier. As the careful merchant, at the close of a year, enumerates his stock, balances his books, and congratulates himself on his gains, or sighs over his losses, so it might not be amiss if we made a few inquiries respecting our progress in civilisation and refinement, in the improvement of the individual and society at large. We can do so only by summoning up the past, and comparing it with the present; and though it be true that the coming year opens with fairer prospects than its forerunner, inasmuch as peace is preferable to war, yet a single twelvemonth, however important an item in the lifetime of a man, is but an infinitesimal portion in the age of the world. Consequently, we must, if we wish to estimate properly our advancement or retrogression, include a much greater scope of time. Let us, then, looking back one hundred years, examine the records of 1756, and we shall find that our advance has been prodigious, and learn that all silly maundering about the good old times is worse than nonsense.

Though the French and their savage Indian allies were ravaging the frontiers of our then American colonies—though the governor of Pennsylvania, a British officer and gentleman, was offering a bounty of 150 dollars for every male French or Indian scalp, and the third of that sum for every female one, that could be taken and brought to him—though English ships-of-war were capturing and destroying French merchantmen wherever they could be met with, yet the two nations were at peace—such a peace!—during nearly the first five months of 1756. As heartless Horace Walpole remarks of this period, the English and French ministers were crossing over, and figuring in—in politics. Each country, in fact, was sedulously preparing for war, while deceitfully, or diplomatically, which is much the same sort of thing, endeavouring to gain time by pretending to treat for peace.

There were few newspapers in those days; and indeed there were little if any of that literary, scientific, and social intelligence we now include under the denomination of home news. The leading announcements, referring to domestic affairs, in the journals of 1756, are little more than records of crimes and punishments, and the proceedings of press-gangs. According to our modern notions, London could not have been a very pleasant place to reside in at that time. Highwaymen laboured in their vocation at Knightsbridge; well-guarded mails were stopped, and robbed at Notting Hill. Some parts of the metropolis were continual scenes of riot and disorder. Spitalfields was a complete Alsatia. The denizens, principally weavers of that locality, whom we now associate with ideas of feeble misery and helpless poverty, were then the terror of London. In organised bodies, and armed with cutlasses and bludgeons, these Ishmaels of the gutter fought with hordes of Irish, crowds of soldiers, and crews of sailors; and even afforded a sanctuary to numbers from the formidable press-gang. They were known by the appellation of Cutters, because they levied a frequent black-mail, from the master manufacturers, of four shillings on each loom employed in the district; and if the money were not promptly paid, they cut into pieces the cloth or yarn in process of manufacture. The Cutters reigned till 1769, when their leaders were attacked in their head-quarters, a public-house named the Dolphin, by a posse of magistrates and constables, supported by a detachment of soldiers. The preliminary summons to surrender being treated with contemptuous indifference, a brisk firing commenced from both sides. The Cutters, barricading the lower part of the house, fired out of the windows, till the door was forced; they then retreated over the adjoining house-tops, firing as they went. By this

bold defence, they succeeded in escaping to a man; but one soldier was shot dead on the spot, and others were severely wounded. In consequence of this affray, the parish church was converted into a temporary barracks, and occupied by a strong body of troops, who succeeded at last in putting down the pugnacious Cutters.

The bill for building Blackfriars' Bridge was passed in 1756—of course not without great opposition from 'vested interests'—and one of the arguments adduced in favour of the project was, that between Fleet Street and the Thames on one side, and Holborn on the other, there were nothing but ruins, filth, alleys, and dung-hills—the lurking-places of the most desperate and flagitious characters. Even the best parts of London were frequented by footpads; and gentlemen, when out at night, in preference to riding in a carriage or chair, walked, with their drawn swords in their hands, so as to be better prepared to repel an attack; for then almost every male adult wore a sword—a custom which, allowing no time for passion to subside or reason to reflect, led to frequent and fatal encounters. Every tavern, gaming-house, and disreputable haunt was the scene of sanguinary contests between wine-maddened duellists. So common and so little thought of were these occurrences, that we seldom meet with notices of them in the newspapers of the time, except in connection with some other circumstance; as for instance: 'The cook at the Shakspeare, who was run through the body in endeavouring to prevent two gentlemen from fighting a duel, is in a fair way of recovery.'

A few years previous to the time of which we write, the king, in his speech to parliament, said: 'It is with the utmost regret I observe that the horrid crimes of robbery and murder are, of late, rather increased than decreased.' As a remedy for this state of affairs, a reward of £40 was given to every one who arrested a thief, and prosecuted him to conviction and the inevitable gallows. The suburban districts also formed societies, and gave £100 more, if the offence took place five miles distant from the city. Moreover, every one who captured a highwayman was entitled to the culprit's horse, whatever might be its value, or whoever might have been its legitimate owner. The highwaymen, being well mounted and well armed, were seldom captured, except in their hours of recreation. But these rewards gave rise to a regular business of 'thief-making' and 'thief-taking.' Gangs of villains, conspiring together, trepanned simple youths into seeming robberies; and succeeded in hanging numbers of lads, for the purpose of pocketing the price of their guiltless blood. As may be supposed, those ancient English institutions, the gallows, pillory, and whipping-post, flourished exceedingly one hundred years ago.

In Maitland's *History of London*, published in 1756, there is an engraving of Newgate, as it then appeared, and on the top of the building we see a large machine resembling the sails of a wind-mill. This was a ventilator, to dissipate the vitiated air of the prison, which it did, to the great annoyance of the neighbourhood. The cause of this machine being erected was, simply, that in the spring of 1750, the jail-distemper, a kind of typhus now unknown, caused by crowding and insufficient air, found its way from the jail to the sessions-house, and killed two judges, one lord-mayor, several aldermen, jurymen, and others, to the number, in all, of sixty persons. The building of this ventilator, though a step in the right direction, was, like many other of our reformatory movements, a vain attempt to remedy an effect without doing away with the cause—an ineffectual endeavour to cure an evil, without the slightest reference to its prevention; for we read in the same work that, even with the ventilator, 'the prisoners are packed so close together, and the air so corrupted by their stench, that it occasions a disease, called the jail-distemper, of which

they die by dozens; and cart-loads of them are carried out and thrown into a pit in the church-yard of Christ's Church, without ceremony. And to this wretched place many innocent people are sometimes sent, and loaded with irons before their trial, not to secure them, but to extort money from them by a merciless jailer; for if they have money to bribe him, they may have their irons as light as they please.'

The most revolting spectacle of the present day is, without doubt, an execution; yet, happily, this opprobrium of our age and common Christianity is now, comparatively speaking, a rare occurrence; and, hideously appalling though it be, is unattended by the riot, licence, and debauchery—not confined to one spot, but extending over a distance of three miles—that characterised the London executions of one hundred years ago. Hogarth, as the closing scene in the life of 'the idle apprentice,' has exhibited to us the awful procession from Newgate to Tyburn. As the engraving is known to almost every one, we need not further allude to it. But from a newspaper writer of the period, though the quotation be long, and its composition awkward, we feel bound to extract the following description of Newgate on the morning of, and the subsequent journey to Tyburn, to more forcibly illustrate an execution, the superior arrangements, the more decent conduct—in short, the advancement in civilisation of our own era.

'The horrid aspect of turnkeys and jailers, in discontent and hurry; the sharp and dreadful looks of rogues that beg in irons, but who would wish to rob you if they could; the bellowing of half-a-dozen names at a time to inquire after one another; the variety of strong voices howling in one place, scolding, quarrelling, and swearing in another, loud bursts of laughter in a third; the substantial breakfasts that are made in these scenes of horror; the seas of beer and gin that are swallowed, the incessant outcries for more, and the bawling answers made by the tapsters; the impudent and unseasonable jests; the general nastiness, with the oaths and imprecations echoed from every quarter of the prison, added to the melancholy clank of chains and fetters, compose altogether one of the most horrid spectacles the eyes of thinking men can behold. Yet how much more terrific is this dreadful scene rendered by the behaviour of the men just setting off for execution, who are madly drinking or uttering the vilest ribaldry, and jeering others that are less impatient; while the ordinary bustles among them, and shifting from one to another, distributes scraps of good counsel to inattentive hearers; and near him, the hangman, impatient to be gone, swears at their delays.

'At last they set out, and with them a torrent of mob, consisting of the idlest of holiday-makers, and all the thieves of both sexes, who meet with that security which large mobs afford, so that this occasion becomes a jubilee-day for all offenders, who dare not appear on any other, the confusion making a free mart, an amnesty for all outlaws. To add to the rudeness of the scene, two or three sweeps generally mount the horses that draw the convicts, whose sooty aspects and ludicrous gestures divert the crowd; and the cavalcade, instead of impressing those salutary impressions on the minds of spectators which it is alone intended for, becomes an impious spectacle of laughter, riot, and disorder. The way from Newgate to Tyburn is now one continued fair of the meanest of the rabble. Where the crowd is thinnest, dead cats and dogs fly about, and are deemed excellent pastime. The nearer they approach the gallows, blows are struck, heads are broken, and swinging pieces of stick are thrown about. Amidst this rioting, the sound of different noises, and a variety of outcries on every side, making up a discord not to be paralleled, the last psalm is sung; and the ordinary and executioner, having performed their duties with little ceremony and less concern, seem

tired and glad that it is over. The tragedy being ended, a fresh fray arises between the mob and the surgeons about the property of the dead bodies; and the morning's amusement ends with often the loss of more lives than die by the halter.'

In a pamphlet of a much later date, the writer, condemning this horrible system, states that although the unhappy convicts were almost invariably intoxicated when they left Newgate, they were 'suffered to stop twice or thrice, on the way to Tyburn, to receive fresh comfort from strong waters.' He further tells us that, after the execution, the hangman stripped the dead bodies, the clothes being his disgusting perquisite. Then the fight commenced among the mob, one party endeavouring to secure the bodies to sell them for dissection, the other to carry them off to their friends for interment. 'Some wretches,' he continues, 'are so miserable as to have no mob either for or against them, and their bodies (it is horrible, but true) lie, to the dishonour of the laws and the disgrace of human nature, absolutely naked under the gallows, till some charitable Christian pays, or till the inhabitants, to be rid of the stench, cause a hole to be dug for interment, without any intervention of authority in either case.'

Referring to newspapers published in the time of the grandfathers of many now living, we read that, on the first Monday in 1756, a deserter from the Foot Guards, a young man of respectable family, was brought out of the Savoy prison in the Strand. Accompanied by his brother and two clergymen, escorted by 400 soldiers, with drums beating the Dead March, and followed by an immense crowd, the unhappy deserter was led through the streets to Hyde Park, and there shot and buried. The government improved this occasion in a curious manner. The Sunday evening previous, warrants for pressing landmen were secretly issued, and thus the 400 soldiers that guarded the miserable man to execution, formed a very efficient press-gang among the crowd that came to witness it. A few days afterwards, 'a vagabond fellow' was, by order of a magistrate, flogged at the public whipping-post in Covent Garden market for a petty theft.

Early in the year, a hot press took place at Edinburgh, Leith, Newhaven, and Musselburgh: the constables of Edinburgh netted sixty captives on the first day. The next Sunday, a press-gang made its appearance on the High Street, 'just after sermons.' The friends of a journeyman baker, who was among the captured, boldly attempted a rescue. In the fray that ensued, the gang were worsted, and, to save their lives from the infuriated populace, were glad to accept the protection of the town-guard. It then turned out that the gang had no warrant for their proceedings, but were merely a number of ruffians pressing, as our American friends would term it, on their own hook. For every man they took to the rendezvous at Leith, they received a consideration, and no questions were asked. As loyal and patriotic subjects, endeavouring to augment his majesty's forces by sea and land, these ruffians considered they were entitled to all praise. But the lord provost, taking another view of the matter, had the pseudo press-gang flogged through the city, the magistrates, officers of the train-bands, constables, and firemen, honouring the ceremony by their official presence.

About the same time, Mr Blair, the minister of Ruthven in Badenoch, after preaching a sermon on 'the audacious intention of a French invasion,' offered from the pulpit a guinea to every man who would join Lord John Murray's Highland regiment. Whether there were many or few applicants for the worthy clergyman's guineas, we do not know, but we read in the papers of the day of recruits to the number of thirty at a time being sent off, handcuffed, and under a strong guard, to join the same regiment. While the recruiting system of the present time implies a

voluntary contract, it was very different one hundred years ago; for instance, we learn that when the constables and servants of Sir Lewis Mackenzie were employed recruiting on his estate in Ross-shire, one stubborn Celt, named Kenneth Huppy, fled to the hills; and even after a long chase, when overtaken by Sir Lewis's gardener, Huppy, still declining to be recruited, stabbed his pursuer to the heart.

As a somewhat parallel circumstance to the announcement in the kirk of Ruthven, we may mention that, in the same year, a notice was read during divine service in the parish church of St George's, Middlesex, to inform the congregation that the church-wardens intended to fit out a privateer, and subscriptions for the patriotic purpose would be received in the vestry. We need scarcely observe, that the war just concluded was the first ever carried on by this country without having recourse to impressment and privateering. Whether the former was judiciously abstained from because the people really would not have submitted to it—the latter, because the enemy had but few merchant-ships to capture, it were needless to inquire. At anyrate, British subjects were not, as before, inhumanly dragged away into the worst kind of slavery; nor our merchants degraded by being connected with a legalised piracy. The London newspapers of the period seem to delight in relating the doughty doings of the press-gang. We read that on one occasion the gang received information that a sailor, their legitimate prey, was protected in a house in Spitalfields. Here was an opportunity of distinction, and of lowering the pride and prestige of the Spitalfields men, who had vowed that no man should ever be pressed in their locality. The house being known, a powerful gang, making a sudden foray, dashed into the dangerous district, captured their man, and carried him away, ere the surprised Spitalfieldians could muster in sufficient force to cut off the hasty retreat. As it was, the capture was not made without bloodshed; the gang left behind them two Spitalfieldians lying dead on the street.

Sedan-chairs were then in vogue, and the principal chair-stand was in St James's Street. The brawny chairmen at this stand were long objects of desire to the gang, and at last a grand razzia was made upon them. The chairmen fought like heroes, repulsed the gang, and drove them down the street to the very gate of St James's Palace. There the tide of war ebbed: the palace-guard was called out, and thus reinforced, the gang returned to the fray. Lives were taken, and fearful wounds inflicted on both sides; yet, after all, only three badly wounded chairmen were captured, and carried off to serve his most gracious majesty.

Besides its legitimate duty of providing seamen and soldiers for the service of the state, the press-gang was by no means unfrequently employed to suit private purposes. By its friendly aid, a rival in love or business, an adverse witness, or importunate creditor, any individual, in fact, whose presence was obnoxious or undesirable, could readily be put out of the way, if not for ever, as was most probable, at all events for a considerable period. Even wives managed to get rid of their husbands by this summary process of divorce; and, in the very year we refer to, a daughter procured the impressment of her father, to the end that she might uncontrolledly dissipate his hard-earned savings in vicious indulgences. To be sure, where men were concerned, the chances were equal: Nokes could bribe the gang to waylay and press Stiles, just as Stiles might perform the same good turn for Nokes; but as women were not liable to impressment, it may be imagined that the advantage lay on their side. No such thing, however; though women could not be pressed, still they could be got rid of in another manner—consigned to a more dreadful fate. The private madhouses of the period were a thousand times worse than the holds of the press-tenders, worse even than

the floating Pandemoniums ships-of-war then were. The evidence given before the parliamentary committee that inquired into the state of private madhouses in 1762, is a heart-sickening disclosure of human wickedness and helpless misery; and the committee, in their report, state that 'the avarice of the keepers, who were under no other control than their own consciences, led them to assist in the most nefarious plans for confining sane persons, whose relations or guardians, impelled by the same motive or private vengeance, sometimes forgot all the restraints of nature, and immured them in the horrors of a prison, under a charge of insanity.'

Four of the 'thief-makers' already alluded to were tried and convicted, at the Old Bailey sessions, in March 1756, for conspiring to prosecute an innocent lad to death, on a false charge of robbery, so that they might obtain the reward, or blood-money, as it was then termed, amounting to L.140. Part of their sentence was to stand in the pillory, and, accordingly, two of them were pilloried in Holborn. A newspaper informs us that 'such a multitude of people were never known to be collected on a like occasion. A woman was terribly gored by a bullock, and almost trod to death by the mob; a painter's man was pushed out of a cart, had his skull fractured, and was taken up insensible; several people were run over and hurt, and much mischief done. Two pickpockets, being detected at the end of Fetter Lane, were so severely disciplined by the populace, that they were scarcely able to crawl away.' The two wretches in the pillory were pelted with stones, brickbats, and oyster-shells; and when released at the expiration of an hour—the period of their sentence—they were found to be speechless and insensible, but subsequently recovered. Three days after, the other two were pilloried in Smithfield. So briskly were they pelted, that when half an hour had elapsed, the mob, perceiving that one of the two was dead, forbore to throw any more at them. Neither was released, however, until the hour had expired, when the survivor was found to be fearfully mangled, but still breathing.

Such continual scenes of violence were not without their natural fruits—all grades in society were demoralised, and an utter recklessness prevailed with regard to human life. Three captains in the army, who were recruiting at Gravesend, wished to visit the theatre at Greenwich; for this purpose, they hired two post-chaises, and set off on their journey. The officers, afraid of being too late for the performance, kept urging the postboys to drive faster than the horses really could go. On this account, an altercation ensued, and one of the captains, drawing his sword, ran a postboy through the body, and even cut and hacked at the dying man as he lay helplessly bleeding on the ground. The other postboy would have shared the same fate, had not a labourer, who happened to be repairing a hedge by the roadside, rushed forward, and with his hedge-bill held the captains at bay. At this juncture, a sturdy butcher came up, and the officers were disarmed, and made prisoners. A coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of wilful murder against the three. They were committed to Maidstone jail, and in due time tried; two were acquitted; the third, who had stabbed the postboy, was condemned and executed.

Another instance of reckless disregard of human life, to say nothing of the destruction of valuable property, occurred about the same time. The good ship *Virginia Merchant* arrived at Bristol with a valuable cargo, consisting of 400 hogsheads of tobacco, and other colonial produce. The tender sent a boat to press, but the homeward-bound crew resisting, compelled the gang to sheer off. The tender then opened fire with her great guns on the unfortunate *Virginia Merchant*, and in a short time, not only killed several of her crew,

but sank her, tobacco and all, to the bottom of the Severn. Probably it is of the same tender we read the following sadly suggestive paragraph: 'The mother of one of the two young gentlewomen who were forcibly taken on board the tender at Bristol, and kept there two days, has since went deranged.'

At a period when man had so little mercy for his fellow, we cannot suppose he had any for the brute creation; and we accordingly find bear and bull baiting, with cock-fighting, to have been the favourite amusements of all classes. Yet there were still more gross and inexcusable cruelties committed on the lower animals, without the excitement of contest or gambling, merely to afford a fiendish pleasure to the perpetrators. Who can look upon Hogarth's *Six Stages of Cruelty*, without shuddering? yet such were then the common spectacles of the public streets. Hogarth, as amiable in feeling as admirable in art, says that 'these prints were engraved with the hope of in some degree correcting that barbarous treatment of animals, the very sight of which renders the streets of our metropolis so distressing to every feeling mind.' And he subsequently added: 'If they have had this effect, and checked the progress of cruelty, I am more proud of having been the author, than I should be of having painted Raphael's cartoons.'

The class we now term the people was not in existence in those days, but there was, as Sir John Fielding tells us, 'the rabble, very insolent and abusive, and that sometimes without the least appearance of a cause.' The astute magistrate adds, for the benefit of strangers: 'When this happens, it is always prudent to retire, and give them their way.'

It would be a waste of time to pursue the subject further. Our improvement has been great—much greater, probably, than the imagination can readily realise. There has been no retrogression; the march has ever been onward. Looking out, as we write, into the clear wintry twilight, over a wide reach of the Thames, as it sweeps past the lofty elms and old ivy-covered houses of a river-side Mall, we can see the tide swiftly ebbing downwards in the centre of the stream; while a counter-eddy, on each side of the river, slowly flows in a contrary direction, till it is absorbed and carried away by the main central current. So it is in the great stream of human progress—the very speed and impetus of its central current causes lateral eddies, seemingly flowing backwards, but in reality forming an integral part of one great onward movement.

Closing, then, the dreary records of the past, let us cheerfully and confidently look forward to the future; and, remembering the poet's injunction with regard to the treatment of a guest, let us also

Welcome the coming, speed the parting year.

A CUNNING HAND AMONG THE BRANCHES.

DID you ever notice that sometimes two branches of a tree produce a perfect bifurcation; that is, that they separate from a common point? If you examine closely, you will find that such branches took their departure from one and the same bud. In rarer instances, you may see five or six branches all starting from a common centre, and with a regularity that surprises when contrasted with the arrangement of the rest of the tree.

These effects are now and then produced by gemming or inoculating, and not seldom by the unassisted handiwork of nature. When the latter is the case, the bifurcation is caused by the bite of a caterpillar or some other voracious insect. An insect has but to gnaw the point of a bud to make it grow double, triple, quadruple, and so forth, to transform itself indeed into

numerous buds, thereafter distinct and separate, each passing singly through all the phases of its vegetation.

What is here said applies to buds that produce wood; it is equally true of those that produce fruit. The insect plies its mandibles, and quite unconsciously starts a new order of developments. After all, however, a little reflection would lead us to believe that buds might be as fecund as seeds. If one grain of wheat produces many grains, why not one bud many buds, if we can only get it into the right condition? What this condition is, we learn from the insect.

At all events, it has been learned by M. Millot-Brulé of Réthel (Ardennes), and turned to good account, for he produces effects at pleasure without waiting for the accident of an insect: with the point of a penknife, or a slip of sand-paper, he makes buds produce as many branches as he chooses. The notion occurred to him in 1849; and he at once made experiments which were successful; and repeating these year by year, he has now produced a new and singularly interesting process of arboriculture. A commission appointed by the Minister of Agriculture and Public Works to examine into it, reported in the following terms of what they had seen in M. Millot-Brulé's gardens:—'Several peach-stems present a multitude of branches proceeding from the same centre with mathematical regularity and symmetry. By skilful shudding by incisions, and nipping of the buds or shoots, he arranges the trees in a way at once the most picturesque and fantastic. Under his fingers, the obedient branches assume the most varied and elegant forms: he increases the fructification, and develops the formation of buds according to his wish.'

Thoroughly to illustrate the results, diagrams would be necessary; we shall, however, endeavour to explain as clearly as the subject will admit of. M. Millot-Brulé's elementary figure consists of a straight branch which from one common centre separates into fifteen branches, resembling, in fact, a small tree with a regularly formed head. A second represents an espalier peach-tree, the branches of which radiate in the form of a wheel, each branch terminating in an oval ring of smaller branches, developed at regular intervals. From these simple forms, others of a more complex nature may be produced: a single stem, properly managed, will form a square, a parallelogram, or a series of circles, so elegant in design, that if copied in papier mâché they would be prized as graceful ornaments for the drawing-room. The buds may be multiplied and the branches sent off entirely at the pleasure of the cultivator; hence there is no limit to the forms which may be produced.

In the course of his experiments, M. Millot-Brulé discovered another of the interesting secrets of arboriculture—namely, that little branches must not be developed immediately opposite each other on a horizontal branch trained against a wall or on stakes; and the reason is, that the branches which run upwards take up all the sap at the expense of those running downwards; the latter consequently languish. It therefore becomes absolutely necessary to develop the small branches alternately—each lower one between two upper ones—on all horizontal branches. It is possible, moreover, to assist the lower branches by bending the upper ones upon themselves, making them form a sort of knot, but always with the precaution of leaving the extreme points in an upward direction.

Any intelligent person may, by a little dexterity, become a practised arboriculturist. The process in its simplest form appears to be to decapitate the buds with a penknife as soon as the sap begins to circulate in the spring. In a few days, two new buds appear at the base of the bud thus operated on, and the vegetation of these is easily equalised by expert trimming, or pinching off when necessary. The equilibrium once established, these two buds may be similarly treated, and as each

will produce two more, any number of branches may be obtained, and a thick full head developed on the top of a single stem. To make branches shoot in different directions, the terminal bud of the main branch is pinched at one side or the other, according as the direction required is to the right or left; and the new buds being pinched in turn, perfect control is established over each branch from its very earliest growth. We pretend not to enter into the minute details that would be requisite in a horticultural publication; all we purpose is to convey some general notion of what strikes us as a remarkable discovery.

Wires are used when necessary to maintain the branches in a proper position; and from this point we are led to a consideration of practical use and value. This method of multiplying branches, being introduced into nurseries, the trees grown will be more fruitful and less irregular in form than heretofore. Who would not rather see a shapely tree than a straggler! It will enable landscape-gardeners to make single trees, or groups as ornamental as they please. Parks may thus become more beautiful than ever, and public walks, boulevards, and the like, may be decorated according to taste or fancy. There are many persons who will perhaps say that trees are most beautiful when left entirely to nature; but they forget that nature sometimes produces vegetable as well as animal deformities, and that it must therefore be an advantage to be able to encourage gracefulness.

But M. Millot-Brulé's method admits of an immediate and eminently useful application—namely, that of controlling the form of branches in plantations grown for their timber. In agricultural implements, in ship-building, fancy cabinet-making and carpentry, as well as in other employments that will suggest themselves to the mind, angular, forked, and bent timber is an article of prime necessity. What an advantage is gained to the grower when, using his judgment, aided by a penknife and a slip of sand-paper, he can make the trees under his care obedient to his will! Moreover, it appears to us that in this process we have a new field open for the exercise of ingenuity, out of which may follow new employments for industry; and we commend the subject to all who are engaged in the culture of trees.

For the substance of the foregoing, we are indebted to a scientific periodical published in Paris.

THE BIRD IN THE STORM.

THE rain was falling, the winds were calling,
The clouds swept over the sky,
When 'mid the alarm of darkness and storm,
A shower of song swept by—
Says the little wee-bird:—'Tis I!

'Ah! is it not dreary, and are you not weary,
Poor little wee bird?' I said.
'How lonely and queer you must feel out here,
Just under the tempest-dread—
Ah! birdie, you'll soon be dead!'

'While the storm is ringing, is my time for singing,'
Says the little wee bird to me;
'Though the clouds be dim, yet I warble my hymn;
And I die not, though cold it be;
For my name it is Hope,' says she.

So the song it is gushing, and seems as if hushing,
The atmosphere tempest-stirred;
Softly and clear it falls on the ear,
Through clouds and through darkness heard—
The song of the sweet wee bird! F.

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COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

THE very good and the very bad among mankind, albeit they form the ordinary humanity of most novels, are rare in actual life. If we descend from the heights of rose-coloured romance to the sober gray valley of this work-a-day world, we shall find that there is generally some saving-clause of good in the wicked, some fault or failing in the virtuous, to redeem the one from absolute atrocity, and the other from complete perfection. There is happily a medium between all extremes, and human beings are not half of them guileless lambs, and the other half exultant wolves ready to pounce upon them, as romancists would have us believe. Moreover, even the modified heroes and villains of real life form but a very small portion of the world's *dramatis personee*. The vast body of mankind consist of those who are neither detestably bad nor admirably good; overwhelmingly clever, or pitifully stupid—of the *commonplace*, in a word. It is they who leaven society, as it were, and render it of a due consistency; it is they who act as the chorus to the drama, the background to the picture, and who, though not heroic themselves, are necessary adjuncts to the heroism of others.

It is wisely ordered thus, and the more so that all these supernumeraries in the great drama of life have little dramatic episodes of their own, whereof they individually are the heroes and heroines. No one is insignificant to himself; and the most common-place being in the world would assuredly be the last person to suspect the small degree of his own value in the social scale. On the contrary, your ordinary sort of man generally believes himself to be a Napoleon, a Shakespeare, or a Newton, according as his tastes and pursuits are military, literary, or scientific. Often, too, the world is partially deluded into the same belief; for it is a credulous world in some respects, and when it sees a man holding implicit faith in himself, it is very apt to appraise him by his own standard. It is astonishing to think of the number of people who are held to be wonderfully clever, not to say genuine, simply on the strength of their personal conviction that they are so. They have never done anything to prove it—never will, probably; but they have the benefit of the *prestige* now, and will carry it with them even to the grave. Did any one ever know a doctor who was not termed 'a remarkably skilful man?'—or a lawyer, who was not accounted a *shrewd*, talented fellow?—or a clergyman, who was not pronounced to be either most eloquent or most excellent by a sufficient number of individuals to constitute a *Public*? In fact, if we might believe in all the

opinions we hear, talent is the rule, and want of it the exception, in this present age. Men and women of intellect are the commonplace; the only moderately intelligent and the stupid are the few—the *rare ones*.

But we—you and I, reader—don't believe all we hear, and we know better of what calibre of humanity the various classes of the commonplace are actually composed. We know, too, how often 'the world'—principally made up of those very classes, we remember—is mistaken in its judgments, 'as to who are, and who are not, common-place people. We have marked numerous instances when it has done honour to the daw in peacock's feathers, and when—to carry out the ornithological comparison—it has neglected or despised the nightingale, because it was so brown and homely a bird to look at. Was it not only the other evening, at Lady Ormolu's dinner-party, that Mr Jones, after conversing through one course and a half with his left-hand neighbour, pronounced him, in an aside to the lady on his right, one of the dullest, most inane, and most common-place individuals? And was not the said Jones put to the blush when he was informed that his dull and inane acquaintance was the world-renowned artist, whose pictures are known, admired, and prized by all Europe? Be more cautious another time, Mr Jones, in forming your opinion of strangers, and, for your reputation's sake, be less precipitate in expressing it when formed. Do not again judge a man's intellect after half an hour's conversation with him, particularly at a dinner-party. Perhaps it requires not a large intellect, but a little one, to constitute the stock in trade of the sayer of smart things and agreeable nothings, who is so valuable an adjunct to assemblies, and who is pronounced 'a most clever, pleasant person' by Mr Jones and others.

'Appearances are deceitful,' say the school-copies. It is to be feared that the round-text moralities of the writing-master make but a small impression on the minds of youth, or that it soon wears off; for when boys grow to man's estate, they are apt to run exactly counter to the excellent advice contained in those pithy little sentences. How many people of our acquaintance do *not* judge from appearances? Let a man quote from one or two abstruse books, interlard his conversation with Latin and Greek, comb his hair but seldom, and shave still less frequently, and he will find a sufficient number of persons quite ready to admire him as the wisest, most erudite of men. In the same way, a man who dresses well, speaks with respectful regard for Lindley Murray, and does not outrage the *bien-séances*, is considered and denominated a *gentleman*. Well; perhaps after all, it is a wise world to be so credulous! If the outside is fair, let us be

content with *that*, without seeking to look deeper. Let us believe in the talent of one person, the amiability of another, just as we do in the solidity of our rose-wood tables. Let us banish the consciousness that they are only veneered, and that if we cut into the wood, we shall find that the polish does not extend beyond the surface. At anyrate, I, who am an unappreciated, and therefore a cynical being, have resolved to do so for the future.

But *revenons à nos moutons*—that is to say, to our common-place people. As I have indicated, I hope, by the foregoing anecdote of Jones, the balance is kept tolerably even. If one set of people are over-rated, the really talented, the unquestionably superior, are often treated very shabbily by that great autocrat, public opinion. I myself am thought little of by ordinary minds. As I have said, the world is principally made up of common-place people, and it naturally seeks its heroes from among its peers. *Parmi les aveugles les borgnes sont rois*. People with two eyes have no chance.

However, I will add—for I like to be impartial—that my wife, who is of a more genial temperament than I am, takes altogether another view of the subject. She thinks—I put it into elegant language for her, as she is not literary—that commonplaceism *per se* does not exist. Everybody is interesting to some one or two others in the world; for instance, every man who has a mother has some one to admire and love him—to think him a hero or a sage—most handsome, most clever, or most excellent in some way. He is never commonplace to *her*. Moreover, my wife declares her belief, confirmed by observation, that if we could thoroughly understand the idiosyncrasy, or be made intimately acquainted with the *lives* of even those people we ourselves are apt to decry as commonplace, we should be sure to find special individualities, both of thought, and feeling, and action, to redeem them from the character. Therefore, she triumphantly concludes, since the world's common-place people are *my* heroes, and my common-place people are very often God's heroes and heroines—where are we to find the absolutely commonplace?

I am to remember, she says, my old-bachelor cousin Harte, whom I always used to wonder at, as the most perfect specimen of human clock-work, wound up to go to the bank daily, write there for six hours, and return to his lodgings—and who couldn't do anything else, I verily believed, except potter about the back garden of his lodgings, read the newspaper, and cut out a man with a cocked-hat, in card-board, to amuse the children, when he came to us to tea. Well, how was I to know that all that time he might have been put into a book as an example of constancy, courage, and all that sort of thing? I hardly knew that such a person as Anna Lyle existed, much less that they had loved each other ever since they were boy and girl together. But they were both poor, and Anna had a helpless father dependent on her for support; so they both worked on, loved one another, and had patience. They were middle-aged before they married. Yes, I remember I *was* astonished when Harte quietly introduced his wife to us, and for the first time I noticed something in his face. In fact, I've not thought him at all commonplace since.

I confess, also, that I never thought much about little Charlotte Selby—one of Selby the merchant's three daughters. Her elder sister was the more accomplished, and the younger was far handsomer. She appeared to me a very ordinary kind of medium, in age, looks, and abilities. I never should have suspected her of the quiet energy, the sense and courage she displayed when her father failed, and the family were reduced to much poverty and privation. She was the mainstay and support of all the rest through the whole trying time that the broken-down

merchant was struggling with his difficulties. The clever sister made money by her pen; the handsome one, who had married brilliantly, helped the fallen family, as she should; but I admit at once that I admire and respect little Charlotte far beyond either the authoress or the beauty, though they are both good women in their way.

Further, I am reminded—But my wife's examples would be endless. I shall name no more. I submit to her so far as to own, that there may be plenty more Hartes and Charlottes among my common-place acquaintance, even among those that I grumble at when they are invited to tea, and call 'limpets' and 'pumpkin.' Yes, yes, anything and everything she says is true, no doubt.

I deny nothing—and I shall not go over my own case again. Judge between us, O reader, and decide for thyself upon this knotty question.

GLIMPSES OF AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

HOW IT CAME ABOUT.

In the dashing times which produced the Declaration of Independence, and opened up the most glowing anticipations of a political millennium, in which we were to 'hold these truths as self-evident, that all men are created equal—that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—that among these are life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness'—we say, in the midst of these announcements of a brighter day for hitherto down-trodden human nature, and of what was actually done towards founding a great republic, who could have foreseen that in eighty years the result would be a state of things in which a sixth part of the population would be slaves—human beings of every variety of complexion and diversity of intelligence, placed, from no fault of their own, on a level with the brute creation; and further, that this sorrowful and abject condition would come to be extended, perpetuated, vindicated as an essential element in civil society! The world, as it appears to us, has hardly awakened to a consciousness of this historical anomaly; and this is not surprising, for the Americans themselves are as yet only beginning to see the awkwardness of the dilemma into which they have allowed themselves to be drifted.

It was from no qualm of conscience on the part of the committee appointed to draw up the Declaration—Jefferson, Adams, Livingston, Sherman, and Franklin—that the passages relative to slavery were struck out from the celebrated document. 'He [the king of Great Britain] has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people, who never offended him, captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur a miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of infidel powers, is the warfare of the Christian king of Great Britain. Determined to keep open market where men should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce.* &c. It was quite as well that these ungente accusations should have been withdrawn in consideration, as is said, for the feelings of southern members of the infant confederacy; that so there might remain no historical doubt of the fact, that Union was secured only by conciliating the more intractable order of

* The first draught of the Declaration of Independence, embracing these erased passages, is shown in the rooms of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, an institution founded by Franklin. It was the greatest archeological curiosity (if such a term be allowable) which the present writer saw in the United States.

slaveholders. Whatever, therefore, may be our surprise at the present anomalous complication of American liberty and slavery, the marvel would seem to be lessened by the explanation, that from the very commencement, on that memorable 4th of July 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was read from the steps of the city-hall in Philadelphia, there never has been a condition of universal freedom. The Declaration, doubtless, propounded the doctrine of human equality; but this document never seems to have had the validity of law. At all events, as regards the principle of slavery, the lofty preamble of the Declaration about 'inalienable rights' has proved to be only a respectable piece of *Bunkum*—words which serve their purpose, and signify nothing.

At the opening of the revolutionary war, there were slaves in all the revolted colonies; even in Massachusetts, the land of the 'Pilgrim Fathers,' there were slaves, and sales of slaves too. England, of course, must be charged with the crime of having, in the first instance, introduced these unfortunate Africans as an article of merchandise into the plantations against the repeatedly expressed wishes of the settlers, and of having fostered slavery till it took root as a social usage. Lawyers might now speculate on the question—whether, at the period of the revolutionary troubles, slaves could be legally held in the colonies? A short time previously, it had been decided by courts of justice, that a slave landing in England became free; and as the common law was extended over all parts of the realm, it is demonstrable that the maintenance of slavery in distant dependencies was, to say the least of it, open to challenge. The question was not, however, tried; and, as is well known, a vigorous English slave-trade was carried on for many years afterwards with the West Indies and other possessions—much to the profit of Liverpool and Bristol, and apparently to the satisfaction or indifference of all, except the few individuals who deigned to feel an interest in the unhappy objects of ruthless deportation—which individuals, as is usual in such cases, were set down as visionaries, crack-brained enthusiasts, who had no proper regard for national greatness. When the House of Commons was at length induced, in 1792, to pass a bill for the suppression of the slave-trade, it was rejected by the House of Lords, on the ground of its damaging effects upon great commercial and colonial interests. As the famous abolition act did not pass till 1807, and the trade did not absolutely cease till the 1st of January 1808—as, in fact, slaves were held in the colonies until our own times—and, what is still more to the point, as our continued national prosperity depends in no small degree on the purchase and manufacture of slave-grown cotton—the English have not much reason to be boastful on the subject.

For several years after the termination of the revolutionary war—1784 to 1789—the Americans had no proper federal constitution, and public matters were regulated during this interregnum by what was called the Continental Congress, sitting in Philadelphia or New York. To have anything like a correct notion of the American slave question, we need to look back to the operations of this august body. One of the subjects that fell under its discussion, was the management of certain western territories which several states relinquished for the benefit of the general commonwealth, in consideration that congress should liquidate debts and obligations incurred by these states during the war. The cessions were made on these terms; and congress henceforth exercised a direct sovereignty over large tracts of country, from which new states could be excavated. Plans for the government of the Western Territory occupied considerable attention; Mr Jefferson apparently taking a lead in the business, and producing schemes by which slavery was never to be intruded into this vast region. A

proposal of this nature was lost on coming to a vote; but at length, in 1787, in the last continental congress, was passed an 'Ordinance for the Government of the Territory of the United States, North-west of the Ohio,' which embraced this provision: 'There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in punishment of crimes, whereof the parties shall be duly convicted.' The enactment of this law may be said to settle the point, that congress is entitled, among other regulations, to enjoin that slavery shall or shall not be a constituent element in the Territories under its special jurisdiction.

The circumstance of Jefferson not being able to carry his larger measure, which comprehended territories south of those just mentioned, shews that the leading men of the time were cramped in their benevolent efforts to extend the sphere of freedom. They were thoroughly aware that slavery in any form, or wherever situated, was a bad thing; and on suitable occasions, they spoke plainly out on the subject. Not disguising the fact from themselves or from others, they nevertheless thought proper to temporise. Believing that any attempt at emancipation through federal agency would probably alienate slaveholders, and so jeopardise the consolidation of the States, they were inclined to leave the subject to the action of public opinion, of which there were hopeful symptoms. As early as 1775, the representatives of a district in Georgia passed a resolution, declaring their disapprobation and abhorrence of the unnatural practice of slavery in America—'a practice,' they say, 'founded on injustice and cruelty, and highly dangerous to our liberties, as well as lives; debasing part of our fellow-creatures below men, and corrupting the virtue and morals of the rest; and as laying the basis of that liberty we contend for on a wrong foundation.' Other anti-slavery sentiments shine out during the ensuing ten years. Massachusetts and other New-England States, and also Pennsylvania, denounce slavery, provide for securing freedom to all born after a certain day, and prohibit the import of any more slaves. Virginia likewise prohibits importation, and removes legal restrictions on emancipation. From North Carolina, New York, and New Jersey, are issued edicts against the further import of slaves. In short, it appears as if slavery was everywhere about to be given up, and done with. Some expectations of this kind, along with an anxiety to conciliate doubtful friends, afford the only excuse for the perpetuation of slavery under the constitution. With a distinct consciousness of its injustice, its dangers, slavery was recognised under ambiguous terms—singular anomaly!—in the great charter of republican freedom. It was competent to repudiate it; it was advisable to maintain a discreet silence respecting it. Neither was done. Here lies the first great blunder of American statesmanship, never to be rectified. The constitution was framed in 1787, and was in general operation in 1789.

This constitution, which still gives cohesion to the States under a federal government, is an instrument divided into articles, each subdivided into clauses. The passages referring to slavery are as follows: In the second clause of the first article there is a provision for representation and taxation—'Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several states which may be included within this Union, according to their respective numbers, which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to servitude for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three-fifths of all other persons.' By 'all other persons' is signified slaves. Accordingly, in whatever state slavery exists, there is till this day a statutory method of making up an artificial constituency: in other words, the number is swelled by counting slaves; but

as the slaves have no vote, it happens that a limited constituency of free white persons possess a political power equal to that of a constituency altogether free. That so acute a people as the Americans should have accepted this as a fair thing in representation, and still submit to it, almost passes belief. To proceed, however. The next reference to slavery in the constitution is contained in another clause of the first article—'The migration or importation of such persons as any of the states now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the congress prior to the year 1808; but a tax or duty may be imposed, not exceeding ten dollars on each person.' By one of the clauses of the fourth article, it is ordained that 'No person held to service or labour in one state under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein be discharged from such service or labour, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such labour may be due.' The use of such ambiguous terms as 'persons held to labour,' leads one to infer that the fathers of the constitution were ashamed of the thing indicated. In the face of mankind, and fresh from a successful struggle for liberty, they do not appear to have had the courage to employ a candid phraseology. Be this as it may, the constitution had taken its ground in maintaining the rights of slaveholders. They could hold persons to service, pursue and secure them if they fled; and at least until 1808, they could migrate with them to new possessions, and receive fresh supplies by importation.

Possibly, the national conscience felt no alarm in adopting these legal institutes. All were jubilant over late successes. A mighty power three thousand miles off had been humbled; 'glory,' as Emerson says, had been 'bought cheap.' The new republic could afford to lecture England—which, we are thankful, has always been able to stand a good deal of sound scolding—on the doctrine of inherent human rights. In the address of the first congress under the constitution, to the people of Great Britain, what grandeur in the passages about liberty, oppression, slavery, and chains. 'When a nation, led to greatness by the hand of liberty, and possessed of all the glory that heroism, munificence, and humanity can bestow, descends to the ungrateful task of forging chains for her friends and children, and instead of giving support to freedom, turns advocate for slavery and oppression, there is reason to believe that she has ceased to be virtuous, or has been extremely negligent in the appointment of her rulers.' With such remonstrances against wrong-doing, which seem as if addressed to the living generation of Americans, who could suppose that this same congress required to be reminded that a section of the population was still deprived of its rights? As president of the Abolition Society of Philadelphia, Franklin signed a memorial to the first congress, praying that the blessings of liberty may be rightfully administered, 'without distinction of colour,' and that congress would be pleased to countenance the restoration to liberty of those unhappy men, who alone in a land of freedom are degraded into perpetual bondage.' We all admire the philanthropy breathed in these words; but are unpleasantly reminded that Franklin, with his compatriots, would perhaps have acted more wisely in not constitutionally sanctioning a thing which required afterwards to be spoken of in terms of reprobation.

Let us, however, not bear too hard on the first congress, which in 1789 set a worthy example for future legislation. If the constitution had given congress no power to meddle with slavery in any of the states, it had at least enabled it to regulate the affairs of the territories, from which, both by law and precedent, slavery could be peremptorily excluded. This congress accordingly 'recognised and affirmed the doctrine, embodied by Jefferson in the ordinance of 1787, which for ever excluded slavery from the territory

that now embraces Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; and in 1800, the same doctrine was approved by John Adams in the Territorial Act for Indiana.*

Kept as yet within bounds, and no means being immediately adopted to push slavery beyond certain old limits, the number of 'persons held to labour' in the United States, in 1790, was only 697,897; and as their average market-value was then comparatively small, there could have been no insurmountable difficulty in providing means for their liberation on equitable terms. But no effort of this kind required to be made. The progress of local emancipation which was clearing slavery from the northern, would soon remove it from the middle states; and all that the legislators of the day were called on to do, was to adopt such measures as would prevent slavery from extending and intrenching itself permanently in the south. Neglectful on this point, all was lost.

Engaged in the task of establishing a great nation—building cities, reclaiming wildernesses, opening up channels of internal communication, extending commerce, planting churches, schools, printing-presses, and other engines of civilisation; successful in almost all arts, and flourishing beyond the hopes of the wildest imagination—the Americans never seem to have attained a clear consciousness that there was any lurking possibility of social dislocation in consequence of slavery being tolerated within their political system. Not that there has not always been a party who augured danger from this quarter; but in the main, things have been left to take their course; or more correctly, the nation has, with singular indifference, seen a series of events successively and more and more hopelessly interweave slavery with the constitution.

It was, we believe, a crotchet of Washington that the federal capital of the United States should be a city removed from popular influences—as if there was any imaginable Olympus from which the pleasant constitutional practice of *Lobbying* could by any stratagem be excluded. New York would not do. Philadelphia—more the city—would not do. There must be a metropolis standing alone in virtuous solitude, somewhere about the centre of the Union. Accordingly, a site was pitched upon, on the banks of the Potomac, the contiguous states of Virginia and Maryland severally resigning a patch of a few miles square for the purpose, henceforth called the District of Columbia. When Washington here planned and built the city which bears his name, he could not have had any great horror of slavery, although he would much rather there had been no such thing in the world. Virginia and Maryland were then, as now, slave states. Slavery accordingly remained in the District of Columbia, as if indigenous in the soil; and from this time the supreme authorities of the United States became the civic magistracy of a kind of miniature independent state, in which slavery was a recognised institution. It could be shewn that this plantation of a political metropolis in the bosom of slavery did much disservice to the cause of freedom—the sight of slaves, slave-dépôts, slave-sales, and the looseness of morals usual in communities affected by slavery, producing no good effect on representatives from the free states. It might be argued that, as Columbia was surrounded by slave states, freedom within this small domain was impracticable. That, however, is not the question. The thing to be deprecated was, making federal authority responsible for an institution which American writers never cease to represent as belonging exclusively to the states in their individual capacity. If any one up till this time imagined that slavery was independent of national administration, his faith, we think, must have received a considerable

* *America Free, or America Slave—Address to the Citizens of Westchester.* By John Jay, Esq.

shock. There were remonstrances, but they sunk and disappeared under a general acquiescence.

We are now referring to the close of the last and beginning of the present century, and shortly afterwards came an event far more serious than the organisation of the capital of the Union. This was a vast accession of new territory on the south and west. Left to themselves, with a wide continent invitingly open for acquisition, the Anglo-Americans only seemed to fulfil an obvious destiny in carrying their flag beyond the limits of the colonies which had been left from the British crown. A favourable opportunity for making a large acquisition occurred in 1803, when the French under Bonaparte offered to sell the province of Louisiana, which embraced pretty nearly the whole Valley of the Mississippi. A little better management on the part of England would perhaps have saved the French the trouble of bargaining away this valuable foreign possession, which they could no longer keep; but as Louisiana was not so secured, it fell naturally, and we must say justifiably, into the hands of the Americans. The purchase, which was made for the sum of fifteen millions of dollars, excited the first of that series of struggles in congress between north and south, which has lasted till our own times. The country acquired, was already settled in its lower part with French slaveholders engaged in the culture of sugar and cotton, and covered an area of about 900,000 square miles—a space larger than all the old thirteen states put together, and including the territories of Missouri, Kansas, and Nebraska, which have latterly engaged so much angry disputation, and caused no little bloodshed.

On the one hand, it was scarcely in human nature to resist the easy acquisition of so splendid a domain; on the other, there were not unreasonable fears among northern politicians that the addition would in some way imperil the security of the Union. Prognostications of disaster, remonstrances, legal doubts, availed not against the controlling desire for national greatness. It mattered not that Washington, in his farewell address to the people of the United States, had uttered the solemn warning—'Let there be no change from usurpation.' It mattered not that Jefferson, at the time president, shewed argumentatively that 'the constitution has made no provision for our holding foreign territory, still less for our incorporating foreign nations into our Union,' and intimated that the acquisition of Louisiana 'would make the constitution blank paper by construction.' Against his better judgment, Jefferson acquiesced in the opinions of those who differed from him, and passed the bill which incorporated Louisiana with the Union. No provision was made for excluding slavery from the ceded territory: the inhabitants, on the contrary, were insured the enjoyment of all their existing property, rights, and privileges; and as the holding of slaves was one of these immunities, it continued, as a matter of course, to be incorporated with the public policy.

The passage of the Louisiana Bill has been justly referred to as the turning-point in the history of the states. It at once and for ever reduced the northern and free communities to an inferior political position, and gave an immense preponderance to the slaveholding interests of the south. In accounting for so extraordinary a change in affairs, the future historian will probably point to other reasons besides the vulgar outcry for national enlargement. He will doubtless find occasion to lament the decline of public spirit. Whether it be that Providence at certain periods sends great men into the world to accomplish particular purposes; or that such at all times latently exist, and are developed into notice by national convulsions; or, to hazard another alternative, that republics are not favourable to the growth of prominent individuals, the fact is undeniable that the great men who effected the

American and French revolutions, and who, be it remarked, were bred up under monarchical rule, left behind them no equals in magnitude of intellect or indomitable force of character. It is true that several persons who figured in the commotions of '76 were still on the stage when the Louisiana Bill came under discussion; but there was now a general collapse in heroism; intrigue took the place of patriotic ardour; the men of the north, for the sake of material interests, succumbed to a course of treatment, which their more sturdy ancestors would not have endured from an English ministry. Unfortunately, also, a deterioration of manners was visible among slaveholders. The gentlemanly spirit of the old planters was passing away. Virginia was beginning to be 'overrun by time-servers, office-hunters, and political blacklegs.' Power was subsiding into the possession of this disreputable class of personages. Nor, all things considered, could much else be expected. Certain radical mistakes, as had been seen, were committed in the general terms of union. The constitutional recognition of slavery had fixed and given breadth to the institution. The very slaveholders had secured a franchise to which nothing corresponded in the north. For the free states, as has been shewn, representation is based purely on a free population, whereas in the slave states it is founded to a large extent on property in slaves; consequently, a mere handful of slaveholders—only 350,000, it is said, altogether, along with their indigent and easily influenced white neighbours—are able to exert a direct power in the House of Representatives, approaching that of the wealthy and populous free states, numbering in 1850 a population of 13,380,650 whites. Of course, such a flagrant piece of injustice could not have been tolerated for any length of time, had the north been true to itself. But this, as we may afterwards have occasion to particularise, it has never been—a large proportion of northern men having on all occasions cast in their lot with the political party represented by the more imperious aristocracy of the south. With such facts before us, can we feel surprise at the passage of the Louisiana Bill, and all subsequent bills of the same nature? Freedom had been delivered up, bound hand and foot, to the interests of slavery, and all that followed was a natural consequence of this fundamental error. We are justified in these opinions by the remarks of the venerable Josiah Quincy, a survivor of the youthful era of the republic. In his late admirable address on this subject, he says: 'The passage of the Louisiana Admission Bill was effected by arts which slaveholders well know how to select and apply. Sops were given to the congressional watch-dogs of the free states. To some, promises were made, by way of opiates; and those whom they could neither pay nor drug were publicly treated with insolence and scorn. Threats, duels, and violence were at that day, as now, modes approved by them to deter men from awakening the free states to a sense of danger. From the moment the act was passed, they saw that the free states were shorn of their strength; that they had obtained space to multiply slaves at their will; and Mr Jefferson had confidently told them that, from that moment, the "constitution of the United States was blank paper;" but more correctly, there was no longer any constitution. The slaveholders, from that day, saw they had the free states in their power; that they were masters, and the free states slaves; and have acted accordingly. From the passage of the Louisiana Bill until this day, their policy has been directed to a single object, with almost uninterrupted success. That object was to exclude the free states from any share of power, except in subservience to their views; and they have undeniably, during all the subsequent period of our history (the administration of John Quincy Adams only excepted) placed in the chair of state either slaveholders or men from the free states who,

for the sake of power, consented to be their tools—"Northern men with Southern principles;" in other words, men who, for the sake of power or pay, were willing to do any work they would set them upon.*

With the widening scope for slave-labour opened up by the passage of the Louisiana Bill, also the contemporary extension of slavery over portions of the southern states, it will not appear strange that in 1810 (notwithstanding the removal of the institution from several states, and the stoppage of the foreign slave-trade in 1808), the number of slaves in the Union had increased to 1,191,864—a significant commentary on the hallucinations of the patriot founders of the republic. W. C.

THE MUTINY OF THE GRANT HIGHLANDERS.

BY ONE OF THE MUTINEERS.

BEFORE entering on the subject in hand, the reader will be pleased to bear with me while I give a brief relation of the circumstances which brought me in connection with the Grant Highlanders, and of the doings of the regiment previous to the mutiny.

I am one of those unfortunates who never saw their father. Mine died a week before my birth, and my mother married a discharged soldier six months afterwards. Poor woman!—happy would it have been for her, and for me too, had she remained faithful to the memory of her first husband, for the cruelty and debauchery of her second sent her to an early grave, and drove her boy forth a wanderer from the home that should have sheltered him. Thus, while yet a parent's guiding hand should have been with me, I was cast upon the mercies of a strange world, and forced to take an active part in the great battle of life.

After struggling with difficulties such as only the friendless have to encounter, I at length reached that period which was to mark my future destiny. This was in 1794, when I would be about fifteen years of age, tall, strong, and prematurely manly. Sir James Grant was then engaged in raising a new regiment—the 97th, or Grant Highlanders; and many lads from the district in which I lived—a lonesome valley in Inverness-shire—enlisted under his banner. At first I felt no desire to follow their example, for the remembrance of a certain red coat, which at one time lay in a drawer in my mother's kitchen, and which had engendered a dislike to all soldiers, now arose vividly before me. One beautiful spring morning, however, as I was tending cattle on an upland pasture, there came floating on the freshening breeze, which hurried oceanward, sounds of distant music. I was wondering and debating with myself whence they proceeded, when suddenly I beheld a numerous band of red coats emerge from the gorge of a gloomy valley at an angle of the hill whereon I was standing. It was a glorious sight to my young eyes that first beholding of a regiment of soldiers, as rank by rank they issued from the darkness into the sunshine, which fell, as it were, in showers of glory on their scarlet array!

On, on they came, and the merry roll of the drum set my heart dancing. My whole nature seemed to undergo a revolution. Old antipathies were forgotten, and giddy with delight, I hastened down the hill to meet the approaching Highlanders, for it was Sir James Grant's new regiment on the march to Fort George.

In the mood of mind which possessed me, it required no 'oily tongue persuasive' to induce me to become a king's man, nor had I before my eyes the fear of breaking the heart of a poor old mother, or that of a sweetheart, therefore I readily accepted the shilling

which Lieutenant Macdonald offered me. Sending my dog, Chance, off to watch the cattle until a more trustworthy servant than I should come, I marched away with a swaggering air from the hills of my boyhood, never more to behold them, except through the dim mists of the far away.

Drill, drill, drill!—months of continuous drill, and then we were pronounced fit for duty. In the summer of 1794, we, together with the Gordon and Seaforth Highlanders, sailed from Fort George for Southampton in England. We had scarcely got settled in our new quarters ere we got the route for the island of Guernsey, where we passed a miserable winter—our duty being onerous, rations scanty, and the weather severe. Glad, indeed, were we when the spring of '95 saw us once more safely located on the shores of Old England.

But there is no rest for the wicked. Government having now more need of our aid on the sea than on the land, bethought themselves of rendering us available as sea-soldiers; and in conformity with this idea, we were lent, as it were, for a short season, to the marine service.

In our new character, we joined the Channel-fleet under Lord Bridport. To us it was a mere pleasure-cruise, until the 21st of June, when a frigate brought us intelligence that the enemy's fleet was out; but, much to the chagrin of Jack, a heavy gale was blowing at the time, which forced us to remain inactive, and to tack about, under easy sail. At midnight, however, the wind somewhat abated, and by the first streaks of morning, we descried the enemy right ahead. Cheer after cheer rent the welkin, as his lordship's signal for a general chase and to prepare for action flew forth to the breeze. On board our wooden bulwarks all were as lifeless and mirthful as if they had been hastening to a bridal-feast—and so they were—but Death, unthought of, was the bridegroom.

The chase continued all that day and night, for the gale had lulled to a dead calm; and as screws were then unthought of, our progress was slow. O how we did whistle for a few puffs of our late visitant the gale! At four in the morning of the 23d a fine breeze sprung up to our whistling, and ere two more hours had passed, the French were brought within range of our long Toms. The *Irresistible*, the *Orion*, the *Robert*, and the *Colossus*—on board of which last vessel I was—being the headmost ships-of-the-line, were the first to enter into action.

This was the first fight in which we Highland marines had been engaged. We certainly did feel strangely out of our element, cooped up within wooden walls, unable to dash forward at once to the charge.

It is strange how quickly the mind assimilates itself to the spirit which prevails around. At first, there was a slight tremor of fear mixed with my courage; and the sight of the mangled bodies and limbs of my mates well-nigh sickened me. But the stir and bustle of the battle, the thunder and glare of the cannon, and the shouts of the combatants, mingled with the shrieks of the wounded, soon drove my sentimentalism away, and I cheered, loaded, and fired away, as if it had only been a review, instead of a mighty life-struggle in which I was engaged.

The breeze which carried the *Irresistible* and six others into action having failed before the heavy line-ships could come up, the seven had to begin and maintain the fight with fourteen of the enemy. We were beginning to feel two to one rather a little unpleasant, when the tide of battle was turned by the arrival of the others; and as the admiral passed us in the *Royal George*, we welcomed him with three thundering cheers. The battle now was soon over, and we were left in possession of the *Formidable*, 80; *Le Tigre*, 80; and the *Alexandre*, 74 guns.

About forty of my comrades were among the killed

* Address Illustrative of the Nature and Power of the Slave States, and the Duties of the Free States: delivered at Quincy, Massachusetts, June 5, 1856. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

and wounded; but to me Providence was kind—I came out of the fight without having received a scratch. Our ship, besides receiving numerous damages of a minor character, had her main top-mast shot away, and the mizzen greatly shattered. The *Prince of Wales*, the *Robert*, and the *Orion*, being also considerably damaged, were ordered, along with us, into port with the prizes, to get repaired.

On landing at Portsmouth, we were quartered in Hilsa Barracks. We mustered at this time about 1200 men altogether. This number being considered by those in power too many for one battalion, the regiment was divided into two, one of which was sent on board the hulks to guard the prisoners, while the other was left on shore to do barrack-duty. The latter division, to which I belonged, soon after received orders to be drafted for the marine service solely. To a man we refused to go—arguing that, having enlisted for the land service, we were determined not to be forced into any other. Hearing of our refusal to comply, General C——, the governor, came among us next day, and threatened compulsion unless we succumbed; but we only laughed at his threats, and were the more resolved to hold out for what we conceived to be our rights. Letters were privately conveyed to those on board the hulks, requesting them to join us without delay. They lost no time in doing so: that same night they secured the prisoners by closing the hatches, and before morning, were all safe with us in Hilsa Barracks. Foreseeing how the affair was likely to end, our officers now left us. The governor, of course, was early informed of our proceedings, and a second visit from him was the result. The sergeants, acting in our behalf, told him we were all willing to shed our best blood in defence of king and country, but that no power on earth could compel us to become marines, when we willed otherwise. To be beard thus by a parcel of Scotch vagabonds, as he politely termed us, was more than the old gentleman could bear with equanimity. He left us in high dudgeon, blustering as he went, that before the week was a day older, we would gladly do that which government required us. We guessed what he meant, and prepared accordingly. The party who had been doing duty on board the hulks still retained their ammunition, which was now divided equally among us all.

Next morning at length dawned, and with it came the governor, the 11th regiment of the line, two brigades of artillery, and two troops of dragoons. The call sounded for parade, which we immediately obeyed; and when drawn up in the square, we were once more asked to comply with the king's commands. Despite the vast array of compulsive power before us, we to a man still adhered to our former resolution. The 11th were now placed in our front, supported on either side by the dragoons and artillery. After some little manoeuvring, we were ordered to ground arms, which we did; to march into barracks, which we also did, but were not foolish enough to leave our muskets behind.

'A thousand curses on you, you rebellious Highland crew!' furiously shouted old C——, when he witnessed our doings.

Mad with rage, he commanded the 11th to load, &c. We, too, obeyed him, as if his orders had been addressed to us. We loaded, but not as the poor infantry loaded; they rammed home blank-cartridge—we, ball! Neither the general nor the poor soldiers guessed this, and we as little knew what they used. C——'s object was only to frighten us; but he reckoned without his host. Orders for the last time were now read, and we felt that the critical moment had arrived. Oh, how our hearts beat with anxiety for the issue! At length, the terrible word 'fire' was given, and ere the echo had passed away, shrieks and groans from wounded and dying men rent the murky atmosphere. Comrade

turned towards comrade, and asked how it fared with him, and then it was the fearful discovery was made that our opponents' Fire had been only a sham! Great was their consternation, poor fellows, when they witnessed the havoc which our ball-cartridge had made in their ranks. Long before the smoke cleared away, they retreated helter-skelter from the scene—the gallant general taking the lead.

Here was a pretty fix to be in! The murderer's doom was sure to be each of ours—at least every one felt so, except one old sergeant.

'Plood, men!' exclaimed he, in Highland English, 'what pe ye fear'd o'? She (meaning the governor) pe her nainsel to plain; she cried "fire," and we fired—that was only obeying orders.'

Despite this line of argument, we all felt more or less uncomfortable; but I daresay it was more on account of the dead and the dying soldiers than from the anticipation of any punishment we might receive. An hour was now spent in anxious deliberation regarding our next procedure, when it was finally resolved that we should remain where we were—doing duty as before, mounting guard, &c.; and as our small stock of ammunition was unexhausted, we determined, should a fresh force be brought against us, to act on the defensive, as we fully expected that, if it did come, it would come to kill, not to frighten!

For three days we remained in this state, without any sign of the 'enemy's' approach. Early in the morning of the fourth day, however, Sergeant Halliday, the acting officer of the guard then on duty, was accosted by a military-looking gentleman, who asked:

'Who is the officer on duty?'

'We have no officer,' was the sergeant's reply.

'Who commands the guard, then?' was the next query.

'I do,' answered Halliday, drawing himself up to his full height, as if he were 'somebody.'

'Beat to arms, and turn all out!' imperiously commanded the unknown.

'By whose orders?'

'By the orders of General Abercromby.'

In a twinkling, the call sounded 'To arms! to arms!' and each barrack-room was as quickly alive with commotion. Being very early, very few of us were out of bed when the alarm broke upon our ears, and, as a matter of course, nothing but hurry and confusion prevailed. Here might be seen a multitude fleeing to the yard with kilts, coats, and other articles of dress in their hands—there, a band with their coats on, but no kilt. Particular regard was paid to one thing, however—the musket. None forgot his 'Brown Bess,' although kilt and hose were wanting; for we imagined the 'enemy' were close at hand. When Sir Ralph saw the hurly-burly and sad confusion in which we were, he laughingly ordered us back to our rooms to dress, which order we cheerfully obeyed, after understanding who he was. Being now fully arrayed and drawn up in the square, we welcomed him with three Highland cheers. He then called the sergeants round him, and told them to inform us that he was commissioned by government to get our unfortunate affair settled, and requested to know what our grievances were, pledging his word of honour that we should receive justice.

Through our sergeants, we acquainted Sir Ralph with the whole history of the matter, telling him, as we told old C——, that we were still willing to serve our king and country in the service for which we enlisted, and that we decidedly objected to be changed into marines. He replied, that he was happy to learn that our loyalty remained unshaken, and hoped many of us would join the expedition of which he was on the eve of taking the command. Under the impression that we were to accompany him immediately, we expressed our willingness by making old Hilsa barrack-yard echo with our cheering. But he now told us that

our regiment was disbanded—that we were no longer soldiers—that each was left to follow the bent of his own mind. He trusted, however, that none of us would leave the service. To those who wished to join the marines, a bounty of L.5 would be allowed; and to those who, disliking that service, entered the 42d or any of the other Highland regiments, L.4 of bounty would be given. No fewer than 500 chose the 42d; many, the other regiments; a few left the service entirely; and, notwithstanding our former antipathy, 300 of us joined the marines.

Thus was this serious mutiny amicably quelled by the adroitness of a sensible man. It is a curious history from first to last, and teaches an important lesson to those who have the command of troops. Government had obviously placed themselves in a false position, from which they could not have been honourably extricated, but by the expedient of Sir Ralph Abercromby. So far as I know, the particulars of this affair have never before been given; even Stewart, in his chapter on Mutinies, omitting to notice that of the Grant Highlanders.

RESEARCHES IN THE EAST.

I AM a dweller among the denizens of the east end of London. I am not ashamed to say that I am better acquainted with that unpopular quarter of the metropolis than with the realms of fashion. To me, Mile End is more familiar than Mayfair; I know more of Bethnal Green than of Belgravia. I was born and bred among the vulgar thousands whose existence is ignored by the mighty west, and I have a fellow-feeling for them. It is true, a snug investment I have in the Three per Cents. would warrant me in taking a villa at Baywater, or a lodge at Hampstead; but I prefer breathing my native air, which circles round the pleasant places of Whitechapel—an atmosphere redolent, it is true, of smoke and dust, and effluvium from sugar-bakeries, and sources of a still more questionable character, but still my native air, and therefore deserving my respect. I have made a study of my neighbours; I enjoy an extensive acquaintance with weavers, costermongers, and nondescripts. Every nook and corner of the surrounding district is familiar to me; the most secret *adyta* of that region little known have not escaped my search. Do you wish to know where the pickpockets live, or to find the sleeping-places of the myriad oyster-stalls, or to visit the hidden manufactories of ginger-beer and sherbet, so extensively patronised in the east? I shall be happy, gentle reader, to be your guide.

Let us take a ramble through these narrow streets that fill up the space between Hackney Road and Whitechapel. Branching out into a devious net-work on every hand—house-rows crowded so close upon each other, that opposite neighbours of a friendly disposition may almost shake hands across the street. Plenty of room here for the sluggish smoke to hover; plenty of room for the steaming exhalations from the open channel on each side, where the fetid water lies with prismatic scum upon its surface; but small space for the fresh breeze which *ought* to sweep in, and lift the murky curtain. Ah! it is never so light here as it is everywhere else. In summer, the sun-rays fall with subdued effect; in winter, the fog is densest here, and the smoke least willing to quit possession. In the great cyclorama, this part is 'cast discreetly into shade.' Look at these rows of houses four stories high, with windows nearly as broad as the rooms inside. These are the dwellings of the Spitalfields weavers, about whom there has been so much talk. You do not know that from this unpromising region come forth many of those glossy silks and velvets, whose choice texture and pleasant sheen attract the shoppers in Regent Street, and adorn the patrician

damsels of the parks? If you listen, you will hear the dull clank of the looms, as the weavers work with hand and foot, and drive the shuttle for dear life. You would like to see the weaver at his work? I have a special friend in this house; let us go in. The dwelling is four stories high, two rooms on a floor; there is a family in each room, and the tenants are all weavers. My friend is busy at his loom; he tells me he has been 'at play' for several weeks, and now he has a large quantity of work to finish by Saturday morning. He must work day and night to get it done. He has a cheap newspaper before him, from which, when the silk is free from knots, and it is plain sailing, he reads a virulent attack upon a rotten ministry, or an eloquent analysis of the Treaty of Peace. My friend's name is Greenow (Grinnoneau); that of the man on the next floor is Lusany (Lusaigne); that of the family at the back is Bonwell (Bonville). They are all, like a large proportion of these weavers, descendants of the French refugees who came over to England at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Their names, originally French, are clipped, and twisted, and mispronounced into an English form. My friend here can shew you his great-great-grandfather's Bible, with his name written in it by that worthy pere who accompanied his flock in their flight to the land of liberty. There is his name, Jean Francois Grinnoneau, the date of his expatriation, and the names of his descendants, in lineal order, down to the present representative. This man cannot speak a word of French, is considerably John Bullish in his constitution, and claims the right of a native to grumble and abuse the powers that be. These weavers are the aristocracy of the neighbourhood, and, on the whole, they are a set of thinking men. They patronise cheap literary institutions, listen to lectures with decent composure, and are partakers in the benefits of certain ha'penny news-rooms, where they can keep pace with the course of events in the *Sun* and *Globe*, and follow the mettlesome leaders in the *Times*.

Leaving this region of silk-weaving, let us approach a little nearer to the city. Here we find the houses still more crowded, the thoroughfares ill paved, and undrained courts, with a choice of smells that might almost rival the 'two-and-seventy stench' of Cologne. Here is a most unprepossessing *cul-de-sac*: at least, it looks like that; but if you go to the bottom, you will find a narrow archway that a casual observer might well overlook, which conducts into a court beyond. The people of the place are observing us; furtive glances are cast at us from behind window-curtains and doors ajar. Strangers do not often penetrate here; the scripture-reader and the city-missionary are the only visitors—except the policeman—who are not free of the fraternity.

Put your handkerchief in your breast-pocket, and button up your coat over your watch-chain; we are in the region of the pickpockets and thieves. I met with an adventure in this court some time since, which served to teach me its character. I was passing Whitechapel church one night, when I heard a light step in retreat behind me. I instinctively clapped my hand to my pocket—my handkerchief was gone. Turning round hastily, I caught sight of a boy running across the road, and thrusting something into his jacket as he ran. I gave chase. The urchin entered one of the by-streets at an easy pace; but finding himself pursued, soon struck off into the labyrinth of courts. Like an old hand, he doubled upon me, in and out, up one alley and down another. But I knew the ground well, and kept close up; and so away we went at a slashing rate, clattering over the rough flags, dashing into the slimy gutters; cheered on by the passengers whom we passed, and knocking down a placid policeman in our flight. At last, I ran him down in this very court. The boy began to whine and beg pardon in a

much louder tone than was necessary; and having recovered my breath, I was just opening an oration on dishonesty, when whack! came my hat over my eyes, and a kick from an unknown source sent me prostrate on the ground. While thus prone and darkened, I heard the sound of a closing door; and on regaining my balance, my game had disappeared with my baudana, and the coast was clear. The young heathen frustrated my good intentions, for I meant to have sent him to some school or reformatory, whence he might in due time have come forth in the dignity of scarlet uniform, and have cleaned boots at a penny a pair. But it is growing dusk; and as my looks are too jovial for a city-missionary, and yours are too honest for a member of the free brotherhood, we had better wend our way elsewhere.

Here is a locality almost entirely inhabited by costermongers, an honourable guild. Yonder is a collection of the barrows, trucks, and other *impedimenta* of those who have sold out, or who are not on duty. The word costermonger, in the strict sense of the term, signifies a dealer in fruit; but it is applied also to the dealers in oysters, vegetables, garden-roots, &c. It was the observation of the illustrious Samuel Weller, that 'poverty and oysters seem to go together,' and here you cannot but be struck with the truth of the remark. Fruit-stalls are numerous, but oyster-stalls are far more so. At whatever hour of the day you may pass, you will see the lovers of that succulent luxury gratifying their taste. Either as an appetising preparation for breakfast, or a savoury substitute for supper, oysters seem to be infallible. In the western high places of affluence and pleasure, they never meet your view; but here, where squalid poverty and misery are so rife, they seem almost indigenous to the soil. Armed with the rusty pepper-box and the weakened vinegar, and with oysters opening before them, the inhabitants defy fate. There are no less than 80,000 costermongers in the east end of London. In these days of military spectacles, I should like to witness a review of the costermongers: 80,000 Tatars and Amazons, with their 80,000 barrows, would be a sight worth seeing. The discipline might not be very perfect, and the evolutions might not be very imposing; but give them the Russian administration of raki—or a substitute—and start them with the war-cries of Billingsgate and Covent Garden, and they would rival the charge at Balaklava.

You can gather but a faint idea of the denseness of the population from merely observing the number of the houses; you must take into the account the separate families, varying from four to sixteen, which each dwelling contains. Now, here is a street consisting of about thirty houses, and each house is tenanted, on an average, by sixteen families. If you would like to see how human beings can herd together, come with me into this house. Here is a room with a woman and five children in it; a rabbit-hutch in one corner, and a dog with a litter of puppies under the bed. The atmosphere is stifling. Ask the woman to set the window open; she replies that she did so one day last week; but that she will not do it again, for the children have had bad colds ever since. In the next room, a newly married couple are added to the tenant-family, in the capacity of lodgers; and thus there are two families, nine souls, with the usual addenda of birds, cats, &c., living and sleeping in one small room. In one apartment at the top dwells a maker of lucifer-matches, salamandering in fire and brimstone. The cellar is occupied by a compounder of villainous *eau sucrée*, which he dignifies by the title of ginger-beer. But here there is an unmistakable odour of something stronger and 'shorter' than that: a steamy vapour comes up in thin streams through the cracks in the boards, laden with the pungent smell of gin. 'Come, good woman, no use disguising it, there's a still at work in the cellar.' I have known half-a-

dozen illicit stills in one parish—known to, and extensively patronised by the neighbours. The liquor is dispensed chiefly in ha'porths; and as customers get for their money about four times the quantity, and that of a far better quality than they would get at the 'palace' in the road, they are very ready to encourage private enterprise.

If you look at the map of London, you will observe that the district we have been traversing forms an irregular five-sided figure, bounded by the Hackney and Cambridge Roads, Bishopsgate Street, Houndsditch, and Whitechapel. As to area, this space is about one-thirtieth part of London; as to population, it is about one-eighth. Thus crowded together, epidemic diseases are always present with the inhabitants in some form or other. A fever acts here as a round-shot would de upon a close column of troops—a score are struck down, where only one would have fallen had the column been in open order. I saw this place in both the late visitations of cholera. Passing through a street during the first, I observed every house closed; I thought it a token of respect on occasion of the death or funeral of some person much esteemed; but, on inquiry, I found that every house had its own separate cause of mourning. During the height of the last attack, 600 interments a day was the average number for the seven or eight graveyards and cemeteries remaining unclosed in the neighbourhood. Many of these came from other parts, but still a frightful proportion from the district alluded to. Trooping on from early morning till late at night—hearse, and mute, and plume, in stately procession—coffins put through cab-windows, the relatives sitting face to face, with the corpse between them—or decently boxed under foot of the mourners in a patent vehicle, or humbly borne on men's shoulders to its last abode. For weeks together, during the daytime, I never looked from my window, I never stirred abroad in the street, without seeing one or more of these sad processions.

There is one redeeming feature amidst all this dirt, and smoke, and pestilential closeness—there is a park close by, with lakes, and pampered water-fowl, and trees of actual green, and its very grass enchanting to the half-stifed thousands who nightly flock to it for a breath of air. Were it not for this, the state of this part would be even more hideous than it is. This mitigates the evil; but how to remedy it is a question for the wise. When the value of health and life shall be reckoned above the value of property—when sanitary boards shall be more than a mere name—in that good time coming which requires such a telescopic faith to discern its approach; then may the east become habitable and healthy, and its people enjoy their due heritage of God's light and air.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER V.—MY CAPTIVE.

'Do not kill me, sir! I am a woman!'

This declaration scarcely astonished me; I was half prepared for it. During our wild gallop, I had noticed one or two circumstances which led me to suspect that the spy I pursued was a female. As the mustang sprang over the zequia, the flowing skirt of the manga was puffed upward, and hung for some moments spread out in the air. A velvet bodice beneath, a tunic-like skirt, the *tournure* of the form, all impressed me as singular for a cavallero, however rich and young. The limbs I could not see, as the goat-skin *armas-de-agua* were drawn over them; but I caught a glimpse of a gold spur, and the heel of a tiny red boot to which it was attached. The clubbed hair, too, loosened by the violent motion, sprang backward, and in two thick plaits, slightly dishevelled, rested upon

the croup of the horse. A young Indian's might have done so, but his tresses would have been jet-black and coarse-grained, whereas those under my eyes were soft, silky, and nut-brown. Neither the style of riding—a *la Duchesse de Berri*—nor the manlike costume of manga and hat, hindered me from forming my conclusions. Both the style and costume are common to the *rancheras* of Mexico. Moreover, as the mustang made his last double, I had caught a near view of the side face of his rider. The features of no man—not the Trojan shepherd, not Adonis nor Endymion—were so exquisitely chiseled as they. Certainly a woman! Her declaration at once put an end to my conjectures, but, as I have said, did not astonish me.

I was astonished, however, by its tone and manner. Instead of being uttered in accents of alarm, it was pronounced as coolly as if the whole thing had been a jest! Sadness, not supplication, was the prevailing tone, which was further confirmed as she knelt to the ground, pressed her lips to the muzzle of the still breathing mustang, and exclaimed:

'*Ay-de-mi! pobre yegua! muerta! muerta!*' (Alas me! poor mare! dead! dead!)

'A woman?' said I, feigning astonishment. My interrogatory was unheeded; she did not even look up.

'*Ay-de-mi! pobre yegua! Lola, Lolita!*' she repeated, as coolly as if the dead mustang was the only object of her thoughts, and I, the armed assassin, fifty miles from the spot!

'You say you are a woman?' I again asked—in my embarrassment scarcely knowing what to say.

'*Si, señor; nada mas—que quiere V.?*' (Yes, sir; nothing more—what do you want?) As she made this reply, she rose to her feet, and stood confronting me without the slightest semblance of fear. So unexpected was the answer, both in tone and sentiment, that for the life of me I could not help breaking into a laugh.

'You are merry, sir. You have made me sad; you have killed my favourite!'

I shall not easily forget the look that accompanied these words—sorrow, anger, contempt, defiance, were expressed in one and the same glance. My laughter was suddenly checked; I felt humiliated in that proud presence.

'Señorita,' I replied, 'I deeply regret the necessity I have been under: it might have been worse'—

'And how, pray?—how worse?' demanded she, interrupting me.

'My pistol might have been aimed at yourself, but for a suspicion'—

'*Carrambo!*' cried she, again interrupting me, 'it could not have been worse! I loved that creature dearly—dearly as I do my life—as I love my father—*pobre yegua—yeguita—ita—ita!*'

And as she thus wildly expressed herself, she bent down, passed her arms around the neck of the mustang, and once more pressed her lips to its velvet cheek. Then gently closing its eyelids, she rose to an erect attitude, and stood with folded arms, regarding the lifeless form with a sad and bitter expression of countenance.

I scarcely knew what to say. I was in a dilemma with my fair captive. I would have given a month of my 'pay-roll' to have restored the spotted mustang to life; but as that was out of the question, I bethought me of some means of making restitution to its owner. An offer of money would not be delicate. What then?

A thought occurred to me, that promised to relieve me from my embarrassment. The eagerness of the rich Mexicans to obtain our large American horses—*frisones*, as they term them—was well known throughout the army. Fabulous prices were often paid for them by these *ricos*, who wanted them for display upon the *Paseo*. We had many good half-bred bloods in the troop; one of these, thought I, might be acceptable, even to a lady who had lost her pet. I made the

offer as delicately as I could. It was rejected with scorn!

'What, señor!' cried she, striking the ground with her foot till the rowels rang—'what? A horse to me?—*Mira!*' she continued, pointing to the plain: 'look there, sir! There are a thousand horses; they are mine. Now, know the value of your offer. Do I stand in need of a horse?'

'But, señorita,' stammered I apologise, 'these are horses of native race. The one I propose to'—

'Bah!' she exclaimed, interrupting me, and pointing to the mustang: 'I would not have exchanged that native for all the *frisones* in your troop. Not one of them was its equal!'

A personal slight would not have called forth a contradiction; yet this defiance had that effect. She had touched the chord of my vanity—I might almost say, of my affection. With some pique I replied:

'One, señorita?'

I looked towards Moro as I spoke. Her eyes followed mine, and she stood for some moments gazing at him in silence. I watched the expression of her eye; I saw it kindle into admiration as it swept over the gracefully curving outlines of my noble steed. He looked at the moment superb; the short skurry had drawn the foam from his lips, and flakes of it clung against his neck and counter, contrasting finely with the shining black of his skin; his sides heaved and fell in regular undulations, and the smoke issued from his blood-red nostrils; his eye was still on fire, and his neck proudly arched, as though conscious of his late triumph, and the interest he was now exciting.

For a long while she stood gazing upon him, and though she spoke not a word, I saw that she recognised his fine points.

'You are right, caballero,' said she at length, thoughtfully, 'he is.'

Just then, a series of reflections were passing through my mind, that rendered me extremely uncomfortable; and I felt regret that I had so pointedly drawn her attention to the horse. Would she demand him? That was the thought that troubled me. I had not promised her any horse in my troop, and Moro I would not have given for her herd of a thousand; but on the strength of the offer I had made, what if she should fancy him? The circumstances were awkward for a refusal; indeed, under any circumstances refusal would have been painful. I began to feel that I could deny nothing. This proud, beautiful woman already divided my interest with Moro!

My position was a delicate one; fortunately, I was relieved from it by an incident that carried our thoughts into a new current: the troopers who had followed me at that moment rode up.

She seemed uneasy at their presence; that could not be wondered at, considering their wild garb and fierce looks. I ordered them back to their quarters. They stared for a moment at the fallen mustang with its rich blood-stained trappings, at its late rider, and her picturesque garments; and then, muttering a few words to one another, obeyed the order. I was once more alone with my captive.

CHAPTER VI.

ISOLINA DE VARGAS.

As soon as the men were out of hearing, she said interrogatively: '*Tejanos?*'

'Some of them are Texans—not all.'

'You are their chief?'

'I am.'

'Capitan, I presume?'

'That is my rank.'

'And now, Señor Capitan, am I your captive?'

The question took me by surprise, and, for the moment, I did not know what answer to make. The excitement

of the chase, the encounter, and its curious developments—perhaps, above all other things, the bewitching beauty of my captive—had driven out of my mind the whole purpose of the pursuit; and for some minutes I had not been thinking of any result. The interrogatory reminded me that I had a delicate duty to perform. Was this lady a spy?

Such a supposition was by no means improbable, as any old campaigner can testify. 'Fair ladies—though never one so fair as she—have, ere now, served their country in this fashion. She may be the bearer of some important dispatch for the enemy. If so, and I permit her to go free, the consequences may be serious—unpleasant even to myself.' Thus ran my reflections.

On the other hand, I disliked the duty of taking her back a prisoner. 'I feared to execute it; I dreaded her displeasure. I wished to be friends with her. I felt the influence of that mysterious power which transcends all strength—the power of beauty. I had been but ten minutes in the company of this brown-skinned maiden, and already she controlled my heart as though she had been its mistress for life!

I knew not how to reply. She saw that I hesitated, and again put the question:

'Am I your captive?'

'I fear, señorita, I am yours.'

I was prompted to this declaration, partly to escape from a direct answer, and partly giving way to the passion already fast gathering in my bosom. It was no coquetry on my part, no desire to make a pretty passage of words. Though I spoke only from impulse, I was serious; and with no little anxiety did I watch the effect of my speech.

Her large lustrous eyes rested upon me, at first with a puzzled expression; this gradually changed to one of more significance—one that pleased me better. She seemed for a moment to throw aside her indifference, and regarded me with more attention. I fancied, from the glance she gave, that she was contented with what I had said. For all that, the slight curl upon her pretty lip had a provoking air of triumph in it; and she resumed her proud *hauteur* as she replied:

'Come, caballero; this is idle compliment. Am I free to go?'

I wavered betwixt duty and over-politeness: a compromise offered itself.

'Lady,' said I, approaching her, and looking as seriously as I could into her beautiful eyes, 'if you give me your word that you are not a spy, you are free to go: your word—I ask nothing more.'

I prescribed these conditions rather in a tone of entreaty than command. I affected sternness, but my countenance must have mocked me.

My captive broke into unrestrained laughter, crying out at intervals:

'I a spy!—a spy! Ha, ha, ha! Señor Capitan, you are jesting?'

'I hope, señorita, you are in earnest. You are no spy, then?—you bear no dispatch for our enemy?'

'Nothing of the sort, mio capitan;' and she continued her light laughter.

'Why, then, did you try to make away from us?'

'Ah, caballero! are you not Tejanos? Do not be offended when I tell you that your people bear but an indifferent reputation among us Mexicans.'

'But your attempt to escape was, to say the least, rash and imprudent: you risked life by it.'

'Carramba, yes! I perceive I did;' and she looked significantly at the mustang, while a bitter smile played upon her lips. 'I perceive it now; I did not then. I did not think there was a horseman in all your troop could come up with me. *Merced!* there was one. You have overtaken me: you alone could have done it.'

As she uttered these words, her large brown eyes were once more turned upon me—not in a fixed gaze,

but wandering. She scanned me from the forage-cap on my crown to the spur upon my heel. I watched her eye with eager interest: I fancied that its scornful expression was giving way; I fancied there was a ray of tenderness in the glance. I would have given the world to have divined her thoughts at that moment.

Our eyes met, and parted in mutual embarrassment—at least I fancied so; for on turning again, I saw that her head drooped, and her gaze was directed downward, as if some new thought occupied her.

For some moments, both were silent. We might have remained longer thus, but it occurred to me that I was acting rudely. The lady was still my captive. I had not yet given her permission to depart: I hastened to tender it.

'Spy or no spy, señorita, I shall not detain you. I shall bear the risk: you are free to go.'

'*Gracias! caballero!* And now, since you have behaved so handsomely, I shall set your mind at rest about the risk. Read!'

She handed me a folded paper; at a glance, I recognised the *safe-guard* of the commander-in-chief, enjoining upon all to respect its bearer—the *Doña Isolina de Vargas*.

'You perceive, mio capitan, I was not your captive after all? ha! ha! ha!'

'Lady, you are too generous not to pardon the rudeness to which you have been subjected?'

'Freely, capitan—freely.'

'I shudder at thought of the risk you have run. Why did you act with such imprudence? Your sudden flight at sight of our picket caused suspicion, and of course it was our duty to follow and capture you. With the safe-guard, you had no cause for flight.'

'Ha! it was that very safe-guard that caused me to fly.'

'The safe-guard, señorita? Pray, explain!'

'Can I trust your prudence, capitan?'

'I promise—'

'Know, then, that I was not certain you were *Americanos*; for aught I could see, you might have been a guerilla of my countrymen. How would it be if this paper, and sundry others I carry, were to fall into the hands of Canales? You perceive, capitan, we fear our friends more than our enemies.'

I now fully comprehended the motive of her wild flight.

'You speak Spanish too well, mio capitan,' continued she. 'Had you cried "Halt!" in your native tongue, I should at once have pulled up, and perhaps saved my pet. Ah, me!—*pobre yegua!*'

As she uttered the last exclamation, her feelings once more overcame her; and sinking down upon her knees, she passed her arms around the neck of the mustang, now stiff and cold. Her face was buried in the long thick mane, and I could perceive the tears sparkling like dew-drops over the tossed hair.

'*Pobre Lola!*' she continued, 'I have good cause to grieve; I had reason to love you well. More than once you saved me from the fierce Lipan and the brutal Comanche. What am I to do now? I dread the Indian foray; I shall tremble at every sign of the savage. I dare no more venture upon the prairie; I dare not go abroad; I must tamely stay at home. *Mia querida!* you were my wings: they are clipped—I fly no more.'

All this was uttered in a tone of extreme bitterness; and I, I who so loved my brave steed, could appreciate her feelings. With the hope of imparting even a little consolation, I repeated my offer.

'Señorita,' I said, 'I have swift horses in my troop—some of noble race'—

'You have no horse in your troop I value.'

'You have not seen them all?'

'All—every one of them—to-day, as you filed out of the city.'

'Indeed?'

Indeed, yes, noble capitan. I saw you as you carried yourself so cavalierly at the head of your troop of *filibusteros*—ha, ha, ha!

'Señorita, I saw not you.'

'*Carrambo!* it was not for the want of using your eyes. There is not a *balcon* or *reja* into which you did not glance—not a smile in the whole street you did not seem anxious to reciprocate—ha, ha, ha! I fear, Señor Capitan, you are the Don Juan de Tenorio of the North.'

'Lady, it is not my character.'

'Nonsense! you are proud of it. I never saw man who was not. But come! a truce to badinage. About the horse—you have none in your troop I value, save one.'

I trembled as she spoke.

'It is *he*,' she continued, pointing to Moro.

I felt as if I should sink into the earth. My embarrassment prevented me for some time from replying. She noticed my hesitation, but remained silent, awaiting my answer.

'Señorita,' I stammered out at length, 'that steed is a great favourite—an old and tried friend. If you desire—to possess him, he is—he is at your service.'

In emphasizing the 'if,' I was appealing to her generosity. It was to no purpose.

'Thank you,' she replied coolly; 'he shall be well cared for. No doubt he will serve my purpose. *How is his mouth?*'

I was choking with vexation, and could not reply. I began to hate her.

'Let me try him,' continued she. 'Ah! you have a curb bit—that will do; but it is not equal to ours. I use a mameluke. Help me to that lazo.'

She pointed to a lazo of white horsehair, beautifully plaited, that was coiled upon the saddle of the mustang.

I unloosed the rope—mechanically I did—and in the same way adjusted it to the horn of my saddle. I noticed that the noose-ring was of silver! I shortened the leathers to the proper length.

'Now, capitan!' cried she, gathering the reins in her small gloved hand—'now I shall see how he performs.'

At the word, she bounded into the saddle, her small foot scarcely touching the stirrup. She had thrown off her manta, and her woman's form was now displayed in all its undulating outlines. The silken skirt draped down to her ankles, and underneath appeared the tiny red boot, the glancing spur, and the lace ruffle of her snow-white *calzoncillos*. A scarlet sash bound her waist, with its fringed ends drooping to the saddle; and the tight bodice, lashed with lace, displayed the full rounding of her bosom, as it rose and fell in quiet, regular breathing—for she seemed in no way excited or nervous. Her full round eye expressed only calmness and courage.

I stood transfixed with admiration. I thought of the Amazons: were they beautiful like her? With a troop of such warriors one might conquer a world!

A fierce-looking bull, moved by curiosity or otherwise, had separated from the herd, and was seen approaching the spot where we were. This was just what the fair rider wanted. At a touch of the spur, the horse sprang forward, and galloped directly for the bull. The latter, cowed at the sudden onset, turned and ran; but his swift pursuer soon came within lazo distance. The noose circled in the air, and, launched forward, was seen to settle around the horns of the animal. The horse was now wheeled round, and headed in an opposite direction. The rope tightened with a sudden pluck, and the bull was thrown with violence on the plain, where he lay stunned and apparently lifeless. Before he had time to recover himself, the rider turned her horse, trotted up to the prostrate animal, bent over in the saddle, unfastened the noose,

and, after coiling it upon her arm, came galloping back.

'Superb!—magnificent!' she exclaimed, leaping from the saddle and gazing at the steed. 'Beautiful!—most beautiful! Ah, Lola, poor Lola! I fear I shall soon forget thee!' The last words were addressed to the mustang. Then turning to me, she added: 'And this horse is mine?'

'Yes, lady, if you will it,' I replied somewhat cheerlessly, for I felt as if my best friend was about to be taken from me.

'But I do not will it,' said she with an air of determination; and then breaking into a laugh, she cried out: 'Ha! capitan, I know your thoughts. Think you I cannot appreciate the sacrifice you would make? Keep your favourite. Enough that one of us should suffer;' and she pointed to the mustang. 'Keep the brave black; you well know how to ride him. Were he mine, no mortal could influence me to part with him.'

'There is but one who could influence me.'

As I said this, I looked anxiously for the answer. It was not in words I expected it, but in the glance. Assuredly there was no frown; I even fancied I could detect a smile—a blending of triumph and satisfaction. It was short-lived, and my heart fell again under her light laugh.

'Ha-ha-ha! That one is of course your lady-love. Well, noble capitan, if you are true to her, as to your brave steed, she will have no cause to doubt your fealty. I must leave you. Adios!'

'Shall I not be permitted to accompany you to your home?'

'*Gracias!* no, señor. I am at home. *Mira!* my father's house!' She pointed to the hacienda. 'Here is one who will look to the remains of poor Lola;' and she signaled to a vaquero at that moment coming from the herd. 'Remember, capitan, you are an enemy; I must not accept your politeness; neither may I offer you hospitality. Ah! you know not us—you know not the tyrant Santa Anna. Perhaps even at this moment his spies are!'—She glanced suspiciously around as she spoke. 'O Heavens!' she exclaimed with a start, as her eyes fell upon the form of a man advancing down the hill. '*Santísima Virgen!* it is Ijurra!'

'Ijurra?'

'Only my cousin; but'—She hesitated, and then suddenly changing to an expression of entreaty, she continued: 'O leave me, señor! *Por amor Dios!* leave me! Adieu, adieu!'

Though I longed to have a nearer view of 'Ijurra,' the hurried earnestness of her manner overcame me; and without making other reply than a simple 'Adios,' I vaulted into my saddle, and rode off.

On reaching the border of the woods, curiosity—a stronger feeling perhaps—mastered my politeness; and, under the pretence of adjusting my stirrup, I turned in the saddle, and glanced back. Ijurra had arrived upon the ground. I beheld a tall dark man, dressed in the usual costume of the ricos of Mexico: dark cloth polka-jacket, blue military trousers, with scarlet sash around his waist, and low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat upon his head. He appeared about thirty years of age, whiskered, moustached, and, after a fashion, handsome. It was not his age, nor his personal appearance, nor yet his costume that had my attention at the moment. I watched only his actions. He stood confronting his cousin, or rather he stood over her, for she appeared to cower before him in an attitude of fear! He held a paper in one hand, and I saw he was pointing to it as he spoke. There was a fierce, vulture-like expression upon his face; and even in the distance I could tell, from the tones of his voice, that he was talking angrily. Why should she fear him? Why submit to such rude rebuke? He must have a strange

power over that spirit who could force it thus tamely to listen to reproach?

These were my reflections. My impulse was to drive the spurs into the sides of my horse, and gallop back upon the ground. I might have done so had the scene lasted much longer; but I saw the lady suddenly leave the spot, and walk rapidly in the direction of the hacienda.

I wheeled round again, and plunging under the shadows of the forest, soon fell into a road leading to the rancheria. My thoughts full of the incident that had just passed, I rode unconsciously, leaving my horse to his own guidance. My reverie was interrupted by the challenge of one of my own sentries, which admonished me that I had arrived at the entrance of the village.

CHAPTER VII.

AN ORDER TO FORAGE.

My adventure did not end with the day; it was continued into the night, and repeated in my dreams. I rode the chase over again; I dashed through the magueys, I leaped the *zequia*, and galloped through the affrighted herd; I beheld the spotted mustang stretched lifeless upon the plain, its rider bending and weeping over it. That face of rare beauty, that form of exquisite proportion, that eye rotund and noble, that tongue so free, and heart so bold—all were again encountered in dreamland. A dark face was in the vision, and at intervals crossed the picture like a cloud. It was the face of Ijurra.

I think it was that awoke me, but the *reveille* of the bugle was in my ears as I leaped from my couch.

For some moments I was under the impression that the adventure had been a dream: an object that hung on the opposite wall came under my eyes, and recalled the reality—it was my saddle, over the holsters of which lay a coil of white horsehair rope, with a silver ring at the end. I remembered the lazo.

When fairly awake, I reviewed my yesterday's adventure from first to last. I tried to think calmly upon it; I tried to get it out of my thoughts, and return seriously to my duties. A vain attempt! The more I reflected upon the incident, the more I became conscious of the powerful interest its heroine had excited within me. Interest, indeed! Say rather *passion*—a passion that in one single hour had grown as large as my heart!

It was not the *first* love of my life. I was nigh thirty years of age. I had been enamoured before—more than once, it may be—and I understood what the feeling was. I needed no Cupid to tell me I was in love again—to the very ends of my fingers.

To paint the object of my passion is a task I shall not attempt. Beauty like hers must be left to the imagination. Think of the woman you *yourself* love or have loved; fancy her in her fairest moments, in bower or boudoir—perchance a blushing bride—and you may form some idea—No, no, no! you could never have looked upon woman so lovely as Isolina de Vargas.

Oh! that I could fix that fleeting phantom of beauty—that I could paint that likeness for the world to admire! It cannot be. The most puissant pen is powerless, the brightest colour too cold. Though deeply graven upon the tablets of my heart, I cannot multiply the impression.

It is idle to talk of wavy hair, profuse and glossed—of almond eyes with long dark fringes—of pearl-white teeth, and cheeks tinted with damascene. All these had she, but they are not peculiar characteristics. Other women are thus gifted. The traits of *her* beauty lay in the intellectual as much as the physical—in a happy combination of both. The soul, the spirit, had its share in producing this incomparable picture. It was to behold the play of those noble features, to

watch the changing cheek, the varying smile, the falling lash, the flashing eye, the glance now tender, now sublime—it was to look on all this, to be impressed with an idea of the divinest loveliness.

As I ate my frugal breakfast, such a vision was passing before me. I contemplated the future with pleasant hopes, but not without feelings of uneasiness. I had not forgotten the abrupt parting—no invitation to renew the acquaintance, no hope, no prospect that I should ever behold that beautiful woman again, unless blind chance should prove my friend.

I am not a fatalist, and I therefore resolved not to rely upon mere destiny, but, if possible, to help it a little in its evolution.

Before I had finished my coffee, a dozen schemes had passed through my mind, all tending towards one object—the renewal of my acquaintance with Isolina de Vargas. Unless favoured by some lucky accident, or, what was more desirable, *by the lady herself*, I knew we might never meet again. In such times, it was not likely she would be much 'out of doors;' and in a few days, hours perhaps, I might be ordered *en route* never more to return to that interesting outpost. As the district was, of course, under martial law, and I was *de facto* dictator, you will imagine that I might easily procure the right of entry anywhere. Not so. Whatever be the licence of the rude soldier as regards the common people of a conquered country, the position of the officer with its higher class is essentially different. If a gentleman, he naturally feels a delicacy in making any advances towards an acquaintance; and his honour restrains him from the freer forms of introduction. To take advantage of his position of power would be a positive meanness, of which a true gentleman cannot be guilty. Besides, there may be rancour on the part of the conquered—there usually is; but even when no such feeling exists, another barrier stands in the way of free association between the officer and 'society.' The latter feels that the position of affairs will not be permanent; the enemy will in time evacuate, and then the vengeance of mob-patriotism is to be dreaded. Never did the ricos of Mexico feel more secure than while under the protection of the American army. Many of them were disposed to be friendly, but the phantom of the future, with its mob *emeutes*, stared them in the face, and under this dread they were forced to adopt a hypocritical exclusiveness. Epaulettes must not be seen glancing through the windows of their drawing-rooms!

Under such circumstances, my situation was difficult enough. I might gaze upon the outside walls of that handsome hacienda till my heart ached, but how was I to effect an entrance?

To charge a fort, a battery, an intrenched camp—to storm a castle, or break a solid square—one or all would have been child's play compared with the difficulty of crossing that glacial line of etiquette that separated me from my beautiful enemy.

To effect this purpose, a dozen schemes were passed through my mind, and rejected, till my eyes at length rested upon the most interesting object in the apartment—the little white rope that hung upon my saddle-bow. In the lazo, I recognised my 'forlorn-hope.' That pretty implement must be returned to its owner. *I myself should take it home!* So far *destiny* should be guided by me; beyond, I should have to put my trust in destiny.

I think best under the influence of a cigar; and lighting one, I ascended to the azotea, to complete my little scheme.

I had scarcely made two turns of the roof, when a horseman galloped into the piazza. He was in dragoon uniform, and I saw he was an orderly from headquarters, and inquiring for the commander of the outpost. One of the men pointed to me; and the

orderly trotting forward, drew up in front of the alcalde's house, and announced to me that he was the bearer of a dispatch from the general-in-chief, at the same time shewing a folded paper. I directed him to pass it up on the point of his sabre, which he did; and then saluting me, he turned his horse and galloped back as he had come.

I opened the dispatch, and read:

'HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF OCCUPATION.
July —th, 1846.

SIR—You will take a sufficient number of your men, and proceed to the hacienda of Don Ramon de Vargas, in the neighbourhood of your station. You will there find 5000 head of beeves, which you will cause to be driven to the camp of the American army, and delivered to the commissary-general. You will find the necessary drivers upon the ground, and a portion of your troop will form the escort. The enclosed note will enable you to understand the nature of your duty.

CAPTAIN WARFIELD.

A. A. Adjutant-general.

'Surely,' thought I, as I finished reading—'surely there is a "Providence that shapes our ends." Just as I was cudgelling my brains for some scheme of introduction to Don Ramon de Vargas, here comes one ready fashioned to my hand.'

I thought no more about the lazo: the rope was no longer an object of prime interest. Trimmed and embellished with the graceful excuse of 'duty,' I should now ride boldly up to the hacienda, and enter its gates with the confident air of a welcome guest. Welcome indeed! A contract for 5000 beeves, and at war-prices! A good stroke of business on the part of the old Don. Of course, I shall see him—'embrace him'—hobnob with him over a glass of Canario or Xeres—get upon the most intimate terms, and so be 'asked back.' I am usually popular with old gentlemen, and I trusted to my bright star to place me *en rapport* with Don Ramon de Vargas. The coralling of the cattle would occupy some time—a brace of hours at the least. That would be outside work, and I could intrust it to my lieutenant or a sergeant. For myself, I was determined to stay by the walls. The Don must go out to look after his vaqueros. It would be rude to leave me alone. He would introduce me to his daughter—he could not do less: a customer on so large a scale! We should be left to ourselves, and then—Ha! Ijura! I had forgotten him. Would he be there?

The recollection of this man fell like a shadow over the bright fancies I had conjured up.

A dispatch from head-quarters calls for prompt attention, and my reflections were cut short by the necessity of carrying the order into execution. Without loss of time, I issued orders for about fifty of the rangers to 'boot and saddle.'

I was about to give more than ordinary attention to my toilet, when it occurred to me I might as well first read the 'note' referred to in the dispatch. I opened the paper; to my surprise, the document was in Spanish. This did not puzzle me, and I read:

'The 5000 beeves are ready for you, according to the contract, but I cannot take upon me to deliver them. They must be taken from me with a *show of force*; and even a little rudeness on the part of those you send would not be out of place. My vaqueros are at your service, but I must not command them. You may press them.

RAMON DE VARGAS.'

This note was addressed to the commissary-general of the American army. Its meaning, though to the uninitiated a little obscure, was to me as clear as noon-day; and although it gave me a high opinion of the administrative talents of Don Ramon de Vargas, it

null every act of the fine programme I had sketched out. By its directions, there was to be no 'embracing,' no hobnobbing over wine, no friendly chat with the Don, no *tête-à-tête* with his beautiful daughter—no; but, on the contrary, I was to ride up with a swagger, bang the doors, threaten the trembling porter, kick the peons, and demand from their master 5000 head of beef-cattle—all in true freebooting style!

A nice figure I shall cut, thought I, in the eyes of Isolina; but a little reflection convinced me that that intelligent creature would be in the secret. Yes, she will understand my motives. I can act with as much mildness as circumstances will permit. My Texan lieutenant will do the kicking of the peons, and that without much pressing. If she be not cloistered, I will have a glimpse at her; so here goes. 'To horse!'

The bugle gave the signal; fifty rangers—with Lieutenants Holingsworth and Wheatley—leaped into their saddles, and next moment were fling by twos from the piazza, myself at their head.

A twenty minutes' trot brought us to the front gate of the hacienda, where we halted. The great door, massive and jail-like, was closed, locked, and barred; the shutters of the windows as well. Not a soul was to be seen outside, not even the apparition of a frightened peon. I had given my Texan lieutenant his cue; he knew enough of Spanish for the purpose.

Flinging himself out of the saddle, he approached the gate, and commenced hammering upon it with the butt of his pistol.

'*Ambre la puerta!*' (Open the door!) cried he.

No answer.

'*La puerta—la puerta!*' he repeated in a louder tone.

Still no answer.

'*Ambre la puerta!*' once more vociferated the lieutenant, at the same time thundering on the woodwork with his weapon.

When the noise ceased, a faint '*Quien es?*' (Who is it?) was heard from within.

'*Yo!*' bawled Wheatley, '*ambre! ambre!*'

'*Si, señor,*' answered the voice, in a somewhat tremulous key.

'*Anda! anda! Somos hombres de bien.*' (Quick then! We are honest men.)

A rattling of chains and shooting of bolts now commenced, and lasted for at least a couple of minutes, at the end of which time the great folding-doors opened inward, displaying to view the swarthy leather-clad *portero*, the brick-paved *saguan*, and a portion of the *patio*, or courtyard within.

As soon as the door was fairly open, Wheatley made a rush at the trembling porter, caught him by the jerkin, boxed both his ears, and then commanded him, in a loud voice, to summon the *dueño*! This conduct, somewhat unexpected on the part of the rangers, seemed to be just to their taste; and I could hear behind me the whole troop chuckling in half-suppressed laughter. *Guerilleros* as they were, they had never been allowed much licence in their dealings with the inhabitants—the non-combatants—of the country, and much less had they witnessed such conduct on the part of their officers. Indeed, it was cause of complaint in the ranks of the American army, and with many officers too, that even hostile Mexicans were treated with a lenient consideration denied to themselves. Wheatley's behaviour, therefore, touched a chord in the hearts of our following, that vibrated pleasantly enough; they began to believe that the campaign was about to become a little more jolly.

'*Señor,*' stammered the porter, 'the du—du—dueño has given or—orders—he wi—wi—will not s—see any one.'

'*Will not!*' echoed Wheatley; 'go, tell him he must!'

'*Yes, amigo,*' I said soothingly; for I began to fear

message. 'Go, say to your master that an American officer has business with him, and must see him immediately.'

The man went off, after a little more persuasion from the free hand of Wheatley, of course leaving the gates open behind him.

We did not wait for his return. The patio looked inviting; and directing Holingsworth to remain outside with the men, and the Texan lieutenant to follow me, I headed my horse for the great archway, and rode in.

CONSOLIDATION OF THE STATUTE LAWS OF ENGLAND.

THE consolidation of the statute laws of England has been often attempted, but hitherto the scheme has always failed. Various causes led to this result: the members of the old commission spent their time in quarrelling; they tried to write each other down, and published all sorts of accusations and recriminations against each other; and until last session, every one thought the question was disposed of for many years.

Last session, however, the commission was reformed, and Sir Fitzroy Kelly, although an opponent of the present government, consented to waive political feeling, and undertook, unpaid and unrewarded, the laborious duty of heading it. For the time, toil and personal labour he will have to give to this duty, it may be doubted whether £7000 per annum would recompense him. Sir Fitzroy Kelly, however, has absolute authority to do the work in his own way, employing gentlemen at the bar of competent skill and experience to assist, and paying them for such assistance at his own discretion. It is also understood that the work, when done, is to be accepted as it is, and parliament is to be asked to take the consolidation bills in their integrity, and, in reliance upon the commission, to pass them without debate upon their provisions, in faith that they are not a new law, but merely the existing law, collected and arranged in an orderly manner.

In answer to the inquiries of the great law-reformer, Lord Brougham, as to 'the state and prospects of the consolidation of the statute law,' Sir Fitzroy Kelly, after mentioning his appointment, thus states the mode in which the work is to be done: 'To consolidate the statute law, is to take the statutes at large from Magna Charta to the last act of Victoria; to expunge and reject from the statute-book every act and every enactment which is either repealed, expired, or obsolete, and then to take what remains—which will consist of all that is law in force and to continue in force—to digest and to arrange this body of law by dividing it into classes, and subdividing each class into single subjects, and then to reduce the whole into single bills, each bill being on a single subject, but comprising the whole of that subject. The amendment of the statute-book is neither more nor less than the applying, by a series of new acts of parliament, a complete remedy to every grievance, every defect, and every evil which now exists in the statute law.'

The work was commenced in May last. Barristers were employed to go through the statutes at large, from Magna Charta to the 20th of Victoria; in short, to go through the entire statute-book, and having laid aside all the repealed and otherwise inoperative matter, to retain every act and enactment which is now in force, and intended to remain in force, and to digest and arrange this statute law in classes, and then subdivide each class into single bills upon single subjects; and, finally, to prepare, revise, and perfect the whole of these bills in one uniform style of phraseology, and upon one system of arrangement. Three classes were selected for a beginning: criminal law, real property law, and mercantile law. The criminal law was divided into eight bills. Barristers

were employed to prepare these eight bills, detailed instructions for their guidance being previously laid before them. As a draft of each bill was ready, it was first inspected and revised by Sir Fitzroy Kelly and Mr Greaves, a member of the commission; and all difficulties that presented themselves were noted down for ulterior consideration, and the bills were then gone through and finally corrected by Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Lord Wensleydale, Lord Chief-justice Jervis, and Mr Greaves, assisted by Mr Brickdale, the secretary to the commission. This class, containing the whole of the criminal statute law, thus perfected, was submitted by the Lord Chancellor to the House of Lords at the close of last session. The other two classes, real property law and mercantile law, and several single bills constituting classes by themselves, are now in preparation upon the same principle, and will undergo the same process of revision, and will probably be ready to be laid before parliament on the first day of the ensuing session. Simultaneously with the consolidation of the public general statutes, is proceeding that of the local, personal, and private acts. If government and the two houses of parliament give the support and co-operation which are necessary, it is supposed the entire work will be completed in three years from the commencement.

The difficulties attending this herculean task are well described by Sir Fitzroy Kelly; he says: 'It is almost impossible to exaggerate the difficulties which attend the undertaking. The question continually arises—whether the enactments of several reigns, as of William III., or of the Georges, are virtually or impliedly repealed or varied by other enactments upon the same subject, and with the same intent in later acts, as of William IV. and Victoria? So, likewise, provisions were found of the highest constitutional importance in statutes of Anne and William III., for supplying copies of the indictments and lists of witnesses to persons indicted for high treason. (It was upon one of these that the point arose in Frost's case by which his life was saved, and the fifteen judges divided against each other—eight to seven, and nine to six.) Then other provisions with the same intent, and nearly same effect, but varying from those of William III. and Anne when read together, were found in acts of George III. and IV., William IV., and Victoria.' These could not be repeated verbatim without contradiction; the strict legal construction of these complicated acts had therefore to be decided upon. This was done by Lord Wensleydale, Lord Chief-justice Jervis, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, and Mr Greaves; but not without many days, says Sir Fitzroy Kelly, of anxious and careful research and deliberation. Other serious difficulties arose from the vicious practice of repealing acts or enactments by provision that 'so much of any former act of parliament heretofore made as is inconsistent with, or repugnant to, the act in question, shall be, and is thereby repealed.' This evil makes it necessary to go through the whole of the earlier acts operated upon by the later act, and to determine how much is repealed and how much is not; and other difficulties of equal magnitude have already arisen, and must be anticipated throughout the entire work.

The evils resulting from the present state of the statute-book are manifold; any one purchasing the statutes at large must pay the price of, and encumber his shelves with forty volumes, of which above thirty-five are filled with inoperative and worthless matter! These forty volumes contain above a million of enactments, without order or connection. Enactments upon totally different subjects and branches of the law are thrown together. Any one wishing to ascertain the law upon a given subject, must go through the whole confused mass of matter, and extract, as best he can, what is law. And, from this confusion, the

acts themselves cannot be relied on in all cases as accurate. Thus, an act of Victoria cites in several places the 6th George IV., ch. 43, as the 5th George IV., ch. 43, which is an act upon a totally different subject; and misquotations, not only of the title, but of the language of former acts, are not wanting.

The present scheme of consolidation, involving as it does no alteration in the laws, is a grand one, and so far proves to be a successful one. But to insure complete success, it must have the full confidence of parliament. There must be no reviewal by the legislature; it must be taken or rejected in its entirety; for if each bill is to be debated in all its details in committee of both Houses, a century would not suffice for the work.

The result of consolidation will be, that all the evils detailed will be remedied: 40,000 statutes—of which 16,000 are upon public general law—will be reduced to between 300 and 400. Forty volumes of statutes will be reduced to five or six volumes, indispensable to statesmen, lawyers, magistrates, and public officers.

The doubts as to what is, and what is not repealed, will be cleared up. The difficulties, and consequently the great amount of litigation to which the present uncertainty gives rise, are beyond calculation. It has been thought that more than half the business of all the courts of law and equity in the kingdom consists of disputed questions upon the construction of acts of parliament. Again, so long as the statute-book remains in its existing state, it will be impossible to adopt a pure principle of legislation. Mr Brickdale well observes upon this subject: 'A member of either House about to bring in a bill, finds that a class is suffering injustice or inconvenience, in consequence of the state of the law, which it is his duty to remedy; but he has not before him, in any simple or accessible form, either the whole law, or the subject, or any statement of the principle of the law, which is the cause of the evil complained of: he therefore naturally contents himself with introducing a bill which remedies that specific evil, and no more: he even carefully avoids any appearance of interfering with principles, for fear of effecting something which he did not intend, or unintentionally opening questions which would lead to opposition, and perhaps frustrate his whole immediate object—the removal of the evil actually felt.'

LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN.

What is literature? Is a playbill literature, even when it contains laborious antiquarianism, deep geographical inquiries as to the outline of Bithynia and disquisitions on the Pyrrhic dance, or the length of petticoat of the Virgins of the Sun? Is a sermon published 'by request' of a decent congregation—which fell asleep before it could hear the end of it—literature? Is an indignant letter (paid for as an advertisement), wherein Brutus Junior threatens a village church-warden for refusing him a sitting in church, literature? Are the letters, marked respectively 1, 2, 3, and 4, up to the round dozen, in the hostile correspondence between Swifins, stock-broker, Fulham, and Snodge, drysalter, Muswell Hill, literature? Why did they quarrel about that Newfoundland dog, which came out all dripping from the Serpentine, and shook itself in the most snobbish manner over the apparel of a young lady, 'whose name it is needless to introduce in this very unpleasant affair' (but which we know to be Sophia Groby—old Groby's daughter, Fleet Street); and after a week's angry interchange of epistolary amenities, with fiery allusions to pistols for two (and no coffee), end by discovering that the sagacious Ponto meant no personal disrespect either to Swifins or the interesting young lady whose name, &c., and that even if he had, he was not the property, and therefore not under the control, of Snodge, of Muswell Hill. Is this literature? I suppose it is; for judging from my own experience, most writings of the present day are literature, and most of the people you meet are literary men.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

A DREAM.

I HAD a vision! O'er my life
It shed so bright a gleam,
So very sweet, so very soft,
Alas! how could I deem
To see it reft, while I am left
To know it was a dream.

'Twas like some bright bird fluttering
Through that dark grove, my heart,
Bearing the sunshine of its wing
Even to the gloomiest part;
Now cold and dead, its sweet life fled,
Leaving this heavy smart.

Like a calm star to my spirit's depth
That gentle vision shone;
'Tis faded, but a strange pale flame
Still burneth fiercely on,
Raising its light in wild despite,
The ghost of what is gone.

Or I bear my dream like a dear friend dead,
To a home in my secret soul;
I must be alone, oh, quite alone,
Ere I weep without control:
I could not hear the harsh ones jeer,
Still less the kind condole.

In a very dark and silent room
It lieth concealed from all,
And I have covered its cold, stiff form
With a heavy funeral pall;
Yet I tremble and shrink as I sometimes think,
What, if the shroud should fall?

When the solemn hand has guided me
To the land I have in view,
And shewed me those I've sought in vain,
The loving and the true,
All grief that day shall have fled for aye,
Like the early morning-dew.

When I walk with a kindred soul at last
Beside heaven's crystal streams,
When truth shines down with unclouded light,
Instead of these fitful gleams,
Where the weary breast finds a lasting rest,
God grant there are no more dreams!

M. L. P.

NEW PROCESS OF VINIFICATION.

It has been discovered by analysis that the grape-substances giving out *colour, taste, bouquet, and flavour* to wine—namely, tartar, tannin, essential oil, and colouring matter—constitute only *one per cent.* of its composition, the remaining 99 per cent. consisting merely of sugar and water. It is this *one per cent.* alone which makes wine, distinguishes it from all other liquids, and bestows its different valuable qualities. It appears that the above-mentioned component parts, especially that which is most precious, the *essential oil*, are only one-fourth absorbed by the usual process of fermentation. There is therefore left undeveloped at the bottom of the fermenting tuns or vats 75 per cent. of flavour, &c., which, if saturated in a solution of refined sugar and water, will give out one-third of its unexhausted properties, which is sufficient to produce wine of a better quality than that derived from the natural must. This operation may be three times repeated with the same result; and even if tried a fourth time, will yield sufficient flavour to make a small description of vinous liquid. This discovery is due to the French chemists, who, on account of defective vintages, have deemed it worthy to investigate the subject.—*Ridley & Co.'s Monthly Circular*.

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AN EXCEEDINGLY CHEAP TOUR.

ALTHOUGH I am tolerably well off for a curate, in having nothing to pay for vegetables and house-rent, money—as far as it can be said of any churchman—is a considerable object to me. I have to save in this matter, and to go without in that, and to accustom my stomach a good deal to home-made wine. My surplice—the idea of a curate having such a thing!—is not of lawn, nor do I renew very often that miraculous silk garment without fastening, the getting into which is one of the mysteries of the Church of England. I read the wicked *Times*, on its third day, without feeling any of those disagreeable qualms with which it affects my revered rector, ‘the cloth’ it attacks being of a material very widely different from mine. I confess, however, that my own clerical character falls considerably short of the ideal standard set up by the conductors of that journal. I think it no sin in a bachelor curate, whose hard lines have fallen in a place five miles from the nearest educated being, feeling a little dull, being desirous of a visit from his friend from time to time, or taking his parson’s holiday, of twenty days, once every summer. I take one myself yearly, with as much mental profit as pleasure, and return to my parish all the better fitted in health and spirit to renew my labours in that vineyard. In the front of this last June, I walked over the English and Scotch lake countries with Tom Trevor, attorney-at-law of Striketown. We were at dear old Trinity together in the old times, and understand one another perfectly. ‘We have heard the chimes at midnight, have we not?’ quotes he. ‘Oh, the mad days we have spent, and to see how many of mine old acquaintance that are now clergymen!’ I have no antecedents, I am thankful to say, to be very deeply ashamed of; and if I had, I should know that Tom could mean nothing but good-humour and pleasantry in reminding me of them. He is one of those rare ones who can say without offence anything, that from another man would be absolutely intolerable. That perpetual pyrotechnic display of his, no matter how inflammable the material on which it descends, never seems to set any one on fire. I don’t know where he keeps his law-books, his business airs, his ill successes, his Christmas bills, and his indigestions, but none of his friends have ever seen a symptom of them: this of course weakens the vulgar belief in his solid virtues; and we who are pillars shake our heads a little, though we cannot refuse to offer cordial hands; while his defence is, that his principles, so far from not being high enough, are elevated clean out of sight.

He gives his brothers of his best;

His worst he keeps, his best he gives,

and I for one am not inclined to be hard upon him. He is, of course, one of the most charming ‘tourist’s companions’ possible, and full of the happiest illustrations, lending an interest to the dullest landscapes, and heightening the glory of the grandest—‘unto sorrow giving smiles, and unto graces, graces.’ I remember him, while at college, discovering a pathos in a certain proposition in statics—whose object and meaning I have entirely forgotten, and which I shall most probably misquote—and throwing a touching regretfulness into his tones as he described how DE vanisheth, the weight is supported by the immovable fulcrum C, and the body is at rest! It is said to have drawn tears from an entire lecture-room.

‘Now, Trevor,’ said I, before we started upon our rambles, ‘you have a genius for finance, I know, so you shall carry the bag for both of us; but remember I am but a poor curate, so don’t be over-generous.’

‘Reverend sir!’ answered he, ‘I am a lawyer, and such imputations I shake from off me as dew-drops are shaken from the calf-skin. Leave everything pecuniary to me.’

After this arrangement, I, of course, never interfered in such matters, nor was I ever present at any settling transactions whatsoever; and hence it was, as will be seen, that I came to make such an exceedingly cheap tour.

The landscape which lies round my curacy has none of these straggling objects about it, obstructing the light and air, which are called trees; but their place is supplied in some measure by gigantic chimneys, from the mouths of which rises an artificial sky, so dense that one wonders it doesn’t rain down ink. And yet we have a sense of coming summer, even there—a rustle of the leafy woodlands, a murmur of the pleasant brooks, make themselves heard amidst our very furnace roars; we feel that somewhere is the sun unblurred, the snow-white cloud set in, the stainless blue; the green earth without touch of cinder-scar. We that have heard it, long then to hear the wind at its wild play among the hill-tops, as hungry men for food. The great town, whose iron clamour comes to us for ever across the level flats, in summer scarcely seems fit to breathe and move in. There are no fountains there, no parks, no gardens, no galleries of pictures, where a man may slake his thirst for freshness and for freedom; the workman there knows not so much of nature even as art, her pretty waiting-maid, can tell him: that is what dulls our pleasure—Tom’s and mine—as we start from the hot clanging Striketown station for the purple hills. ‘The pastor sees the dewy meadows, and the water-springs, but the flock never sees,’ sighed I. ‘Yes,’ echoed Trevor; ‘you the pastor, I the shearer,

we alone.' A Striketown magnate in the same carriage—he was a corrugated iron-merchant, and he looked like it—took umbrage at our remarks upon this subject; but myself engaging him steadily hand to hand, while Tom dazzled him with his finest sheet-lightning, we reduced him to silence: presently, however, while we two were speaking of the best poetical expressions for distance, and one was instancing poor Keats's

There she stood,

About a young bird's flutter from the wood,

he broke in again with: 'And, gentlemen, pray how many yards may that be?' and so revenged himself.

Stafford, Preston, Lancaster, the abominable Crewe, were all left behind in due course, and we quitted the London and North-western for Westmoreland and fairyland at last. I confess myself to have been born a Cockney, and to entertain an admiration, not unmingled with awe, for the Surrey range. The great mountain mesh-work of the lake-country is to my eyes, therefore, quite as tremendous as the Himalayas; and all the witty things that have been said against it and the lakes pass by me like the idle wind, that wakes a smile of pity upon the face of fair Windermere, but never stirs its depths. I know not how far the dim recollection of a wearisome journey, and the distinct remembrance of a most excellent dinner, may have contributed to bring it about, but as we lay in our boat beneath Belle Isle that evening, the careless splash of the oars alone breaking the silence which brooded over the serene hills and moonlit lake, I believe, with Trevor, that if you had put pen and ink within my grasp—and it were not for the rhymes—I could have gone nigh to have written a sonnet. I feel at this moment the fatal facility of the lake district for writing descriptions stealing over me at the mere reminiscence; I long to honey my page with such names as Ambleside and Elterwater, or to make it like a leaf out of some mountain peerage, with such titles as Helvellyn and Glaramara, but I forbear. Enough to say, that we made forced marches over the hills and far away to our great content; the knapsacks—which at first seemed to be endowed with life and a desire to go the other way—which lay between our astonished shoulders like two large live coals, and which rendered our conditions of equilibrium both novel and dangerous—at last becoming as natural to us as the hump to the camel. And ever, at the close of each day's toil, did the red wine flow from the hotel's best bin; nor at any time, when our four legs grew weary, did we hesitate to hire eight fresh ones to relieve them, till, for my part, I began to fear that we should scarcely reach the Land of Cakes at all, or if we did, that we should have no money left to buy any. That Tom did pay for things, and pay liberally, was evident enough, for I never saw landlords more obsequious, landladies more gracious, or the plurality of boots more perfectly satisfied. One day, when we were carrying it, the driver, who was new to the lake-country, and desired to make a cicerone of himself for the benefit of future visitors, entreated us to point out to him the local habitations and the names of the great celebrities, which Trevor did at once, most cheerfully and with a vengeance. It seemed to our astonished Jehu that so many eminent persons were never before collected in so small a compass; in particular, a certain sequestered clergyman, preferring the delights of solitude among the

hills to that of his collegiate halls during the long vacation, had an undreamt-of greatness thrust upon him. Many a time has he since been startled by a string of cars, filled with excursionists, pulling short up before his cottage door, while our apt friend, whip in hand, dilates aloud upon the glory of 'Mr A——, the Fellow of St Boniface, the accomplished coach, who knows more about the particle μ than any other man within the four seas: that's his bedroom, gentlemen and ladies, looking east.' Whose fame is much indebted to Tom Trevor. On account of this good turn being done him, the driver declined to take more than a shilling for chariotteering us twelve miles; but of course Tom couldn't get rid of all our carmen for such a mere song as that; and how the purse held out, grew a still greater wonder to me, day by day.

In Caledonia, matters went on just as smoothly: we denied ourselves no dainty which loch or mountain afforded, while the wine of the country, by reason of its smoky character, was pronounced not good enough for our palates, and rejected for burgundy and claret. Still, while I was set wondering whether or not a clergyman of the Church of England could be imprisoned in a Tolbooth for a hotel bill, the adulation of us in no way decreased. Gillies ran bare-legged, as though with the fiery cross in hand, to do our behests; musicians, with instruments resembling the interiors of quadrupeds, performed the most excruciating coronachs at our departures, and what were meant for triumphant airs at our arrivals. The best bedrooms seemed to have been bespoken for us at every inn, and the seats that were most comfortable, or which commanded the most extensive views, to have been reserved for us in the coffee-rooms. I began to have a horrid suspicion that we were being taken for somebody else—ambassadors extraordinary, or the Brothers Rothschild in disguise. Trevor had some sketching-paper, and I a note-book, which I used pretty freely; but neither authors nor artists—I can answer for Striketown, at least—were wont to be held in such consideration in the south, as to induce a belief that our genius and talents were only receiving their natural tributes. Sometimes Tom wrote the day before to secure accommodation for us, and sometimes had an interview with the landlord as soon as we arrived; but in either case, our occupation of the premises seemed to be hailed as triumphant and honourable to an extreme degree. At one of the largest inns in the Western Highlands, I happened, in Trevor's absence, to receive the bill instead of him, and I remember thinking of sending it to the *Times* newspaper, to refute the calumnies that had been published about hotel charges, only Tom persuaded me not. This is the bill, which, for two persons, I surely was justified in thinking very moderate: Double-bedded room, 1s. 6d.; soup and fish-dinner (for two), 3s.; bottle of port (1834), 3s.; breakfast for two, with meat, 1s. 6d.: Total, 9s. *N.B.*—It is particularly requested that no gratuities may be given to the servants.

I was much astonished that none of our fellow-travellers by the coach that morning seemed to be satisfied with their bills, but accused the landlord most unmercifully of extortion and excess; and I agreed with Tom that it was a very remarkable exemplification of the proverbial nearness of the Scotch character.

We travelled so fast, that I had time enough to spare

for a four days' run into Ireland, which I was over-persuaded to take by my companion.

The sister-isle received us with extended arms: if anything, the welcomes of the innkeepers appeared to be still warmer and more affectionate than elsewhere, and the settlement of their accounts a mere form, that we were at liberty to go through or not as we preferred. The landladies went so far, on more than one occasion, as to kiss Trevor, and to entitle me their jewel; the gossoms stood on their heads to do us honour; and the very beggars about the inn-yards regarded us with a solicitude that was the more remarkable by reason of the difference of our countries and religions.

Upon the nineteenth day, I returned like a punctual shepherd to my flock, and on our road, Tom Trevor, Esq., attorney-at-law, insisted upon my auditing the accounts of our expenses, which—particularly as he handed me a much larger balance than, under the circumstances, I should have thought possible—I was very unwilling to do. My share of the three weeks' tour, irrespective of coach, railway, and packet fares, was under a five-pound note.

'Well, my dear fellow,' said I, with that feeling of grateful admiration which a Briton rarely permits himself to entertain except towards a great financier, 'all I can say is, I can't imagine how you did it. I never lived better or at less cost in all my life, and I shall certainly go over the same ground next summer, and, as I most sincerely hope, with the same companion.'

There was a curious expression about Trevor's eye which made me unaccountably uneasy, as he replied with some dryness: 'Well, I think your reverence had better not do that for a few seasons.'

'Why? why not, Trevor?—for goodness' sake, tell me why not?' said I, getting alarmed.

'Oh, nothing; don't be afraid, my dear sir; trust me for keeping on the safe side of the law in these matters.'

'The law!' gasped I, looking at the figures just transferred to my note-book, and regretting, somehow, that they did not make up a larger sum; 'why, you don't mean to say you'—

'No, I did nothing,' interrupted Tom; 'it was all you, you and that note-book. The fact is, you made such copious remarks in it from the first hour we started, and at every place you came to, that I thought you were compiling a *Guide to the North*; and without asking you the question point-blank, which I considered would have been indelicate, I communicated my suspicions, sometimes in writing, sometimes verbally, to the innkeepers. "My friend," I said to them, "is desirous of every information about this spot, and particularly regarding your hotel charges: you must not speak to him as if you were aware of this, for he is pledged by the Messrs Gratesail, publishers, to secrecy and independence; but I am pleased with your house myself, and am willing, under the rose, to do you a good turn." Every time you put pen to paper in the coffee-room saved us half-a-crown apiece at least; there was quite a difficulty in some places in getting them to charge us anything at all; and I must say that, all along, you acted your part to perfection.'

'Acted my part! how dare you,' said I, in a towering passion, 'you base, horrid'—

'There now, you are going on to what is actionable,' interrupted Tom. 'You parsons never know when to stop, and you are, besides, the last people in the world to take a healthy and charitable view of things. This is how the matter stands: we have passed, by your own confession, a very sumptuous three weeks; we have given opportunities to a much maligned class of our fellow-countrymen to exhibit their reasonableness and civility; we have threatened a new unmitigated

guide-book, which you have both the power and the will to withhold; and, finally, we have had, I must say, an exceedingly cheap tour!'

GLIMPSES OF AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

WE GET TO THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE.

STARTING with lofty notions of liberty and equality, the United States, as already noticed, have always, and now more than ever, been hampered with an institution at variance with public profession, and which—from a European point of view—is lowering in no small degree to national dignity. Seemingly ashamed of slavery as a too obvious fact, American writers hasten to assure us that it is a mere local usage depending on the municipal law of the states in which it happens to exist, and therefore in no way concerns the federal constitution. We are not going to plunge into a political dispute on this point. It is true that slavery derives its vitality from the laws of individual states, and if these laws were severally abrogated, the institution would be no more; but it is equally certain, that while these laws are in operation, the federal power is bound to give them international efficacy. The constitution imparts authority to slaveholders to pursue and seize their property, 'persons held to service,' anywhere within the boundaries of the Union—even where no slavery exists. Besides this old Fugitive Slave-law, lately strengthened by an act of congress, the constitution prescribes a method of making up a constituency to appoint members to the House of Representatives, by reckoning the ratio of free and bond persons. Doubtless, it is unfortunate that the constitution in any manner, however equivocal, recognised and gave force to the practice of holding slaves, and so took that mean stand in the matter of human equality which embarrasses American jurisprudence; but nothing, we think, is to be gained by shirking the fact, and taking a disingenuous view of the subject.

It has been mentioned that the purchase of Louisiana, in 1803, was a turning-point in the history of the Union. At this time, the institution was disappearing from the more northern Atlantic states; and by the celebrated ordinance of 1787, it was excluded from the large Indiana territory on the north-west, from which have been formed the prosperous free states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa. It lingered still in New York and New Jersey, but southward from Pennsylvania, and westward as far as the banks of the Mississippi, it was as yet confined to the limits of the 'Old Dominion.' Kentucky was formed from a ceded portion of Virginia, Tennessee from North Carolina, and, in like manner, Alabama and Mississippi from portions of Georgia; but though adding to the number of states, and swelling the slaveholding interests in congress, these re-arrangements did not geographically extend the area of slavery.

The acquisition of the French province of Louisiana opened up a boundless prospect for slavery extension. For a number of years, the newly acquired tract of country remained a territory under federal authority. At length, in 1812, the lower part on the Gulf of Mexico was admitted as the state of Louisiana. The remainder of the purchase, stretching northwards on the west bank of the Mississippi, and embracing the rivers Arkansas and Missouri, was henceforth known as the Missouri Territory, over which settlers gradually spread themselves. In March 1818, a sufficient

population being consolidated, petitions from the inhabitants were presented to congress, praying for the admission of Missouri as a state. Now began the first resolute struggle between slavery and freedom. It was the wish of the petitioners to have the state admitted on equal terms with the state of Louisiana, in which the inhabitants were guaranteed all the privileges, that of holding slaves among others, which they had enjoyed under the French rule. This was firmly opposed. A degree of alarm concerning the spread of slavery had taken possession of legislators from the free states; and it was felt that now or never was the opportunity for checking its wonderful and unexpected growth in the far west. It must be allowed, that members of congress had been much too late in making this notable discovery—the whole nation, indeed, had been culpably negligent on the subject. If there was a general desire to admit no more states with slavery, the proper precaution would have consisted in enacting a law, like that of the ordinance of 1787, for ever excluding the institution from the territories out of which such states could possibly be formed. The defects of the federal constitution seemed to necessitate such a legislative measure.

It has been graphically said, that when a number of adventurers, British subjects, land on a newly discovered territory, and take possession in the name of the Queen, the common law of England, *ipso facto* established; and from that moment every member of the infant community, no matter what be his breed or colour, enjoys all the privileges, and comes under the usual obligations of freeborn Englishmen. In such a way does the British constitution act, and there is a decision and simplicity about it which cannot but command respect. The constitution of the United States is less comprehensive and peremptory. Plant it where you will, it settles no determinate social system. It proclaims freedom, but admits of slavery. All men are free, but freemen may hold slaves—'chattels human'—who though men *de facto*, are seemingly not men *de jure*. The British flag, God knows, has in its day sheltered much insolence, injustice, cruelty. Under it, eighty years ago, an audacious attempt—since regretted and atoned for—was made to rob English colonists of their inherent rights, and what the end of that was, we all know. Things are somewhat altered since Grenville passed the Stamp Act, or since good old Dr Johnson wrote *Taxation no Tyranny*. When we see the Union Jack floating from a vessel in the Atlantic, we feel a sound assurance that there is not the vestige of a slave on board. A sight of the American flag does not convey the same confidence; seen south from the capes of Virginia, two to one it is covering a cargo of slaves on the way to the market for 'chattels human' at New Orleans; for though the foreign slave-trade terminated in 1808, the coasting slave-trade did not, and is till this day in full operation. If this be thought a hard view of practices prevailing under the federal constitution, we cannot help it. The constitution is not that of a distinct nation, but simply the terms of compact by which a number of sovereignties—at present thirty-one—agree to hold together for the sake of mutual convenience and purposes common to the whole. Some of these sovereignties exclude slavery, some maintain it. The federal constitution, consequently, operates with considerable reserve on this delicate subject. It is anything you like to make of it. When extended over new territories, unless congress interpose an order to the contrary, the choice of domestic institutions is nominally left to the parties concerned. If, when the time comes, they choose to inaugurate slavery, good and well; it is all the same to the constitution. This is called 'freedom.' So much for theory. Let us now see how the thing practically works.

When a new tract of country is acquired by the

United States, it passes into the possession and under the control of the federal authorities, who hold it for the general behoof. If it be resolved to lay it out for a new state, it is first created a 'territory.' As such, it is the subject of an act of congress, from which body it receives an interim constitution, prescribing its boundaries, divisions, executive authorities, laws, judicial and political system. With a governor appointed by the president, it remains under federal tutelage, till on petition of its inhabitants it is admitted into the brotherhood of states. All this seems reasonable, and, in its general features, the practice affords a fine instance of that self-creative political organisation for which the Americans are celebrated. Analysing the acts of congress and presidents, we observe something less favourable. The federal constitution is silent about race or colour; but in interpreting it, American lawgivers arrive at the conclusion, that the United States are the property of whites, and that persons with a tinge of dark colour in their countenance, though born free, are not citizens. Within the last two months, this view of citizenship has been enforced by a high federal officer, one of the secretaries of state, who refused passports to some coloured free persons, on the ground that they 'were not citizens within the meaning of the constitution.' This may be a right or a wrong interpretation of the fundamental charter of the Union: it is, at all events, acted on without apparently exciting public challenge. Accordingly, in passing an act to organise a territory—as, for example, that of 1855, constituting the territories of Nebraska and Kansas—there is the following regulation in regard to voters: 'Every free white male inhabitant, twenty-one years old, an actual resident in the territory at the time of the passage of this act, and with the qualifications after described, may vote,' &c. Thus, at the very outset, a disqualification is imposed on free coloured persons, without the slightest regard to their means or their ability; and from this to 'holding persons to service,' is an easy transition. Such, however, are the prejudices against colour in the United States, that the most ardent lovers of freedom in Kansas, while suffering from pro-slavery aggression, never proposed to give the franchise to any but whites.

The federal constitution being indifferent to the spread or limitation of slavery, the will of congress and president for the time being is a kind of supplemental constitution, whence the internal policy of a new territory is moulded. Much usually depends on the political leanings of the president, who, being irremovable for four years, and armed with an enormous power of appointment to office, may be said to exercise a control more resembling that of a despot than a constitutional sovereign. The presidents of past times have, for the most part, had strong pro-slavery convictions, and thrown the balance of authority in that direction. Still affecting to allow fair play in the scramble between slavery and anti-slavery principles in the inchoate states, they would rather seem to have aided in imparting to them pro-slavery constitutions. Mr Pierce, the present president, thinks that if things are left to take their course in a territory, slavery, from its intrinsic qualities, will outstrip freedom. In his late message to congress, he says: 'It is the fact that in all the unsettled regions of the United States, if emigration be left free to act in this respect for itself, without legal prohibitions on either side, slave labour will spontaneously go everywhere in preference to free labour. Is it the fact that the peculiar domestic institutions of the southern states possess relatively so much of vigour, that wheresoever an avenue is freely open to all the world, they will penetrate, to the exclusion of those of the northern states?' Leaving the North to answer Mr Pierce's question, it is enough for us to know that the

pretended freedom communicated by congress and the constitution, produces an unseemly fracas in territorial organisation; so that ever and anon a battle is raging somewhere in the south or west. The act being passed which throws open the territory for settlement, a rush ensues from all points in the Union. Lawyers, schoolmasters, printers, and preachers from Massachusetts; farmers from Vermont and New Hampshire; mechanics and pedlars from Connecticut; storekeepers from Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and New York; planters with bands of 'servants' from Alabama and Kentucky; and loafers, rowdies, and ragamuffins from everywhere, are hastening on by steam-boat, railway, wagon, horseback, wheel-barrow, and on foot to the land of promise—struggling, pushing, driving, drinking, swearing, cheating, and it may be, fighting. The rule, if there be a rule, is every man for himself. The great thing is, who shall get the earliest clutch at the best localities; and not much ceremony is used in squatting and taking possession. In no time, a capital city is planted, hotels struck up, a state-house inaugurated, newspapers set agoing, and voting for territorial, civic, and judicial officers is in 'full blast.' In one sense, there is something grand in this restless onflow of Anglo-Americans over the domains of unclaimed nature. We are carried in imagination back to that most ancient of injunctions, 'to go forth to replenish the earth, and subdue it.' To be sure, the thing is done coarsely—very. But it is done somehow; and from the chaos of a first settlement, spring in due time order and civilisation. What we have occasion to deplore is, the totally unnecessary and undesirable scramble for slavery or freedom in the new settlements. We need hardly say that, according to all accounts, the slaveholding interests take care to assume such a dictatorial attitude in these freshly opened lands, that under favour of the federal executive, they are able to overawe opposition, and to prefer claims to congress for a pro-slavery constitution, which cannot well be withstood. That congress should all the while complacently stand aside, on the presumption that a free choice is to be made, and at last legislate on this understanding, seems only to be a method of wilfully extending slavery to the further limits of the Union. Of course, should congress attempt to legislate prospectively in favour of freedom, it will have imputed to it that it is unconstitutionally taking a side—doing what it has no business to do; acting as umpire between free and slave states. We have the best evidence, however, that congress does possess authority to exclude slavery from the territories. Jefferson's ordinance of 1787, excluding it from the north-west territory, was an enactment of the last continental congress, which has been repeatedly recognised and sanctioned by the federal congress. It is evident, therefore, that until a new and more comprehensive federal constitution is adopted—if ever that will be—the proper course of policy is for congress to pass a general enactment, for ever excluding slavery from all the territories of the United States. Mr Buchanan, we believe, maintains the doctrine, that the constitution limits the power of congress in this respect; while, on the contrary, his late opponent, Colonel Fremont, holds to the opinion that congress is constitutionally entitled 'to prohibit in the territories those twin-relics of barbarism—polygamy and slavery.' Moderate men of all parties, we should think, would wish to see congress resolutely embrace this latter opinion; but in order to do so with any chance of success, northern men would require to abandon that singularly temporising policy—that anomalous subserviency to southern interests—for which they have earned an unenviable reputation. It is notorious, that with all the prevalent alarm respecting the increasing power of slaveholders, and all the professions in favour of freedom, the North expresses no desire to do more

than seclude slavery within a certain geographical limit. That this has generally been the hapless policy of the free portion of the Union, is conspicuous in the history of the Missouri Compromise and subsequent events.

We now approach this famed compromise. In February 1819, the petition of the inhabitants of Missouri for the admission of their state, which had been some time under consideration, led to a hot debate in congress. In the House of Representatives, Mr Tallmadge of New York moved the following amendment on the proposed constitution: 'And provided that the introduction of slavery, or involuntary servitude, be prohibited, except for the punishment of crimes, whereof the party has been duly convicted, and that all children born within the said state, after the admission thereof into the Union, shall be declared free at the age of twenty-five years.' To this restriction, southern members objected, for the reason that congress had no right to impose such offensive terms. Missouri was entitled, like every other state, to choose its own institutions, so far as slavery was concerned. Threats were thrown out, that if the restriction were carried, the South would dissolve its connection with the Union. Tallmadge, who appears to have been a man of dauntless energy, referred to this new outcry: 'If a dissolution of the Union must take place, let it be so. If civil war, which gentlemen so much threaten, must come, I can only say, let it come. My hold on life is probably as frail as that of any man who now hears me; but while that hold lasts, it shall be devoted to the service of my country—to the freedom of man. If blood is necessary to extinguish any fire which I have assisted to kindle, I can assure gentlemen, while I regret the necessity, I shall not forbear to contribute my mite. Sir, the violence to which gentlemen have resorted on this subject will not move my purpose, nor drive me from my place. I have the fortune and the honour to stand here as the representative of freemen, who possess intelligence to know their rights—who have the spirit to maintain them. As their representative, I will proclaim their hatred to slavery in every shape—as their representative, here will I hold my stand, till this floor, with the constitution of my country which supports it, shall sink beneath me—if I am doomed to fall, I shall at least have the painful consolation to believe that I fall as a fragment in the ruins of my country.' Referring to menaces of violence, he continued: 'Has it already come to this: that in the congress of the United States—that in the legislative councils of republican America, the subject of slavery has become a subject of so much feeling—of such delicacy—of such danger, that it cannot be safely discussed! Are we to be told of the dissolution of the Union, of civil war, and of seas of blood? And yet, with such awful threatenings before us, do gentlemen in the same breath insist upon the encouragement of this evil; upon the extension of this monstrous scourge of the human race? An evil so fraught with such dire calamities to us as individuals, and to our nation, and threatening in its progress to overwhelm the civil and religious institutions of the country, with the liberties of the nation, ought at once to be met, and to be controlled. If its power, its influence, and its impending dangers, have already arrived at such a point that it is not safe to discuss it on this floor, and it cannot now pass under consideration as a proper subject for general legislation, what will be the result when it is spread through your widely extended domain? Its present threatening aspect, and the violence of its supporters, so far from inducing me to yield to its progress, prompt me to resist its march. Now is the time. It must now be met, and the extension of the evil must now be prevented, or the occasion is irrecoverably lost, and the evil can never be controlled.' Next, alluding to the

extension of empire over the vast territories of the west, he says: 'People this fair domain with the slaves of your planters; extend slavery, this bane of man, this abomination of Heaven, over your extended empire, and you prepare its dissolution; you turn its accumulated strength into positive weakness; you cherish a canker in your breast; you put poison in your bosom; you place a vulture preying on your heart—nay, you whet the dagger and place it in the hands of a portion of your population, stimulated to use it by every tie, human and divine. The envious contrast between your happiness and their misery, between your liberty and their slavery, must constantly prompt them to accomplish your destruction. Your enemies will learn the source and the cause of your weakness. As often as external dangers shall threaten, or internal commotions await you, you will then realise that, by your own procurement, you have placed amidst your families, and in the bosom of your country, a population producing at once the greatest cause of individual danger and of national weakness. With this defect, your government must crumble to pieces, and your people become the scoff of the world.'

Finally, the bill embodying the restriction was lost. The men of the north, we have said, strangely content themselves with seeing slavery fortify and extend itself, provided it keep within a certain limit. The required line of division appears to be that which bounds the cotton-producing lands of the south. Having lost Missouri territory, as a whole, the friends of freedom did not prevent the southern portion of it being organised as a territory, without any restriction as to slavery. This was accordingly done. Arkansas was set off as a distinct territory; and the usual means being employed to give it pro-slavery tendencies, it became ultimately (1836) a slave state.

The struggle about Missouri was renewed in December 1819 and January 1820. As there seemed no possibility of reconciling both branches of congress to a plan of restriction within Missouri, the idea of a compromise was suggested. It was proposed by Mr Thomas of Illinois to admit Missouri as a slave state; but, as a compensation, to exclude it prospectively from all the remainder of the old Louisianan territory, north of a certain latitude. His provision was—'And be it further enacted, That in all that territory ceded by France to the United States under the name of Louisiana which lies north of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes, north latitude, excepting only such part thereof as is included within the limits of the state contemplated by this act, slavery and involuntary servitude, otherwise than in the punishment of crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall be, and is hereby for ever prohibited.' This compromise, after various divisions in both houses, was adopted. Missouri was enabled to enter the Union as a slave state. There was yet, however, another struggle connected with this troublesome matter. When the Missourians, in November 1820, submitted their state constitution to the approval of congress, it was found to contain some objectionable clauses, preventing the settlement of free men of colour in the state. As several northern states acknowledge free coloured men to be citizens, though the federal constitution, as usually interpreted, is much more exclusive, the objectionable clauses met with a warm opposition. At this juncture, a new character comes on the stage. Throughout the whole Missouri affair, Henry Clay, a statesman of no mean eminence, had given the aid of his counsels. If every man has his mission, Clay's seems to have been that of inventing compromises. He was an orator, a schemer—one of those mighty geniuses who have always a plan in their pocket to tide over difficulties, and who, in securing present peace, do not mind sowing the seeds of future discord. Clay's plan of engineering a difficulty was sublimely

simple. It consisted in compounding for so much evil by so much good. If a certain quantity of slavery was put in one scale, the same quantity of freedom, or *what looked like freedom*, was put in the other; so the balance was adjusted, and all parties satisfied. He is understood to have been the real concocter of the Missouri Compromise; and now, at this fresh and unexpected collision, he interposed with a scheme of settlement. It consisted in exacting a pledge from the Missouri legislature, that no advantage should be taken of its constitution, and it should pass no act 'to exclude any of the citizens of either of the states' from the enjoyment of the privileges they enjoy under the constitution of the United States. This qualifying provision was accepted. The only question is—who are 'citizens within the meaning of the constitution?' So ended the contests about Missouri, which was received into the Union as a full-blown slave state—a circumstance ever to be regretted, for, independently of other considerations, the state, as will be seen on looking at a map, projects considerably northwards into free territory, and so stops the way to free migration westwards. W. C.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VIII.—DON RAMON.

On entering the courtyard, a somewhat novel scene presented itself—a Spanish picture, with some transatlantic touches. The patio of a Mexican house is its proper front. Here you no longer look upon jail-like door and windows, but façades gaily frescoed, curtained verandahs, and glazed sashes that reach to the ground. The patio of Don Ramon's mansion was paved with brick. A fountain, with its tank of japanned mason-work, stood in the centre; orange-trees stretched their fronds over the water: their golden globes and white wax-like flowers perfumed the atmosphere, which, cooled by the constant evaporation of the *jet d'eau*, felt fresh and fragrant. Round three sides of the court extended a verandah, its floor of painted tiles rising but a few inches above the level of the paved court. A row of *portales* supported the roof of this verandah, and the whole corridor was railed in, and curtained. The curtains were close-drawn, and except at one point—the entrance between two of the *portales*—the corridor was completely screened from our view, and consequently all the windows of the house, which opened into the verandah. No human face greeted our searching glances. In looking to the rear, into the great *corral*, or cattle-yard, we could see numerous peons in their brown leathern dresses, with naked legs and sandalled feet; vaqueros in all their grandeur of velveteens, bell-buttons, and gold or silver lace; with a number of women and young girls in coloured *naguas* and rebosos. A busy scene was presented in that quarter. It was the great cattle enclosure, for the estate of Don Ramon de Vargas was a *hacienda de ganados*, or grand cattle-farm—a title which in no way detracts from the presumed respectability of its owner, many of the noble *hidalgos* of Mexico being only *graziers* on a large scale.

On entering the patio, I only glanced back at the corral; my eyes were busy with the curtained verandah, and, failing there, were carried up to the azotea, in hopes of discovering the object of my thoughts. The house, as I have elsewhere stated, was but a single story in height, and from the saddle, I could almost look into the azotea. I could see that it was a sanctuary of rare plants, and the broad leaves and bright corollas of some of the taller ones appeared over the edge of the parapet. Abundance of fair flowers I could perceive, but not that for which I was looking. No

face yet shewed, no voice greeted us with a welcome. The shouts of the vaqueros, the music of singing-birds caged along the corridor, and the murmur of the fountain, were the only sounds. The two former suddenly became hushed, as the hoofs of our horses rang upon the stone pavement, and the heedless water alone continued to utter its soft monotone. Once more my eyes swept the curtain, gazing intently into the few apertures left by a careless drawing; once more they sought the azotes, and glanced along the parapet: my scrutiny still remained unrewarded.

Without exchanging a word, Wheatley and I sat silent in our saddles, awaiting the return of the portero. Already the peons, vaqueros, and wenches had poured in through the back gateway, and stood staring with astonishment at the unexpected guests. After a considerable pause, the tread of feet was heard upon the corridor, and presently the messenger appeared, and announced that the *dueno* was coming. In a minute after, one of the curtains was drawn back, and an old gentleman made his appearance behind the railing. He was a person of large frame, and although slightly stooping with age, his step was firm, and his whole aspect bespoke a wonderful energy and resolution. His eyes were large and brilliant, shadowed by heavy brows, upon which the hair still retained its dark colour, although that of his head was white as snow. He was simply habited—in a jacket of nankeen cloth, and wide trousers of like material. He wore neither waistcoat nor cravat. A full white shirt of finest linen covered his breast, and a sash of dull blue colour was twisted round his waist. On his head was a costly hat of the 'Guayaquil grass,' and in his fingers a husk cigarrito smoking at the end.

Altogether, the aspect of Don Ramon—for it was he—despite its assumed sternness, was pleasing and intelligent; and I should have relished a friendly chat with him, even upon his own account.

This, however, was out of the question. I must abide by the spirit of my orders: the farce must be played out; so, touching the flanks of my horse, I rode forward to the edge of the verandah, and placed myself *vis-à-vis* to the Don.

'Are you Don Ramon de Vargas?'

'Si, señor,' was the reply, in a tone of angry astonishment.

'I am an officer of the American army'—I spoke loud, and in Spanish of course, for the benefit of the peons and vaqueros. 'I am sent to offer you a contract to supply the army with beeves. I have here an order from the general-in-chief'—

'I have no beeves for sale,' interrupted Don Ramon in a loud indignant voice; 'I shall have nothing to do with the American army.'

'Then, sir,' retorted I, 'I must take your beeves without your consent. You will be paid for them, but take them I must; my orders require that I should do so. Moreover, your vaqueros must accompany us, and drive the cattle to the American camp.'

As I said this, I signalled to Holingsworth, who rode in with his following; and then the whole troop, filing through the back gateway, began to collect the frightened vaqueros, and set them about their work.

'I protest against this robbery!' shouted Don Ramon. 'It is infamous—contrary to the laws of civilised warfare. I shall appeal to my government—to yours—I shall have redress.'

'You shall have payment, Don Ramon,' said I, apparently trying to pacify him.

'Payment, *carrambo!*—payment from robbers, *filibusteres*'—

'Come, come, old gentleman!' cried Wheatley, who was only half behind the scenes, and who spoke rather in earnest, 'keep a good tongue in your head, or you may lose something of more value to you than your cattle. Remember whom you are talking to.'

'*Tejanos! ladrones!*' hissed Don Ramon, with an earnest application of the latter phrase that would certainly have brought Wheatley's revolver from his belt, had I not, at the moment, whispered a word in the lieutenant's ear.

'Hang the old rascal!' muttered he in reply to me; 'I thought he *was* in earnest. Look here, old fellow!' he continued, addressing himself to Don Ramon, 'don't you be scared about the dollars. Uncle Sam's a liberal trader and a good paymaster. I wish your beef was mine, and I had *his* promise to pay for it. So take things a little easier, if you please; and don't be so free of your "*filibusteres*" and "*ladrones*:" free-born Texans ain't used to such talk.'

Don Ramon suddenly cut short the colloquy by angrily closing the curtains, and hiding himself from our sight.

During the whole scene, I had great difficulty in controlling my countenance. I could perceive that the Mexican laboured under a similar difficulty. There was a laughing devil in the corner of his keen eye that required restraint; and I thought once or twice either he or I should lose our equanimity. I certainly should have done so, but that my heart and eyes were most of the time in other quarters. As for the Don, he was playing an important part; and a suspicion of his hypocrisy, on the minds of some of the leathern-clad *grasers* who listened to the dialogue, might have afterwards brought him to trouble. Most of them were his own domestics and retainers, but not all. There were free *rancheros* among them—some who belonged to the *puelblita* itself—some, perchance, who had figured in *pronunciamentos*—who voted at elections, and called themselves *citizens*. The Don, therefore, had good reasons for assuming a character; and well did the old gentleman sustain it.

As he drew the curtain, his half-whispered '*Adios, capitán!*' heard only by myself, sounded full of sweetness and promise; and I felt rather contented as I straightened myself in the saddle, and issued the order for *rieving* his cattle.

CHAPTER IX.

'UN PAPELCITO.'

Wheatley now rode after the troop, which with Holingsworth had already entered the corral. A band of drivers was speedily pressed into service; and with these the two lieutenants proceeded to the great plain at the foot of the hill, where most of Don Ramon's cattle were at pasture. By this arrangement I was left alone, if I except the company of half-a-dozen slippered wenches, the deities of the *cocina*, who, clustered in the corner of the patio, eyed me with mingled looks of curiosity and fear. The verandah curtains remained hermetically closed, and though I glanced at every aperture that offered a chance to an observing eye, no one appeared to be stirring behind them.

'Too high-bred—perhaps indifferent?' thought I. The latter supposition was by no means gratifying to my vanity. 'After all, now that the others are gone out of the way, Don Ramon *might* ask me to step inside. Ah! no—these mestizo women would tell tales: I perceive it would never do. I may as well give it up. I shall ride out, and join the troop.'

As I turned my horse to put this design into execution, the fountain came under my eyes. Its water reminded me that I was thirsty, for it was a July day, and a hot one. A gourd cup lay on the edge of the tank. Without dismounting, I was able to lay hold of the vessel, and filling it with the cool sparkling liquid, I drained it off. It was very good water, but not Canario or Xeres.

Sweeping the curtain once more, I turned with a disappointed glance, and jaggng my horse, rode

doggedly out through the back gateway. Once in the rear of the buildings, I had a full view of the great meadow already known to me; and pulling up, I sat in the saddle, and watched the animated scene that was there being enacted. Bulls, half wild, rushing to and fro in mad fury; vaqueros mounted on their light mustangs, with streaming sash and winding lazo; rangers upon their heavier steeds, offering but a clumsy aid to the more adroit and practised herds-men; others driving off large groups that had been already collected and brought into subjection: and all this amidst the fierce bellowing of the bulls, the shouts and laughter of the delighted troopers, the shriller cries of the vaqueros and peons. The whole formed a picture that, under other circumstances, I should have contemplated with interest. Just then, my spirits were not attuned to its enjoyment, and although I remained for some minutes with my eyes fixed upon it, my thoughts wandered elsewhere.

I confess to a strong faith in woman's curiosity. That such a scene could be passing under the windows of the most aristocratic mansion, without its most aristocratic inmate deigning to take a peep at it, I could not believe. Besides, Isolina was the very reverse. 'Ha! Despite that jealous curtain, those beautiful eyes are glancing through some aperture—window or loophole, I doubt not;' and with this reflection, I once more turned my face to the buildings.

Just then, it occurred to me that I had not sufficiently reconnoitred the *front* of the dwelling. As we approached it, we had observed that the shutters of the windows were closed; but these opened inward, and since that time one or other of them might have been set a little ajar. From my knowledge of Mexican interiors, I knew that these front windows were those of the principal apartments—of the *sala* and grand *cuarto*, or drawing-room—precisely those where the inmates at that hour should be found.

'Fool!' thought I, 'to have remained so long in the patio. Had I gone round to the front windows, I might have——' 'Tis not too late—there's a chance yet.'

Under the impulse of this new hope, I rode back through the corral, and re-entered the patio. The brown-skinned mestizas were still there, chattering and flurried as ever, and the curtain had not been stirred. A glance at it was all I gave; and without stopping, I walked my horse across the paved court, and entered under the arched *saguan*. The massive gate stood open, as we had left it; and on looking into the little box of the portero, I perceived that it was empty. The man had hid himself, in dread of a second interview with the Texan lieutenant!

In another moment, I had emerged from the gateway, and was about turning my horse to inspect the windows, when I heard the word 'Capitan,' pronounced in a voice that sounded soft as a silver bell, and thrilled to my heart like a strain of music.

I looked towards the windows. It came not thence; they were close shut as ever. Whence—Before I had time to ask myself the question, the 'Capitan' was repeated in a somewhat louder key, and I now perceived that the voice proceeded from above—from the *azotea*.

I wrenched my horse round, at the same time turning my eyes upward. I could see no one; but just at that moment an arm, that might have been attached to the bust of Venus, was protruded through a notch in the parapet. In the small hand, wickedly sparkling with jewels, was something white, which I could not distinguish until I saw it projected on the grass—at the same moment that the phrase 'Un *papelcito*' reached my ears.

Without hesitation I dismounted—made myself master of the *papelcito*; and then leaping once more

into the saddle, looked upward. I had purposely drawn my horse some distance from the walls, so that I might command a better view. I was not disappointed—Isolina! The face, that lovely face, was just distinguishable through the slender embrasure, the large brown eyes gazing upon me with that half-earnest, half-mocking glance I had already noticed, and which produced within me both pleasure and pain!

I was about to speak to her, when I saw the expression suddenly change: a hurried glance was thrown backwards, as if the approach of some one disturbed her; a finger rested momentarily on her lips, and then her face disappeared behind the screening wall of the parapet. I understood the universal sign, and remained silent.

For some moments I was undecided whether to go or stay. She had evidently withdrawn from the front of the building, though she was still upon the *azotea*. Some one had joined her; and I could hear voices in conversation; her own contrasting with the harsher tones of a man. Perhaps her father—perhaps—that other *relative*—less agreeable supposition!

I was about to ride off, when it occurred to me that I had better first master the contents of the '*papelcito*.' Perhaps it might throw some light on the situation, and enable me to adopt the more pleasant alternative of remaining a while longer upon the premises. I had thrust the *billet* into the breast of my frock; and now looked around for some place, where I might draw it forth and peruse it unobserved. The great arched gateway, shadowy and tenantless, offered the desired accommodation; and heading my horse to it, I once more rode inside the *saguan*. Facing around so as to hide my front from the *cocineras*, I drew forth the strip of folded paper, and spread it open before me. Though written in pencil, and evidently in a hurried impromptu, I had no difficulty in deciphering it. My heart throbbed exultingly as I read:—

'Capitan! I know you will pardon our dry hospitality? A cup of cold water—ha! ha! ha! Remember what I told you yesterday: we fear our *friends* more than our *foes*, and we have a *guest* in the house my father dreads more than you and your terrible *filibusters*. I am not angry with you for my pet, but you have carried off my lazo as well. Ah, capitan! would you rob me of everything?—Adios! ISOLINA.'

Thrusting the paper back into my bosom, I sat for some time pondering upon its contents. Part was clear enough—the remaining part full of mystery.

'We fear our *friends* more than our *foes*.' I was behind the scenes sufficiently to comprehend what was intended by that cunningly worded phrase. It simply meant that Don Ramon de Vargas was *Ayankiadeo*—in other words, a friend to the American cause, or, as some loud demagogues would have pronounced him, a 'traitor to his country.' It did not follow, however, that he was anything of the kind. He might have wished success to the American arms, and still remained a true friend to his country—not one of those blind bigots whose standard displays the brigand motto, 'Our country right or wrong,' but an enlightened patriot, who desired more to see Mexico enjoy peace and happiness under foreign domination, than that it should continue in anarchy under the iron rule of native despots. What is there in the empty title of *independence*, without peace, without liberty? After all, patriotism in its ordinary sense is but a doubtful virtue—perhaps nearer to a crime! It will one day appear so; one day in the far future it will be supplanted by a virtue of higher order—the patriotism that knows no boundaries of nations, but whose country is the whole earth. That, however, would not be 'patriotism!'

Was Don Ramon de Vargas a patriot in this sense—a man of progress, who cared not that the name of 'Mexico' should be blotted from the map, so long as

peace and prosperity should be given to his country under another name? Was Don Ramon one of these? It might be. There were many such in Mexico at that time, and these principally of the class to which Señor de Vargas belonged—the *ricos*, or proprietors. It is easy enough to explain why the Ayankieados were of the class of *ricos*.

Perhaps the affection of Don Ramon for the American cause had less lofty motives; perhaps the 5000 beeves may have had something to do with it? Whether or no, I could not tell; nor did I stay to consider. I only reflected upon the matter at all as offering an explanation to the ambiguous phrase now twice used by his fair daughter—'We fear our friends more than our foes.' On either supposition, the meaning was clear.

What followed was far from equally perspicuous. *A guest in the house dreaded by her father!* Here was mystery indeed. Who could that guest be?—who but Ijurra?

But Ijurra was her cousin—she had said so. If a cousin, why should he be dreaded? Was there still another guest in the house? That might be: I had not been inside to see. The mansion was large enough to accommodate another—half a score of others. For all that, my thoughts constantly turned upon Ijurra, and why I know not; but I could not resist the belief that he was the person pointed at—the guest that was 'dreaded!'

The behaviour which I had noticed on the day before—the first and only time I had ever seen the man—his angry speech and looks addressed to Isolina—her apparent fear of him: these it was, no doubt, that guided my instincts; and I at length came to the conviction that he was the fiend dreaded by Don Ramon. And she too feared him! 'God grant that she do not also love him!'

Such was my mental ejaculation, as I passed on to consider the closing sentences of the hastily written note. In these I also encountered ambiguity of expression; whether I construed it aright, time would tell. Perhaps my wish was too much parent to my thoughts; but it was with exulting heart I rode out from the gateway.

CHAPTER X.

AN OLD ENMITY.

I rode slowly, and but a few paces before reining up my horse. Although I was under the impression that it would be useless remaining, and that an interview with Isolina was impossible, for that day at least, I could not divest myself of the desire to linger a little longer near the spot. Perhaps she might appear again upon the azotea; if but for a moment; if but to wave her hand, and waft me an adieu; if but—

When a short distance separated me from the walls, I drew up, and turning in the saddle, glanced back to the parapet. A face was there, where hers had been; but, oh, the contrast between her lovely features and those that now met my gaze! Hyperion to the Satyr! Not that the face now before me was ugly or ill featured. There are some, and women too, who would have termed it handsome: to my eyes, it was hideous! Let me confess that this hideousness, or more properly its cause, rested in the moral, rather than the physical expression; perhaps, too, a little of it might have been found in my own heart. Under other circumstances, I might not have criticised that face so harshly. All the world did not think as I about the face of Rafael Ijurra—for it was he who was gazing at me over the parapet.

Our eyes met; and that first glance stamped the relationship between us—hostility for life! Not a word passed, and yet the looks of each told the other, in the plainest language, 'I am your foe.' Had we sworn it in wild oaths, in all the bitter hyperbole of insult,

neither of us would have felt it more profound and keen.

I shall not stay to analyse this feeling of sudden and unexpressed hostility, though the philosophy of it is simple enough. You too have experienced it—perhaps more than once in your life, without being exactly able to explain it. I am not in that dilemma: I could explain it easily enough; but it scarcely merits an explanation. Suffice to say, that while gazing upon the face of that man, I entertained it in all its strength.

I have called it an *unexpressed* hostility. Therein I have spoken without thought; it was fully expressed by both of us, though not in words. Words are but weak symbols of a passion, compared with the passion itself, exhibited in the clenched hand, the lip compressed, the flashing eye, the clouded cheek, the quick play of the muscles—weak symbols are words compared with signs like these. No words passed between Ijurra and myself; none were needed. Each read in the other a rival—a rival in love, a competitor for the heart of a lovely woman, the *loveliest* in Mexico! It is needless to say that, under such an aspect, each hated the other at sight.

In the face of Ijurra I read more. I saw before me a man of bad heart and brutal nature. His large, and, to speak the truth, beautiful eyes, had in them an animal expression. They were not without intelligence, but so much the worse, for that intelligence expressed ferocity and bad faith. His beauty was the beauty of the jaguar. He had the air of an accomplished man, accustomed to conquest in the field of love—heartless, reckless, false. O mystery of our nature, there are those who love such men!

In Ijurra's face I read more: *he knew my secret!* The significant glance of his eye told me so. He knew why I was lingering there. The satiric smile upon his lip attested it. He saw my efforts to obtain an interview, and, confident in his own position, held my failure but lightly—a something only to amuse him. I could tell all this by the sardonic sneer that sat upon his features.

As we continued to gaze, neither moving his eyes from the other, this sneer became too oppressive to be silently borne. I could no longer stand such a satirical reading of my thoughts. The insult was as marked as words could have made it; and I was about to have recourse to words to reply, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs caused me to turn my eyes in an opposite direction. A horseman was coming up the hill, in a direct line from the pastures. I saw it was one of the lieutenants—Hollingworth.

A few more stretches of his horse brought the lieutenant upon the ground, where he pulled up directly in front of me.

'Captain Warfield!' said he, speaking in an official tone, 'the cattle are collected; shall we proceed?'

He proceeded no further with that sentence; his eye, chance directed, was carried up to the azotea, and rested upon the face of Ijurra. He started in his saddle, as if a serpent had stung him; his hollow eyes shot prominently out, glaring wildly from their sockets, while the muscles of his throat and jaws twitched in convulsive action! For a moment, the desperate passion seemed to stifle his breathing, and while thus silent, the expression of his eyes puzzled me. It was of frantic joy, and ill became that face where I had never observed a smile. But the strange look was soon explained—it was not friendship, but the joy of anticipated vengeance! Breaking into a wild laugh, he shrieked out: 'Rafael Ijurra, by the eternal God!'

This awful and emphatic recognition produced its effect. I saw that Ijurra knew the man who addressed him. His dark countenance turned suddenly pale, and then became mottled with livid spots, while his eyes scintillated and rolled about in the unsteady glances of terror. He made no reply beyond the

ejaculation 'Demonio!' which seemed involuntarily to escape him. He appeared unable to reply; surprise and fright held him spell-bound and speechless!

'Traitor! villain! murderer!' shrieked Holingsworth, 'we've met at last; now for a squaring of our accounts!' and in the next instant the muzzle of his rifle was pointing to the notch in the parapet—pointing to the face of Ijurra!

'Hold, Holingsworth!—hold!' cried I, pressing my heel deeply into my horse's flanks, and dashing forward.

Though my steed sprang instantly to the spur, and as quickly I caught the lieutenant's arm, I was too late to arrest the shot. I spoiled his aim, however; and the bullet, instead of passing through the brain of Rafael Ijurra, as it would certainly have done, glanced upon the mortar of the parapet, sending a cloud of lime-dust into his face.

Up to that moment, the Mexican had made no attempt to escape beyond the aim of his antagonist. Terror must have glued him to the spot. It was only when the report of the rifle, and the blinding mortar broke the spell, that he was able to turn and fly. When the dust cleared away, his head was no longer above the wall.

I turned to my companion, and addressed him in some warmth:

'Lieutenant Holingsworth! I command!—'

'Captain Warfield,' interrupted he, in a tone of cool determination, 'you may command me in all matters of duty, and I shall obey you. This is a private affair; and, by the Eternal, the general himself!—Bah! I lose time; the villain will escape!' and before I could seize either himself or his bridle-rein, he shot his horse past me, and entered the gateway at a gallop.

I followed as quickly as I could, and reached the patio almost as soon as he; but too late to hinder him from his purpose. I grasped him by the arm, but with determined strength he wrenched himself free—at the same instant gliding out of his saddle. Pistol in hand, he rushed up the *escalera*, his trailing scabbard clanking upon the stone steps as he went. He was soon out of my sight, behind the parapet of the azotea.

Flinging myself from the saddle, I followed as fast as my legs would carry me. While on the stairway, I heard loud words and oaths above, the crash of falling objects, and then two shots following quick and fast upon each other. I heard screaming in a woman's voice, and a groan—the last uttered by a man. One of them is dead or dying, thought I.

On reaching the azotea—which I did in a few seconds of time—I found perfect silence there. I saw no one, male or female, living or dead! True, the place was like a garden, with plants, shrubs, and even trees growing in gigantic pots. I could not view it all at once. They might still be there behind the screen of leaves?

I ran to and fro over the whole roof; I saw flower-pots freshly broken. It was the crash of them I had heard coming up. I saw no men, neither Holingsworth nor Ijurra! They could not be standing up, or I should have seen them. 'Perhaps they are down among the pots—both. There were two shots. Perhaps both are down—dead!'

But where was she who screamed? Was it Isolina?

Half distracted, I rushed to another part of the roof. I saw a small *escalera*—a private stair—that led into the interior of the house. Ha! they must have gone down by it? she who screamed must have gone that way?

For a moment, I hesitated to follow; but it was no time to stand upon etiquette, and I was preparing to plunge down the stairway, when I heard shouting outside the walls, and then another shot from a pistol.

I turned, and stepped hastily across the azotea in the direction of the sounds. I looked over the parapet.

Down the slope of the hill two men were running at the top of their speed, one after the other. The hindmost held in his hand a drawn sabre. It was Holingsworth still in pursuit of Ijurra!

The latter appeared to be gaining upon his vengeful pursuer, who, burdened with his accoutrements, ran heavily. The Mexican was evidently making for the woods that began at the bottom of the hill; and in a few seconds more he had entered the timber, and passed out of sight. Like a hound upon the trail, Holingsworth followed, and disappeared from my view at the same spot.

Hoping I might still be able to prevent the shedding of blood, I descended hastily from the azotea, mounted my horse, and galloped down the hill. I reached the edge of the woods where they had gone in, and followed some distance upon their trail; but I lost it at length, and came to a halt. I remained for some minutes listening for voices, or, what I more expected to hear, the report of a pistol. Neither sound reached me. I heard only the shouts of the vaqueros on the other side of the hill; and this reminding me of my duty, I turned my horse, and rode back to the hacienda.

There, everything was silent: not a face was to be seen. The inmates of the house had hidden themselves in rooms barred up and dark; even the damsels of the kitchen had disappeared, thinking, no doubt, that an attack would be made upon the premises, and that spoliation and plunder were intended.

I was puzzled how to act. Holingsworth's strange conduct had disarranged my ideas. I should have demanded admission, and explained the occurrence to Don Ramon; but I had no explanation to give; I rather needed one for myself; and under a painful feeling of suspense as to the result, I rode off from the place.

Half-a-dozen rangers were left upon the ground, with orders to await the return of Holingsworth, and then gallop after us; while the remainder of the troop, with Wheatley and myself in advance of the vast drove, took the route for the American camp.

DR LIVINGSTONE AND HIS DISCOVERIES.

It is not our business to follow in the steps of the newspapers, but an event has recently taken place of an interest so peculiar in science and civilisation, that it must of necessity find a record in our pages. For a considerable time past, the world has now and then had scraps of information before it touching the remarkable travels of Dr Livingstone in Africa; and the conviction gathered upon most minds that this intrepid missionary was one of the greatest of modern discoverers. No book, however, came forth from the wanderer to give tangible evidence of the facts, and his voice was heard from time to time only as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Great, therefore, was the excitement a few weeks ago, when it was found that, after an absence of sixteen years, he had returned, and that Dr Livingstone was actually to be seen in the body among the denizens of the metropolis.

Among the gatherings to greet this remarkable person, the most important, in a scientific point of view, was that of the Royal Geographical Society, on the evening of meeting, December 15. The ostensible business was to present the traveller, for the second time, with the highest distinction it is in the power of the Society to bestow—their gold medal. The first was given for traversing South Africa from the Cape of Good Hope by the Lake Ngami to Linyanti, and thence to the west coast, in 10 degrees south latitude; the present was for setting out anew from Linyanti, and completing the entire journey across South Africa.

Many interesting and crowded meetings have been held in the Society's rooms, but assuredly none more interesting or more crowded than on the occasion in question. Sir Roderick Murchison filled the chair with his accustomed tact and dignity; and among the eminent of his supporters were the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Portuguese minister, Professor Owen, Sir John Richardson, and African travellers not a few, including Mr Gordon Cumming in full Highland costume. Among the ladies, whose presence added a charm to the meeting, sat Lady Franklin, her widow's cap betokening the sad fate of her brave husband in the regions of polar frost. Many more names might we enumerate; suffice it, however, that the rooms were overcrowded, numbers of visitors having to stand during the whole time of the meeting, which was prolonged to an hour unusually late.

The proceedings began at half-past eight, when Sir Roderick entered, accompanied by a gentleman about forty years of age, somewhat spare in face and form, of average height, dark hair, brow furrowed through hardships, and complexion deeply bronzed, almost black, from exposure to a scorching sun. The appearance of this man was hailed by a general clapping of hands, stamping of feet, and such other demonstrations as are resorted to by a British audience when they desire to express hearty admiration, esteem, and welcome. The stranger bowed and took his seat. Dr Norton Shaw, the secretary of the Society, read sundry formal notices, and then the important business of the evening began.

The stranger was the Rev. Dr Livingstone, missionary and traveller, the man who has taken away the opprobrium from African geography, who has accomplished what many have attempted in vain ever since the earliest days of Portuguese discovery—namely, a journey across the continent of Southern Africa, from the centre to the western coast, and from the western coast washed by the Atlantic to the eastern shores on which beats the thunderous surf of the Indian Ocean. And this he has done without any great flourish of trumpets—without pecuniary grants from government—without companions or escort, save what the friendship of the natives yielded. Trusting in Providence, and strong in his hopeful self-reliance, he went manfully through the work that lay before him to do.

We have from time to time incidentally mentioned in the *Journal* Dr Livingstone's movements and discoveries, and need not apologise for this completer notice, in which we need but to follow the proceedings of the meeting. The president, rising, reminded the company that the gold medal of the Society had been awarded to Dr Livingstone in 1855; and now, the much greater feat accomplished by the adventurous traveller made a similar presentation so much the more pleasurable a duty. Great was the applause as the missionary received the golden token by which the Society acknowledge and honour his meritorious services.

Dr Livingstone commenced his reply by an apology for his 'imperfections in speech-making.' Sixteen years' absence from England, and the habit of speaking only the Bechuana and other African dialects during nearly the whole of that time, checks his fluency in his native language. The effect is observable also in his manner of speaking, for there is a metallic, ringing character about his voice, similar to what is described as peculiar to certain African tribes, some of whose sounds resemble the striking together of pieces of copper. His style of speech, moreover, is homely—such as would be familiar to simple-minded men; hence there is a novel sort of pleasure in listening to

what he says. While he spoke, thanking the Society for the honour they had done him, and with great modesty of himself, we could enter into the spirit with which he wrote in one of his recent letters: 'I am not so elated in having performed what has not, to my knowledge, been done before, in traversing the continent, because the end of the geographical feat is but the beginning of the missionary enterprise. May God grant me life to do some more good to this poor Africa!' We unite in his 'hope that the medal will go down in his family as an heir-loom worth keeping.'

Then followed Mr Labouchere with a short speech and a resolution expressing thanks 'to the governors of the Portuguese settlements in Africa, who had so kindly received and entertained Dr Livingstone.' This was seconded by Sir Henry Rawlinson, of Ninevite fame; who told the meeting he wished the duty had fallen into abler hands, but that the chairman's commands were like the laws of the Medes and Persians, with which he (Sir H.) had some acquaintance. The resolution, we need hardly say, was carried by acclamation; his excellency Count Lavradio, the Portuguese minister, who asked leave to speak in French, making a very purpose-like speech in reply.

Then the secretary read portions of letters from Dr Livingstone, reserved especially for the meeting, giving an account of his travels, which were rendered the more interesting by *vis-à-vis* observations from the doctor himself. Our readers will perhaps remember that first among the enterprising missionary's exploits heard of in this country, was the discovery of the great Lake Ngami. This lake, it now appears, is for the most part shallow; fordable in places, and likely to dry up. This desiccation is no new phenomenon, for in the Bechuana country, and other regions to the south of the lake, there are ancient river-beds in which water has not flowed for ages, and most of the existing streams are dwindled to a mere rivulet. It is as if the interior of Africa were drying up. The commencement of the process is assigned by Dr Livingstone to a remote period, when a fissure made in a range of basaltic hills opened a new channel for the great river Leambye.

Up to the 20th parallel of south latitude, as is pretty well known, the drying process is well-nigh complete, for there the inhabitants depend, with rare exceptions, on fountains alone for their supply of water. But to the north of that parallel, the country is well watered, traversed, indeed, by a network of perennial rivers, and is of remarkable fertility. Elephants, giraffes, buffaloes, zebras, and many kinds of game abound, and three antelopes were shot of a species not yet known in England. The doctor's gun was the first ever fired in that country, and so inexperienced were the animals of their dangerous effects, that they stood still within bow-shot, and were easily killed. This is as different a country from the arid region to the south as from the western coast of Europeans, a maze of swamps and forests. It is elevated, cooled by pleasant breezes, and abounding in fruit and grain. This is the habitat of the true Nigritian, the curly-headed, jet-black negro, whose intelligent though simple race, when quickened by European knowledge, will one day rule the continent. A striking token of the direction of the genius of this people towards civilisation, is to be found in the social condition of their women. The will of the women is paramount, and at times they even become chiefs. 'If a man were asked to go anywhere,' said Mr Livingstone, 'or to agree to any arrangement, he answered: "I must go home and ask my wife." If she said "No," there was no possibility of getting him to move. Women sit in the councils; and while a Bechuana swears by his father, these negroes swear by their mother.' It may even be inferred that the ladies carry their supremacy a little too far. *If a woman beat her husband*, we are told, they are both taken to the market-place, and the wife is compelled

to carry her injured lord home on her back amidst the cheers of the people. On these occasions, the women generally cry out: 'Give it him again!' In all parts of his travel, the women shewed great kindness to Dr Livingstone and his party; and, what is noteworthy, the English name is known as that of a people 'who like the black man.'

But the most extraordinary circumstance announced by Dr Livingstone is the salubrity of this vast region. 'Some of the districts of the interior,' says he, 'are perfect *sanatoria*; and among the pure negro family, many diseases that affect the people of Europe are unknown. Small-pox and consumption have not been known for twenty years, and scrofula, cancer, and hydrophobia are seldom heard of.'

As regards natural resources, there are large beds of coal, and deposits of copper and iron ores; gold is found in the streams; grain is produced in immense abundance; indigo, quinine, senna leaves—the last in exhaustless supply; the sugar-cane flourishes, although the natives have no idea of sugar; there are whole forests of cinchona, and wax and honey, and valuable fibrous plants, one of which resembles flax—to say nothing of ivory, that can be obtained in any quantity. In one place, the grave of a chief was decorated by thirty large elephants' tusks placed upright in the ground. The country is so fertile, that in the gardens cultivated by the natives, a constant process of sowing and reaping goes on all the year round. All this was detailed by Dr Livingstone with the intelligence of real knowledge, for he is not one of those travellers who go abroad merely to look, describe appearances, and record impressions. Having a competent knowledge of various sciences, as he journeyed along he made observations astronomical, geological, and geometrical, noted the varieties of climate, and took botanical and zoological notes. In addition to these important matters, he had an eye to the commercial products of the various territories and the industrial habits of the natives, and their inclination to trade.

Dr Livingstone went far himself to solve the question as to how the resources of the country could be made available for trade. When first at Linyanti, he succeeded in persuading the chief to let him lead a party with merchandise to the western coast, under a promise to conduct them back. The journey was accomplished, and the party reached the Portuguese settlement of St Paul de Loando, amazed at what they saw of white men and their ways. Here was one path to the sea opened; and since then a second party, led by an Arab, despatched by the chief himself, have repeated the adventure, and safely. The doctor kept his promise, and conducted his troop back to their homes, from whence he afterwards guided them in the opposite direction.

It was in these journeys he found that a long sloping ridge rises between each coast and the interior, whereby the interior becomes a broad shallow basin, with so little outfall in some places, that rain-water lies on the plain until it is evaporated. It is probable that some of the water may find its way to the streams that feed the upper course of the Nile. The Leambye is, however, the principal drain. This is a magnificent stream. Dr Livingstone describes the scenery about the falls where the great river, similarly to the Nile, tumbles suddenly into the narrow basaltic cleft, as of wondrous beauty. The river was followed down to its confluence with the Zambezi, past the Portuguese settlements of Tête and Sena, and to Quilimane at the mouth on the Mozambique Channel. This was the second path to the sea.

But this mouth, as well as another to the south, has for many years been slowly filling up. For six months of the year, the bar at Quilimane is impassable, and always dangerous. A boat's crew of eight men from the *Dart* were all drowned in attempting to

pass it to convey a message to Dr Livingstone. This danger, it appears, may be avoided; for the doctor calls attention to the existence of other mouths with safe harbours further to the north, approachable at all seasons.

It is remarkable that the Zambezi, though deriving from the Leambye, is not flooded at the same time; for the latter inundates the upper country for hundreds of miles in July, when the former is all but dry; and in March and April, when the Zambezi is overflowing its banks, the Leambye is lowest.

Henceforth, a considerable portion of the blank in our maps of Africa will be filled up. The Mountains of the Moon, with their heretofore summits of snow, will probably turn out to be a range trending north-east from the Leambye, with glittering peaks of a rock resembling quartz, of which specimens have been laid before the Geological Society. As for the central region of the Gazetteers, scorched by an insufferable sun, in the rays of which no European could live, we have seen that it is in many important respects healthier than England, and a land abounding in natural wealth. As to the other contributions of Dr Livingstone to human knowledge, we have the testimony of the Rev. T. Maclear, astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope. 'The number of his observations,' writes this gentleman, 'is astonishing, when we consider the difficulties he had to encounter. He observed for latitude and longitude at every interesting point, particularly at the confluence of other rivers with the Zambezi, the bends, the falls, the more important villages. In short, he has opened up, geographically speaking, that hitherto unknown section of the continent. But he has done more: he has graphically described the character of the country, the inhabitants; and altogether his collection of facts would fill a volume, of deep interest to science, commerce, and, last not least, to humanity.'

After Dr Livingstone had concluded his discourse, various inquiries and observations were made by different speakers. Professor Owen said that he had had a conversation with the traveller seventeen years ago in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, and rejoiced to hear his accounts of great collections of fossil bones, and new forms of animal life. Mr Gordon Cumming related how much he owed to Dr Livingstone's hospitality while on his famous hunting-journey; and Captain Vardon, himself an African traveller, said that after hearing the narrative of a journey across the whole continent, he felt as if he had only been to Blackheath and back.

One word in conclusion about the missionary personally. David Livingstone was born in the village of Blantyre Works, Blantyre. He was the second son of Neil Livingstone, long a resident of the place, who, with his wife, Agnes Hunter, continued there for thirty years after their marriage. About sixteen years ago, the family removed to Hamilton, where the mother and two sisters of the traveller still reside, and under their care are his own children. He has two brothers in America—one in business in Canada, and the other a minister in the United States. David Livingstone wrought at the Blantyre mills as a piecer-boy; but subsequently, when he had attained to the dignity of a spinner, he attended the classes in Glasgow during the winter months, resuming his employment at the mills in the summer vacation. Having formed a connection with the London Missionary Society, he left the Blantyre Works; and after completing his studies at the college, Glasgow, he went out to Africa, and up to the Bechuana country, where he married a daughter of the zealous missionary Dr Moffat, whose name is well known in England. Here he was authorised by the London Missionary Society to explore the country to the north. When his travelling enterprise had succeeded as we have

seen, and Europe rang with his fame, the commanders of Her Majesty's ships in the Mozambique Channel had orders to inquire for Dr Livingstone; and in one of those ships he got a passage from Quilimane, and came home by the overland route.

THE STORY OF AN ENGAGED YOUNG PERSON.

It seemed a very long journey that we poor parliamentary passengers were taking, in this early November weather, all the way from London to Liverpool. The stoppages were frequent enough, but of such short duration, that we had scarcely time to get ourselves warmed at the crowded grate before the inexorable bell rang for us to start again, and off we went with a shriek into the blinding fog. It was positively too dark to read with any comfort, even if one was so indifferent to the biting air as to lend one of his hands to hold the book up: we put both of them in our pockets instead, or more usually sat upon them, to keep them warm. It was only when the guard came from time to time to look at our tickets, and trod upon our feet, that we began to feel we had them, so dead they were with cold.

'Sir,' observed a comical-looking tailor to this official, 'your seats are too narrow to be sat upon after my cross-legged fashion, so please be careful; for although my toes are frozen, they will not bear.'

This produced a laugh, and then arose a little talk, principally about how miserable we were, and then, as poor people use, we began to tell what our business was upon at Liverpool; whereupon it seemed that half the carriageful at least were emigrants. Each had his say; and every tale, however roughly told, had more or less of interest, because it was real and human, so that we quite forgot our weariness and cold for a little time. Then, since this had answered so well, the sprightly tailor proposed that one of the party should tell us a regular story, of his own life if he chose, but not only of his present circumstances, but of what had led to them—which was an idea we all received quite rapturously, expecting the tailor himself to begin. But he said no; we must draw lots for that. So producing some long slips of measuring-paper, he wrote a word on one, and shook them altogether in a hat, and sent it round. There was a great deal of giggling among the ladies, and a great deal of secret trepidation among the men, but for a long time nobody pulled out the fatal lot: at last a burst of laughter from those about one of the corner-seats announced that the victim had been selected, and that from among the ladies.

She was certainly the plainest of the female passengers. Her nose turned up, and her mouth had scarcely any turn at all; her hair was red, and so were the rims of her eyes; and her eyes themselves were far from being good ones; but there was a certain piquancy and sprightliness about her, too, as though she had been a French lady's-maid rather than an English one. She looked as if she could put her hand and her well-rounded arm to anything, and had been very good-tempered and obliging throughout the journey. It was understood—it had been expressed, indeed, already rather triumphantly by the young lady herself—that she was an engaged young person, going out to Australia to be married; that there was a somebody waiting upon the other hemisphere with outstretched hands, yearning to receive her as his bride. She would be a capital wife for a settler without doubt, although perhaps in England we should have called her rather a settler for a wife. She seemed to know very well, indeed, what we were all likely to think about this matter; but she didn't care.

If I had been better looking—she began her story

with this—I might never have got a husband, or at least not the money to marry him upon, which is the same thing. The unsuitableness of my face to what I may be allowed to call a very tolerable figure, has been literally the means of bestowing happiness, as I hope, upon Joseph, and of putting L.400 into my own pocket. And this was how it all came about: my late mistress, who was very kind to me, and had intended, poor thing—for she told me so—to leave me comfortably provided for, took me over with her, seven years ago, to Paris. She was a widow lady, fond of a gay life and brilliant amusements; and that place suited her so well, that she made it her home, and I, but little loath, remained there too. Joseph and I had kept company together before that time, but he was not so foolish as to wish me to give up my expectations for the sake of a hurried marriage; he said that he would wait patiently, dear fellow, although the great salt sea was to roll between us, and there could be no chance of his getting a letter more than once a day. He was a mason's assistant in London, and very hardly worked, it seemed, for he himself was not able to reply nearly so often; however, of course I was not a bird, that I could be in two places at once, so I made the best of it, and was as happy as a confidential lady's-maid, under such circumstances, could hope to be.

One evening I had been preparing my mistress, who was a very splendid dresser, for the opera; my only fellow-servant was on leave of absence for some days; and except the porter in the courtyard, there was nobody, when the carriage had driven off that night, in the whole house save myself; therefore, having nothing better—or at least nicer—to do, and being in my mistress's bedroom amongst her beautiful robes and ornaments, it was hardly to be expected that I should resist such an opportunity of trying them on. The room, besides being charmingly hung with mirrors, had a delicious full-length swinging-glass, and before this I amused myself for a good long while. I beheld how Mademoiselle Elizabeth Martin—that is my present name, but dear Joseph's is Andrews—how she looked in bareges, in silks, in muslins, for the morning; and how lace and satin, and low sleeves, with pearls, became her for evening wear; finally, equipping myself in a particularly pleasant glacé silk walking-dress, with a bonnet and falling veil fit for a bride, I could not help twisting round a little, to see as much of myself as possible, and contrasting the effect at the same time with that of madame—who was beautiful enough, but indifferently proportioned—I involuntarily remarked aloud: 'Well, we may be plain in the face, but we are certainly unexceptionable behind.' It was an absurd thing to say even to one's self, and I remember blushing like a beet, as though it were not quite out of the question that I could be overheard. There were several jewel-drawers—this ruby upon my middle finger, a ring belonging to my mistress's late husband, was in one of them—but I had no time for more than to set off a handsome necklace or two, and to very much regret that my ears had not been punched for the accommodation of an especial pair of diamond earrings, before I heard wheels in the courtyard, and my mistress came home. Everything had been put away very carefully, and I undressed her and saw her to bed as usual. She was more than commonly kind and gentle in her manner that night, as I have since thought at least; and when she wished me her *bon soir*, she added: 'I am sure we shall both be tired to-morrow, Bessie; so call me an hour later, and take an extra sleep yourself.' I was never to hear my good mistress speak any more.

Did I dream that night that she had left me all her wardrobe, and that I was married in the glacé silk? Did I, even in my sleep, build schemes of what I would do with the money that my dead mistress might enrich

me with? No; as I hope for heaven, and to meet dear Joseph, with all my woman's vanity, I had my woman's heart too, beating true and warm, and I thought no shadow of evil. I told them so in court, where all looked black against me, and they believed me even there. But in that morning, late, when the sun was shining full upon the window, and the noise of the people going about their daily work was full and clear, I saw a frightful sight, a ghastly horror that the day but served to make more hideous and unnatural—my mistress murdered in her bed! No answer when I knocked; again no answer. The curtains at the bedside were close drawn, but through the open shutters a fiery flood of light fell red upon the carpet and the curtains—ay, and on the corner of the snow-white counterpane, red also. It was blood! I thought there had been a rain of blood; upon the handles of the drawers, upon the toilet-cover, on the dressing-case, upon the towels, in the basin—everywhere where the murderer's hands had been after their deadly work; and in the bed—I dared not look in the bed; but in that great swing-glass, where I had decked myself but a few hours ago, I saw it all, and every mirror in the room was picturing the same sight—there lay the corpse, the murdered woman with her gaping throat. . . . They thought at first that I was murdered too, lying so stiff and cold in that death-chamber. I answered nothing to their questions, neither in the house nor in the prison. I knew nothing, nor could I have told them had I known, until Joseph came. It seemed to me then quite natural that he should be with me—nothing praiseworthy, nothing. (This dear little engaged young person's eyes began to get redder about the rims at this reminiscence, and her story to assume an incoherent as well as choky character.) I did not understand how much I owed him: how, not having heard from me for some time, and reading in the paper that an English lady's-maid had been taken up in Paris for a murder in the Rue St Honoré, but that she refused to speak, and even had perhaps in reality lost her senses, he started off at once, giving up his employ, and borrowing and begging what he could, and knowing no word of French but the name of that one street, he hurried to me: so that my mind came back again, and I could tell them what I knew. All he did, he said, was less than he ought to have done, because he had behaved ill to me of old (which, I am sure, dear Joseph never had, nor thought of doing). He stood by me in court—in the prisoners' place along with me he stood and shared my shame. I told about the jewels, and of my trying them on; how everything was safe, and the doors locked, and the chamber-window too high to be climbed up to, though a man might have let himself down from it into the yard. And then I learned for the first time that all that afternoon and night the murderer had lain hidden under my mistress's bed; that he must have been there all that time—think of it!—that I was trying on the dresses and the ornaments; that there was murder waiting in that chamber all the while: it made me shudder even then, amidst that crowded court, with Joseph by me. They thought it very strange, they said, that since there was so much time before him between my mistress's departure and return, that he had not murdered me instead. He had carried off all the jewels—those in the drawers as well as those which my poor mistress had worn that very evening; but from the moment he had dropped into the courtyard, the police could find no trace of him. A mere suspicion fell upon the brother of the gate-porter; but it was so vague that he was not put upon his trial. A great sum was offered in reward for the apprehension of the murderer, making up, with what was offered by my late mistress's family, nearly L.400. She died without a will, poor lady, and they were not disposed to give me anything beyond the wages due to me. After my acquittal, a collection for

mine and Joseph's benefit was made by some good people; but the money only sufficed to bring us back to England. Joseph had to work out a heavy debt, incurred upon my account, and I went into service again at once, resolving to do my best to help him. At the end of two years, poor fellow, except that he had discharged his obligation, he was but little better off than at their beginning; and despairing of ever getting a living for us both in the old country, he sailed twelve months ago for Sydney. Whichever of us first got rich, it was arranged, should cross the seas after the other; and until very lately, it seemed that we might each stop where we were, engaged young persons, till we died.

I was nursery-maid in my new place, and was taking the youngest child across Hyde Park one afternoon, when I was followed by an impertinent man; I had my "ugly" on, for the sun was hot, so that my face might have been like Venus, for all he knew to the contrary; and otherwise, I flatter myself I was not disagreeable looking. At all events, I attracted the wretch, who kept close behind me. He was an abominable person, with a foreign appearance—which I had reason enough for disliking—and eyes that looked different ways, but neither of them nice ways, so that I was glad enough to get in sight of the policemen about the marble arch. He saw that there was no time to be lost, if he meant to get a good look at me at all, so he passed me on a sudden very quickly, turned round, and looked up into my face. I gave him a very tolerable stare, too, because I knew it would disappoint him, after his great expectations; and it did so; and not only that, for it made him give a sort of villainous grin, which I hope I may never see again, and he broke out, as if he could not help it for the life of him, with 'Well, we may be plain in the face, but we are unexceptionable behind.' I cried out 'Murder' and 'Police!' as loud as I could, and the man was secured at once. No human being except the one who had been under the bed, her murderer, could have known those words, which I had spoken alone, before madame's toilet-glass. He denied everything, of course, and said it was an unjust detention; but in little more than half an hour, a telegraphic message from the Paris authorities set his mind at ease in this respect, and demanded his presence in that city. He was the elder brother of the gate-porter, whom I had never before seen; and what I had to tell, in addition to the previous suspicions against him, procured his conviction. He was sent to the galleys for life. This ruby ring, which he wore upon his little finger, I identified as having been in the jewel-drawer that very night. It was bestowed upon me after the trial by the heir-at-law, and I obtained besides the L.400 reward. If I had been pretty, you see, there would not have been any occasion for me to have remarked upon it that evening, and I might have remained, my whole life long, an engaged young person.

THE SMOKE-NUISANCE.

IN what combination of ingredients, typical of the 'dark livery of wo,' should the painter dip his brush or the writer his pen, who should attempt to set forth on canvas or paper the multiplied evils and miseries inflicted upon us by this gigantic annoyance! Who shall depict its ravages, or describe its effects upon our health, our linen, our spirits, our tempers?

Only let any one who has travelled, even as far as Paris, recall his first impressions of the noble effect produced by a great city spread out at his feet, as he gazed upon it from the column in the Place Vendôme, and the heights of Montmartre. Let him recollect the green trees of the boulevards, and the brilliant contrast of acacia foliage with white freestone, which, in the environs of that wonderful city, actually gladden

the heart with their sunny cheerfulness of aspect; and then let him turn to London; let him observe—when he can see them—the smoke-dried trees of our parks, and the soot-begrimed walls of our buildings, and the dull leaden hue of our atmosphere; and when he has it pressed home upon him, that the chief cause of this comparatively miserable state of things is sea-coal smoke, I think he will agree with me in thinking that any man who puts forward a plausible theory for the purification of the atmosphere of London, is entitled to a calm and dispassionate hearing.

It is indeed humiliating to an Englishman to return from a continental tour, or to arrive fresh from the pure air of the country, and take the plunge beneath the almost sable pall which at all times, when the household fires are lighted, broods over this great city!

We have no need to enlarge upon this topic; we all daily groan over it, and under it too; and the question still forces itself upon us: 'Can nothing more be done to get rid of the smoke-nuisance?'

We have applied a remedy—such as it is—to the evil, so far as it is connected with factories and steam-boats; but there are still tens of thousands of hearths manufacturing smoke below, and vomiting it forth above. It is my object to shew that a complete, not partial remedy, simple and practicable, is at hand; and that the abatement of the nuisance rests entirely with ourselves.

Perhaps some of my readers will say: 'The man is merely preluding a puff for Arnott's smoke-consuming grates;' and I hasten to assure them that, although concurring in the soundness of their principle, it is not my object in this paper to propose, as a cure for the evil in question, the universal—and to be universal it must be compulsory—use of the grates in question. Most assuredly, were I the autocrat of the British Isles, as Alexander is of 'All the Russias,' I would issue a ukase to compel the use of these fireplaces, if found, on mature experience, to be effectual for the object in view, rather than allow my capital to be seen from a distance only by its smoke; but, leaving the ingenious inventor of what I believe to be a meritorious system, to make his own way, I proceed to observe that, if I mistake not, there is a mode of achieving our object, which is far more universally applicable, and on many accounts preferable. I mean, that while this grate, or any other, which, properly attended to, will consume its own smoke, remains just where it was before, what I am about to propose would extend itself with more facility, and in most cases be more effectual, as requiring less skill and care in its application.

Perhaps it is as convenient a mode of approaching our subject as any other, if we allow ourselves to imagine the same thing done next session for private, that actually has been done for public chimneys—namely, a law made rendering it penal to throw smoke into the atmosphere after a given day. The question arises at once: 'What are we to do?' One would say, 'I will put up the smokeless grates;' another, 'I shall burn nothing but coke;' and a third, 'I shall adopt the plan of cooking by gas, and warm my house with gas stoves;' while still another might observe, that government should take care that the metropolis was served regularly with *anthracite coal*. Here you see, gentle reader, that in a moment no less than four separate plans are at once suggested by the urgency of the case supposed; and no practical man can have the least doubt that the adoption of any one of the four would completely answer his purpose, and keep him out of the meshes of the law. What I would propose, then, is simply, that either one or all of these methods should be rendered compulsory, according as experience shall establish the superior efficacy or economy either of that one, or a combination of them all.

Putting it in another form, my proposal is, that no smoke should be tolerated in large towns; and that it should be made universally known that, by the means enumerated above, all the objects attained by the use of fire can be arrived at without any necessity for producing smoke.

It only remains for me now to offer some observations in connection with the several processes adverted to, and endeavour to find out what may be the most desirable and practicable mode of bringing them into operation.

The Arnott grate, I doubt not, is a good contrivance; but it might be a curious speculation to inquire how long it would take before London could be supplied with it in its length and breadth, and from kitchen to garret, in all its manifold human habitations. For my own part, this idea alone would prevent my feeling sanguine of its coming effectually into play; but it might occupy a very important place in the proposed improvement. Being expensive, it would not suit the majority of cases as well as some cheaper system; but it might figure to advantage in a vast number of sitting-rooms, &c., belonging to the wealthier classes. In fact, it ought to be a most valuable adjunct, although, if I am right, it could not stand alone in doing the work proposed.

We come now to the other system, on which I base my chief expectations. Coal consists of *coke* and *gas*, popularly speaking. Gas is a heating as well as an illuminating power; and its value in the former sense is daily becoming better known—all the essential work of warming apartments can, it is now admitted, be not only performed economically with gas-stoves, but with a great accession of convenience and cleanliness. The very saving of a servant's time in carrying coals, and cleaning grates, &c., is a great economy, as every prudent housekeeper will readily admit. Now, supposing that a great development of the gas-system was to take place from a general use of this beautiful material for cooking and warmth; this would inevitably throw into the market a vast amount of smokeless fuel in the shape of coke. This is the very thing we require; for many will prefer to use a *calorifere* fed with coke, or some form of stove now in use to any other mode of warming. Some will prefer a char-coke fire in the kitchen to the gas-cooking plan; and some would probably combine the two, having a series of gas-burners for boiling, stewing, &c., and a clear fire for roasting; although this can be done admirably with gas alone. Lastly, it is highly probable that native anthracite would find its way to the metropolis in large quantities as soon as the smoke-nuisance was put down by law.

Now, since there are so many concurrent ways by which this object may be attained; and since far more than the first steps are already taken in the direction indicated here; and since the deliverance of London from its smoke would require merely an extension of means and appliances which are already at work, and become essential parts of our social system, I cannot but think that the time is come when all reasonable men ought to give this matter their serious consideration.

I do not for a moment doubt that what I propose is strictly practicable. It will not admit of question, that any London householder who chose it could, at this moment, resolve that within a week his house should cease to contribute its *quotum* of unconsumed carbon to the mass of city-smoke. He could put up at a few hours' notice the additional gas-fittings which would be required, where he chose that gas should do the work hitherto performed by coal alone; and, if he chose to vary it a little, he could obtain at a fair price a supply of coke for a portion of that work; and he could get an Arnott grate into his drawing-room, so as to enjoy still the pleasure of a 'cheerful fireside.' I give this in proof that what I recommend can be

done, and done effectually; but I am not so visionary as to let it escape me that what one could do, all could not do. The supply of gas and coke, depending on, and relative as they are to each other, is now capable of a certain extension, but that necessity has its limits. In order to carry out our plan *in extenso*, it would doubtless be necessary to create new means of supply; and it becomes a question of detail, into which I shall not attempt to enter now, what ~~mode~~ of doing this would be the best for the public—whether by 'consumers' companies' created for the occasion, or what else.

No doubt reasonable time should be allowed; and the carrying into effect a project of this kind may involve details which escape observation in the first instance. Let it only receive the attention which such a subject demands from gifted and practical men; and let not class interests and private considerations be allowed to sway the public judgment, and without a reasonable doubt it will speedily be found that what our 'collective wisdom' has seen fit to do in respect of the great smoke-producers, may be done rather more effectually as regards the smaller ones; and for this simple reason, that for private dwellings we have now access, as I have shewn, or can very easily obtain it, to a perfectly smokeless fuel, with the use of which we are already familiar; while the owners of factories, &c., have to contend with a real difficulty in trying to consume a smoky material without allowing any of the smoke to escape. I need not say how great this difficulty must be; but I would just insinuate that a good deal may be done by a strong determination to do it in accordance with those principles of feeding, and attention to detail, which are now tolerably well known.

Just think, gentle reader, of a *smokeless London!* a bright sky, green trees, the possibility of growing flowers in pots, and leaving pictures so that they can be seen. Think of being able to see one another across the street; and averting the danger of broken bones at every crossing in our autumnal and winter fogs! Think of all which is included in the idea of the removal of the smoke-nuisance, and then do what you can to effect it. If you can think of a better plan than mine, I shall most heartily welcome it. If you see any difficulty in what I propound, say so honestly, and I will either honestly admit it, or endeavour to shew you how it may be removed.

I need scarcely add, that I have taken London merely as a type—what is true there is true in Edinburgh (Auld Reekie!) or any other large city. May they all soon burn their smoke!

CALCULATING-MACHINE.

M. Thomas, of Colmar, says the *Moniteur*, has lately made the finishing improvements in the calculating-machine called the arithmometer, at which he has been working for upwards of thirty years. Pascal and Leibnitz, in the seventeenth century, and Diderot at a later period, endeavoured to construct a machine which might serve as a substitute for human intelligence in the combination of figures, but their efforts failed. M. Thomas's arithmometer may be used without the least trouble or possibility of error, not only for addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, but also for much more complex operations, such as the extraction of the square root, involution, the resolution of triangles, &c. A multiplication of eight figures by eight others is made in 18 seconds; a division of sixteen figures by eight figures in 24 seconds; and in 1½ minutes one can extract the square root of sixteen figures, and also prove the accuracy of the calculation. The arithmometer adapts itself to every sort of combination. As an instance of the wonderful extent of its powers, we may state that it can furnish in a few seconds products amounting to 999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999—a marvellous number, comparable to the infinite multitude of stars which stud the firmament, or the particles of dust

which float in the atmosphere. The working of this instrument is, however, most simple. To raise or lower a nut-screw, to turn a winch a few times, and by means of a button to slide off a metal plate from left to right, or from right to left, is the whole secret. Instead of simply reproducing the operations of man's intelligence, the arithmometer relieves that intelligence from the necessity of making the operations. Instead of repeating responses dictated to it, this instrument instantaneously dictates the proper answer to the man who asks it a question. It is not matter producing material effect, but matter which thinks, reflects, reasons, calculates, and executes all the most difficult and complicated arithmetical operations with a rapidity and infallibility which defies all the calculators in the world. The arithmometer is, moreover, a simple instrument, of very little volume, and easily portable. It is already used in many great financial establishments, where considerable economy is realised by its employment.

A FIRESIDE SONG.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

GIVE Hope a place beside our evening-fire;
 'Twill add a warmer relish to its glow,
 And bring out pictures from the smouldering pyre
 Which darkness and despair can never shew;
 'Twill breathe of Night that ushers the glad Day,
 And the white Winter followed by green May.

'Twill draw forth images of suns that rise
 From the dark bosom of the passing mist—
 Of smiling glances drying tearful eyes,
 And wan cheeks into roses new health-kist;

Hope is not always false, whate'er men say,
 Since after Winter follows the green May.

Cold is the night, but colder is the street—

Be thankful for the fagot in the grate;
 And dwell on every mercy thou dost meet,

Blessing the Hand which spares thee griefs that wait
 On many a sufferer, in whose sterner way
 Lingers the Winter longer than the May.

Thank God for this, that Hope hath come from Him,
 And nestles in our hearts, like birds that find

'Neath some kind thatch shelter from hail-storm grim,
 And food where stacks of corn keep off the wind:
 Stay, heavenly Hope! and teach us well to pray
 That Winter may be followed by green May!

CRIME AND CRIMINALS IN LONDON.

London is labouring under a plague of criminals, so accurately known to the police, that the commissioners have actually reported their numbers to amount to 107 burglars, 110 housebreakers—the distinction is the commissioners', not ours—38 highway robbers, 773 pickpockets, 8657 sneaksman or common thieves, 11 horse-stealers, and 141 dog-stealers; besides a whole host of other offenders, but not habitually using violence, which swell the number of criminals in London to 16,900 known to the police. It is perfectly notorious that all these ruffians carry on their business as systematically as butchers and tailors—that they are never without the intent to commit a felony—and that, when they are not so doing, it is because they have not the opportunity. If the peace of London and the prosperity of its inhabitants—now preyed upon by those gentry to the extent of from £40,000 to £50,000 a year—could be secured by locking up less than 300 known, hardened, and incorrigible offenders, before they have the opportunity of committing another felony, we do not think that the British constitution, sensitive as it is, would sink under the shock.—*Morning Post*.

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A SPIRITUAL EXTENSION OF A PHYSICAL LAW.

Of late years, the effects of different employments on the physical health of man have been freely discussed, and systematically traced, by means statistical and otherwise. That those effects are too often injurious, is an undisputed fact; while it is at the same time clear that they may be prevented, removed, or modified, by remedial contrivances or treatment. The maladies or malformations which arise from excess, possess their corresponding nostrum—moderation—or may be at least partially avoided by counteracting discipline proper to the case. Those which result from directly detrimental agency, can only be successfully combated by its mechanical removal or avoidance. The physiologist must use his skill to determine why a given kind of labour should give rise to a given form of ailment, and thus scientifically account for the cholic of painters, the wasting of grinders, the phthisis of masons, the gutta serena of needlewomen, or the nervous ruin of quicksilver miners. But it is sufficiently obvious to every one, without reference to any greater authority than common sense, that the multifarious complaints to which working flesh is heir by reason of its labour, are due to one common and adequate cause—the breach of physical laws, by fealty to which humanity holds vigour and life. If a man, regardless of gravitation, throws himself from a precipice, it is not surprising if his neck be broken and his limbs mangled; if he submerges himself in water, he may reasonably expect soon to become comatose; or if he takes shelter beneath a tree in a thunder-storm, it will not be very wonderful if the lightning strike him dead. Extreme as these illustrations may appear, they involve neither more nor less than the reason and cause for those slower but not less certain evils which follow the overstraining of a sense, the inhalation of unwholesome air, or a too sedentary mode of life.

It is not a part of my intention to enter more fully on this subject, as it affects the physical part of man—his body; I wish to point out that strictly analogous results, in obedience to a strictly analogous, or rather the same law, may be observed in the spiritual part of man—his mind. After all, the whole matter is but a corollary of the great principle of law which reigns throughout the universe, so far as man is cognizant thereof, and which, from a moral point of view, is expressed in the reflection, that the rain falls both on the just and the unjust. There is a noteworthy parallelism between the body and the mind running through the whole of man. Just as there is one great type of the human frame, to which all men conform, so is there

one type of soul. As the Caucasian mould is distinguishable from the Mongol, so the Caucasian mind is different from the Mongol. As nations physically differ, so mentally they vary; as family features bear the common mark of kinship, so do their spiritual attributes; and as each face possesses its own individuality, so has each character. Hereditary physique has its analogue in hereditary tone of mind; and it would not be difficult to adduce instances in which scientific, literary, or musical talent has descended through several generations. Although, therefore, character is essentially and originally diverse, there can be no doubt that its development, like that of the physical frame, may be perfect or imperfect, healthy or diseased, according to its surroundings and the facilities afforded it; and so far, and so far only, man is the creature of circumstance.

Mental philosophy, dealing with spiritual phenomena, evades the touchstone of experiment, is not amenable to units of reference, and owes no allegiance to ratios: thus it lies without the region over which the savant has dominion, and can never, perhaps, take its place amongst the exacter sciences. I say *perhaps*, because in these days of progress, especially physiological, it is hard to regard anything as entirely impossible. Nevertheless, from the infancy of philosophy it has been a recognised truth—without which recognition no mental philosophy could indeed exist—that there are spiritual laws no less sure in their effect, and constant in their energy, than those physical laws which ordain that the rain-drop should fall and the planets hold their untiring courses. And it is no less true, that in so far as man conforms to these spiritual ordinances, his mind shall be vigorous and healthy; and in so far as he disregards and violates them, his mind shall be distorted and diseased. It requires no difficult analysis to verify this conclusion by the characters of those we see around us in society. In the literature of fiction, in daily life, and colloquial speech, we discover a common conviction and thought, that different professions and occupations induce warped and diseased forms of character peculiar to themselves.

I believe that there may be and is a healthy conservatism; but I hold the conservatism of lawyers to be a professional disease. They deal habitually with dry forms, venerable to them for their antiquity, and valuable for the toil that has been bestowed upon them, though mummies to the world at large. It is hardly to be expected that a man will readily acknowledge the learned lore on which he has spent his best days, and to which he looks for sustenance and honour at the hands of society, to be outgrown, and only worthy of such respect as is due to a cast-off suit. No doubt

many a special pleader felt a pang, sharp and severe, when his elaborate and time-honoured entanglements were swept to the heap of things useless, and nuisances not to be endured; and many a conveyancer, mourning over the decline of his country, believes John Doe and Richard Roe to be as essential elements of the British constitution as her Majesty or the House of Lords. But worse than the conservative ailment is the disease of professional morality. It is the misfortune of patient students of the law that the moral elements of a 'case' have to be disregarded, or, rather, 'the height of reason' having determined generally what course is most conformable to moral law, it only remains to accept as the solution of the immediate question, the dictum or decision of a judge or bench of judges. The duty of the learned counsel is to make the best case he can for the litigant who fees him; to evade the telling of the whole truth, it may be; to explain away unpleasant facts; to influence the judge by an appeal to the law, and bamboozle, with appeals to the feelings, the jury. It is obvious that a man who devotes his whole energies to labour of this description, may easily become one-sided in his view of moral dignity and truth; but if the mere learned counsel is liable to somewhat stunted growth of the conscience, and monomaniacal antipathy to reform, the mere attorney is predisposed to graver forms of spiritual derangement. If the learned counsel is concerned with mummies, the mere attorney feeds on the skins of mummies. The pleader at least vivifies his antiquated notions with a galvanic semblance of life; he can shew how they were praiseworthy and useful in the year twelve hundred; but to the attorney they remain as lifeless as parchment, to the flavour of which his taste has been habituated. The moral element, even of feudal jurisprudence, does not come within his ken. His court of conscience is at Westminster. A right neither in equity nor at common law is no right at all. With him the first question is, 'Is there a loophole?' the second, 'Can my client slip through?' There is indeed a quasi-code for his guidance, that of respectability, which society has made for him; but the highest form of duty, which his inward eye can look upon and live, is his duty to his client, and the leading commandments for his government are: 'Thou shalt not make an unnecessary admission,' and 'Thou shalt not omit to take advantage of a point of law.' It is not to be wondered at that the practitioner becomes cautious and suspicious, disdainful of his fellow-men, a lover of technicality and detail, an upholder of red-tapism and routine, and that society styles him the keen, shrewd Mr Ferret.

In thus depicting the unwholesome character of Mr Ferret, I do not intend to throw an aspersion on a profession tempted in no ordinary way, and possessing many high-spirited and noble members: I could not reasonably do this, any more than I could truthfully represent the majority of needlewomen as blind, or of masons as consumptive; but assuredly there is some truth to be recognised in the legal characters as depicted on the stage; and there must be some shadow of ground for the gibes of satirists and the reproaches of common speech.

In a conversation on reading, some time ago given to the world by a celebrated essayist, it is laid down—I cannot exactly quote the words—that the direction of our leisure studies ought to be as much as possible opposite to the tendency of our profession and habits of life—that a lawyer, for instance, should read works of imagination, and, I may add, philosophy. The undeniable tendency of the study of the law, even in superior minds, is to narrow their view, and raise detail and form above principle. Nothing can be more philosophically true than the remark of the essayist; and for my own part, I conceive that even where the mind is naturally averse from a particular branch of thought,

thus shewing a natural inaptitude, great benefit may be derived from a forced attention to the unattractive subject; for the defective faculties will thus be strengthened, as the brawny arm of the smith is rendered muscular by the exercise of his craft. It is a noticeable fact, that the foremost law-reformer in the profession is one who is remarkable for his attainments and ability in literature and science.

Perhaps there is no more intelligent or better-informed body of men in English society than that which practises the medical profession. We will not examine too minutely into their antecedents, when they were students walking the hospitals; but take them as they are when settled in their country 'habitats,' in the exercise of their useful functions. Probably this superiority is owing, in the first place, to their necessary acquaintance with some of the most important and attractive sciences; and, secondly, to their varied experience of character under the most trying circumstances. It is true they are not remarkable for business-like virtues, but neither are they for business-like vices. They are, for the most part, religious without being fanatics, and take sensible and decided views on social questions without being hot partisans. Nevertheless, there are certain mental aberrations to which they are subject, and which arise from their familiarity with suffering and death, and the dependence which they daily observe of the mind on the body. There is a tendency to materialism in their philosophy, and sometimes an apparent callousness to pain. I don't know that it can properly be regarded as a fallacious prejudice that they detest medicine, and are fond of hard words.

Of clergymen of divers churches, it is needless and inexpedient to say much. The odium theologicum, a very virulent complaint, has always had its headquarters in the pulpit. Preachers generally take an intensely clerical view of everything, and winding about themselves the net of some hard theological dogmatism, their cry to the thirsting multitudes too often is, 'I am of Paul,' and 'I am of Apollos,' with a change of names and drapery. Dry divinity is one of the most astounding products of the professional mind, when we consider the all-embracing and lofty theme upon which the authors have to dwell. Very recently, we have seen how theological training can interrupt and bend aside the reasoning of a man of science in the *Essay on the Plurality of Worlds*.

Having thus lightly touched upon the three professions which, according to the satirists, thrive on the follies and vices of mankind, it is unnecessary to dwell on other classes presenting various forms of mental perversion peculiar to their respective callings. I merely suggest the pedantry of schoolmasters, the superficial pictures of the little newspaper editor, the hard demonstrative nature of the mathematician, the dreamy unrealism of the poet, the petty huckstering spirit of the retail trader, the unpractical thought of the theorist, and the anti-theoretical hostility of the practical man. There is one, and only one remedy for all—the education of the whole man, intellectually and morally. The threadbare adage of

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or touch not the Pierian spring,

is eminently false. There is more danger in deep knowledge of one branch of thought exclusively, than in an elementary knowledge of many branches. In our day, division of labour has extended itself to literature and science. Neither does any injury to the dignity of human character necessarily arise from the peculiar devotion of its powers to that division of knowledge to which it is best adapted; but in order to retain spiritual health and symmetry, it is needful to make ourselves acquainted with the labour of other men in other fields, to widen our horizon while we are labouring in

our more familiar path. All nature is symmetrical; we live in a realm of order and mutual dependence, and if, disobeying the injunctions of our nature, we unduly develop one faculty, it will be at the cost of others; and our characters will become as unsightly to the eye of contemplation as a hunchback or a cripple to the outward sense.

The spiritual ailments and deformities to which I have alluded are essentially distinct from those brain diseases which depend on physical causes, and are the proper subjects of the science of the physiologist and the skill of the physician. Of mania and idiocy, in their various forms, I have not intended to speak; but it seems to me that those spiritual derangements which manifest themselves in the jaundiced mind, and in party prejudice and professional foibles, and may be comprised in the term wrongheadedness, are no less remediable than physical ills, and may properly be placed in the category of diseases of the soul, which it is not only for our advantage to combat, but our duty. Thus only can we realise the ideal of the poet:

Man the image of his God,
Erect and free.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XL—RAFAEL IJURRA.

IN ill-humour I journeyed along. The hot sun and the dusty road did not improve my temper, ruffled as it was by the unpleasant incident. I was far from satisfied with my first lieutenant, whose conduct was still a mystery. Wheatley could not explain it. Some old enmity, no doubt, both of us believed—some story of wrong and revenge.

No everyday man was Holingsworth, but one altogether of peculiar character and temperament—as unlike him who rode by my side as acid to alkali. The latter was a dashing, cheerful fellow, dressed in half-Mexican costume, who could ride a wild-horse and throw the lazo with any vaquero in the crowd. He was a true Texan, almost by birth; had shared the fortunes of the young republic since the days of Austin; and was never more happy than while engaged in the border warfare, that, with slight intervals, had been carried on against either Mexican or Indian foe-man, ever since the lone-star had spread its banner to the breeze. No raw recruit was Wheatley; though young, he was what Texans term an 'old Indian fighter'—a real 'Texan ranger.'

Holingsworth was not a Texan but a Tennessean, though Texas had been for some years his adopted home. It was not the first time he had crossed the Rio Grande. He had been one of the unfortunate Mier expedition—a survivor of that decimated band—afterwards carried in chains to Mexico, and there compelled to work breast-deep in the mud of the great *zanjas* that traverse the streets. Such experience might account for the serious, somewhat stern expression that habitually rested upon his countenance, and gave him the character of a 'dark saturnine man.' I have said incidentally that I never saw him smile—never. He spoke seldom, and, as a general thing, only upon matters of duty; but at times, when he fancied himself alone, I have heard him mutter threats, while a convulsive twitching of the muscles, and a mechanical clenching of the fingers accompanied his words, as though he stood in the presence of some deadly foe! I had more than once observed these frenzied outbursts, without knowing aught of their cause. Harding Holingsworth—such was his full name—was a man with whom no one would have desired to take the liberty of asking an explanation of his conduct. His courage and war-prowess were well known among the

Texans; but it is idle to add this, since otherwise he could not have stood among them in the capacity of a leader. Men like them, who have the election of their own officers, do not trust their lives to the guidance of either stripling or coward.

Wheatley and I were talking the matter over as we rode along, and endeavouring to account for the strange behaviour of Holingsworth. We had both concluded that the affair had arisen from some old enmity—perhaps connected with the Mier expedition—when accidentally I mentioned the Mexican's name. Up to this moment the Texan lieutenant had not seen Ijurra—having been busy with the cattle upon the other side of the hill—nor had the name been pronounced in his hearing.

'Ijurra?' he exclaimed with a start, reining up and turning to me with an inquiring look.

'Ijurra.'

'Rafael Ijurra, do you think?'

'Yes, Rafael—that is the name.'

'A tall, dark fellow, moustached and whiskered?—not ill-looking?'

'Yes; he might answer that description,' I replied.

'If it be the same Rafael Ijurra that used to live at San Antonio, there's more than one Texan would like to raise his hair. The same—it must be—there's no two of the name; 'taint likely—no.'

'What do you know of him?'

'Know?—that he's about the most precious scoundrel in all Texas or Mexico either, and that's saying a good deal. Rafael Ijurra? 'Tis he, by thunder! It can be nobody else; and Holingsworth—Ha! now I think of it, it's just the man; and Harding Holingsworth, of all men living, has good reasons to remember him.'

'How? Explain?'

The Texan paused for a moment, as if to collect his scattered memories, and then proceeded to detail what he knew of Rafael Ijurra. His account, without the expletives and emphatic ejaculations which adorned it, was substantially as follows:

Rafael Ijurra was by birth a Texan of Mexican race. He had formerly possessed a hacienda near San Antonio de Bexar, with other considerable property, all of which he had spent at play, or otherwise dissipated, so that he had sunk to the status of a professional gambler. Up to the date of the Mier expedition he had passed off as a citizen of Texas, under the new régime, and pretended much patriotic attachment to the young republic. When the Mier adventure was about being organised, Ijurra had influence enough to have himself elected one of its officers. No one suspected his fidelity to the cause. He was one of those who at the halt by Laredo, urged the impudent advance upon Mier; and his presumed knowledge of the country—of which he was a native—gave weight to his counsel. It afterwards proved that his free advice was intended for the benefit of the enemy, with whom he was in secret correspondence.

On the night before the battle, Ijurra was missing. The Texan army was captured after a brave defence, in which they slew more than their own number of the enemy, and, under guard, the remnant was marched off for the capital of Mexico. On the second or third day of their march, what was the astonishment of the Texan prisoners to see Rafael Ijurra in the uniform of a Mexican officer, and forming part of their escort! But that their hands were bound, they would have torn him to pieces, so enraged were they at this piece of black treason.

'I was not in that ugly scrape,' continued the lieutenant. 'As luck would have it, I was down with a fever in Brazos bottom, or I guess I should have had to draw my bean with the rest of 'em, poor fellows!'

Wheatley's allusion to 'drawing his bean' I understood well enough. All who have ever read the account of this ill-starred adventure will remember, that the

Texans, goaded by ill treatment, rose upon their guard, disarmed, and conquered them! but in their subsequent attempt to escape, ill managed and ill guided, nearly all of them were recaptured, and *decimated*—each tenth man having been shot like a dog! The mode of choosing the victims was by lot, and the black and white beans of Mexico (*frijoles*) were made use of as the expositors of the fatal decrees of destiny. A number of the beans, corresponding to the number of the captives, was placed within an earthen *olla*—there being a black bean for every nine white ones. He who drew the black bean must die! During the drawing of this fearful lottery, there occurred incidents exhibiting character as heroic as has ever been recorded in story.

Read from an eye-witness:

"They all drew their beans with manly dignity and firmness. Some of lighter temper jested over the bloody tragedy. One would say: '*Boys! this beats raffling all to pieces!*'" Another: "*Well, this is the tallest gambling-scraps I ever was in.*" Robert Beard, who lay upon the ground exceedingly ill, called his brother William, and said: "Brother, if you draw a black bean, I'll take your place—I want to die!" The brother, with overwhelming anguish, replied: "No, I will keep my own place; I am stronger, and better able to die than you." Major Cocke, when he drew the fatal bean, held it up between his finger and thumb, and, with a smile of contempt, said: "Boys! I told you so: I never failed in my life to draw a prize!" He then coolly added: "They only rob me of forty years." Henry Whaling, one of Cameron's best fighters, as he drew his black bean, said, in a joyous tone: "Well, they don't make much out of me anyhow: I know I've killed twenty-five of them." Then demanding his dinner in a firm voice, he added: "They shall not cheat me out of it!" Saying this, he ate heartily, smoked a cigar, and in twenty minutes after, he had ceased to live! The Mexican fired fifteen shots at Whaling before he expired! Young Torrey, quite a youth, but in spirit a giant, said that he "was perfectly willing to meet his fate—for the glory of his country he had fought, and for her glory he was willing to die." Edward Este spoke of his death with the coolest indifference. Cash said: "Well, they murdered my brother with Colonel Tannin, and they are about to murder me." J. L. Jones said to the interpreter: "Tell the officer to look upon men who are not afraid to die for their country." Captain Eastland behaved with the most patriotic dignity; he desired that his country should not particularly avenge his death. Major Dunham said he was prepared to die for his country. James Ogden, with his usual equanimity of temper, smiled at his fate and said: "I am prepared to meet it." Young Robert W. Harris behaved in the most unflinching manner, and called upon his companions to avenge their murder. * * *

"They were bound together—their eyes being bandaged—and set upon a log near the wall with their backs towards their executioners. They all begged the officer to shoot them in front, and at a short distance, saying they "*were not afraid to look death in the face.*" This request the Mexican refused; and to make his cruelty as refined as possible, caused the fire to be delivered from a distance, and to be continued for ten or twelve minutes, lacerating and mangling those heroes in a manner too horrible for description."

When you talk of Thermopylae, think also of Texas!

"But what of Holingsworth?" I asked.

"Ah! Holingsworth!" replied the lieutenant; "*he has good cause to remember Ijurra, now I think of it. I shall give the story to you as I heard it; and my companion proceeded with a relation, which caused the blood to curdle in my veins, as I listened. It fully explained, if it did not palliate, the fierce hatred of the Tennessean towards Rafael Ijurra.*"

In the Mier expedition, Holingsworth had a brother, who, like himself, was made prisoner. He was a delicate youth, and could ill endure the hardships, much less the barbarous treatment to which the prisoners were exposed during that memorable march. He became reduced to a skeleton, and worse than that, footsore, so that he could no longer endure the pain of his feet and ankles, worn skinless, and charged with the spines of acacias, cactus, and the numerous thorny plants in which the dry soil of Mexico is so prolific. In agony, he fell down upon the road.

Ijurra was in command of the guard; from him Holingsworth's brother begged to be allowed the use of a mule. The youth had known Ijurra at San Antonio, and had even lent him money, which was never returned.

"To your feet, and forward!" was Ijurra's answer.

"I cannot move a step," said the youth despairingly.

"Cannot! *Carrai!* we shall see whether you can. Here, Pablo," continued he, addressing himself to one of the soldiers of the guard; "give this fellow the spur; he is restive!"

The ruffian soldier approached with fixed bayonet, seriously intending to use its point on the poor way-worn invalid! The latter rose with an effort, and made a desperate attempt to keep on; but his resolution again failed him. He could not endure the agonising pain, and after staggering a pace or two, he fell up against a rock.

"I cannot!" he again cried—"I cannot march further: let me die here."

"Forward! or you *shall* die here," shouted Ijurra, drawing a pistol from his belt, and cocking it, evidently with the determination to carry out his threat. "Forward!"

"I cannot," faintly replied the youth.

"Forward, or I fire!"

"Fire!" cried the young man, throwing open the flaps of his hunting-shirt, and making one last effort to stand erect.

"You are scarce worth a bullet," said the monster with a sneer; at the same instant he levelled his pistol at the breast of his victim, and fired! When the smoke was blown aside, the body of young Holingsworth was seen lying at the base of the rock, doubled up, dead! A thrill of horror ran through the line of captives. Even their habitually brutal guards were touched by such wanton barbarity. The brother of the youth was not six yards from the spot, tightly bound, and witness of the whole scene! Fancy his feelings at that moment!

"No wonder," continued the Texan—"no wonder that Harding Holingsworth don't stand upon ceremony as to where and when he may attack Rafael Ijurra. I verily believe that the presence of the commander-in-chief wouldn't restrain him from taking vengeance. It ain't to be wondered at!"

In hopes that my companion might help me to some knowledge of the family at the hacienda, I guided the conversation in that direction.

"And Don Ramon de Vargas is Ijurra's uncle?"

"Sure enough, he must be. Ha! I did not think of that. Don Ramon is the uncle. I ought to have known him this morning—that confounded *mezcal* I drank knocked him out of my mind altogether. I have seen the old fellow several times. He used to come to San Antonio once a year, on business with the merchants there. I remember, too, he once brought a daughter with him—splendid girl that, and no mistake! Faith, she crazed half the young fellows in San Antonio, and there were no end of duels about her. She used to ride wild-horses, and fling the lazo like a Comanche. But what am I talking about? That *mezcal* has got into my brains, sure enough. It must have been *her* you chased? Sure as shootin', it was!"

'Probable enough,' I replied in a careless way. My companion little knew the deep, feverish interest his remarks were exciting, or the struggle it was costing me to conceal my emotions. One thing I longed to learn from him—whether any of these amorous duellists had been favoured with the approbation of the lady. I longed to put this question, and yet the absolute dread of the answer restrained my tongue! I remained silent, till the opportunity had passed. The hoof-strokes of half-a-dozen horses coming rapidly from the rear, interrupted the conversation. Without surprise, I saw that it was Holingsworth and the rangers who had been left at the hacienda.

'Captain Warfield!' said the Tennessean as he spurred alongside, 'my conduct no doubt surprises you. I shall be able to explain it to your satisfaction when time permits. It's a long story—a painful one to me: you will not require it from me now. This much let me say—for good reason, I hold Rafael Ijorra as my most deadly foe. I came to Mexico to kill that man; and by the Eternal! if I don't succeed, I care not who kills me!'

'You have not then'—

With a feeling of relief, I put the question, for I read the answer in the look of disappointed vengeance that gleamed in the eyes of the Tennessean. I was not permitted to finish the interrogatory; he knew what I was going to ask, and interrupted me with the reply:

'No, no; the villain has escaped; but by'—

The rest of the emphatic vow was inaudible; but the wild glance that flashed from the speaker's eye expressed his deep purpose more plainly than words. The next moment he fell back to his place in the troop, and with his head slightly bent forward, rode on in silence. His 'ark taciturn' features were lit up at intervals by an ominous gleam, shewing that he still brooded over his unavenged wrong.

CHAPTER XII.

THE YELLOW DOMINO.

The next two days I passed in feverish restlessness. Holingsworth's conduct had quite disconcerted my plans. From the concluding sentences of Isolina's note, I had construed an invitation to revisit the hacienda in some more quiet guise than that of a filibustero; but after what had transpired, I could not muster courage to present myself under any pretence. It was not likely I should be welcome—I, the associate—nay, the commander—of the man who had attempted to take the life of a nephew, a cousin! Don Ramon had stipulated for a 'little rudeness'; he had had the full measure of his bargain, and a good deal more. He could not otherwise than think so. Were I to present myself at the hacienda, I could not be else than coldly received—in short, unwelcome.

I thought of apologies and pretexts, but to no purpose. For two days I remained in vacillating indecision; I neither saw nor heard of her who engrossed my thoughts.

News from head-quarters! A 'grand ball' to be given in the city!

This bit of gossip fell upon my ear without producing the slightest impression, for I cared little for dancing, and less for grand balls: in earlier youth I had liked both; but not then.

The thing would at once have passed from my thoughts, had it not been for some additional information imparted at the same time, which to me at once rendered the ball attractive.

The information I allude to was, that the ball was got up 'by authority,' and would be upon a grand scale. Its object was political; in other words, it was to be the means of cultivating a friendly intercourse between the conquerors and the conquered—a desirable

end. Every effort would be made to bring out the 'native society,' and let it see that we Yankee officers were not such 'barbarians' as they affected to deem, and in reality pronounced us. It was known—so stated my informant—that many families of the Ayankieados would be present; and in order to make it pleasanter for those who feared *proscription*, the ball was to be a masked one—*un baillé de mascarita*.

'The Ayankieados are to be there! and she'—

My heart bounded with new hope; and I resolved to make one of the maskers—not that I intended to go in *costume*. In my slender wardrobe was a civilian dress of proper cut, and tolerably well preserved: that would answer my purpose. The ball was to come off on the night following that on which I had word of it. My suspense would be short.

The time appeared long enough, but at length the hour arrived, and mounting my good steed, I started off for the city. A brisk ride of two hours brought me on the ground, and I found that I was late enough to be fashionable.

As I entered the ball-room, I saw that most of the company had arrived, and the floor was grouped with dancers. It was evident the affair was a 'success.' There were four or five hundred persons present, nearly half of them ladies. Many were in character costumes, as Tyrolese peasants, Andalusian *majas*, Bavarian broom-girls, Wallachian boyards, Turkish sultanas, and bead-bedecked Indian belles. A greater number were disguised in the ungraceful domino, while not a few appeared in regular evening-dress. Most of the ladies wore masks; some simply hid their faces behind the coquettish *reboso tapado*, while others permitted their charms to be gazed upon. As the night wore on, and an occasional *copita de vino* strengthened the nerves of the company, the uncovered faces became more numerous, and masks got lost or put away.

As for the gentlemen, a number of them also wore masks—some were *en costume*, but uniforms predominated, stamping the ball with a military character. It was not a little singular to see a number of Mexican officers mingling in the throng! These were of course prisoners on *parole*; and their more brilliant uniforms, of French patterns, contrasted oddly with the plain blue dresses of their conquerors. The presence of these prisoners, in the full glitter of their gold-lace, was not exactly in good taste; but a moment's reflection convinced one it was not a matter of choice with them. Poor fellows! had they abided by the laws of etiquette, they could not have been there; and no doubt they were as desirous of shaking their legs in the dance as the gayest of their captors. Indeed, in this species of rivalry they far outstripped the latter.

I spent but little time in observing these peculiarities; but one idea engrossed my mind, and that was to find Isolina de Vargas—no easy task amid such a multitude of maskers. Among the uncovered faces she was not. I soon scanned them all, or rather glanced at them. It needed no scanning to recognise hers. If there, she was one of the *mascaritas*, and I addressed myself to a close observation of the *dames en costume* and the dominoes. Hopeless enough appeared the prospect of recognising her, but a little hope sustained me in the reflection, that, being myself uncovered, she might recognise me.

When a full half hour had passed away, and my lynx-like surveillance was still unrewarded, this hope died within me; and, what may appear strange, I began to wish she was *not* there. 'If present,' thought I, 'she must have seen me ere this, and to have taken no notice'—A little pang of chagrin accompanied this reflection.

I flung myself upon a seat, and endeavoured to assume an air of indifference, though I was far from

feeling indifferent, and my eyes as before kept eagerly scanning the fair maskers. Now and then, the *tourne* of an ankle—I had seen Isolina's—or the elliptical sweep of a fine figure, inspired me with fresh hope; but as the mascaritas who owned them were near enough to have seen, and yet took no notice of me, I conjectured—in fact, *hoped*—that none of them was she. Indeed, a well-turned ankle is no distinctive mark among the fair *doncellas* of Mexico.

At length, a pair of unusually neat ones, supporting a figure of such superb outlines, that even the ungraceful domino could not conceal them, came under my eyes, and riveted my attention. My heart beat wildly as I gazed. I could not help the belief that the lady in the yellow domino was Isolina de Vargas. She was waltzing with a young dragoon officer; and as they passed me, I rose from my seat, and approached the orbit of the dance, in order to keep them under my eyes. As they passed me a second time, I fancied the lady regarded me through her mask: I fancied I saw her start. I was almost sure it was Isolina!

My feeling was now that of jealousy. The young officer was one of the elegant gentlemen of the service—a professed lady-killer—a fellow, who, notwithstanding his well-known deficiency of brains, was ever welcome among women. She seemed to press closely to him as they whirled around, while her head rested languishingly upon his shoulder. She appeared to be contented with her partner. I could scarcely endure the agony of my fancies.

It was a relief to me when the music ceased, and the waltz ended. The circle broke up, and the waltzers scattered in different directions, but my eyes followed only the dragoon officer and his partner. He conducted her to a seat, and then placing himself by her side, the two appeared to engage in an earnest and interesting conversation.

With me politeness was now out of the question. I had grown as jealous as a tiger; and I drew near enough to become a listener. The lowness of the tone in which they conversed precluded the possibility of hearing much of what was said, but I could make out that the spark was 'coaxing' his partner to remove her mask. The voice that replied was surely Isolina's! I could myself have torn the silken screen from her face, through very vexation; but I was saved that indiscretion, for the request of her cavalier seemed to prevail, and the next instant the mask was removed by the lady's own hand. Shade of Erebus! what did I see? She was black—a *negress*! Not black as ebony, but nearly so; with thick lips, high cheek-bones, and a row of short 'kinky' curls dangling over the arch of her glistening forehead!

My astonishment, though perhaps of a more agreeable kind, was not greater than that of the dragoon lieutenant, who, by the way, was also a full-blooded 'southerner.' At sight of his partner's face he started, as if a six-pound shot had winded him; and after a few half-muttered excuses, he rose with an air of extreme *gaucherie*, and hurrying off, hid himself behind the crowd!

The 'coloured lady,' mortified—as I presumed she must be—hastily readjusted her mask, and rising from her seat, glided away from the scene of her humiliation. I gazed after her with a mingled feeling of curiosity and pity; I saw her pass out of the door alone, evidently with the intention of leaving the ball. I fancied she had departed, as her domino, conspicuous by its bright yellow colour, was no more seen among the maskers.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BLUE DOMINO.

Thus disappointed, I gave up all hope of meeting her for whose sake I had come to the ball. She was either not there, or did not wish to be recognised, even by

me. The latter supposition was the more bitter of the two; and goaded by it and one or two other uncongenial thoughts, I paid frequent visits to the 'refreshment-room,' where wine flowed freely. A cup or two drove the *one idea* out of my mind; and after a while, I grew more companionable, and determined to enjoy myself like others around me. I had not danced as yet, but the wine soon got to my toes as well as into my head; and I resolved to put myself in motion with the first partner that offered.

I soon found one—a blue domino—that came right in my way, as if the fates had determined we should dance together. The lady was 'not engaged for the next;' she would be 'most happy.'

This, by the way, was said in French, which would have taken me by surprise, had I not known that there were many French people living in C—, as in all the large cities of Mexico. They are usually jewellers, dentists, milliners, or other artisans of that class, who drive a lucrative trade among the luxury-loving *Mexicanas*. To know there were French people in the place, was to be certain you would find them at the ball; and there were they, numbers of them, pirouetting about, and comporting themselves with the gay *insouciance* characteristic of their nation. I was not surprised, then, when my blue domino addressed me in French.

'A French *modiste*!' conjectured I, as soon as she spoke.

Milliner or no, it mattered not to me; I wanted a dancing partner; and after another phrase or two in the same sweet tongue, away went she and I in the curving whirl of a waltz.

After sailing once round the room, I had two quite new and distinct impressions upon my mind: the first, that I had a partner *who could waltz*, a thing not to be met with every day. My blue domino seemed to have no feet under her, but floated around me as if borne upon the air! For the moment, I fancied myself in Ranelagh or Mabilles! My other impression was, that my arm encircled as pretty a waist as ever was clasped by a lover. There was a pleasing rotundity about it, combined with a general symmetry of form and serpentine yieldiness of movement, that rendered dancing with such a partner both easy and delightful. My observation at the moment was, that if the face of the *modiste* bore any sort of proportion to her figure, she needed not have come so far from France to push her fortune.

With such a partner I could not otherwise than waltz well; and never better than upon that occasion. We were soon under the observation of the company, and became the cynosure of a circle. This I did not relish, and drawing my blue domino to one side, we waltzed towards a seat, into which I handed her with the usual polite expression of thanks.

This seat was in a little recess or blind window, where two persons might freely converse without fear of an eaves-dropper. I had no desire to run away from a partner who danced so well, though she were a *modiste*. There was room for two upon the bench, and I asked permission to sit beside her.

'Oh, certainly,' was the frank reply.

'And will you permit me to remain with you till the music recommences?'

'If you desire it.'

'And dance with you again?'

'With pleasure, monsieur, if it suit your convenience. But is there no other who claims you as a partner?—no other in this assemblage you would prefer?'

'Not one, I assure you. You are the only one present with whom I care to dance.'

As I said this I thought I perceived a slight movement, that indicated some emotion.

'It was a gallant speech, and the *modiste* is pleased with the compliment,' thought I.

Her reply :

'It flatters me, sir, that you prefer my company to that of the many splendid beauties who are in this saloon; though it might gratify me still more if you knew who I am.'

The last clause was uttered with an emphasis, and followed by a sigh!

'Poor girl!' thought I, 'she fancies that I mistake her for some grand dame—that if I knew her real position, her humble avocation, I should no longer care to dance with her. In that she is mistaken. I make no distinction between a milliner and a marchioness, especially in a ball-room. There, grace and beauty alone guide to preference.'

After giving way to some such reflections, I replied :

'It is my regret, *mam'selle*, not to have the happiness of knowing you, and it is not possible I ever may, unless you will have the goodness to remove your mask.'

'Ah! monsieur, what you ask is impossible.'

'Impossible! and why, may I know?'

'Because, were you to see my face, I should not have you for my partner in the next dance; and to say the truth, I should regret that, since you waltz so admirably.'

'Oh! refusal and flattery in the same breath! No, *mam'selle*, I am sure your face will never be the means of your losing a partner. Come! let me beg of you to remove that envious counterfeit. Let us converse freely face to face. I am not masked, as you see.'

'In truth, sir, you have no reason to hide your face, which is more than I can say for many other men in this room.'

'Quick-witted milliner,' thought I. 'Bravo, *Ran-lagh*! Vive la *Mabille*!'

'Thanks, amiable masker!' I replied. 'But you are too generous: you flatter me'—

'It is worth while,' rejoined she, interrupting me; 'it improves your cheek: blushes become you, ha, ha, ha!'

'The deuce!' I ejaculated half aloud, 'this *dame du Boulevard* is laughing at me!'

'But what are you?' she continued, suddenly changing her tone. 'You are not a Mexican? Are you soldier or civilian?'

'What would you take me for?'

'A poet, from your pale face, but more from the manner in which I have heard you sigh.'

'I have not sighed since we sat down.'

'No—but before we sat down.'

'What! in the dance?'

'No—before the dance.'

'Ha! then you observed me before?'

'O yes; your plain dress rendered you conspicuous among so many uniforms; besides your manner'—

'What manner?' I asked with some degree of confusion, fearing that in my search after *Isolina* I had committed some stupid piece of left-handedness.

'Your abstraction; and, by the way, had you not a little penchant for a yellow domino?'

'A yellow domino?' repeated I, raising my hand to my head, as though it cost me an effort to remember it—a yellow domino?'

'Ay, ay—a ye-ll-ow dom-in-o-,' rejoined my companion with sarcastic emphasis—'a yellow domino, who waltzed with a young officer—not bad-looking, by the way.'

'Ah! I think I do remember'—

'Well, I think you ought,' rejoined my tormentor, 'and well too: you took sufficient pains to observe.'

'Ah—aw—yes,' stammered I.

'I thought you were conning verses to her, and as you had not the advantage of seeing her face, were making them to her feet!'

'Ha, ha!—what an idea of yours, mad'm'selle!'

'In the end, she was not ungenerous—she let you see the devil!'

'The devil!' exclaimed I starting; 'you saw the *dénouement* then?'

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed she; 'of course I saw the *dénouement*, ha, ha!—*droke*, wasn't it?'

'Very,' replied I, not much relishing the joke, but endeavouring to join my companion in the laugh.

'How silly the spark looked? ha, ha!'

'Very silly indeed—ha, ha, ha!'

'And how disappointed'—

'Eh?'

'How disappointed you looked, monsieur.'

'Oh—ah—I—no—I assure you—I had no interest in the affair. I was not disappointed—at least not as you imagine.'

'Ah!'

'The feeling uppermost in my mind was *pity*—pity for the poor girl.'

'And you really *did* pity her?'

This question was put with an earnestness that sounded somewhat strange at the moment.

'I really did. The creature seemed so mortified'—

'She seemed mortified, did she?'

'Of course. She left the room immediately after, and has not returned since. No doubt she has gone home, poor devil!'

'Poor devil! Is that the extent of your pity?'

'Well, after all, it must be confessed she was a superb deception: a finer dancer I never saw—I beg pardon, I except my present partner—a good foot, an elegant figure, and then to turn out'—

'What?'

'*Una negrilla*!'

'I fear, monsieur, you Americans are not very gallant towards the ladies of colour. It is different here in Mexico, which you term *despotic*.'

I felt the rebuke.

'To change the subject,' continued she; 'are you not a poet?'

'I do not deserve the name of poet, yet I will not deny that I have made verses.'

'I thought as much. What an instinct I have! O that I could prevail upon you to write some verses to me!'

'What! without knowing either your name or having looked upon your face. *Mam'selle*, I must at least see the features I am called upon to praise.'

'Ah, monsieur, you little know: were I to unmask those features, I should stand but a poor chance of getting the verses. My plain face would counteract all your poetic inspirations.'

'Shade of *Lucretia*! this is no needlewoman, though dealing in weapons quite as sharp. Modiste, indeed! I have been labouring under a mistake. This is some *dame spirituelle*, some grand lady.'

I had now grown more than curious to look upon the face of my companion. Her conversation had won me: a woman who could talk so, I fancied, could not be ill-looking. Such an enchanting spirit could not be hidden behind a plain face; besides, there was the gracefulness of form, the small gloved hand, the dainty foot and ankle demonstrated in the dance, a voice that rang like music, and the flash of a superb eye, which I could perceive even through the mask. Beyond a doubt, she was beautiful.

'Lady!' I said, speaking with more earnestness than ever, 'I entreat you to unmask yourself. Were it not in a ball-room, I should beg the favour upon my knees.'

'And were I to grant it, you could hardly rise soon enough, and pronounce your lukewarm leave-taking. Ha, monsieur! think of the yellow domino!'

'*Mam'selle*, you take pleasure in mortifying me. Do you deem me capable of such fickleness? Suppose for a moment you are not what the world calls beautiful, you could not by removing your mask, also strip

yourself of the attractions of your conversation—of that voice that thrills through my heart—of that grace exhibited in your every movement! With such endowments, how could a woman appear ill-looking? If your face was even as black as hers of the yellow domino, I verily believe I could not perceive its darkness.'

'Ha, ha, ha! take care what you say, monsieur. I presume you are not more indulgent than the rest of your sex; and well know I that, with you men, ugliness is the greatest crime of a woman.'

'I am different, I swear'—

'Do not perjure yourself, as you will if I but remove my mask. I tell you, sir, that in spite of all the fine qualities you imagine me to possess, I am a vision that would horrify you to look upon.'

'Impossible!—your form, your grace, your voice. Oh, unmask! I accept every consequence for the favour I ask.'

'Then be it as you wish; but I shall not be the means of punishing you. Receive from your own hands the chastisement of your curiosity.'

'You permit me, then? Thanks, mam'selle, thanks! It is fastened behind: yes, the knot is here—Now I have it—so—so'—

With trembling fingers, I undid the string, and pulled off the piece of taffety. Shade of Sieba! what did I see?

The mask fell from my fingers, as though it had been iron at a cherry heat. Astonishment caused me to drop it; rather say horror—horror at beholding the face underneath—the *face of the yellow domino*! Yes, there was the same negress with her thick lips, high cheek-bones, and the little well-oiled kinks hanging like corkscrews over her temples!

I knew not either what to say or do; my gallantry was clean gone; and although I resumed my seat, I remained perfectly dumb. Had I looked in a mirror at that moment, I should certainly have beheld the face of a fool.

My companion, who seemed to have made up her mind to such a result, instead of being mortified, burst into a loud fit of laughter, at the same time crying out in a tone of raillery: 'Now, Monsieur le Poète, does my face inspire you? When may I expect the verses? To-morrow? Soon? Never? Ah! monsieur, I fear you are not more gallant to us poor "ladies ob colour" than your countryman the lieutenant. Ha, ha, ha!'

I was too much ashamed of my own conduct, and too deeply wounded by her reproach, to make reply. Fortunately, her continued laughter offered me an opportunity to mutter some broken phrases, accompanied by very clumsy gestures, and thus take myself off. Certainly, in all my life, I never made a more awkward adieu. I walked, or rather *stole*, towards the entrance, determined to leave the ball-room, and gallop home. On reaching the door, my curiosity grew stronger than my shame; and I resolved to take a parting look at this singular Ethiopian. The blue domino, still within the niche, caught my eye at once; but on looking up to the face—gracious Heaven! it was *Iolinda's*!

I stood as if turned into stone. My gaze was fixed upon her face, and I could not take it off. She was looking at me; but, oh! the expression with which those eyes regarded me! That was a glance to be remembered for life. She no longer laughed, but her proud lip seemed to curl with a sarcastic smile, as of scorn!

I hesitated whether to return and apologise. But no; it was too late. I could have fallen upon my knees, and begged forgiveness. It was too late. I should only subject myself to further ridicule from that capricious spirit.

Perhaps my look of remorse had more effect than words. I thought her expression changed; her glance

became more tender, as if inviting me back! Perhaps—

At this moment, a man approached, and, without much ceremony, seated himself by her side. His face was towards me—I recognised Ijorra!

They converse. Is it of me? Is it of —? If so, he will laugh. A world to see that man laugh, and know it is at me. If he do, I shall soon cast off the load that is crushing my heart!

He laughs not—not even a smile is traceable on his sombre features. She has not told him, and well for him she has not. Prudence, perchance, restrains her tongue; she might guess the result.

They are on their feet again; she masks. Ijorra leads her to the dance; they front to each other; they whirl away—away: they are lost among the maskers!

* * *
'Some wine, mozo!'

A deep long draught, a few seconds spent in buckling on my sword, a few more in reaching the gate, one spring, and my saddled steed was under me.

I rode with desperate heart and hot head; but the cool night-air, the motion of my horse, and his proud spirit mingling with mine, gave me relief, and I felt calmer. On reaching the rancheria, I found my lieutenants still up, eating their rudely cooked supper. As my appetite was roused, I joined them at their meal; and their friendly converse restored for the time my spirit's equanimity.

FATHER MATHEW.

On Tuesday, the 9th December 1856, every vessel lying in Cork Harbour and river appeared with its colours half-mast high, and nearly every shop in the city had its shutters partially closed; for, on the previous day, Father Mathew, the beloved Apostle of Temperance, breathed his last at Queenstown. The local journals, Conservative and Radical, Whig and Tory, merging for once all points of sectarian difference, united in lamentations for a great and good man, and in bearing tribute to his worth. From their columns, and from other sources, but principally from an ably written article which appeared in the *Cork Examiner*, we shall compile a short biographical sketch of one of the most remarkable men of the age.

Theobald Mathew was born at Thomastown, in the county Tipperary, on the 10th of October 1790. The Mathews were originally an old English Catholic family, some branches of which came over to Ireland with Cromwell. One of this family is mentioned by Swift as 'the grand George Mathew,' who was remarkable for the extent and splendour of his hospitality. It is stated, that a gentleman who had made a wager that he would compel him to break a rule of his house, which was, never to ask the name of any one who chose to offer himself as a guest, lost his bet, notwithstanding that he stayed three weeks in the house, and conducted himself with as much impertinence as he could possibly assume.

The subject of this sketch was left with eight brothers and sisters, an orphan, at a very early age. Lady Elizabeth Mathew, a relative of his father, took him under her care, and sent him, at the age of thirteen, to the Roman Catholic college, Kilkenny. There he continued for some years; and having evinced a desire to enter the priesthood, his theological studies were completed, partly in Spain, and partly at Maynooth. At the age of twenty-three he was ordained, and after ministering for a brief period in Kilkenny, he was transferred to the house of the Capuchin order in Cork.

His conduct as a priest was exemplary. Not content with the ordinary labours attached to his office, he hired an old store next his chapel, which he converted into schools for the female children of his parish. At

one period, no less than 500 children were attending these schools. In this admirable effort he was seconded by a number of pious and charitable ladies of the city. In the year 1832, Asiatic cholera desolated Cork. Night and morning, Father Mathew was to be seen penetrating the miserable lanes of the most miserable parish in Cork, that of St Nicholas, seeking out subjects for the shelter of the hospital, and administering to them physical relief as well as spiritual consolation. During this dreadful time, his residence used to be besieged by claimants on his bounty, and none ever left it unaided or unanswered. On one occasion his secretary said to him: 'Sir, this is the last shilling we have.' His reply was: 'Give it, and let us trust to God.'

Great inconvenience was experienced by the poor of the city from the high price charged for burial-fee. In order to remedy this evil, Father Mathew took a piece of ground, known as the 'Botanic Gardens,' in the neighbourhood of the city, and converted it into a public burying-ground, a large portion of it being devoted gratuitously to the use of the poor. This, which is now one of the most beautiful cemeteries in these countries, afforded a most necessary accommodation during that cholera visitation, as well as during the terrible years of the famine-fever.

About this time, what may be called the public career of Father Mathew commenced. Hitherto, though his name was known far and wide throughout the country as the good and benevolent priest, yet the origin of his reputation lay almost entirely within the strict duties of his calling. He was now about to enter upon a course of exertion, which brought him a fame and a glory that cannot perish, but which at the same time entailed upon him endless troubles and vexations, beneath which his strong spirit eventually bowed, and to which may in no small degree be attributed his almost premature decay.

About the year 1830, a number of Cork gentlemen, including a Protestant clergyman, and some members of the Presbyterian body and of the Society of Friends, got up an association for the spread of temperance principles. The vice of intoxication had increased at that period to a fearful extent. The advance of education, and the consequently enlarged power of public opinion, had diminished its prevalence amongst the higher classes; but the poor had no such check upon their actions, and this deadly plague raged fearfully.

It was in vain that the newly formed society sought to counteract it: the good intentions of its members were recognised, but they had no influence over the people, and their society continued to exist for several years without having made any sensible advance. At length, in the month of April 1838, Father Mathew was induced to lend it his aid, and in a very brief period the power of his name was felt. Thousands flocked to his feet, to receive a pledge binding them to self-denial, of a character hitherto untried. Many drunkards joined it from a pure desire to reform, many from the excellent motive of wishing to afford a good example to their frailer brethren; very many from pure admiration of the good man who was now confessedly at the head of the movement; and vast numbers, who went to the meetings from motives of curiosity, in an enthusiastic impulse also joined. Thus the tide rolled from south to north, and west to east, until it spread over the entire country. Wherever Father Mathew went, he was hailed with delight and enthusiasm, and his progress was a kind of ovation rather than a journey of advocacy.

Miss Edgeworth thus describes the effects of the temperance movement in her own neighbourhood: 'In our village of Edgeworthstown, the whisky-selling has diminished since the "pledge" has been taken, within the last two years, so as to leave the public-houses empty, and to oblige the landlord to lower house-rent

considerably. This we know to our pecuniary loss—I need not add, to our moral satisfaction. The appearance of the people, their quiet demeanour at markets and fairs, has wonderfully improved in general; and to the knowledge of this family, many notorious drinkers, and some, as it was thought, confirmed drunkards, have been completely reformed by taking the pledge. They have become able and willing to work, and take care of their business; are decently clothed, and healthy and happy, and now make their wives and children healthy and happy, instead of, as before the reformation, miserable and heart-broken. Very few, scarcely any instances of breaking the pledge have as yet come to our knowledge; but some have occurred. The culprits have been completely shunned and disgraced, so that they are awful warnings to others. . . . Beyond all calculations, beyond all the precedents of experience, and all examples from the past, and all analogy, this wonderful crusade against the bad habits of nations, the bad habits and sensual tastes of individuals, has succeeded and lasted for about two years.'

The effect produced upon the sale of intoxicating drinks in Ireland was extraordinary. Distilleries and public-houses in numbers were closed. Personally, indeed, Father Mathew was a pecuniary sufferer, as he caused a large and flourishing distillery which belonged to his brother to be shut up, shortly after his undertaking the temperance advocacy.

The wonderful reformation of which he was the apostle in this country, soon made the name of Father Mathew famous far beyond the limits of his own country, and he soon became an object of attraction to all the sight-seers who visited Cork. Their astonishment was great to find this man, whose reputation had reached them in remote lands, whose extraordinary munificence was scarcely less remarkable than his reformatory zeal, dwelling in an unpretending house in an obscure corner of the city. They saw that his levées were chiefly of the poor; among whom he went as a father and a friend, distributing with soft caressing manner, and in words of kindness that came fresh from the heart, his advice and counsel. They could see also that he had won the affections of every class, and that polemical animosity did not exist towards him.

In the year 1843, Father Mathew made a tour through England and Scotland, where he was received with a cordiality, and even with an enthusiasm which shewed how completely respect for his character and appreciation of his motives had overcome the prejudice against his profession as a Roman Catholic clergyman. This feeling was substantially evinced on a subsequent occasion, when, owing to the largeness of his charities, he became so far involved in pecuniary difficulties, that he was actually arrested for debt in Dublin. On that occasion, the generous English people subscribed largely to relieve him from his embarrassments, and on the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, a pension of £300 a year was granted him by the Queen. All this, however, merely went to satisfy the claims of his creditors, a sufficient answer to the trumpery charge which at one time was made, and which he even had to condescend to answer, that he was driving a trade in medals, and amassing wealth by means of the temperance movement! Had he sought riches, indeed, they might have been his; but as his heart was loving, his hand was open. Money he valued only as the means of assisting others, and the man who was one of the wonders of the age, and a benefactor to all who needed his assistance, has died himself a dependent, and not possessed of a shilling he could term his own.

The awful years of 1847 and 1848 afforded another opportunity for exhibiting the virtues of Father Mathew's character. About that period he received an invitation of a most flattering nature to visit Rome.

This he had always longed to do; but during the existence of the terrible ordeal through which his countrymen were then passing, he felt that his place was amongst them, and he remained in the plague-stricken city, distributing alms, organising committees of relief, and bringing the whole force of his powerful intellect to bear on the business of charity. The estimation in which his name was held was partly instrumental in obtaining from the American people their gift of corn, when disarming their ships-of-war: they crammed their magazines with food for the relief of the stricken country.

In the year 1849, Father Mathew was prevailed upon to visit the United States, in order to gratify the wishes of the millions of Irish who have made them their home. His reception, on his arrival at New York, was enthusiastic. Addresses from all quarters poured upon him; deputations from all the great cities of the States pressed to his presence, and he was fêted as an honoured guest in the White House. The restless disposition of the people kept him continually giving receptions, holding levées, and receiving demonstrations, until the mingled fatigue and excitement caused by the events of his American career, brought upon him two attacks of a disease from which he had suffered once before—paralysis. After recovering partially from the effects of the latter of these, he was advised to try the medicinal springs in the backwoods of Arkansas; and, accordingly, he spent the month of September in a log-hut in that remote locality, eight miles distant from any other human habitation. There he had no attendant but the old woman who owned the hut, and her son; and he was obliged to live upon Indian corn and the produce of the son's gun and fishing-net.

It was an interesting sight, we have been told, to see this pious ecclesiastic, who, wherever he went, had been saluted by the acclamations of thousands, offering up his act of adoration amidst the vast solitude of the pine-woods, the turf being his fragrant shrine, and his temple the great arch of God.

While in America, he administered the pledge to vast numbers of the Irish people resident there; and his departure from it was witnessed by all classes with a regret proportioned to their delight at his arrival.

We may here quote a sketch which Kohl, the German traveller, gives of him: 'I was formally introduced to the reverend chairman (at a temperance meeting), who presented me to Father Mathew. He is decidedly a man of distinguished appearance, and I was not long in comprehending the influence which it was in his power to exercise over the people. The multitude require a handsome and imposing person in the individual who is to lead them; and Father Mathew is unquestionably handsome. He is not tall; he is about the same height and figure as Napoleon, and is throughout well built and well proportioned. His countenance is fresh, and beaming with health. His movements and address are simple and unaffected; and, altogether, he has something about him that wins the good-will of those he addresses. His features are regular, and full of noble expression of mildness and indomitable firmness. His eyes are large; his forehead straight, high, and commanding; and his nose—a part of the face which in some expresses such intense vulgarity, and in others so much nobleness and delicacy—is particularly handsome, though somewhat aquiline. His mouth is small and well proportioned; and his chin round, projecting, firm, and large, like Napoleon's.'

From the time of Father Mathew's return from America, he never recovered his health. By this time, too, the movement to which he had devoted the energies of his life had suffered from various causes. The famine years, in depriving the people of all physical comforts, had induced moral degradation; and on his return, Father Mathew had the misery of beholding

the great fabric to which he had devoted almost superhuman energies, apparently crumbling away. The enthusiasm for total abstinence had in a great degree departed, and the numbers on the roll of teetotallers had diminished largely. But the effects of the movement had not passed away, and are still to be seen in the improved habits of the people, where they remain a standing monument to the man who alone could have effected that wonderful reformation.

As a proof of the high esteem in which he was held by the Roman Catholic clergy of the diocese, we may mention that, on the death of the Right Rev. Dr Murphy in 1847, he was returned by them *Dignissimus* to succeed him in the see of Cork. The choice of the pope, however, fell on another. Father Mathew was set aside, either because the temperance movement was of too secular a character, or because he was in receipt of a pension from the English government, or because he had been arrested for debt; any of which, perhaps, was considered a canonical objection.

In 1852, Father Mathew, by the advice of his physicians, visited Madeira; but he returned home only more disabled in health. For four years he lingered on; but though weak and ill, he preserved the same winning sweetness of manner, the same thoughtful kindness for his friends.

He took up his abode at Lehen, the residence of his brother, Mr Charles Mathew, situated at a short distance from Cork. There, the gate was surrounded with poor applicants for the reception of the pledge, for alms, or spiritual aid. These he still received with the same kindness as when in the fulness of his health and strength. Towards the close of last summer, he went to reside in Queenstown, where he continued gradually failing in health, until on Tuesday, the 2d of December, he was attacked with a sixth paralytic stroke. He lingered, quite conscious of his approaching end, until the following Monday, when, apparently without suffering, he breathed his last.

On Wednesday his remains were brought from Queenstown to the chapel dedicated to the Holy Trinity, which he had founded in Cork; and on Friday he was interred, with every possible demonstration of public respect and private affection.

Despite of the drenching rain which fell during the morning, crowds thronged the vicinity of the chapel. 'Father Mathew,' one man remarked, 'had stood bare-headed for many a long hour, trying to get us to give up the drink.' And there the assemblage, estimated at 80,000 persons, continued until the mortuary ceremonial within the chapel had concluded, and the long mournful procession issuing from the central porch, bore the mortal remains of its founder to the tomb in the centre of that cemetery which stands another monument of his benevolent exertions. As the coffin came in sight, one deep, sorrowing, heart-felt moan escaped from the immense multitude, swelling, ere long, into loud wailing and lamentation—no matter of course *keening*, but the expression of sincere sorrow. The shops in the city were all closed, and during the morning, business was completely suspended.

Theobald Mathew, his enemies themselves being judges, was a great philanthropist, and during many years a true benefactor to his country. May the 'good' that he has done not all be 'interred with his bones.' May poor Ireland once more shake off the thralldom of 'strong drink;' and by so doing, achieve for herself a greater deliverance, a truer freedom, than demagogue ever promised, or insurgent fought to gain.

In any but an *Irish* sketch, it would seem incongruous to conclude with an anecdote, which, however, is so genuine and so characteristic, that we cannot withhold it from our readers.

The proprietor of a large public-house in Cork was observed on the day of the funeral to be very demonstrative in his outward manifestations of mourning.

Not only did he appear in a suit of black with a long crape hat-band, but his shutters were kept strictly closed; not a chink was allowed to betray the nature of the liquid merchandise within.

'How is it,' asked a gentleman, 'that you are grieving for Father Mathew's death? I should have thought you would rather have rejoiced at it.'

'Ah, yer honour,' said the man, with that indescribable wink of mingled cunning and drollery which none but an Irish eye can contrive to execute—'sure I wouldn't sell a drop o' whisky to-night, if I didn't put up my shutters to-day!'

L A Y - M O N K S .

AMONG the favourite standard creations which the British public delights in having periodically served up for its delectation, must be reckoned the original old-established monk. This traditional personage, the *type moine*, as the French would say, may be said to flourish still, a thriving evergreen; and his appearance on the stage or in the novel scarcely ever fails to call forth the enthusiasm of every British heart. When Father Francis or Father Philip comes on the scene, bearing all his traditional marks and tokens about him, it is pleasant to see how he is at once recognised and greeted as an old acquaintance. The good man's shining poll, his person singularly developed about the epigastric region, his gait, which is slightly unsteady; in short, all the points belonging to the tradition are welcomed by the spectators as things familiar to them and their sires for generations back. We might almost fancy the holy men were to be seen every day in our streets, or were part of the 'institutions' of the country.

At the end of last century, the stage swarmed with monks, the horizon was clouded with crows and sad-coloured frocks—Sheridan and other ingenious mechanists supplying the article as wanted. The former fashioned a famous friar, to be found in the *Duenna*; and even through the sulphur and blue fire of the *Castle Spectre*, we catch a glimpse of a portly figure, who is facetiously accused of bearing about with him a 'tremendous tomb of fish, flesh, and fowl.'

Whence, then, this intimate knowledge of monk-physiology, this deep insight into monachologia? Has the tradition of Robin Hood's merry friar, or of the holy clerk of Copmanhurst, been so affectionately preserved that we have come to know their ways and habits, as it were by heart? Perhaps it is that the Briton respects and appreciates such sleek evidence of good cheer, although impregnated with the papistical leaven. And this mention of good cheer brings us to another scene, where cowl and frock enjoy high popularity. Those who have assisted at symposia fast and furious where convivial chanting has been in vogue, may perhaps recollect some ancient of the party beginning to quaver about the sanctity and other perfections of a certain 'Ho-ho-ho-ly Friar!' Alack! that lay extends unto many verses, and convivial generosity delights in full measure. 'Chorus, if you please, gentlemen,' sings our ancient: instant signal for roar of voices in divers vinous keys, all asseverating that the late reverend was 'such a Ho-ho-ho-ly Friar!' If another elder favour, as it is called, the company with a song, he will most likely select *The Friar of Orders Gray* or *The Monks of Old*; but there is an antique simplicity about the first-named chorus which insures for it a more enduring popularity.

With this strong faith in cloistral joviality, it is not surprising that certain merry spirits should have conceived the idea of assuming for the nonce the likeness of these monks of old, hoping that by this means the ancient monastic spirit would be revived in them once more. In the teeth of the well-established maxim, that the cowl maketh not the monk, they fancied that by

adopting the garb, their revels would acquire that traditional flavour which was supposed to be found in perfection at the monkish board. Accordingly, we find divers of these pseudo-monastic establishments flourishing at different periods during the last century; wherein, it must be confessed, the rule of St Dominic or St Benedict had but little part; and to the more important of these we now purpose inviting the reader's attention; and first for Medmenham Abbey and the order of 'Franciscans.'

The distinction of being the most notorious man of pleasure of his day belongs without dispute to Sir Francis Dashwood, Baronet. About the middle of last century, he first began his eccentric career, and, like a noble marquis of our own time, continued for many years to trouble the repose of the good lieges of the city. But soon the pleasing excitement of beating watchmen and abducting actresses began to pall upon him—even street-encounters were found to have lost their charm—and he began to cast about for some new and untried sphere of action. Accordingly, Jack Wilkes and some other famous 'bloods' were called into council; and it was agreed that, under existing circumstances, the only course open was to found an order of a penitential character, the members whereof should bear the name of Franciscans, after their noble founder.

An ancient mansion, beautifully situated on the banks of the Thames, was chosen as the residence of the new institute. Surrounded with hanging woods and moss-grown slopes, far away from the busy hum of men, it was in every way suited for the enjoyment of a calm and tranquil solitude. In days of old it had belonged to the Cistercian monks; but the holy walls were now destined to witness very different scenes. In the following summer, the prior, Sir Francis, with the rest of the brethren, including Mr John Wilkes, Mr Paul Whitehead, Sir Thomas Stapleton, and others remarkable for devotion and piety, repaired to the convent, and the 'exercises,' or rather the reign of riot, forthwith commenced. Every succeeding summer the same scenes were repeated; and Medmenham Abbey and its inmates became the wonder and the scandal of the country.

In *Chrysal*, or the *Adventures of a Guinea*, a now obsolete novel, written by an Irishman of that day, may be found a detailed account of the abbey and its inhabitants. At the secret rites of the chapter-room, none save the twelve brethren were permitted to be present. With such arcana we have no concern; but without coveting so edifying a prospect, there was enough left to puzzle and amuse the inquiring visitor.

Over the principal entrance was to be seen the famous Rabelaisian maxim: 'Fay ce que vouldras'—an encouraging precept, religiously observed. A little further on, another comforting motto met the eye: 'Aude, hospes, contemnere opes.' In the room where the brethren took their meals, was a statue of Harpocrates, the Egyptian god of silence, together with another of the female goddess of the same virtue. Thus was conveyed a hint to both sexes. There were beautiful gardens, laid out with consummate taste, ornamented with statues and fountains; there were fragrant groves, 'cool grot, and mossy cells'; while classical inscriptions, in harmony with the scene, met the eye at every turn.

With such attractions, it was no wonder that conventional life was found agreeable. Accordingly, for many summers did holy Abbot Francis and his twelve merry monks repair regularly to the favoured spot. But there was a change impending. To the astonishment of everybody, and most likely to his own, Sir Francis Dashwood, the baronet, found himself on a sudden transformed into a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and into a peer of the realm by the style and title of Lord le Despencer. Stranger still, he was discovered

to have actually built a church near his house! Jack Wilkes, too, had got deep into his *North Briton* troubles, and was battling hard with government and the Commons. Lord Sandwich, whose morals were about on a par with those of the late prior, affected to have been shocked with some of Mr Wilkes's verses, and had thought it his duty, as First Lord of the Admiralty, to bring their author to justice. These were so many interruptions to the calm tranquillity of the abbey. Poor Brother Whitehead, better known by the sobriquet of 'Paul the Aged,' succumbed at last to the weight of years, and was laid in Sir Francis's garden with strange pomp and fantastic ceremonies. A funeral urn was set up over him by his sorrowing patron. In this way the members dropped off, and the meetings came gradually to be given up.

The year 1809 witnessed the establishment of a new order at Newstead Abbey, under the auspices of the youthful Lord Byron. This was not quite so systematic or so earnest an effort as that of the Medmenham ascetics. The noble prior was then scarcely twenty-one, an age scarcely suited to so important a charge; but he had an admirable coadjutor in Charles Skinner Mathews, the very beau-ideal of good fellowship, who discharged his duties to perfection. He too, like 'aged Paul,' was soon swept away. It is impossible to look at the scanty memorials left to us of his wit and genius, and not feel convinced that he would have turned out a brilliant spirit of the Sheridan order.

The 'exercises' and general distribution of the day may be best described in his own words: 'For breakfast we had no set hour, but each suited his own convenience—everything remaining on the table till the whole party had done; though had one wished to breakfast at the early hour of ten, he would have been rather lucky to find any of the servants up. Our average hour of rising was one. I, who generally got up between eleven and twelve, was always—even when an invalid—the first of the party, and was esteemed a prodigy of early rising. It was frequently past two before the breakfast-party broke up. Then, for the amusement of the morning, there were reading, fencing, single-stick, or shuttle-cock, in the great room; practising with pistols in the hall; walking, riding, cricket, sailing on the lake, playing with the bear, or teasing the wolf. Between seven and eight we dined; and our evening lasted from that time till one, two, or three in the morning. The evening diversions may be easily conceived.'

This irregular existence Lord Byron seems to have enjoyed amazingly, and in his letters dwells with pleasure on the time when they all used 'to sit up late in our friary, drinking claret, champagne, and what not out of the *skull-cup* and all sorts of glasses, and buffooning all round the house in our conventual garments.' These 'conventual garments' were strictly canonical in shape and hue, though procured through the unsanctified medium of a masquerade warehouse, and consisted of a black frock with a cowl of the same colour. In this sombre garb would the brethren assemble in chapter, when the grim *skull-cup* in its silver mountings would be filled with choice Burgundy, and sent on its rounds. At the same solemn moment, would voices be uplifted, and the mystic *skull-song* chanted:

Start not, nor deem my spirit fled!
In me behold the only skull
From which—unlike a living head—
Whatever flows is never dull.

The ghostly monk who was supposed to flit about the ruined galleries of the old abbey, might be supposed to stay awhile his midnight wanderings, and frown angrily on this mockery of his ancient functions.

For another illustration of this eccentric taste for playing at monks, we must cross over into the sister-

island, and go back to the close of last century, and the last days of the Irish Parliament. At that most brilliant period of Irish history, more wit and talents were gathered together in the metropolis than it will ever be the fortune of that country to look upon again. Strange to say, this brilliant aggregate, we suppose by way of concentrating its spirit, fell into *conventual* shape; and thus was founded the order of the Monks of St Patrick, better known as the Monks of the Screw. It would be an idle task to enumerate here all that composed that choice company; it will be enough if we mention that in its ranks were to be found the honoured names of Grattan, Curran, Barry the painter, Hussey Burgh, Ponsonby, Corry, and Father O'Leary; of Lords Avonmore, Arran, Carhampton, Charlemont, Kingsborough, Mornington, Townshend, and Kilwarden. Nearly every one of its members attained to eminence in their respective professions, the brethren furnishing chief-justices, chancellors of the Exchequer, judges, and sergeants for many years to come. It will be seen, from the character of the members, that their meetings were of a very different description from the wild orgies of similar institutions on the other side of the water.

Every Saturday evening the community assembled in chapter in Lord Tracton's House, arrayed in the canonical costume of a black tabinet frock and cowl, with a cork-screw hanging from the waist by way of rosary. The chair was usually filled by the prior, the facetious Mr Curran, who in that capacity, as may be imagined, was all that could be wished; Judge Johnson did duty as sacristan; and Mr Doyle, a master in Chancery, officiated as abbot. Those chapter-nights were often looked back to in after-years with fond and vain regrets; and no wonder, for they were true feasts of reason, unalloyed with any feeling that might hereafter come back on them attended with shame or regret.

Such were these three notable societies, illustrating, we think, very curiously the strange chapter of human eccentricities.

A WORKING-MAN'S GROWL.

I MEANT to call this a grumble, but the dictionary says that grumble means to complain without a cause; and so, having plenty of cause for complaint, rather too much, I call it a growl. Those who read to the end, will find out whether it is properly titled or not.

I like fair play, I do; and I don't like being told there's fair play for everybody in this hard-worked old England of ours, when there isn't. If fighting against the longest odds is fair play—if being kept down is fair play—if 'dignity of labour' being made to look undignified, is fair play; then I give in at once, and acknowledge that I have been mistaken.

My growl doesn't mean biting: I don't blame anybody in particular; but somehow it seems as if it would ease my mind to speak out and say things that have lain heavy upon me for a good while. At times they bewilder me rather, especially when school-boy recollections of my old catechism put me on thinking I ought to be contented in my station of life. Who knows, if I say my say, perhaps some one who reads it may be able to give me a word of advice, or to tell me whether I am mistaken?

I'm a journeyman mechanic, always have been, and don't expect ever to be anything else, though I used to dream about it once. I can handle the plane and saw as well as anybody else, and can turn out a chest of drawers or a dining-table fit for any gentleman's house; ay, or the Queen's palace for the matter of that. I have worked for a good many masters in my time; if I hadn't, there wouldn't be anything for me to write about.

I shall never forget the master I was apprenticed

to. All through the month I was on trial, I had my meals with him and his wife in the parlour; tea and toast for breakfast, and so forth. But the very next morning after my father came over to bind me, I was trundled into the kitchen, and a basin of slop, called broth, was put before me, and a few stale crusts. And this was a sample of my fare for three or four years; however, by hook or by crook, I managed to get enough; and that was something for a growing boy. I needn't say much about my master: two facts will paint his portrait. He kept me good part of my time splitting up tough, gnarly old roots of oak and elm for firewood, that being his way of teaching me to make chairs and tables; and at other times, when I was taking my turn in the workshop, he would come up and say to me and the other apprentices: 'Let's see which can look the silliest;' and then he would make a fool's countenance to the best of his ability, and the more we laughed, the better pleased he seemed to be. It was generally after dinner when he did this.

Nobody will be surprised that such a man became a bankrupt. He was just one of those—of whom there are too many now-a-days—not fit to be a master. My indenture was given up to me; and so, before half my time was up, I was free to go and work where I liked as a journeyman. I got taken on at another shop in the same town, and being kept steadily at the bench, I learned my trade, and managed to save something out of the trifle of wages that was paid me. After I had once got into the knack of it, the man who could work quicker, or shew better or sounder workmanship than I did, would have had to get up pretty early in the morning. 'Do your best, come what may,' was a saying of my good old mother's, and it stuck by me.

There was a Mechanics' Institute in the town; I joined it, and got well laughed at by my shopmates, who accused me of a wish to 'sneak in among the aristocracy.' I was always fond of reading, and never was fond of the public-house, and so there was always some sort of antagonism between me and the others. 'You ain't a-going to come your superiority over us,' they said, when I refused to go to the tippling-parlour at the Cross-Keys. I went twice, and that took away from me all desire ever to go again. To say nothing of sitting three or four hours in the midst of tobacco-smoke, the talk was of the stupidest and silliest kind—perfect bosh indeed, mingled at times with petty scandal. To sit and listen to that was more than I could bear, and I went over to the Mechanics' Institute, though it wasn't by any means what it ought to be. Since then, I have found out, by living in other places, that the managers of Mechanics' Institutes don't know how to make them useful or attractive in such a way as would catch working-men, that otherwise would be willing to join.

Now and then we had lectures, and I used to feel proud when the lecturer told us of the mighty achievements of labour and industry, and how that every working-man could get on if he only would. That was just what I wanted to do; but my shopmates wouldn't let me. Here was the beginning of my experience, that it isn't the classes above him—if there be any above him—that keep a working-man down, but his companions, those among whom he works and lives.

It isn't comfortable to be in the same workshop with men who think they have a right to annoy you in any way short of actual violence, and it isn't every one that's philosopher enough to bear daily taunts, sneers, and suspicions. Because their way of spending their overhours was not my way, they being seven or eight, and I only one, they chose to put me in the wrong, and act accordingly. However, I didn't quarrel with them, except when they played tricks with my work or hid my tools, and then I made a demonstration that insured me a week's quiet. A favourite notion with

them was, that I was trying to curry favour with the master, and thereby get a run of the best work for myself; but this was a mistake. I never liked any of the masters I worked for, except one, well enough to make a friend of him, or ask favours; and as for the one then over me, he looked on his men as so many machines, out of which he had to make as much profit as possible; and he had, besides, a habit of putting off 'settling-day' as long as possible for himself, and longer than was convenient for me.

To a man whose wage is reckoned by shillings, any loss or stoppage, though small in itself, is felt at once, and seriously. He is saving for some special object—perhaps to buy a new coat or a watch—and notes already the time when the sparings of many weeks will enable him to effect his purpose. But he is exposed to see his expectations balked by the whims or greed of his master, or the caprices of a customer. One day, when I was at work on a chest of drawers, my master took it into his head that he would have the drawer bottoms tongued and grooved in the joints, contrary to all former practice. The 'stuff' was thin, and required delicate handling, and the joints took me half a day, instead of half an hour. What matters that, you will say, so long as 'twas paid for. That's just where it is; it wasn't paid for. The governor wouldn't give an extra half-penny for the making, and so I was half a day out of pocket.

There's no harm in my saying that I was quick at finding out new and readier ways of putting things together, so that I could finish in seven and a half or eight days a job that used to take me nine days. This did very well for a time or two; but by and by, when the master saw that I wanted a new job sooner than he had calculated, he wasn't long in finding out the reason why, nor in cutting down my wage. I remonstrated, but it was no use; he stuck hard and fast to this: 'If the job doesn't take you so long by a day, it isn't worth so much by a day.'

Nice encouragement this for a young fellow who worked hard, and tried to keep himself respectable; and when I thought of what the lecturers said at the Mechanics' Institute—that it depended only on the working-man himself whether he would get on or not, I made up my mind, feeling rather bitter at the same time, that they had never known what it was to work with none but working-men for companions, and for a master who considered nobody but himself.

Another trick the governor had that none of us liked—for we all had a taste of it—was to give us something—a chair, a wash-stand, or a few yards of carpet—to carry to a distant part of the town when we were going home for the evening. No matter how far it was, he would say: 'There, leave that as you go by. It isn't a yard out of your way,' when all the time the yard was a mile, very seldom less than half a mile. Not satisfied with the imposition, he took away whatever merit there was in our performance of it, and neutralised any satisfaction we might have felt in obliging him, by telling us the task wouldn't take us a yard out of our way. Why should a journeyman, whose spare hours are so few, be expected to give up a portion for a master who was so keen in cutting off the man's advantage in another way? My honest belief is, that nine out of ten masters ain't fit to be masters. Just think of having to go a mile out of your way on a cold or wet night, and missing the beginning of a lecture at the Mechanics' Institute!

Another thing: why should a man be made to lose so much time between job and job—and why should he have to wait so long for his money? Suppose you are at piece-work. Well, you get a pound or twenty-five shillings a week to keep you going, and the master makes up the difference—not at the end of the job, as he ought to, but when it pleases him, and that's generally about once a year. Is it fair the master should

keep what belongs to the man? Why shouldn't the man have it, and put it in the savings-bank, and have whatever interest it brings? One day, when my governor owed me about L.10, I said to him very civilly that I should be glad if he would settle,

'What do you want with your money?' he asked snappishly.

'I want to put it in the savings-bank.'

'Oh, you are afraid of me, are you? Well, I'll settle with you.'

And so he did. He paid me the arrears, and gave me notice that when the job in hand should be finished, I might suit myself elsewhere.

I shifted my quarters to London, thinking there would be more independence for a journeyman in the great city than in a country town. I soon found work, in a shop not a great way from Tower Hill, kept by a man who supplied two first-rate houses with furniture. Of course he had his profit to make, and to do that he cut down prices to so low a figure, that unless you worked like a little steam-engine, there was no chance of making living wages. I got experience, it is true, and enlarged my knowledge of the trade; but in other respects, I had jumped from the frying-pan into the fire. My shopmates, about twenty in number, were a set of the greatest scamps I ever fell in with. Their talk was filthy and profane, and their habits to match. I wasn't squeamish, but the language I could not help hearing day after day made me feel degraded: my self-respect was wounded. And because I couldn't laugh at remarks that were thought to be witty, but were only foul and brutal, I was nicknamed the Methodist.

As for a sense of duty, I don't believe there was one of them knew what it meant. They would rob the governor, and cheat him in all possible ways. Their work was too often as bad as themselves, and the ingenuity they exercised to conceal its inferiority, would have more than sufficed to gain them first-rate wages by honest work in a first-rate shop. Stealing anything that was not likely to be missed for the moment was not stealing, only 'carrying it home.' And how they drank! Five pints of porter a day was the average; but two or three took their sixteen pints. And how perverse! Often when they knew a job was wanted in a hurry, they took all possible pains to delay it, and the governor would be driven crazy by their vexatious idleness. It was at times amusing to see what shifts he resorted to in order to get his precious crew to go ahead. Now and then he would make a pretence of stopping a man in the middle of a job to set him on another, whereupon there would be a terrible outcry: 'Tain't fair,' and 'Don't you stand it,' would be heard from all parts of the shop. The man himself would avow his determination not to stand it, and in proof thereof, work away at the job in hand, and finish it all the sooner. This was just what the master wanted; but what harassments he had to go through in dealing with such an unprincipled set. He had a good stroke of business, yet for all that I wouldn't have changed places with him for all he was worth.

I could fill whole pages with the sayings and doings of that workshop; but what would be the good? The manners, or rather want of manners that prevailed, shocked and amazed me; but I have since then fallen in with many—many more of the same stamp. Birds of a feather, it is said, flock together. How many do you suppose I have met with in my life like-minded with myself, decent fellows, whom I was glad to associate with? Guess! Only five; and one of them was a Frenchman.

Now, Mr Lecturer, are you quite sure it depends on the working-man himself whether he will get on in the world or not? It seems to me that his environment has something to do with the question; and when a man depends on his week's work for his week's means

of existence, he can't always choose what his surrounding shall be. And for keeping you down, there is nothing like your workmates. Talk about being tyrannised over by the aristocracy—crushed with taxes—enslaved by monarchy, and what not; nothing stops the way so surely and fatally as the stupidity, to give it no worse name, of your fellows.

It seems to me, therefore, that whether the working-man shall get on or not, depends on working-men. Even as the proverb says: A man must ask his wife's leave to thrive.

I had heard of a large establishment at the west end, not ten miles from the marble arch, where hundreds of men were employed, and where a reading-room and all that sort of thing was fitted up on the premises for such as chose to make use of it. So I migrated from the east, and got work in what seemed such a promising place; not sorry to quit my ill-conditioned comrades.

By way of change, I took a turn at carpentry, which saved me from being shut up all the time in the workshop. I was employed a good while in some of those handsome rows of houses that link London to Kensington or Paddington; and not a little pleased was I to find myself in a place where good workmanship was the rule. Every man was expected to do his best, and the foremen took care to see that the expectation wasn't balked. I didn't see any deliberate dishonesty while I was under this firm; but I did see a good many things that soon shewed my chance of getting on wasn't much, if any, better here than elsewhere.

I work when I am at work. One day I was hanging shutters in a new house. I took pains, and by the time the foreman came round in the afternoon, had got four pair hung. He approved the workmanship, but said: 'You are too quick for us: two pair a day is quite enough.'

I stared. It was nevertheless true. You were not to do as much as you could—only as much as by custom had come to be considered enough.

No getting on here, thought I, after this specimen of trade morality. The firm who consequently had to pay their hands for dawdling, and the customer or tenant whose pocket suffered in proportion, were not taken into consideration.

And I felt sure there would be no getting on when I saw how many toadies the foreman had, and how pleased he seemed to be with their subservience, and the use he made of it. Nothing like choosing one of yourselves, my mates, if you want to set up a chief who will make you feel what it is to be kept down. The foreman of the department I was in kept a public-house, and if he didn't see you pretty often in his tiptop-parlour in the evenings, you had nothing to expect from him but disfavour. He had two or three grown-up daughters, whom he wished to marry off his hands, and lucky was the carpenter who paid his addresses to any one of them. Tiptop work and tiptop pay always fell to his share.

And then, notwithstanding the high character of the establishment, I found there was room for dishonesty. If a man was going out to lay down carpets, or put up curtains, and so forth, he went to the office for the necessary supply of tacks, nails, screws, &c. Not unfrequently he had twice as many as he wanted, and what he didn't use he kept.

I couldn't take any pains to conciliate the foreman, neither could I turn a penny by selling surplus tacks, &c., to the little ironmongers in the neighbourhood; and so, as I never had the luck to get tiptop wages, I left the model establishment at the end of a year.

Since then, I have been trying to get up a business on my own account. It is uphill work, and not very promising; but I am not obliged to toady anybody, or to associate with blackguardism or dishonesty. I am, in fact, my own journeyman.

I could not go quietly on, however, till I had puffed away the black thoughts that had been gathering upon my mind from the beginning. Now I have done it: I have had out my growl, and there's an end.

A RIDE IN THE FRENCH IMPERIAL MAIL-GIG.

Last summer there appeared in the *Journal* an entertaining account of a journey from Pumps to Springs by her Britannic Majesty's mail-gig, with the ups and downs, and the *dura mala* of the mail-road. Would your readers feel interested in an account of the style in which his Imperial Majesty Louis Napoleon conveys the letters of his loving subjects in this enlightened age?

It was my lot, some few weeks ago, to visit the *terra incognita*, or well-nigh such, once called Armorica, the cradle of our ancestors, now marked on the map of France as Finistère and the Côtes-du-Nord; and as my route lay beyond the line of service of the diligence, no other means of locomotion offered than to travel with the *courier* in the mail-cart.

I confess that the idea of a seven hours' ride by night was not inviting, especially as the distance was only thirty miles. But the saving of time and money being my object, I soon came to terms with the servant of the government; and at nine p.m. was ready in the yard of the Hôtel de France at Guingamp, awaiting the carriage that was to convey the imperial mail-bags to the Ultima Thule of Carhaix.

'Don't be afraid, sir,' was the salutation of a country woman, one Sally Heartel, who does for the English in that locality—'don't be afraid; the mare's only a little "fierce" or so!' This was not encouraging, but not likely to daunt one who had some experience of the Oxford screw.

'L'v'la le monsieur qui va voyager par le casse-cou,' said a *gamin* among the circle of idlers inseparable from a coach-yard all over the world. *Casse-cou*, that is breakneck in English; not a pleasant idea certainly. But there was not much time to deliberate: my bag and coat were whisked out of my hand, and deposited somewhere, and I was ordered to mount.

By the dim light of a stable lantern, I saw two wheels, and a confused jumble of leather, wood, and cords. The machine had no cushions, and but one spring, and every part had been patched and mended, till the original had almost disappeared. Indeed, the vehicle in any part of Europe would be a curious study for the antiquary: so shapeless and ancient, it appeared like a confused heap of wrecks, and waifs, and strays of the antediluvian world. The mare alluded to was an immense raw-boned cart-horse, with a hump like a camel, and so high, that the shafts were lifted up to an angle of 45 degrees to reach the tugs; and the cart hung back more fashionably than agreeably. But I had little time for further inspection; for the mail being deposited in the well, and a piece of broken board laid across for a seat, up we mounted—the jarvey on the near side, and myself on what should have been his seat in any other country. There is a police regulation in French towns, that after dusk every vehicle shall carry a lantern: accordingly, a lantern, or a substitute for it, with an inch of candle, was put into my hand; but as it had no handle, and only one glass unbroken, it required no slight skill to keep it alight, as the mare dashed off at once as soon as we mounted. With this feat of torch-bearing I was sufficiently occupied, till we got clear of the rattling stones and narrow lanes of Guingamp; but it was not long before the regulation inch of tallow burnt out; and the *octroi* being passed, we were left in outer darkness, and I was free to look after my own comfort.

The driver also seemed much at ease, for he dropped his reins, knotted his whip, and set himself to light his first pipe. I ventured to hint that the seat was rather hard, and likely to damage the nether man; but my friend only replied that it never did him any harm. So making the best of it with a great-coat, I settled down, and made no more remonstrance.

Jog, jog, on we laboured, to the music of the rattling ironwork and ungreased wheels, while the old machine lurched, and bumped, and lumbered along over the uneven road. But our worthy *conducteur* finished his pipe, and then composed himself to his first nap, and coolly laid his head on my shoulder to take it easy. This was rather too strong an invasion of rights; so, after shaking him off two or three times, I watched his coming, and as he lurched over to me, I leaned forward, and he pitched backwards with a momentum which nearly sent him over the back of the cart, and, as it was, deposited his *sombrero* in the road. This awoke him for a kilometre or so; and being repeated as often as he tried to establish himself, proved an effectual means of keeping him awake. But he dropped his hat three times, and his whip twice, before we arrived at Callac. Meanwhile, the 'fierce' one had it all her own way, and trotted, walked, or galloped at her own sweet will, tacking up the hills, and artfully easing the weight in descending by grazing the wheel against the bank.

Two hours brought us to the first *posada*, where a branch of withered mistletoe shewed that bad wine needed a bush; the horse stopped spontaneously, and the driver, being on friendly terms with the hostess, entered jauntily, and invited me to follow. The inmates were all in bed—indeed, no Breton peasant sits up beyond eight o'clock—but sundry night-capped heads peeped out of the little cupboards which serve for bedsteads in these parts, and a voice told us to help ourselves to cognac or cassis—the latter a tolerable liqueur, made from black currants. The driver said we must stop twenty minutes to *laisser souffler* the mare; so there was no help for it; but the place was insufferably close—how the natives can sleep in those closets, with only an inch or two of the sliding-door left open, is an impenetrable mystery—and I was glad to get out of the cabin, and exchange for the fresh air of heaven the reek of the tavern, and disappoint the fleas, which were beginning to smell the blood of an Englishman.

Having at length resumed our route, two hours more of up hill and down hill, of lurching and screaming of the rickety old vehicle, and smoking and snoring of the driver, brought us to the poverty-stricken village of Callac, where we were to change—I was going to say horses, but we rejoiced in only one; and this operation occupied another hour. The driver disappeared with the quadruped, and left me in the motionless, and now more tolerable vehicle, to study astronomy. I think he also improved the shining hour, as I judged from his increased incapacity, and an odour of garlic that floated around him when he returned. I may mention, for the benefit of my piscatorial brethren, that the river Hyères, which runs from Callac to Carhaix, is well stocked with trout, and would repay a visit to those who don't mind roughing it. The road, however, became worse after leaving Callac; and the animal that replaced the 'fierce' one being by no means high-mettled, our progress was slow, but not sure.

'Il n'est pas mauvais montant,' quoth the coachman; but 'descendant il ne vaut rien:' and so it proved. The road is all a series of hills; and when we had arrived at the summit of one, the descent was not so easy or pleasant as that is said to be which leads to Avernus. Bucephalus would insist upon subsiding on his hind-quarters, and sliding down two-thirds of the way; and then, aroused by a volley of whip-smacking and verbal insults, he would spring up, and dash down the remaining declivity like the

possessed swine of holy writ. It was one of these escapades that brought our ride and our vehicle to an untimely end.

I was just thinking how beautifully the flush sunrise was gilding the hill-tops, and how fresh the morning air felt, making amends for the miseries of the journey, when we began to descend the worst hill we had yet encountered. We were at the highest point of the great range of the Menè, that runs through Brittany from east to west; and while the sun was lighting up the hill-tops, the valleys were enveloped in the mist-wreaths, with the tall poplars rising spectre-wise from the vapour; and the road seemed to plunge into a vast lake beneath us. It was too steep for our horse to slide down, and our driver urged him recklessly on. As we rushed down the steep and rotten road, I became aware of a sharp turn and a narrow bridge at the bottom, and got my legs loose for a jump. Just in time: for the off-wheel caught the edge of the parapet, and the horse went down with a terrible concussion; and a very complete upset was the consequence.

With a crashing and splintering up of the old car, I found myself flying through the air, and landed on the opposite bank, with his Imperial Majesty's mail-coachman underneath, and the body of the imperial mail-cart above me, some five yards from the rest of the apparatus. Shaking off the wreck, I emerged like a tortoise, and succeeded in kicking up the driver, who seemed desirous of lying where he was, and venting his remaining energy in heathenish or Breton execrations. We then proceeded to extricate the horse from the debris of the cart-harness in which he was struggling. The whole perch or body of the vehicle had dissolved partnership with the wheels; the imperial mail-bags, and my carpet-bag of ordinary life, were reposing side by side in the mud; and the whole affair, when set on its legs, seemed to have been transformed into a costermonger's cart. The next thing to be considered was how to perform the remainder of the journey. The driver was for riding into Carhaix, and sending back a conveyance for me; but this proposition was too indefinite to be entertained. The horse was a long-backed family quadruped, and could easily carry double; and as the cart was a total wreck, the best thing we could do was to take to the long-boat. So, disengaging the animal from the shafts, we disposed of the concern by pushing it out of the road; and then balancing the mail-bags on one side, and my *sac de nuit* on the other of the old horse, we climbed up, and rode the remaining league into Carhaix. I think our entry in this fashion created not a little sensation. It was only five A.M. when we arrived; but being market-day, there were plenty of natives with their horned charges to bid us welcome, and pass their jokes upon our appearance. I was only too thankful to have come off sound, wind and limb; but I suppose there was something mirth-provoking in the tall lean old chestnut ambling over the stones, with so singular, or rather plural, a burden. In front, Sancho Panza, with a huge sombrero and tight canvas pantaloons; and behind him, like Horace's black care, a tall gentleman in subfusc garments, and of sedate appearance, and the leathern bags hanging against the courser's sides—perhaps the natives may be excused for their jokes at our comical entry. But the driver, now metamorphosed into an outrider, brought his bags to the bureau in time; and made light of the breakdown, which one would think he had contrived for my special gratification, *pour amuser l'Anglais*. And the host at Guingamp, when I made my re-appearance at the table d'hôte, made a good story of the Englishman who travelled by the casse-cou, and inquired most kindly after the state of my dorsal and cervical vertebrae.

So there you have a true and particular account of the way the imperial post is *exploited*, as the French say in these parts. And if any of your readers pay this

country a visit, they can doubtless be accommodated with a ride in a casse-cou; and I can only hope they will like it.

AN OLD MAN'S QUESTION.

STRANGE soul of mine, that rose, I know not whence,
Upon my sleeping life and mortal frame,
Like morn's sun o'er the mountains, all aflame,
And large through mists of childish innocence;
Which, year by year with me up-travelling thence
As hour by hour the day-star, madest aspire
My heart, thus interpenetrate with fire
It felt but knew not; spirit mixed with sense,
Wisdom with folly, genius with mere clay—
Soul, thou hast journeyed with me all this way,
Oft hidden, oft beclouded, oft arrayed
In scorching splendours which my earth-life burned,
Yet sunward up to thee my true life turned,
For, dark or clear, 'twas thou my daylight made.

Soul, set aloof in God's infinitude,
And sometimes seeming no more part of me—
This me, worms' heritage—than that sun I see
Is of the earth he has with warmth imbued,
Whence comest thou? whither goest thou?—I, subdued
With awe of my own being, sit me still
Dumb on the summit of this crowned hill,
Whose dry November grasses, rain-bedecked,
Mirror a thousand suns—That sun which was
Light-bearer, passes: as thou soon must pass,
My soul! Art thou afraid? thou who hast trod
A path I know not, from a source to a bourne
Both which I know not—fear'st thou to return
Alone, even as thou camest—alone to God?

PROGRESS OF CALIFORNIA.

In riding through one of her large agricultural valleys, a few weeks since, where so late as 1852 there was scarcely a mile of fence to be seen from one end of it to the other, I saw now continuous grain-fields, of six or eight miles in length, with perhaps a dozen reapers, of the best patent, marching up and down, levelling the tall thick harvest. Comfortable, substantial farmhouses, or neat cottages, stand upon the sites of the little canvas shanties we used to see, and neat, often elegant vehicles, have taken the place of the clumsy coarse wagon of those times. You may travel in summer on all the main roads, from the north to the south, in the best Concord or Troy coaches, and be received, in the more considerable towns, at as good hotels as you will find at corresponding places anywhere in the Union. And even this great material progress is less expressive of the growth of the state than other signs at present visible in her condition.—*Farnham's California.*

ALCOHOL IN WINES.

The Customs Surveyor-generals have been busy collecting information to ascertain what quantity of proof-spirit per cent. is usually contained in port wine, and from an extensive range of trials, they have discovered the minimum to be 26 per cent. The majority of trials shewed from 30 to 36—some few parcels contained 40 per cent.—and (although the latter is bad enough in all conscience) in a few exceptional cases, as much as 55 per cent. has been detected. Those containing more than 33 per cent. are still held under stop, until the pleasure of the Lords of the Treasury can be ascertained. On the 28th of June 1853, a Treasury Minute was issued, under date 28th October 1853, prohibiting all alcoholic liquids from passing into consumption, as wine, which contained more than 33 per cent. of proof-spirit.—*Ridley & Co.'s Monthly Circular.*

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GENTEEL ECONOMY.

It would be well for some of the more highly waged of our operative classes to know what is sometimes done, in the way of economical living, by persons whom they regard as their superiors. It often happens that a clergyman, a medical man, a teacher, or some other person of the so-called middle classes, has less income than an artisan. We lately heard of active ministers of the Established Church of England living on eighty pounds a year. We know that there are Episcopalian ministers in Scotland—officiating chiefly amongst the gentry—on similar stipends. Were there an advertisement for instances of surgeons and country schoolmasters not realising over a pound a week, we apprehend there would be an inpouring of answers like a spring-tide in the Severn or the Solway. Yet all of these people live with their families in a style notably more elegant and sightly than do the generality of such of the working-people as enjoy equal or larger incomes. And not only this; but they often contrive to educate their children, and bring them forward in life, in a way never dreamt of by the most highly salaried operatives.

A remarkable instance of this has lately been revealed through a privately printed memoir of Mr Thomas Thomson, advocate—an eminent legal antiquary, and the man to whom the public has been indebted for the arrangement of the national records of Scotland. This gentleman, who was the intimate friend and associate of Jeffrey, Cockburn, and all that set, sprung from a manse in Ayrshire, where the family income was £105 a year. The worthy clergyman not only gave his son Thomas the education required for the Bar, and the means of paying his fees on passing advocate, but reared another son to his own profession; besides whom there were other children to be provided for. How such feats were accomplished on so small means, while all the time the usual hospitalities of a rural parsonage were maintained, surpasses conception; yet we are assured they were performed, and the means were strictly no more than what is here stated; neither did the father of the family leave one shilling of debt.

It will be of no use to try to make out this as a peculiar and rare case, or as depending on conditions which only existed in a past age, for it is notorious that a very considerable proportion of the young men in both parts of the island, entering the legal profession, whether as barristers or solicitors, as well as those destined for the profession of the civil-engineer, and for service in India, are the children of clergymen possessed of incomes inferior to those enjoyed by many

operatives. The present chief-justice of England is one of the sons of such a clergyman; and many others could be pointed to, now occupying distinguished situations in life. It is a marvel of no rare kind, to see an English clergyman sending his son, or sons, to Oxford, for an education, calling, while it lasts, for an outlay equal to the entire annual proceeds of the benefice. In these cases, of course, there must have been a saving during many years in order to meet the requirements of a few.

How is it that persons of small income in the middle classes make such good and laudable results out of their little means? There can rest no doubt that it is done only by great self-denial and frugality. The principle at work is that of Genteel Economy. There are elegant tastes calling for gratification; but they are quietly set aside. There is accomplishment that might adorn the saloons of the affluent; but it is calmly, though perhaps with a sigh, condemned to waste its sweetness on the desert air. Scenes of public gaiety are avoided, because they infer dresses that cannot be afforded. The friend is left uninvited, because the family *ménage* can scarcely shew before a stranger. What is called a very quiet life—that is, a life without the excitement from society which is one of its necessities—is submitted to without a murmur, but not without suffering—sometimes not without positively hurtful consequences. The daily experiences of tradesmen and servants are often of a more enviable kind. Can anything be more affecting than a life in which so much that is needed, and that could be enjoyed, is dispensed with and postponed? We here see men and women to whom the future is more important than the present—to whom the intellectual is of more account than the material, the sentimental than the sensual—persons who, resigning themselves perhaps to a narrow and ungenerous lot, indulge the hope that their offspring will rise to something better, and for the realisation of that hope are willing and ready to make great sacrifices. If to make the future overrule the present, and to subordinate our own gratifications to those of some other person, is to advance in the scale of moral being, great praise is surely due to those who, from such motives, practise a genteel economy. Self-denial in such circumstances truly has in it that religious beauty which is only illusively associated with the self-denial of the ascetic.

Amongst the hand-workers, there is often equal or superior means, but much seldomer the disposition to fashion the ways of a household to the attainment of some postponed benefit. Nor is this wonderful, when we consider that the sense of such benefits is not so apt to be engendered in that class of minds. The intelligent

member of the middle class sees what blessings attend refined life, when supported by sufficiency of means; he strains for those blessings, accordingly, for himself or his children. The artisan is shut out from contact with such things, and so far from hoping for, does not even think of them. Hence the so frequent and so sad spectacle of a *ménage* equally coarse and extravagant, luxury without comfort or refinement, and, what is more painful to look at, indulged in on the very brink of want and dependence. Till the sturdy operative shall be elevated by education and circumstances to higher ideas of what is really worth straining for in life, he will continue to fall far behind the genteel poor in these respects.

The Genteel Poor! name of pity and ridicule to many, a favourite theme of sarcasm among novelists and dramatists ever since modern fiction arose. And yet we do seriously believe that the genteel spirit is often not merely a softener of poverty, but a means of redemption from it. When the educated person of the middle classes is reduced to pennilessness, as often happens in this variable world, what is it that keeps him from sinking into and being lost in the obscure multitude but this spirit? what but this gives him the desire to struggle again up the slippery slope of fortune? A gentleman now in a very distinguished situation in life has assured us, that when he found himself in his youth brought by the misfortunes of his family into association with the humbler class of people, it was alone the *sense of the better sphere of life he had been in* which inspired him with the industry and self-denial by which he has worked his way so far upward. And we can well believe it. It may be called by such names as pride and vanity; but if these names be rightly applied, then we would assume and defend the position, that pride and vanity are things not without their use in our moral economy.

GLIMPSES OF AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

FLORIDA—TEXAS—FUGITIVE SLAVE-BILL.

SYMPATHISING with the Americans in their unfortunate inheritance of slavery, and making every allowance for the constitutional difficulties which are presumed to surround any plan for its eradication, we must regret the manner in which this portentous evil has not only been suffered but actually stimulated to grow in dimensions. At no period since the foundation of the Union, has the number of slaves diminished; on the contrary, it has regularly increased; and at the period at which our narrative has arrived, 1820, it amounted to 1,538,064.

From the time the Missouri Compromise came under agitation, there was a succession of measures, all tending to extend the sphere of compulsory servitude. The first of these was the annexation of Florida, which did not excite any particular hostility. The peninsula of Florida—swampy, rich in alluvial marshes and savannahs, and eminently suitable for the production of rice and the sugar-cane—possesses a history abounding in picturesque incident. Discovered and settled by the Spaniards; captured by the English; then rendered back to the Spaniards; it ultimately, during the early years of the present century, became an object of desire to the United States—to which, by contiguity, it formed so convenient an appendage, that its fate from the outset could easily have been foretold.

The Americans, as their best friends allow, have never, on suitable occasions, been at a loss to make out a good case of injury, requiring smart reparation. The Floridians were a bad set. They had preyed like freebooters on American commerce, and the sufferers were denied all redress from Spain; they had excited the Indians to molest the frontiers of the states; and, worst of all, they had given refuge to runaway slaves

from Georgia and Louisiana. Such proceedings were intolerable. Pacific overtures having failed, the United States government despatched a military force to overrun Florida. Negotiations followed, in which the Americans advanced a claim to Texas, as having been a portion of the old French province of Louisiana, which the Spaniards ought long since to have relinquished. Spain was thankful to buy off this strange demand, and otherwise adjust the claims against it, by ceding Florida; the United States at the same time undertaking to indemnify citizens for their losses. In virtue of a treaty to this effect, Florida was taken possession of by General Jackson in the summer of 1821. As a territory of the Union, this hapless peninsula endured for some time the horrors of a war levied against the Seminole Indians, with a view to recover fugitive slaves and their descendants. The narrative of this ruthless war of races, aggravated by the use of blood-hounds to trace the Indians and negroes through the brakes and swamps, involves instances of more fearful suffering and daring heroism than perhaps any history of modern times. Finally, the Indians being subdued and removed in a body, and the real or alleged fugitives secured, Florida settled down into the ordinary condition of a state, with slavery as a legalised institution.

The claim on Texas on the above occasion, shewed pretty conclusively that there were parties in the United States who cast a longing eye in that direction. The practice of acquiring new countries and adding them to the Union, began with Louisiana and Florida, and with these precedents, might be carried to any extent. The desire for these territorial acquisitions, though partly owing to the restless character of the Americans, as well as to certain necessities in their position, arose in no small degree from causes connected with slavery. Not to speak of the exhaustion of lands by slave-labour, and the corresponding obligation to seek for fresh scenes of operation, there is an incessant natural increase in the slave population, which leaves to planters no choice between being eaten up by servants and sending them adrift through the agency of the slave-trader. On this account alone, there is positively no limit to the extension of slavery. Unless the surplus be carried off by emancipation—and to that the law in several states presents serious obstacles—there is no restricting it in amount or keeping it within a definite locality. Then, we have the commercial principle giving active impulse to the institution. Slave-breeders and traders rejoice in the prospect of new settlements and new purchasers; and if the matter rested with them, they would be glad to see the Union engulf country after country, till at length there was nothing more to incorporate. To this wild demand for territorial enlargement, the central government, for obvious reasons, can give no external concurrence in the first instance; but that is of little consequence. The condition of affairs in America is at all times favourable to the commission of daring exploits by private adventurers, whose acts can be repudiated or sanctioned as circumstances shall determine. In no country in Europe could be found groups of individuals at all to compare with these adventurers of the true filibuster type. They are the refuse of the world—penniless, reckless, confident, and unscrupulous. Refugee Poles, Italians, and Frenchmen; exiles from the British Islands, bankrupt in character and fortune; Portuguese and Spaniards, with predatory habits acquired in the slave-trade or in freebooting; immigrant Germans, who, instead of pushing off to inland rural settlements, as is usual with their countrymen, have become frequenters of taverns, and copiously indulge in 'lager beer'; sons of American gentlemen, who, brought up without restraint, and having gone through their fortune, loiter about bar-rooms and gaming-houses, get up dog and cock fighting matches, and at

night tormenting the streets as rowdies—all are ready for any sort of mischief. Such are some of the elements of a filibustering expedition, of which, however, the 'white trash' of the south, by whom honest labour is deemed a disgrace, usually form the staple material. Equip, arm, and ship off company after company of this heterogeneous mass—see them land in grotesque costume, their trousers stuffed into dirty boots, their striped or red woollen shirts, their rusty beards, hats of every imaginable shape, belts stuck with bowie-knives and revolvers, and rifles slung over their shoulders—chewing, spitting, swearing—and you have an army of marauders such as, we venture to say, could be nowhere else produced on the face of the earth.

Nature accomplishes great designs by rough agencies. The Old World was not peopled and settled as we now see it, without going through centuries of violence and bloodshed. Greeks, Persians, Romans, Goths, Saxons, Normans, and Sea-kings, all in their turn conquered without justice or mercy. But that was long ago, and one imagines that, under the lights of Christianity and modern civilisation, things should be managed differently. True in one respect, but not in another. Much of the American continent is now going through its ancient and middle ages. Filibusters are the Sea-kings of the nineteenth century. Who is to restrain them, so long as they confine their stealthy attacks to regions under a weak rule, adjoining the southern states, and the annexation of which to the Union flatters the desire for national aggrandisement? If to this we add the ardent demand for new territories over which to disseminate slave-labour, the impulse for acquisition not only becomes irresistible, but, to judge from past events, is almost certain to receive the countenance of the highest federal authorities.

Looking about for means of advancing their interests, slaveholders and slave-traders saw no outlet so available as that westwards along the Gulf of Mexico into Texas. This province, of almost matchless fertility, producing cotton equal to the finest in the United States, extended over twelve degrees of latitude, with an area large enough to form eight or nine ordinary sized states; and it was calculated that, if freely opened to planters and their servants, the value of human stock would probably rise fifty per cent. Ever seeking new spots for settlement, parties of emigrants had begun to find homes in Texas as early as 1819. They were chiefly from the north, and, for the sake of material interests, were fain to submit to the petty tyranny which usually accompanies the Spanish rule. Some years elapsed before there appeared any chance of success for a filibustering expedition. As soon, however, as Mexico had shaken off Spain, and declared itself a republic, things seemed ripe for striking a blow. From this time, 1824-5, we hear of migration into Texas on a formidable scale. It is no longer parties of industrious yeomen who come across the frontier, but companies of armed men, under southern leaders of military reputation. Claiming to have territorial rights under grants from Mexican authorities, there arrive in their train, flocks of greedy speculators and jobbers, holders of scrip in real or pretended joint-stock land companies, besides a floating mass of adventurers anxious to secure whatever good might fall in their way—and when we recollect that there was a country as large as France to be won by dint of a little impudence and fighting, and that the first-comers had the best chance, the rush to Texas is no great matter for surprise. The method of appropriation, however, is curious. It resembles nothing so much as that of a lodger who, taking a fancy to his quarters, begins by finding fault with his landlord, and ends with turning him out of doors. Clearly, the Americans had no business in Texas—not any more than the English had in India—and if they went thither, it was their duty as foreigners to remain quiet. But good order and respect

for rights are, in such cases, against all rule. How the Texan settlers and their allies picked endless quarrels with the wretched government to which the province nominally belonged—how, under General Sam. Houston, the invading host unfurled the standard of rebellion—the significant lone-star—which like a meteor they carried through the country, as far as the banks of the Rio Grande del Norte—how they overpowered the Mexicans, and in one of their battles captured Santa Anna, whom they set at liberty only on having conceded to them the independence of Texas—are all circumstances well known. In short, in the space of two years, by the desultory movements of a body of unauthorised adventurers, an extensive and valuable province was wrested from Mexico. The brilliance of this exploit is somewhat lessened by the fact, that a large army entered Texas, by order of the United States government, professedly to allay Indian disturbances, but really to hang about as a reserve, to countenance, and, if need be, to support, the filibusters. The object of the invasion was never a matter of doubt. It was to secure independence, and then to seek annexation, with a view to strengthening southern interests, by adding several new slaveholding states to the Union. On the character of this splendid manoeuvre, we should prefer allowing an American writer to speak. 'Some crimes by their magnitude,' says Channing, 'have a touch of the sublime; and to this dignity the seizure of Texas by our citizens is entitled. Modern times furnish no example of individual rapine on so grand a scale. It is nothing less than the robbery of a realm. The pirates seize a ship. The colonists and their coadjutors satisfy themselves with nothing short of an empire.' Shrinking from annexation, he adds that this act will be accomplished only at the 'imminent peril' of American 'institutions, union, prosperity, virtue, and peace.'

In the wilful perpetuation and extension of slavery—its infliction on a country from which it was expelled—lies, perhaps, the chief odium of this great deed of spoliation. Although accustomed to look with contempt on Spain and the transatlantic nations which she has planted, we are obliged in the present instance, as an act of simple justice, to state, that when the Mexicans attained to independence, they at the same time loosened the bonds of the slave—decreeing, 'that no person thereafter should be born a slave, or introduced as such into the Mexican states; that slaves then held should receive stipulated wages, and be subject to no punishment but on trial and judgment of the magistrate.' Doubtless, these humane provisions were partly a consequence of the large infusion of mixed breeds and persons of colour in all ranks of Mexican society; but be this as it may, slavery had been abolished in Texas when it fell into the hands of the Americans. After this occurrence, however, slaves were rapidly introduced, and with avowed slavery institutions, the republic claimed to be admitted into the Union. When annexation was formally proposed, there was a considerable division of opinion as to its expediency. Petitions were presented to congress, and Daniel Webster, among other men of note, offered some wholesome oratorical opposition to the measure, on the ground that the admission of so large a region as Texas would give a most undue preponderance to the South. In one of his speeches, he says: 'I frankly avow my entire unwillingness to do anything which shall extend the slavery of the African race on this continent, or add other slaveholding states to the Union. When I say that I regard slavery in itself a great moral, social, and political evil, I only use language which has been adopted by distinguished men, themselves citizens of slaveholding states. I shall do

* Channing's Letter to the Hon. Henry Clay, on the Annexation of Texas. 1837.

nothing, therefore, to favour or encourage its further extension. In my opinion, the people of the United States will not consent to bring a new, vastly extensive, and slaveholding country, large enough for half-a-dozen or a dozen states, into the Union. IN MY OPINION, THEY OUGHT NOT TO CONSENT TO IT. Indeed, I am altogether at a loss to conceive what possible benefit any part of this country can expect to derive from such annexation. All benefit to any part is at least doubtful and uncertain—the objections obvious, plain, and strong. On the general question of slavery, a great portion of the community is already strongly excited. The subject has not only attracted attention as a question of politics, but it has struck a far deeper-toned chord—it has arrested the religious feeling of the country; it has taken a strong hold on the consciences of men. He is a rash man, indeed, and little conversant with human nature, and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country, who supposes that a feeling of this kind is to be trifled with or despised. It will assuredly cause itself to be respected.' In conclusion, he said: 'I see, therefore, no political necessity for the annexation of Texas to the Union—no advantages to be derived from it, and objections to it of a strong, and, in my judgment, decisive character. I believe it to be for the interest and happiness of the whole Union to remain as it is, without diminution and without addition.'

Expostulation was useless. By the election of Mr Polk as president, November 1844, the people shewed their desire for annexation. When the subject was debated in congress, a resolution to annex was carried, and Texas was accordingly incorporated as a state in 1845, without any restriction as to slavery. It was provided that four new states of convenient size might afterwards be formed out of it; and further, that slavery, at the discretion of the inhabitants, might exist in all the new states, south of 36° 30' north latitude, commonly known as the Missouri Compromise line.

Out of the annexation of Texas sprang a war, which in its turn produced still greater extensions of the Union. According to Mexican topography, the boundary of Texas on the west was the river Nueces. The Texans, however, insisted that the proper limit was the Rio Grande del Norte; and in 1846, an army of occupation under General Taylor was marched into the disputed region. On this and some other grounds of dispute, a collision with the Mexicans ensued; and for two years subsequently, there raged a war by sea and land with the United States. The result, as might have been expected, was disastrous to the Mexicans, who were no match for the Americans. Under General Scott, the war was prosecuted with consummate skill, and nothing could have been more easy than the conquest of the whole of Mexico, had it been expedient to carry matters that length. By the final terms of adjustment, the United States government paid large sums to Mexico for extensive tracts of country which might have been retained or taken by force. The possessions acquired on this occasion included California, and certain regions in the interior, now composing the territories of New Mexico and Utah—in fact, by these annexations, in conjunction with rights founded on pre-occupation, the dominion of the United States engrossed the entire continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the British possessions on the north to the shrunken republic of Mexico on the south; and it seemingly became only a question of expediency as to the time when all that remained of Mexico should swell the gigantic proportions of the Union.

To procure a command of money for the purchases from Mexico, a bill of appropriation was laid before congress. Now ensued a long and entangled contest between parties respecting the restriction or non-restriction of slavery in the lands about to be acquired from Mexico; it was, in fact, a resumption of the old

dispute, whether congress had the power to determine the institutions of the territories. The debate in the first instance turned on the motion of Mr David Wilmot of Pennsylvania, usually called the Wilmot proviso, which was to the effect of passing the bill, 'provided neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of the territory to be acquired from Mexico.' This and similar restrictive clauses were lost. In the succeeding congress, 1847, a bill was carried to organise the territory of Oregon, according to the provisions in the ordinance of 1787. This latter point, which insured freedom to the territory, was carried with some difficulty. It may here be added, that the territory of Minnesota was organised, 1849, and that of Washington, 1853, both with free institutions. The northern situation of these territories, we presume, rendered them not very available for slavery.

During the passage of the Oregon bill, an attempt was made by the slaveholding interest to extend the line 36° 30' to the Pacific; but it was defeated. The object of the movement was, in effect, to make a distinct division of the United States into North and South, each with its peculiar institutions. Such a division was felt to be essential to the permanence of slavery; for if, at any subsequent period, free states should be organised on the borders of Texas, they would be a ready refuge for the whole slave population. The defeat of the proposed division, which was a kind of northern triumph, did no more, however, than postpone for a short time the tug of war. Hitherto, while there were plenty of new lands north and south to annex, free and slave states had been added in so equal a proportion, that the numerical balance was kept tolerably even. Now, the unoccupied lands in the north were becoming scarce; many new free states in that direction were hopeless; and if the balance was to be maintained, the North would require to seek for an equipoise south of the line of the Missouri Compromise. The game of pitching new states into the Union was getting serious—the result critical.

Nations, like individuals, usually add more to their cares than their comforts by their acquisitions of property. The United States had from small beginnings become a mighty empire; but while prosperous in its material interests, it was torn with intestine commotions. It had acquired enormously large possessions in the south; but what was to be done with them? Eager discussions respecting these acquisitions occurred in the congress 1849-50. Zachary Taylor, the new president, having recommended the organisation of California as a state, and New Mexico and Utah as territories, of the Union, there arose a contest on that everlasting subject—the imposition of restrictions as to slavery. Once more, Henry Clay interposes to allay the storm with an ingeniously complicated and specious compromise. To understand the purport of this beautiful piece of legislation, it is necessary to have some notion of the state of affairs since 1834. The invasion of Texas, and its probable results in extending slavery, greatly stimulated the party of Abolitionists, who about this time began to agitate with uncommon zeal—perhaps more zeal than discretion—through the agency of speeches, pamphlets, and petitions. One of the things they especially demanded was the expulsion of slavery from the District of Columbia, where it was a scandal to the official capital of the States. So numerous were the petitions presented to congress on this and analogous subjects, that at length the extraordinary resolution to receive no more was adopted, and for several years the very right of petition was so far suspended. It was during this turbulent decade (1830-40), that a bill was brought in to extend the slave state of Missouri. The prescribed boundaries of this state on the west having excluded a triangular district, which remained free soil in virtue of the

ordinance of 1787, the incorporation of it was anxiously desired by the Missourians, for it was exceedingly fertile, and lay on the route to the rich and still unappropriated lands of Kansas. Strange to say, the bill to incorporate this region—legally insured to freedom—was passed in 1836 without any perceptible opposition. The tract so annexed composes six counties, and has become one of the most populous and wealthy sections of the state, devoted to the growing of hemp, tobacco, and other articles, and cultivated by slaves. This, we are told, 'is the most pro-slavery section of the state, in which was originated, and has been principally sustained, that series of inroads into Kansas, corruptions of her ballot-boxes, and outrages on her people, which have earned for their authors the appellation of *border ruffians*.' *

Not discouraged, the ultra anti-slavery party kept up a constant war of argument and remonstrance through the press. The Texan invasion and its consequences imparted fresh energy to the remonstrants. Petitions for a dissolution of the Union, for amendments in the constitution, for a reform of the representation, were poured into congress, and when discussions arose respecting the admission of California, the contest overshadowed all other questions. Clay, as has been said, now comes on the scene, with his plan of conciliation, which, being embodied in several bills, was cleverly carried through congress in August 1850. This famous 'omnibus' measure, as it was called, was worthy of Clay's genius. The South had complaints against the North, on account of the difficulties thrown in the way of recovering fugitive slaves. The North complained that slavery continued to exist in the District of Columbia. Clay projected some mutual concession on these points; and as the South was the more intractable, adjusted its demands by conceding that the inhabitants of the new southern acquisitions should exercise the right of introducing or excluding slavery; further, the original compact with Texas was confirmed, and its western boundary fixed at the Rio Grande del Norte. California was admitted as a state, and New Mexico and Utah as territories, on the basis of 'squatter sovereignty'—a circumstance of no moment, as it proved, to California, which, though already intruded on by some planters and their slaves, made choice of freedom. Slavery was not abolished in Columbia, but the slave-trade and open sales of slaves were prohibited under heavy penalties in the District. Lastly, the Fugitive Slave Bill strengthened those provisions in the federal constitution for recovering runaways, which in many parts of the country had become practically inoperative. These united measures did not become law without incurring opposition on both sides; but we are concerned to observe, that in all the divisions in the legislature, members from free states voted with the South—the only rational explanation of this being, that the principle of freedom *versus* slavery had not attained force sufficiently distinct to overcome party connection or individually selfish considerations. Among the eminent men who on this occasion voted in violation of formerly professed principles, was Daniel Webster—a circumstance of which he was so painfully reminded by his rejection at a convention for proposing candidates for the presidency, that he languished and died 'a damaged man,' October 1852. Clay, a short time before, made an equally abrupt and unlamented exit.

It is now, we believe, generally admitted by its partisans, that Clay's Fugitive Slave Bill was a grave political blunder; for, besides failing in its professed object, it exasperated the North in no ordinary degree, and, more than anything else, has there promoted an unconquerable hatred of slavery and all engaged in its

support. Of the working of this most odious measure, we may afterwards have occasion to speak. Meanwhile, it is enough to say, that it is already as much a dead-letter in several northern states as were the original obligations on which it was founded. So much for Clay's omnibus measure, which was to insure universal harmony! So much for what a committee of congress in 1854, sagaciously proclaimed as having been 'a final settlement of the controversy, and an end of the agitation.' Well may one say, with how little wisdom is the world governed!

With the incentives to increase, to which we have drawn attention, it will not be thought remarkable that in 1850, the number of slaves in the United States had risen to 3,204,313. W. C.

THE SHOE-BLACK BRIGADE.

SOMEWHERE about a year ago, a friend pressed upon my attention what he termed the Shoe-black Brigade of London, and expatiated so long and freely upon the excellency of the institution, upon the good it had effected and was effecting, and the support it deserved from the public, that the desire to inquire further about, nay, rather to look into its operations and to examine its merits, became irresistible. The facts which have come to my knowledge, in the course of this investigation, are of so interesting a nature, that I make bold to lay them before the general reader, feeling assured he will derive the same pleasure from the perusal of the following details that I experienced in collecting them.

The institution is unique in its way: in no part of the world can its like be found. Shoe-brushing establishments, it is true, exist elsewhere: in most French towns of any importance, shops, or rather saloons, are elegantly fitted up with broad easy divans, covered with rich crimson-velvet, running round them, and invariably recognisable by the inscription, printed in large letters over the entrance, *Ici on circe les bottes*. At the corner of every street you may also meet with a *commissionaire*, dressed in a bottle-blue suit of corduroy, with a large tin badge upon his left arm, sitting on or leaning over a box, the inside of which contains his brushes and his *verni*; and, for a couple of sous, you may have your trousers cleansed and an exquisite polish given to your upper leather.

Still, nowhere will you find a company, a guild of shoe-blacks, organised in the same manner, with such high aims, with such generous and philanthropic objects in view. In the one case, the hard necessity of getting a livelihood is the object, and men, not boys, are the operators; in the other, the desire of finding employment for the poor and neglected children of the streets and alleys of our overgrown metropolis, originated the system, and it has subsequently proved a valuable stepping-stone to something better—to something higher. The purpose of the institution is not reformatory; the object of its promoters is rather to keep those under their charge from falling into vicious courses of life, which would certainly lead them to the reformatories, or, if not thither, to the prisons or the galleys. Their motto might well be, 'Prevention is better than cure.'

It appears, that about five or six years ago, a number of gentlemen, principally members of the Temple or Lincoln's Inn, taking a lively interest in the future of the children of those marvellous academies for the hungry and naked, those Samaritan universities for the hitherto poor and neglected—the Ragged Schools—formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of finding out and organising remunerative occupation for the scholars who conducted themselves well, and were desirous of rendering themselves useful. With this view, a company of shoe-blacks, broomers, and messengers was set on foot. The idea of public shoe-

* *History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension or Restriction.* By Horace Greeley. Dix & Edwards, New York, 1856.

blacks was a revived rather than an original one, since, years ago, our forefathers used to enjoy the luxury at the corners of the streets. The opening of the Great Exhibition, however, and the expected influx of visitors from all parts of the world, favoured, if it did not suggest the idea in the present instance, as it seemed to afford a splendid opportunity for employing the children of the Ragged Schools largely to their own profit.

Accordingly, on Monday the 31st of March 1851, five boys were selected, and sent out for the first time to work in the streets. A few weeks sufficed to determine the success of the enterprise. By the end of July, thirty names were enrolled on the books of the committee.

One of the great difficulties, however, the promoters of the scheme had to contend with, was the selection of proper stations for the boys, since the commissioners of police regarded with rather a reluctant eye this innovation, being apprehensive of having their high-ways and by-ways obstructed by a corps of disorderly shoe-blacks; though it did probably occur to them that this corps would be far less troublesome when earning thus a decent livelihood, than afterwards, if allowed to run adrift upon society. The orderly conduct of the boys themselves, however, overcame the scruples of the civic functionaries; special posts were established, and divisions formed, not only with the sanction, but under the protection of the superintendent. The receipts of the first six months, it was found, were larger than they have been since within the same period. This is to be attributed to the great influx of foreigners and country-people flocking to London during these months. But the occasion gave a fair start to the enterprise; and it went on extending its ramifications, until it was found necessary to break up the original society into three distinct bodies, for the better working of the system.

The three societies are—the Original Shoe-black Society, head-quarters Maiden Lane, Covent Garden; the East London Society, head-quarters High Street, Whitechapel; and the South London Society, head-quarters High Street, Borough.

No boy can be admitted into any of these societies except on the recommendation of the superintendent of a Ragged School in connection with the Ragged School Union. The *postulant*, or candidate for employment, must also bring a printed form, properly filled up and signed, stating his name and age; the length of time he has attended school; whether he has at any time been employed in service; whether he has been in prison; whether his parents are living, &c. It should be observed, too, that the committee prefer boys between the ages of twelve and fifteen, since experience has shewn that the disposition is then more tractable, the character more quickly formed, and the boys more willing to undergo the training necessary to fit them for their duties. It is then they begin to understand the utility of the discipline they are subjected to, and can best appreciate the motives which influence their teachers and directors.

When a youth enters, he is first initiated into the mystery of handling the brushes. To give perfection in this branch, only a few days' practice are deemed requisite, and he is then sent forth upon trial, not as one of the elect, but simply as a novice. The term of probation lasts a month, during which time the boy is expected to continue his connection with the school from which he came, and to attend it Sundays as well as week-day evenings as often as he can. To insure regularity in his attendance, he receives a card, on which the superintendent marks the number of times he is present. This card is given up on Monday mornings, and the times of attendance noted down. If the boy, on probation, proves steady, industrious, and skilful in his new occupation, he is regularly admitted, and dons the uniform of the society of which

he is making a member, and is provided with the necessary implements out of the general fund.

The uniform not only enables the superintendent to recognise his protégés, but the public also; so that by thus making the youths conspicuous in the street, it serves as a check upon any irregularity on their part. Much the same sort of plea retains the odd, quaint dress of the times of Edward VI. in Christ's Hospital. The boys of the Original Society are distinguished by a *red jersey* and cap with a *red band*; the East London Brigade by a blue uniform; whilst the boys of the South London Society wear a yellow or canary-coloured jersey, with a cap with a yellow band. Badges, again, are required to indicate each individual of these several corps; consequently, either on their breast or right arm, or sometimes on both, a piece of cloth is sewn, bearing a particular letter or letters, worked in white beads by the children of the Lisson Street Refuge. This institution, whose services are thus made available, was founded in 1850 by a few charitable ladies, who interested themselves greatly in the female branch of the Ragged Schools. Perceiving that, unless the poor girls taught in these establishments were separated from the kind of life they had led and were leading, the good achieved by the schools would be neutralised as they grew older, these kind ladies hired a few rooms, which were fitted up for the boarding and lodging of seven. Since then, however, 150 have been received into this asylum, of whom sixty-six have been provided for, and the rest returned home to their friends. Whilst in the Refuge, they are trained to become useful servants, and taught reading, writing, ciphering, &c., as well as needle-work and straw-bonnet making. There is also another establishment which we must notice *en passant*, in reference to the Ragged Schools' Shoe-black Society. We allude to the Grotto Passage Ragged and Industrial Schools. Here tailoring, shoemaking, mat and rug weaving, box-making, hair-picking, and wood-chopping, are the principal occupations pursued. And it is here that the boxes containing the blacking and the brushes for the shoe-blacks, and the mats on which they kneel, are fabricated, so that one institution aids the other in becoming self-supporting.

It may here be observed, that the boxes and uniforms are regularly deposited at the offices of the different societies, as soon as the day's work is over; and if the lads return home, they return home in the plain suits in which they came, or others left at the offices by charitable persons, for the use of the most ill-clad. After their first equipment, too, the boys have to purchase both their uniforms and implements, but these they obtain at half-price. The object is to relieve the society as far as possible of unnecessary burden, and to render the boys careful in the use of what they have received gratis.

At seven o'clock in the morning, the boys assemble at head-quarters. Prayers and passages from the Scriptures are then read, either by one of the committee or the superintendent. Before the Blue and Yellow Societies had established more central points for assembling, some of the boys came in from great distances—from Malda Hill, Whitechapel, and even from Narrow Street, Ratcliffe—to the offices then in York Place, Strand. One boy, for nearly two years, came every morning from the east end of London, and returned at night; thus walking more than eight miles, besides the distances between the office and his station, which sometimes exceeded two miles. It was with the object of reducing the distances the poor boys had to travel to their head-quarters, that the society was broken up into three divisions. When prayers are concluded, the boys disperse to their different stations, where they remain till the evening. The hour of return, however, varies according to the time of the

year—being four o'clock in winter, and half-past six in summer. During the day, the lads are frequently visited at their posts by the superintendent or his assistant, who observes their conduct, and supplies them with blacking should they want it.

The sum of one penny only is allowed to be asked for brushing the trousers and cleaning the boots; but sometimes more is given—a practice which the committee discontinue, as it is apt to make the lads dissatisfied with their legitimate remuneration. A daily account is kept with each boy, who surrenders into the hands of the superintendent his daily gains, which are thus disposed of: Sixpence is returned as a regular allowance; the remainder is divided into three equal parts, one of which is given to the boy in addition to the sixpence, one retained by the society towards defraying the working-expenses and making the institution self-supporting, and one is deposited in a fund reserved as a bank for the future benefit of the boy. By this regulation, three shillings a week at least is guaranteed to each boy; and should his earnings fall below sixpence a day, the difference is charged to his bank. This, however, rarely happens; for it has been ascertained that, by industry and proper attention, a shoe-black can make on an average two shillings a day; and if his earnings habitually fall below that amount, he is deemed unfit for the employment, and discharged from it. It has also been ascertained that different stations have different values, and further, as a general rule, what the value is. Accordingly, to equalise as much as possible the earnings of the boys, they were not allowed to remain more than three days at the same post. Originally, all the stations were occupied by the lads in succession; but for some time past the stations have been divided into three classes. This arrangement was made with a view of enforcing a better discipline, by introducing the system of promotion. Twelve of the best boys were placed in the first class; fourteen in the second; and the remainder in the third—the third being the lowest class, into which all new-comers entered. In the early part of 1855, however, an important change was effected at the suggestion of the chief-commissioner of the city police. The boys employed within the walls were classed separately, and now work only at stations within the city boundaries. Since then, four classes of stations have been established—the first and second, city; and the first and second, town.

Every week, a list of each boy's earnings is made out and expended in the office of the society to which he belongs. This list is anxiously scanned by each member, as thereby he knows the state of his revenue. As soon as a boy's capital amounts to ten shillings, he is allowed to draw it out to provide himself with good working-clothes, or other things necessary for his comfort; and should he desire afterwards to draw further sums, he can do so, but only with the consent of the committee. The weather and the seasons make considerable difference in the profits of the day. Warm sunny weather, with a few showers, is the most auspicious; a heavy wet day is the least favourable; but a public holiday is the best of all. On the 2d of May 1854, two boys, stationed at the Wellington statue, Royal Exchange, made between them L.1, 1s. 8d., or 10s. 10d. each, the largest sum earned by any boy in one day. The economical principle upon which the banks are conducted enables the more steady boys to realise considerable amounts. According to a report printed two years ago, one lad had the sum of L.7, 18s. 4d. to his credit; whilst another had accumulated no less a sum than L.23, 11s. The latter youth was promoted for his good conduct to the rank of assistant, or, as it is more commonly called, inspector. He has since emigrated to Australia, and in that favoured land realised, doubtless by habits acquired under the care of the society, a large sum of money.

When a lad leaves the service, or rather the protection of the society, the balance in his favour in the bank is paid to the superintendent, to be laid out for his benefit. Many have by this means been apprenticed; some have obtained outfits for emigrating; and some good clothes to enter respectable situations.

The average number of boys employed by the Red Society rose from twenty-four in 1852 to forty-eight in 1856; and their earnings in the last-mentioned year amounted to L.1432, 8s. 7d. The Yellow Society, the youngest branch, has been established only two years; average number of boys, twenty-eight and thirty-two; and aggregate earnings for the two years, L.894, 17s. 4½d. But the Blue Society (East London) possesses a feature in its administration peculiar to itself. 'It goes'—to use the words of a zealous promoter of this branch—'still lower in the scale than the other two; for while they employ only those boys who have homes, we—the Blue—take the houseless and most destitute, cleanse them from their filth and vermin, and so completely change their outward appearance, that their former acquaintance scarcely know them again.' To accomplish this object, and in connection with the society, a Refuge has been fitted up, in which twenty-one boys are clothed, fed, lodged, educated, and taught tailoring, shoe-making, and shoe-blacking. Originally, the boys brought their dinners with them, and even breakfasts, which they ate before leaving head-quarters. But as it was found their appetites returned sharply before evening, the committee provided a refreshment-room on their premises, which was conducted by a matron who received the profit, and bore the risk of the department. Bread and butter, eggs, herrings, pies, oranges, pudding, coffee, and soup were there consumed by the boys after the labours of the day were over. This also kept the so-disposed shoe-blacks from adjourning to neighbouring coffee-shops to supper.

To enter the Refuge above mentioned, a note of recommendation from the superintendent of the Ragged School must always be brought by the candidate for admission, when a colloquy to the following tenor takes place.

'Where do you live?'
'I live nowhere, sir.'
'Where do you sleep?'
'Anywhere, sir.'
'Where are your parents?'
'Dead, sir.'
'How long since?'
'Father about four years, mother one.'
'How have you got your living since?'
'Doing anything, sir.'
'Can you read?'
'A little, sir.'
'How long since you had a shirt on?'
'I don't know, sir.'
'Are you willing to work?'
'Yes, sir.'
'Do you know how to get your living?'
'No, sir.'

But a letter of introduction from the superintendent of a Ragged School is not always essential. Misery and destitution have sometimes been the sole recommendation. 'We have now'—to quote again the gentleman above alluded to—'a very superior lad, who has been respectably brought up, and can read and write well; but who, on account of the loss of both parents, became quite destitute, and was brought to me by our boys in a perishing condition. We expect to make an inspector of him.'

If approved of, the boy is admitted at once, conducted to the dormitory, washed, fed, housed, equipped in the blue uniform, and instructed in the crafts we have already enumerated. Since the formation of the Refuge, 322 boys have been admitted, of whom 169

left it of their own accord, 47 were dismissed as incorrigible, and 106 were reclaimed, of whom several were once reputed thieves. These are important facts; and the committee, in a report recently published, express their belief that it cannot be shewn by any other society that 106 boys have been effectually reclaimed from the streets, and put into the way of obtaining their own living so cheaply—the average cost of each boy being only L.1. A great feature in the society again is, that the boys help to pay the expenses incurred in reclaiming them.

We have now briefly to notice the means adopted to enforce discipline and to carry out this beneficial system of training. It is not to be supposed that this is by any means an easy task; not only great patience but great tact must be employed, in dealing with the variety of characters that are introduced to the managers or superintendents of the societies. Of course, the chief object is to gain the child's affections, and to make him sensible of the obligations he is under to those who thus interest themselves so much in his behalf. He is also shewn how much it is his own interest to co-operate with those who undertake to provide for his future and direct his steps. But this is not altogether sufficient. A regular course of control is necessary, and it has been found that this cannot work without a system of rewards and punishments: *Fines*, for late hours, absence, or other misbehaviour; *Degradation*, from one division to a lower, either permanently or for a limited period; *Suspension* from work for a fixed time. Generally speaking, the boys acquiesce in the justice of their sentence, and willingly submit to its execution. The system of rewards consists in giving *prizes* in money, varying from sixpence to half-a-crown, and amounting in all to ten shillings, presented to the two boys in each division whose monthly earnings have been largest; *medals*, presented to the first boys in the three first divisions; and *promotion*, from a lower to a higher division. The results of this system proved its effectiveness in every respect. So far back as June 1852, Mr M'Gregor, one of the first members of the committee which organised the Original Ragged School Shoe-black Society, when examined before a select committee of the House of Commons on 'criminal and destitute juveniles,' declared it as his conviction, founded on experience, 'that boys could be taken as nuisances from the streets, and as criminals from the jails, and be made useful servants to the public, able to earn an honest livelihood during their reformation, and finally become religious and respectable lads, or leave as useful colonists.' The experience of subsequent years corroborates still more strongly and permanently this report. When further examined on the means employed to achieve this noble object, and the character of the work to which the boys were set, Mr M'Gregor replied, 'that the nature of the occupation was comparatively unimportant, if industry were immediately rewarded, and not merely enforced; if permanent employment were held out in prospect; if good and bad conduct were made directly apparent to the other lads and to the managers; emulation promulgated by classification; honesty, by constant money transactions where trust is involved; economy, by daily saving; attention to respectability of appearance, by enforcing proper clothing; punctuality, by fixed hours; steadiness, by requiring prolonged attention to duties at a certain post; learning, by promoting to stations requiring it; love of home, by providing for those who would be otherwise without a shelter.' It is highly gratifying to our natures to know that youths who, but a year or two since, perhaps but a few months since, were wandering about the streets pilfering and begging, have been so transformed in their conduct and affections; and that of these, a large number support their parents—parents

who probably have entirely neglected them, and through whose immoral and dissipated habits they had themselves been obliged to roam about, aimless, houseless, and breadless.

To shew the special adaptability of the shoe-blackening system to carry out this great work, it is only necessary to give a short account of two employments which we have already alluded to, and which, starting almost contemporaneously with the above society, or rather issuing from it about the same time, ceased shortly after—the Broomers, a name invented for the occasion, and the Messengers. The duty of each broomer was to keep the pavements clean in front of twenty shops. Regent Street, Bond Street, and Waterloo Place, were divided into districts; and on the 10th of November 1851, boys were sent out. By the 12th of January following, twenty-one boys were employed; but from this time their number was gradually reduced, until in the end of March the enterprise was altogether abandoned, it being found insufficiently remunerative; though, we believe, the pecuniary difficulties were not so much the motive for its abandonment as the impossibility of preserving so strict a discipline over the broomers as over the shoe-blacks. In 1852, the other variety of labour was introduced into the working of the society. Four boys were employed as messengers, dressed in blue trousers and scarlet jackets, and provided with a check-book, to enter the addresses of parcels, and to give receipts if required. The sum charged was twopence for the first half-mile, and one penny for every additional half-mile; the boys being stationed at the Bank, the Exchange, and the Electric Telegraph Offices. The committee promoted to this employment the most industrious boys, who had in their banks a sufficient sum to guarantee the value of parcels to the amount of L.3. The Electric Telegraph Company occasionally intrusted the messengers with their dispatches; and one of them was employed by the Crystal Palace Company to distribute their circulars. A respectable publisher also employed four of the society's boys for several weeks in sending out the copies of a new serial. Notwithstanding this patronage, the occupation of a messenger was found to be less remunerative than that of a shoe-black, especially as it was necessary to promote to that office the most active and intelligent of the boys. Towards the close of 1852, therefore, this project was abandoned.

Since that time, the committee have confined the employment of the boys to the ordinary occupation of a shoe-black—with what results, we have endeavoured to shew.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XIV.—LOVE-THOUGHTS.

A DREAD feeling is jealousy, mortified vanity, or whatever you may designate the disappointment of love. I have experienced the sting of shame, the blight of broken fortune, the fear of death itself; yet none of these ever wrung my heart so rudely as the pang of an unreciprocated passion. The former are but transient trials, and their bitterness soon has an end. Jealousy, like the tooth of the serpent, leaves its poison in the sting, and long and slow is the healing of its wound. Well knew he this, that master of the human heart: Iago's prayer was not meant for mockery.

To drown my mortification, I had drunk wine freely at the ball; and on returning home, had continued my potations with the more fiery spirit of 'Catalan.' By this means I gained relief and sleep, but only of short

duration. Long before day, I was awake—awake to the double bitterness of jealousy and shame—awake to both mental and physical pain, for the fumes of the vile stuff I had drunk wrecked my brain, as though they would burst open my skull. An ounce of opium would not have set me to sleep again, and I tossed in my couch like one labouring under delirium.

Of course the incidents of the preceding night were uppermost in my mind. Every scene and action that had occurred, were as plainly before me, as if I was again witnessing them. Every effort to alienate my thoughts, and fix them upon some other theme, proved vain and idle; they ever returned to the same circle of reflections, in the centre of which was Isolina de Vargas! I thought of all that had passed, of all she had said. I remembered every word. How bitterly I remembered that scornful laugh!—how bitterly that sarcastic smile, when the double mask was removed!

The very remembrance of her beauty pained me! It was now to me as to Tantalus the crystal waters, never to be tasted. Before, I had formed hopes, had indulged in prospective dreams: the masquerade adventure had dissipated them. I no longer hoped, no longer permitted myself to dream of pleasant times to come: I felt that I was scorned.

This feeling produced a momentary revulsion in my thoughts. There were moments when I hated her, and vengeful impulses careered across my soul.

These were fleeting moments: again before me rose that lovely form, that proud grand spirit, in the full entirety of its power, and again my soul became absorbed in admiration, and yielded itself to its hopeless passion. It was far from being my first love, and, thus experienced, I could reason upon it. I felt certain it was to be the strongest and stormiest of my life.

I know of three loves distinct in kind and power. First, when the passion is reciprocated—when the heart of the beloved yields back thought for thought, and throb for throb, without one reserved pulsation. This is bliss upon earth—not always long-lived—ending perchance in a species of sublimated friendship. To have is no longer to desire.

The second is love entirely unrequited—love that never knew word or smile of encouragement, no soft whisper to fan it into flame, no ray of hope to feed upon. Such dies of inanition, the sooner that its object is out of the way, and absence will conquer it in time.

The third is the love that 'dotes yet doubts,' that doubts but never dies—no, never. The jealousy that pains, only sustains it; it lives on, now happy in the honeyed conviction of triumph, now smarting under real or fancied scorn—on, on, so long as its object is accessible to sight or hearing! No matter how worthless that object may be or become—no matter how lost or fallen: love regards not this. It has nought to do with the moral part of our nature. Beauty is the shrine of its worship, and beauty is not morality.

In my own mind, I am conscious of three elements or classes of feeling: the *moral*, the *intellectual*, and what I may term the *passional*—the last as distinct from either of the other two as oil from spirits or water. To the last belongs love, which, I repeat again, has no sympathy with the moral feelings of our nature, but, alas! as one might almost believe, with their opposite. Even a plain but wicked coquette will captivate more hearts than a beautiful saint, and the brilliant murderess, ere now, has made conquests at the very foot of the scaffold!

It pains me to pronounce these convictions, derived as they are from experience. There is as little gain as pleasure in so doing, but popularity must be sacrificed at the shrine of truth. For the sake of effect, I shall not play false with philosophy.

Tough ranger as I was, I had studied psychology sufficiently to understand these truths, and I endeavored

to analyse my passion for this girl or woman—to discover *why* I loved her. Her physical beauty was of the highest order, and that no doubt was an element; but it was not all. Had I merely looked upon this beauty under ordinary circumstances—that is, without coming in contact with the spirit that animated it—I might have loved her, or I might not. It was the spirit, then, that had won me, though not alone. The same gem in a less brilliant setting might have failed to draw my admiration. I was the captive both of the spirit and the form. Soul and body had co-operated in producing my passion, and this may account for its suddenness and profundity. Why I loved her person, I knew—I was not ignorant of the laws of beauty—but why the spirit, I knew not. Certainly not from any idea I had formed of her high moral qualities; I had no evidence of these. Of her courage, even to daring, I had proof; of energy and determined will; of the power of thought, quick and versatile; but these are not *moral* qualities, they are not even *feminine*! True, she wept over her slain steed. Humanity? I have known a hardened *lorette* weep bitter tears for her tortoise-shell cat. She refused to take from me my horse. Generosity? She had a thousand within sight. Alas! in thus reviewing all that had passed between myself and the beautiful Isolina, in search of her moral qualities, I met with but little success!

Mystery of our nature! I loved her not the less! And yet my passion was pure, and I do not believe that my heart was wicked. Mystery of our nature! He who reads all hearts alone can solve thee!

I loved without reason; but I loved now without hope. Hope I had before that night. Her glance through the turrets—her note—its contents—a word or two at other times, had inspired me with hopes, however faint they were. The incident in the ball-room had crushed them.

Jurra's dark face kept lowering before me; even in my visions he was always by her side. What was between the two? Perhaps a nearer relationship than that of cousin? Perhaps they were affianced? Married?

The thought maddened me.

I could rest upon my couch no longer. I rose and sought the open air; I climbed to the azotea, and paced it to and fro, as the tiger walks his cage. My thoughts were wild, and my movements without method. To add to the bitterness of my reflections, I now discovered that I had sustained a loss—not in property, but something that annoyed me still more. I had lost the order and its enclosure—the note of Don Ramon. I had dropped them on the day in which they were received, and I believed in the patio of the hacienda, where they must have been picked up at once. If by Don Ramon himself, then all was well; but if they had fallen into the hands of some of the leathern-clad herdsmen, ill affected to Don Ramon, it might be an awkward affair for that gentleman—indeed for myself. Such negligence would scarcely be overlooked at head-quarters; and I had ill-forebodings about the result. It was one of my soul's darkest hours.

From its very darkness I might have known that light was near, for the proverb is equally true in the moral as in the material world. Light was near.

CHAPTER XV.

AN ODD EPISTLE.

Breakfast I hardly tasted. A *tazo* of chocolate and a small sugared cake—the *desayuna* of every Mexican—were brought, and these served me for breakfast. A glass of cognac and a Havanna were more to the purpose, and helped to stay the wild trembling of my nerves. Fortunately, there was no duty to perform, else I could ill have attended to it. I remained as the

azotes till near mid-day. The storm raging within prevented me from taking note of what was passing around. The scenes in the plaza, the rangers and their steeds, the 'greasers' in their striped blankets, the *Indias* squatted on their *petates*, the pretty *poblanas*, were all unnoticed by me. At intervals, my eyes rested upon the walls of the distant dwelling; it was not so distant but that a human form could have been distinguished upon its roof, had one been there. There was none, and twenty, ay, fifty times, did I turn away my disappointed gaze.

About noon, the sergeant of the guard reported that a Mexican wished to speak with me: mechanically, I gave orders for the man to be sent up; but it was not until he appeared before me that I thought of what I was doing.

The presence of the Mexican at once roused me from my unpleasant reverie. I recognised him as one of the *vaqueros* of Don Ramon de Vargas—the same I had seen on the plain during my first interview with Isolina.

There was something in his manner that betokened him a messenger. A folded note, which he drew from under his jerkin—after having glanced around to see whether he was noticed—confirmed my observation.

I took the note. There was no superscription, nor did I stay to look for one. My fingers trembled as I tore open the seal. As my eye rested on the writing and recognised it, my heart throbbled so as almost to choke my utterance. I muttered some directions to the messenger; and to conceal my emotion from him, I turned away and proceeded to the furthest corner of the azotes before reading the note. I called back to the man to go below, and wait for an answer; and, then relieved of his presence, I read as follows:

‘July 18—

‘*Gallant capitan!* allow me to bid you a *buenas dias*, for I presume that, after the fatigues of last night, it is but morning with you yet. Did you dream of your sable belle? “Poor devil!” Ha, ha, ha! *Gallant capitan!*’

I was provoked at this mode of address, for the ‘*gallant*’ was rendered emphatic by underlining. It was a letter to taunt me for my ill behaviour. I felt inclined to fling it down, but my eye wandering over the paper, caught some words that induced me to read on.

‘*Gallant capitan!* I had a favourite mare. How fond I was of that creature you may understand, who are afflicted by a similar affection for the noble Moro. In an evil hour, your aim, too true, alas! robbed me of my favourite, but you offered to repay me by *robbing* yourself, for well know I that the black is to you the *dearest object upon earth*. Indeed, were I the lady of your love, I should ill brook such a divided affection! Well, *mio capitan*, I understood the generous sacrifice you would have made, and forbade it; but I know you are desirous of cancelling your debt. It is in your power to do so. Listen!’

Some *hard* conditions I anticipated would follow; I recked not of that. There was no sacrifice I was not ready to make. I would have dared any deed, however wild, to have won that proud heart, to have inoculated it with the pain that was wringing my own. I read on:

‘There is a horse, famed in these parts as the “white steed of the prairies” (*el caballo blanco de los llanos*). He is a wild-horse, of course; snow-white in colour, beautiful in form, swift as the swallow— But why need I describe to you the “white steed of the prairies?” you are a Tejano, and must have heard of him ere this? Well, *mio capitan*, I have long had a desire—a frantic one, let me add—to possess this horse. I have offered rewards to hunters—to our own *vaqueros*, for he sometimes appears upon our plains—but to no purpose. Not one of them can capture.

though they have often seen and chased him. Some say that he *cannot be taken*, that he is so fleet as to gallop, or rather *glide* out of sight in a glance, and that, too, on the open prairie! There are those who assert that he is a phantom, an *demonio*! Surely so beautiful a creature cannot be the devil? Besides, I have always heard—and, if I recollect aright, some one said so last night—that the devil was *black*. “Poor devil!” Ha, ha, ha!’

I rather welcomed this allusion to my misconduct of the preceding night, for I began to feel easier under the perception that the whole affair was thus treated in jest, instead of the anger and scorn I had anticipated. With pleasanter presentiments I read on:

‘To the point, *mio capitan*. There are some incredulous people who believe the white steed of the prairies to be a myth, and deny his existence altogether. *Carrambo!* I know that he *does* exist, and, what is more to my present purpose, he is—or *was*, but two hours ago—within ten miles of where I am writing this note! One of our *vaqueros* saw him near the banks of a beautiful arroyo river, which I know to be his favourite ground. For reasons known to me, the *vaquero* did not either chase or molest him; but in breathless haste brought me the news.

‘Now, *capitan*, gallant and grand! there is but one who can capture this famed horse, and that is your puissant self. Ah! *you have made captive what was once as wild and free*. Yes! you can do it—you and Moro!’

‘Bring me the white steed of the prairies! I shall cease to grieve for poor Lola. I shall forgive you that *contratiempo*. I shall forgive all—even your rudeness to my double mask. Ha, ha, ha! Bring me the white steed! the white steed!’

ISOLINA.’

As I finished reading this singular epistle, a thrill of pleasure ran through my veins. I dwelt not on the oddness of its contents, thoroughly characteristic of the writer. Its meaning was clear enough.

I had heard of the white horse of the prairies—what hunter or trapper, trader or traveller, throughout all the wide borders of prairie-land, has not? Many a romantic story of him had I listened to around the blazing camp-fire—many a tale of German-like *diablerie*, in which the white horse played hero. For nearly a century has he figured in the legends of the prairie ‘*mariner*’—a counterpart to the Flying Dutchman—the ‘phantom-ship’ of the fore-castle. Like this, too, ubiquitous—seen to-day scouring the sandy plains of the Platte, to-morrow bounding over the broad llanos of Texas, a thousand miles to the southward!

That there existed a white stallion of great speed and splendid proportions—that there were twenty, perhaps a hundred such—among the countless herds of wild-horses that roam over the great plains, I did not for a moment doubt. I myself had seen and chased more than one that might have been termed ‘a magnificent animal,’ and that no ordinary horse could overtake; but the one known as the ‘white steed of the prairies’ had a peculiar marking, that distinguished him from all the rest—*his ears were black!*—only his ears, and these were of the deep colour of ebony. The rest of his body, mane and tail, was white as fresh-fallen snow.

It was to this singular and mysterious animal that the letter pointed; it was the black-eared steed I was called upon to capture. “The contents of the note were specific and plain. One expression alone puzzled me: ‘*You have made captive what was once as wild and free*.’ What? I asked myself. I scarce dared to give credence to the answer that leaped like an exulting echo from out my heart!

There was a postscript, of course; but this contained only ‘*business*.’ It gave minutest details as to when, how, and where the white horse had been seen. and

stated that the bearer of the note—the vaquero who had seen him—would act as my guide.

I pondered not long upon the strange request. Its fulfillment promised to recover me the position, which but a moment before I had looked upon as lost for ever. I at once resolved upon the undertaking.

'Yes, lovely Isolina! if horse and man can do it, ere another sun sets, you shall be mistress of the white steed of the prairies!'

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MANADA.

In half an hour after, with the vaquero for my guide, I rode quietly out of the rancheria. A dozen rangers followed close behind; and having crossed the river at a ford nearly opposite the village, we struck off into the *chapparal* on the opposite side.

The men whom I had chosen to accompany me were all old hunters, fellows who could 'trail' and 'crease' with accurate aim. I had confidence in their skill, and, aided by them, I had great hopes we should find the game we were in search of. My hopes, however, would not have been so sanguine but for another circumstance. It was this: Our guide had informed me, that when he saw the white steed, the latter was in company with a large drove of mares—a *manada*—doubtless his harem. He would not be likely to separate from them, and even if these had since left the ground, they could be the more easily 'trailed,' in consequence of their numbers. Indeed, but for this prospect, our wild-horse hunt would have partaken largely of the character of a 'wild-geese chase.' The steed, by all accounts of him, might have been seen upon one arroyo to-day, and by the banks of some other stream, a hundred miles off, on the morrow. The presence of his *manada* offered some guarantee, that he might still be near the ground where the vaquero had marked him. Once found, I trusted to the swiftness of my horse, and my own skill in the use of the lazo.

As we rode along, I revealed to my following the purposes of the expedition. All of them knew the white steed by fame; one or two averred they had seen him in their prairie wanderings. The whole party were delighted at the idea of such a 'scout,' and exhibited as much excitement as if I was leading them to a skirmish with guerilleros!

The country through which we passed was at first a dense *chapparal*, consisting of the various thorny shrubs and plants for which this part of Mexico is so celebrated. The greater proportion belonged to the family of *leguminosae*—*robinias*, *gleditschias*, and the Texan *acacias* of more than one species, there known as *mezquite*. Aloes, too, formed part of the undergrowth, to the no small annoyance of the traveller—the wild species known as the *lechuguilla*, or pits-plait, whose core is cooked for food, whose fibrous leaves serve for the manufacture of thread, cordage, or cloth—while its sap yields by distillation the fiery *mezcal*. Here and there, a tree yucca grew by the way, its fascicles of rigid leaves reminding one of the plumed heads of Indian warriors. Some I saw with edible fruits growing in clusters, like bunches of bananas. Several species are there of these fruit-bearing yucas in the region of the Rio Grande, as yet unknown to the scientific botanist. I observed also the *salmilla*, or soap-plant, another yucca whose roots yield an excellent substitute for soap; and various forms of cactus—never out of sight on Mexican soil—grew thickly around, a characteristic feature of the landscape. Plants of humbler stature covered the surface, among which the syngenesists predominated; while the fetid *artemisia*, and the still more disagreeably odorous cressote plant (*Larrea Mexicana*), grew upon spots that were sandy and arid. Plesanter objects to the eye were the scarlet panicles of the

Fouquiera splendens, then undescribed by botanists, and yet to become a favourite of the arboretums. I was in no mood for botanising at the time, but I well remember how I admired this elegant species—its tall culm-like stems, surmounted by panicles of brilliant flowers, rising high above the level of the surrounding thicket, like banners above a host. Not that I possess the refined taste of a lover of flowers, and much less then; but cold must be the heart that could look upon the floral beauty of Mexico without remembering some portion of its charms. Even the *rusted* of my followers could not otherwise than admire; and once or twice, as we journeyed along, I could hear them give utterance to that fine epithet of the heart's desire, 'Beautiful!'

As we advanced, the aspect changed. The surface became freer of jungle; a succession of glade and thicket; in short, a 'mezquite prairie.' Still advancing, the 'openings' became larger, while the timbered surface diminished in extent, and now and then the glades joined each other without interruption.

We had ridden nearly ten miles without drawing bridle, when our guide struck upon the trail of the *manada*. Several of the old hunters, without dismounting, pronounced the tracks to be those of wild mares, which they easily distinguished from horse tracks. Their judgment proved correct; for following the trail but a short distance further, we came full in sight of the drove, which the vaquero confidently pronounced was the *manada* we were in search of!

So far our success equalled our expectations; but to get sight of a *caballada* of wild-horses, and to capture its swiftest steed, are two things of very unequal difficulty. This fact my anxiously beating heart and quickly throbbing pulse revealed to me at the moment. It would be difficult to describe the mingled feelings of anxious doubt and joyous hope that passed through my mind, as from afar off I gazed upon that shy herd, still unconscious of our approach.

The prairie upon which the mares were browsing was more than a mile in width, and, like those we had been passing through, it was surrounded by the low *chapparal* forest, although there were avenues that communicated with other openings of a similar kind. Near its centre was the *manada*. Some of the mares were quietly browsing upon the grass, while others were frisking and playing about, now rearing up as if in combat, now rushing in wild gallop, their tossed manes and full tails flung loosely upon the wind. Even in the distance we could trace the full rounded development of their bodies, and their smooth coats, glistening under the sun, denoted their fair condition. They were of all colours known to the horse, for in this race of the Spanish horse is somewhat peculiar. There were bays, and blacks, and whites—the last being most numerous. There were grays, both iron and roan, and duns with white manes and tails, and some of a mole colour, and not a few of the kind known in Mexico as *piebaldos* (piebalds)—for spotted horses are not uncommon among the mustangs—all of course with full manes and tails, since the mutilating shears of the jockey had never curtailed their flowing glories.

But where was the lord of this splendid harem?—where the steed? This was the thought that was uppermost in the mind of all, the question upon every tongue. Our eyes wandered over the herd, now here, now there. White horses there were, numbers of them, but it needed but a glance to tell that the 'steed of the prairies' was not there.

We eyed each other with looks of disappointment. Even my companions felt that; but a far more bitter feeling was growing upon me as I gazed upon the leaderless troop. Could I have captured and carried back the whole drove, the present would not have purchased one smile from Isolina. The steed was not among them!

He might still be in the neighbourhood; or had he

forsaken the manada altogether, and gone far away over the wide prairie in search of new conquests? The vaquero believed he was not far off. I had faith in this man's opinion, who, having passed his life in the observation of wild and half-wild horses, had a perfect knowledge of their habits. There was hope then. The steed might be near; perhaps lying down in the shade of the thicket; perhaps with a portion of the manada or some favourite in one of the adjacent glades. If so, our guide assured us we should soon have him in view. He would soon bring the steed upon the ground.

How? Simply by startling the mares, whose neigh of alarm would be heard from afar.

The plan seemed feasible enough; but it was advisable that we should surround the manada before attempting to disturb them, else they might gallop off in the opposite direction before any of us could get near. Without delay, we proceeded to effect the 'surround.'

The chapparal aided us by concealing our movements; and in half an hour we had deployed around the prairie.

The drove still browsed and played. They had no suspicion that a cordon of hunters was being formed around them, else they would have long since galloped away. Of all wild creatures, the shiest is the wild-horse; the deer, the antelope, and buffalo are far less fearful of the approach of man. The mustang seems to understand the doom that awaits him in captivity. One could almost fancy that the runaways from the settlements—occasionally seen amongst them—had poured into their ears the tale of their hardship and long endurance.

I had myself ridden to the opposite side of the prairie, in order to be certain when the circle was complete. I was now alone, having dropped my companions at intervals along the margin of the timber. I had brought with me the bugle, with a note or two of which I intended to give the alarm to the mares. I had placed myself in a clump of mezquite trees, and was about raising the horn to my lips, when a shrill scream from behind caused me to bring down the instrument, and turn suddenly in my seat. For a moment, I was in doubt as to what could have produced such a singular utterance, when a second time it fell on my ear, and I then recognised it. It was the neigh of the prairie stallion!

Near me was a break in the thicket, a sort of avenue leading out into another prairie. In this I could hear the hoof-stroke of a horse going at a gallop. As fast as the underwood would allow, I pressed forward and came out upon the edge of the open ground; but the sun, low down, flashed in my eyes, and I could see no object distinctly. The tread of the hoofs and the shrill neighing still rang in my ears. Presently, the dazzling light no longer quite blinded me; I shaded my eyes with my hand, and could perceive the form of a noble steed stretching in full gallop down the avenue, and coming in the direction of the manada. Half-a-dozen springs brought him opposite; the beam was no longer in my eyes; and as he galloped past, I saw before me the 'white steed of the prairies.' There was no mistaking the marks of that splendid creature: there was the snow-white body, the ears of jetty blackness, the blue muzzle, the red projected nostril, the broad oval quarters, the rounded and symmetric limbs—all the points of an incomparable steed!

Like an arrow, he shot past. He did not arrest his pace for an instant, but galloped on in a direct line for the drove.

The mares had answered his first signal with a responsive neigh; and tossing up their heads, the whole manada was instantly in motion. In a few seconds, they stood at rest again, *formed in line*—as exact as could have been done by a troop of cavalry—

and fronted their leader as he galloped up. Indeed, standing as they were, with their heads high in air, it was easy to fancy them mounted men in the array of battle; and often have the wild-horses been mistaken for such by the prairie traveller!

Concealment or stratagem could no longer avail; the chase was fairly up. Speed and the lazo must now decide the result; and with this conviction, I gave Moro the spur, and bounded into the open plain. The neighing of the steed had signaled my companions, who shot almost simultaneously out of the timber, and spurred towards the drove, yelling as they came.

I had no eyes for aught but the white steed, and after him I directed myself. On nearing the line of mares, he halted in his wild gallop, twice reared his body upward, as if to reconnoitre the ground; and then, uttering another of his shrill screams, broke off in a direct line towards the edge of the prairie. A wide avenue leading out in that direction seemed to have guided his instincts. The manada followed, at first galloping in line; but this was soon broken, as the swifter individuals passed ahead of the others, and the drove became strung out upon the prairie.

Through the opening now swept the chase—the pursuers keenly plying the spur, the pursued straining every muscle to escape.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HUNT OF THE WILD-HORSE.

My gallant horse soon gave proof of his superior qualities. One after another of my companions was passed; and as we cleared the avenue and entered a second prairie, I found myself mixing with the hindmost of the wild mares. Pretty creatures some of them were; and upon any other occasion, I should have been tempted to fling a lazo over one of them, which I might easily have done. Then I only thought of getting them out of the way, as they were hindering my onward gallop. Before we had quite crossed the second prairie, I had forged into the front rank, and the mares, seeing I had headed them, broke to the right and left, and scattered away. All were now behind me, all but the white steed; he alone kept the course, at intervals uttering that same shrill neigh, as if to tantalise and lure me on. He was yet far in advance, and apparently running *at his ease*!

The horse I bestrode needed neither spur nor guidance; he saw before him the object of the chase, and he divined the will of his rider. I felt him rising under me like a sea-wave. His hoofs struck the turf without impinging upon it. At each fresh spring, he came up with elastic rebound, while his flanks heaved with the conscious possession of power.

Before the second prairie was crossed, he had gained considerably upon the white steed; but to my chagrin, I now saw the latter dash right into the thicket.

I found a path, and followed. My ear served to guide me, for the branches cracked as the wild-horse broke through. Now and then I caught glimpses of his white body, glancing among the green leaves.

Apprehensive of losing him, I rode recklessly after, now breasting the thicket, now tracing its labyrinthine aisles. I heeded not the thorny mimosaes; my horse heeded them not; but large trees of the false acacia (*robinia*) stood thickly in the way, and their horizontal branches hindered me. Often was I obliged to bend flat to the saddle, in order to pass under them. All this was in favour of the pursued, and against the pursuer.

I longed for the open prairie, and to my relief it at length appeared, not yet quite treeless, but studded with timber 'islands.' Amid these the white steed was sailing off; but in passing through the thicket, he had gained ground, and was now a long way in advance of me. He was making for the open plain that lay

beyond, and this shewed that it was his habit to trust to his heels for safety. Perhaps, with such a pursuer, he would have been safer to have kept the chapparral; but that remained to be seen.

In ten minutes' time, we had passed through the timber islands, and now the prairie—the grand, limitless prairie—stretched before us, far beyond the reach of vision.

On goes the chase over its grassy level—on till the trees are no longer behind us, and the eye sees nought but the green savannah, and the blue canopy arching over it—on, across the centre of that vast circle which has for its boundary the whole horizon!

The rangers, lost in the mazes of the chapparral, have long since fallen off; the mustangs have gone back; on all that wide plain, but two objects appear—the snow-white form of the flying steed, and the dark horseman that follows!

It is a long wild ride, a cruel gallop for my matchless Moro. Ten miles of the prairie have we passed—more than that—and as yet I have neither used whip nor spur. The brave steed needs no such prompting; he, too, has his interest in the chase—the ambition not to be outrun. My motive is different: I think only of the smiles of a woman; but such motive ere now has led to the loss of a crown or the conquest of a world. On, Moro! on! you must overtake him or die!

There is no longer an obstacle. He cannot hide from us here. The plain, with its sward of short grass, is level and smooth as the sleeping ocean; not an object intrudes upon the sight. He cannot conceal himself anywhere. There is still an hour of sunlight; he cannot hide from us in the darkness: ere that comes down, he shall be our captive. On, Moro! on!

On we glide in silence. The steed has ceased to utter his taunting neigh; he has lost confidence in his speed; he now runs in dread. Never before has he been so sorely pressed. He runs in silence, and so, too, his pursuer. Not a sound is heard but the stroke of the galloping hoofs—an impressive silence, that betokens the earnestness of the chase.

Less than two hundred yards separate us; I feel certain of victory. A touch of the spur would now bring Moro within range; it is time to put an end to this desperate ride. Now, brave Moro, another stretch, and you shall have rest!

I look to my lazo; it hangs coiled over the horn of my saddle: one end is fast to a ring and staple firmly riveted in the tree-wood. Is the loop clear and free? It is. The coil—is it straight? Yes; all as it should be.

I lift the coil, and rest it lightly over my bridle arm; I separate the noose, and hold it in my right hand. I am ready—*God of Heaven! the steed?*

It was a wild exclamation, but it was drawn from me by no common cause. In arranging my lazo, I had taken my eyes from the chase, only for a moment: when I looked out again, the horse had disappeared!

With a mechanical movement I drew bridle, almost wrenching my horse upon his haunches; indeed, the animal had half halted of his own accord, and with a low whimper seemed to express terror. What could it mean? Where was the wild-horse?

I wheeled round, and round again, scanning the prairie on every side—though a single glance might have served. The plain, as already described, was level as a table; the horizon bounded the view: there was neither rock nor tree, nor bush nor weeds, nor even long grass. The sward was of the kind known upon the prairies as 'buffalo-grass' (*Sesleria dactyloides*), short when full grown, but then rising scarcely two inches above the soil. A serpent could hardly have found concealment under it, but a horse—*Merciful heaven! where was the steed?*

An indefinable feeling of awe crept over me: I trembled; I felt my horse trembling between my thighs. He was covered with foam and sweat; so was I—the effects of the hard ride: but the cold perspiration of terror was fast coming upon me. The mystery was heavy and appalling!

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

FROM certain experiments recently made by Mr W. R. Grove, whose name is associated with the best of galvanic batteries, the way appears to be opening for new applications of electricity, and for investigations rich in promise alike to science and art. It was known years ago to some of the German savans, that a coin or medal placed on a smooth vitreous or metallic surface and electrised, would leave impressions on that surface which became visible when breathed on. From the latter peculiarity they were called 'roric figures'; and attempts were made to fix them by exposure to vapour of mercury or iodine, but without success. Where the Germans failed, Mr Grove has succeeded: 'believing, as I have for many years,' he says, 'that electricity is nothing else than motion or change in matter, a force and not a fluid, I have made experiments to ascertain whether similar effects take place in cases where electrical light is visible upon insulated surfaces only.'

We give a brief sketch of the experiments, adopting Mr Grove's description where it suits our purpose. Two plates of window-glass, about three inches square, were dipped in nitric acid, then washed, and dried with a clean silk handkerchief, and coated on the outside with pieces of tinfoil a little smaller than the glass. A piece of a printed hand-bill was laid between the plates thus prepared; the tinfoil coatings were connected with the secondary terminals of a Ruhmkorff's coil, and removed after a few minutes' electrification. Now, 'the interior surface of the glass when breathed on, shewed with great beauty the printed words which had been opposite it, these appearing as though etched on the glass, or having a frosted appearance; even the fibres of the paper were beautifully brought out by the breath, but nothing beyond the margin of the tinfoil.' These impressions were fixed by holding them over hydrofluoric acid—powdered fluor spar and sulphuric acid slightly warmed in a leaden dish.

'I now cut out of thin white letter-paper,' proceeds Mr Grove, 'the word VOLTA, and placed it between the plates of glass. They were submitted to electrification as before, and the interior surface of one of them, without the paper letters, was subsequently exposed in the hydrofluoric acid vapour; the previously invisible figures came out perfectly, and formed a permanent and perfectly accurate etching of the word VOLTA, as complete as if it had been done in the usual mode by an etching ground. This, of course, could be washed and rubbed to any extent without alteration; and the results I have obtained give every promise for those who may pursue this as an art, of producing very beautiful effects, enabling Silhouette designs, or even fine engravings, to be copied on glass, &c.'

We cite yet another experiment, as it brings photography into play. A plate on which the invisible image was impressed, was immersed in a bath of nitrate of silver, in the usual manner as for a photograph. 'It was then held opposite a window for a few seconds, and taken back into the darkened room; and on pouring over it a solution of pyrogallie acid, the word VOLTA, and the border of the glass beyond the limits of the tinfoil, were darkened, and came out with perfect distinctness, the other parts of the glass having been, as it were, protected by electrification from the action of light. The figures were permanently fixed

by a strong solution of hyposulphate of soda.'—Mr Grove has published an account of his various experiments in the *Philosophical Magazine*.

Professor Hansen of Seeborg, one of the foreign members of the Royal Society, and a renowned astronomer, has recently completed a series of elaborate calculations based on observations of the moon, which clear away some of the difficulties of the question as regards our satellite. His published results are for the most part abstruse and technical—appreciable only by astronomers: but among them occur certain matters of popular interest. He finds, for example, that the moon's centre of gravity is 59,000 mètres (about forty miles) from the centre of its mass, a difference sufficiently great to produce an effect. 'Hence,' he argues, 'we ought to consider the two hemispheres of the moon, of which one is visible and the other invisible for us, as essentially different with regard to their levels, their climates, and all that depends thereon. Seeing that the lines of level regulate themselves principally with reference to the centre of gravity, the hemisphere of the moon turned towards us, rises much more beyond the mean level than the opposite hemisphere; and although the former presents itself to us as a sterile region, void of atmosphere, and of animal life, we cannot conclude it the same for the latter. The mean level should prevail round the edge, as seen by us; and in truth we cannot say but that some traces of atmosphere do shew themselves.'

A paper 'On the Laws of the Strength of Wrought and Cast Iron,' by Mr W. Bell, has been read before the Institution of Civil Engineers. The subject is one eminently interesting to the profession. The author has taken all the trustworthy experiments hitherto made, and comparing them with each other, deduces certain laws conformable with the prevalent theory. The phenomena of tension, compression, and breakage of the several kinds of iron are examined and discussed, and exemplified by mathematical formulæ. Mr Bell considers the opinion, that in an overstrained and breaking beam 'the neutral axis is at or above the top of the beam,' to be erroneous, and cites as evidence some of Sir David Brewster's experiments in passing polarised light through a piece of glass subjected to transverse strain. Here we see optics brought to bear in a question of mechanics. Leaving aside the dry and difficult technicalities, we give the propositions established by the paper. '1. That in experiments where the materials are but slightly strained, theory and experiment coincide; 2. That where the ordinary theory applies to the rupture of beams, and especially large beams of wrought iron, theory and experiment practically coincide; and last, that the ordinary theory of the strength of materials is more trustworthy than is generally supposed.' The subject is one of first-rate importance. A somewhat similar paper 'On the Strength of Iron Pillars,' has been read before the Royal Society by Mr Eaton Hodgkinson, giving the results of a long series of experiments made with his usual care. The cost of these experiments has been defrayed by a portion of the Royal Society's government grant, and the liberality of Mr Robert Stephenson.

Mr Basford's new method of purifying gas is attracting notice; instead of lime, he uses charcoal saturated at red-heat with lime-water, by which all the sulphur and ammonia are effectually stopped, while, as we hear, the quantity of gas obtained per ton of coal is all but doubled. On the continent, great improvements have been made in the manufacture of gas from wood: at Zurich, Heilbronn, Munich, and other places, it is largely used; and, according to report, five feet of wood-gas give as much light as six feet of coal-gas.—Extensive beds of clay, rich in aluminum, have been discovered in the state of New Jersey, United States, where our enterprising cousins will doubtless turn them to profit.—So much has the process of extracting

the aluminum been simplified, that two kilogrammes of the metal are produced every day at a laboratory in the Rue St Jacques, Paris, at a cost of not more than 300 francs the kilogramme. The eagles on the standards of the French army are now made of aluminum, and with a considerable saving in the weight to be carried.—Chevreul has communicated to the Académie a paper setting forth researches made by him on certain ancient bronze statuettes brought from Egypt. We take one example. He placed a small completely oxidated effigy of Anubis in a porcelain tube, filled the tube with hydrogen gas, and raised it to a dull red heat. Presently, water, coloured green, was seen to condense in the bell-glass, and after letting the apparatus cool, 'I took out the statuette,' he says, 'completely revived; I place it before the eyes of the Académie, together with the water and chlorhydric acid which represent the oxygen and chlorine of Egypt, now transformed at Paris by hydrogen into water and acid.' This reminds us of the admirably ingenious restoration of the Ninevite ivories by boiling them in gelatine, as suggested by Professor Owen.

A species of concrete (*béton*) in which ashes are a principal ingredient, has of late been advantageously introduced for building purposes in Paris. We have heard of a manufacturing firm who utilise most of their waste in the working up of this new material. So rapidly has this artificial stone been improved, that slabs for floors are now made seven mètres long by six mètres wide, which, being laid all in one piece, no beams or vaulting are necessary underneath. M. Coignet states: 'I fabricate in *bétons agglomérés*, as hard as the best stone, all the parts of a house—cellars, drains, paving-slabs, sinks, walls, floors, roofs, exterior ornaments, without using wood or brick. By this process, the house, however large it may be, is a monolith; and this monolith equals, at least in solidity, masonry of hewn stone, and costs much less than the coarsest building in rubble.'

There is talk of adopting at Paris the process in use at Leicester for deodorising and utilising the sewage. The contents of the sewers being discharged into reservoirs, the solid matters are precipitated by means of lime, the water flows off clear, and the mud raised by an Archimedean screw, is dried in a centrifugal machine, and sold for manure in the form of bricks. A manufactory of *poudrette* has long existed at Paris, and it is believed that a handsome revenue may be derived from works on a larger scale, and a source of insalubrity at the same time neutralised.—Near Marseille, as we hear, an improved hydraulic-ram, beating on a cushion of water instead of a block of iron, has been found of great service in agricultural operations.

The selection of Professor William Thomson of Glasgow as one of the directors in the Atlantic Telegraph Company, is regarded as a satisfactory proof that the best scientific resources will be made available in the great submarine undertaking. In two short papers read before the Royal Society, the professor has thrown out new views on electro-telegraphy at long distances, developing a theory of signalling by pulsations. It is ingenious; but there remains to be seen how it will bear the test of practice.—At the meeting of German naturalists at Vienna last September, Gintl shewed that one telegraphic circuit will affect another which may happen to be near it, though the latter be altogether unconnected with the battery. Pass a current through the first, and the second, as demonstrated by the galvanometer, is visibly affected—in some as yet unexplained way through the earth. The cause will probably be discovered; meantime, the fact accounts for the confusion that sometimes arises in a net-work of telegraph lines, and suggests a means of simplification.

The dispute between Switzerland and Prussia has

given another opportunity for testing the merits of a portable military telegraph, invented by M. Hipp, chief of the federal telegraph construction department—a remarkably effective yet simple instrument. It prints after the manner of Morse's; but the armature is regulated by a single spring only, worked by pressing a small knob. Attached to any line of wire, messages can be received and transmitted, and indeed all the usual operations of telegraphy carried on as with fixed instruments. It, however, weighs no more than twelve pounds complete with its case, which measures ten inches in length, and five inches in breadth and height. Within this small space it contains the transmitting apparatus, a supply of paper, the tools necessary for mounting and dismounting the instrument, an alarm which may be brought into the circuit at pleasure, two drawers holding troughs of gutta-percha of twelve compartments each, furnished with a pile of charcoal and amalgamated zinc. When moistened with dilute sulphuric acid, the action is complete, and little liable to disturbance: an instrument sent from Berne to Paris by diligence and railway, was quite fit for use on arrival.

Among the meteorological phenomena which occurred during December, there fell at Ambleside five inches of rain in twenty-nine hours on the 7th and 8th, whereby a sudden flood was produced in the valleys.—M. de Tesson says in a communication to the Société Philomatique, that fogs, clouds, mists, &c., are not vesicular vapours—in which opinion he is not alone—and that a true study of these appearances would clear up some doubtful points in meteorology.—The Abbé Raillard has laid a paper before the Académie on the same subject. He denies the truth of the vesicular vapour theory concerning clouds, and contends that the phenomenon in question depends on minute division. As gold, when beaten into leaf, falls slowly, so the more the surfaces of water are increased, the more slowly will the water fall. The resistance of air to a drop divided into a thousand parts, is a thousand times greater than to a single drop. Hence clouds are borne up by the friction of the atmosphere. That clouds should consist of vesicular vapour is, in the abbé's opinion, simply impossible: for if it were vesicular, it would be condensed; and if air were contained within the vesicles, the viscosity of the husk or shell would have to be something very different from that of water. This is a subject of especial interest to meteorologists, many of whom entertain similar views; and considering the activity which now prevails in their branch of study, we may look for important advances towards establishing it as a science.

The great oceanic survey, which we have from time to time mentioned, is making satisfactory progress. Reports with tabular details have already been received from some of the ships employed, and these will be discussed and the results brought out under the superintendence of Captain R. Fitzroy, Marine Department of the Board of Trade. The work of this survey, as will be remembered, was begun by the United States government; and our Admiralty now undertake a class of observations not embraced by the Americans, and highly beneficial consequences are hoped for from this co-operation of the two nations.—Lieutenant Maury recommends that the routes for ships crossing the Atlantic should be set off into what he calls 'lanes,' or pathways some twenty-five miles wide, one to be used by steamers going, the other by steamers returning—following the law of the road to prevent collisions. The breadth of the route travelled by the Cunard steamers is 300 miles; and it is clear that a lane fifty miles wide might be followed on either margin, and the risk of vessels meeting entirely avoided.

For some years, tide-observations have been made round the coasts of Ireland, for the purpose of

discovering the various phenomena connected with the tides, currents, &c., and so facilitating navigation. Among the results obtained, there is one which at the first glance appears all but impossible. The Rev. Professor Haughton, of the Royal Irish Academy, has been enabled, by ingenious calculations based on those tide-observations, to infer the depth of the ocean. One of his conclusions, omitting fractions, is eleven miles; the other, five miles. The first is the depth of the vast central channel up which the great tidal wave rolls from the antarctic pole; the second is the mean depth of the whole Atlantic Ocean. We noticed some time ago a deep-sea sounding of seven miles, taken in the South Atlantic: this favours the professor's theory, and we shall perhaps learn, from the surveys and explorations now in progress, whether the deepest places have yet been sounded.

GOING TO THE PLAY IN CHINA.*

At the end of the street or alley we now entered, we observed a vast court surrounded with scaffoldings crowded with people, and at the further end, on a stage, the actors were to perform their parts—the river, forming the harbour of Canton, and its countless vessels, being the background of the picture.

To think of forcing our way through the crowd which encumbered the pit (the court), was perfectly useless; but thanks to the eloquence of M—, we entered a house, through which we were allowed to pass, on payment of half a *gourde* each; and in this manner succeeded in gaining one of the scaffoldings which was on a level with the first story of the house. Here we found several rows of benches, ranged one above the other, and selecting one of the highest, for the purpose of commanding a better view, we quietly took our seats.

The arrangement of the theatre was as follows:—An oblong enclosure was shut in on both sides by the boxes—covered galleries erected on wooden stakes—and here were assembled all those who paid for their admission. The stage, likewise supported on pillars, and covered, not with matting, like the gallery, but with painted cloth, formed one of the small corners of the right angle, and extended to the edge of the water; finally, a wall which joined the house through which we had entered, to another house opposite, completed the enclosure of the vast space, leaving only one door open for the crowd, who occupied the pit gratis.

At the moment of our arrival, a clever mountebank belonging to the *troups* was filling up the pause between the acts by passing his body through the rounds of a ladder, jumping backwards over chairs, &c. As this was not a very exciting spectacle, I bestowed all my attention on the assembly among whom we now found ourselves, and wherein we were the only Europeans. I remarked, first of all, that among all those grave Chinese heads, surmounted by black leather caps or conical hats, were some really pretty women, whose *coiffures* were ornamented with flowers and gold pins. Their costume, though simple, was nevertheless scrupulously neat; but although they possessed the most diminutive feet in the world, these beauties, with their oblique eyes, must have belonged to an inferior class of society, as the higher orders of women never shew themselves in public. On one side, but at the extreme end, there were also three or four girls, whose friends seemed apprehensive lest we should approach them. At our feet, on the

* This sketch is from the pen of a French naval officer, formerly stationed in the Chinese waters.

neighbouring benches, the good burghers of Canton, who had been probably sitting in the same place ever since the morning, were eating fruit and sweetmeats, which were supplied by ambulatory merchants; while others calmly smoked their metal pipes, whose narrow bowls will admit of only one pinch of tobacco at a time. A servant attends on each pipe, lighting it with a sort of phosphoric match; and this operation has constantly to be renewed, as a longer puff than usual is sufficient to exhaust the bowl.

All these people interested me very much; but the really exciting feature of the place, and of which we never grew tired, was the pit. Picture to yourself some thousands of Chinese stripped down to their waists, in order to save their clothes—their long queues rolled round their heads, lest these ornamental appendages should be laid hold of by the crowd—squeezing and pushing each other until they form a compact mass—a single block of human beings. There lies before you a sea of shaven heads, all of the same form and colour, as if it was the head of a single man repeated a thousand times in a multiplying mirror. Now calm, now agitated by an imperceptible movement, the surface of this sea presents the appearance of a brown cloth, dotted with flat noses, and eyes that wink with desperate excitement. Suddenly the waves, lulled for a time, become agitated by some unknown cause, dash forwards, then backwards, with irresistible force, and a deafening sound—a confused murmur of voices laughing, shouting, crying, and menacing. The heavy stakes which support the stage are scarcely strong enough to resist the repeated shocks of these rolling masses. In vain those who are nearest endeavour, by catching at the stakes, to make buttresses of themselves, to stay the impetuous flood—their arms at length drop, and they are speedily carried away under the scaffolding down to the river.

If everything in this strange theatre appeared to us curious and new, our presence produced assuredly the same effect on the assembly; for besides the investigations of which we were continually the subject, every burst of applause, as the play went on, was accompanied by the pretty Chinese girls, the beatified smokers, and even the unfortunate wretches forming the troubled sea of bald heads, all turning their eyes upon us, and seemingly endeavouring to discover the degree of interest we took in the spectacle.

After the mountebank had finished his tricks, the actors, whose dressing-room is a tent at the back of the stage, appeared, much to the satisfaction of the public. Ranged on each side of a high table, they wait until the manager has explained to the audience the nature of the piece they are about to witness. As soon as this formality—very rigorously observed in China—is completed, three or four personages, covered with magnificent robes, whose cost is said to be enormous, come forth majestically upon the stage. One of these individuals, in order to mark his supreme dignity, wears in his hat, in the manner of horns, the two long and beautiful feathers of the tail of a Barbary pheasant. He seats himself at a table, while the grantees of his court, the ministers of state, the literati, and the populace at large, remain respectfully standing in two rows before him. I was surprised to find in these costumes the exact reproduction of those I had been accustomed to see in Chinese designs—the rich dresses studded with gold and silver, the heavy wings attached to the head-dress, the flags issuing from all parts of the person, and, above all, the grotesque painting, the lines of black, white, red, and yellow, which render the human face a diabolical mask. I was informed that this was a representation of the earliest Chinese courts; that the costumes were scrupulously correct; and that the fashion of the period was for the nobles, according to their several ranks, to beamear their faces so as to render them unrecognisable.

The emperor or chief who sat at the table, in the course of conversation, appeared to accuse one of the great personages of his court of some crime. This man, who was dressed in black, and apparently belonged rather to the literary than the warlike class, immediately left his place on hearing this accusation, and falling on his knees, muttered in a distressing tone of voice a long prayer, frequently striking his head against the earth. The judge, however, was immovable, and pronounced sentence; and at intervals during his speech, the guards and assistants uttered in chorus a sharp discordant cry, which signified, as I was informed, acquiescence in the will of the prince. All at once, a woman in tears—a man plays the part—rushes on the stage: she is the wife of the prisoner, and throwing herself on her knees before the judges, implores their mercy. But her supplications and tears are all in vain.

So terminated one act of the piece, which appeared to interest very much the spectators; whose applause quite stifled the sound of the tam-tams, gongs, and other discordant instruments—instruments, however, far less discordant and piercing than the voices of the actors. Indeed, the efforts of these unhappy beings were distressing to witness; their eyes seemed starting out of their heads, and the veins of their necks were swollen to such a degree as to induce serious fears for their safety. Fatigued at length with the tumult, new and interesting as the scene was, I found that I had been quite long enough at the play; and as night was coming on, we soon afterwards retired on board our ship.

VIGILS.

A young and yet unbelted knight he seems
Watching his maiden armour by the well.
He standeth in the moonlight dim and gray,
With darkness round, on which his steady gaze
Is bent, expectant of some issuing foe.
The light of a great purpose seems to burn
In those bright, lucid eyes—and the young lips
Are white and stern with high expectancy.
So stands he silent in the silent light,
Pale, fixed, and eager—guarding those pure arms
Which Honour on the morn shall gird him with,
And send him forth on quests of high emprise
Her tried and loyal knight.

O ardent youth

On whom the mail of manhood hath not fallen,
Has not this scene a teaching good for thee?
Thou too hast arms to guard, God-given and fair.
Watch that no stain obscure their lovely sheen:
Watch through the night-hours for the envious foe
Whose birth is of the darkness, yet whose power
Harms not him standing in the gentle light
Of strong and glowing truth. Then hopefully,
With bright, unsullied armour, go thou forth,
To fight for Truth with many a world-born wrong
Which reigns supreme, and drinks of human tears
As monsters did of old. Go, and fear not;
Fight through the Night, till breaks the blessed Dawn—
When thou shalt see a shining Presence stand
To crown thee victor from thy arduous strife
In Life's great lists, and heir to glorious lands
Won by thy wounds, O soldier of the Cross!

M. A. D.

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THE BIRCH, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WHEN Master Adolphus Smith, who has been detected in a suspicious situation in the school-orchard, is sentenced by the Rev. Kane M'Tawse of the academy, Birch Grove—who receives a limited number of young gentlemen at L.40 per annum—to a gentle titillation with a certain well-known instrument of juvenile torture, that apple-munching youth is not in the least aware of the very great antiquity of the punishment which his learned instructor delights to inflict. If young Smith but knew the ancient customs of the Lacedæmonians, and how boys like him were whipped for hours before an altar, making it a point of honour not to cry, there can be no doubt that the young gentleman could bear the sentence of M'Tawse with much greater equanimity than, we regret to say, is usually his practice. We may be permitted to hope that, as his classic knowledge extends, the veil of ignorance will be withdrawn, and the examples of these Spartan youths will ultimately take effect. But there are so many of this young gentleman's seniors in a state of ignorance on the subject as to demand inquiry, and we are astonished that some of our keen-eyed dealers in *Common Things* and *Things not Generally Known*, have not long ere this 'familiarily explained' the word Birch. Even in our most ponderous encyclopædias, we have to turn to the word 'Flagellant' before we can even partially satisfy our curiosity; and these learned repositories contain but a few dry sentences about 'a sect of religious fanatics.' This utter darkness as to such a thing as birch is most extraordinary; so extraordinary, that an ancient author recommends a work on the subject, and says that a time will sooner or later arrive when the discipline and flagellations which were in use for so many centuries, will be considered by the people so whimsical and absurd as to be unworthy of belief, although these same persons will be in the daily practice of other customs equally absurd and whimsical.

The origin and early development of flagellation is involved in great obscurity, and therefore it is hardly necessary to say that we have not the means of tracing the first whipping which was inflicted, or the name and address of him or her who administered it. The nature of the subject, too, is exceedingly repulsive, but we have a shrewd guess that the population of the world would not be very numerous when such a practice was instituted. We will not at present, however, venture into any inquiry as to antediluvian discipline, although in these times of book-reading we have occasionally had thoughts of doing a little to be entitled *Birch before the Flood*, illustrated

with cuts, but will confine ourselves to the subject in its more modern aspect.

'Once upon a time' that we have read about, a tremendous dispute agitated the learned world as to whether whipping as a penance, or whipping as a punishment, was first introduced. One author contended for one view of the case, and his opponent fought to establish an opposite theory. The learning of each was flashed in the face of the other, and, as usual, the dispute ended by each thinking the other wrong. The relation of facts evolved by the controversialists, is so clouded in words and lost in old Latin quotations, or so frittered away in notes and commentaries, as to make it a task of no small difficulty to separate the corn from the chaff. We need not further allude to the controversy than merely to say, that all the probabilities of the case are in favour of punishment as first giving occasion for the use of the rod, although a strong case has been made out on behalf of those who hold a different opinion. We may remark upon the fondness of some of the ancient saints for the penance of flagellation, as detailed by those writers who take this view of the subject; one saint in particular was so fond of it, as to inflict upon himself, at one performance, a complement of 183,000 stripes! As, however, his daily allowance was 80,000 lashes, this immense number need not be much wondered at: things are only great by comparison, and this gentleman, it is hinted, wore a cuirass!

The ancient Romans carried the practice of flagellation further, perhaps, than any other nation; and we have been so fortunate as to find several authors who refer to their use of the scourge. Flagellatic emblems were common in every house; and the judges of the nation, with a desire to strike all evildoers with terror, were surrounded with those instruments of chastisement. They had all different names: there was the *ferula*, a flat strap of leather, which was the mildest of all; then came the *scutica*, an instrument of twisted parchment, which was a degree more severe than the first named; after that there was the *flagella*, and the terrible *flagellum*, the severest of all, which was composed of plaited thongs of ox-leather. There were other instruments of punishment still more terrible than even these, such as balls of metal stuck full of small sharp points, and fastened to the end of long whips. So prevalent did the practice of whipping slaves become, that in course of time these unfortunates came to be named after the particular kind of flagellation they were made to undergo; in fact, the scourge was looked upon by the Romans as characteristic of dominion. The master or mistress of a Roman household in those days often exercised their terrible powers

with unrelenting severity, and the poor slaves were not unfrequently scourged to death from a mere caprice. It was quite a sufficient excuse among the Roman ladies to whip a slave, if, as Juvenal expresses it, their nose displeased them; in other words, if they were not satisfied with the state of their own charms. Their wantonness of power was carried still further, if we may credit the same Juvenal. It was a customary thing with some of them, when they proposed having their hair dressed with both nicety and expedition, to have the dressing-maid stripped to the waist, ready for flagellation should she be guilty of any fault or mistake in performing her task. The fair termagants at last carried these cruelties to such a pitch, that in the beginning of the empire it was found necessary to restrain their licence. During the reign of the Emperor Adrian, a lady was banished for five years for inflicting undue cruelties on her female slaves. The smallest faults, such as breaking glasses or over-seasoning dishes, exposed these wretched serfs to grievous whippings, which were generally inflicted in presence of guests who happened to be entertained at table, as a means of affording a little diversion.

In addition to the flagellating customs of the ancient Romans, we may allude to a ceremony which was common among the Lacedæmonians, and called the Day of Flagellation, on account of the ceremony of whipping, in front of the altar of Diana, a number of boys, who freely submitted to that painful treatment. Various authors mention this fact. Plutarch says: 'Boys are whipped for a whole day, often to death, before the altar of Diana the Orthian, and they suffer it with cheerfulness, and even joy; nay, they strive with each other for victory; and he who bears up longest, and has been able to endure the greatest number of stripes, carries the day. This solemnity is called the contest of flagellations, and is celebrated every year in presence of the parents.' The reward to these martyrs of the birch was a stone; and statues similar to those which we erect to our poets and men of learning, were erected to their memory in the public places of Sparta.

The madness of the *Luperci* is scarcely worth alluding to; they were simply a disgust: and it is surprising that their festival, as it was called, should have existed for several hundred years after the introduction of Christianity. Their orgies have been recorded in the works of different authors. They were performed on occasions of particular solemnities, when the actors in them, reduced to a state of nudity, ran about striking each other with great fury. The following brief account of the sect is from the latest edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*:—'The first recorded instances of self-flagellation are isolated cases which happened about the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian era. From this date, the practice began to spread till the middle of the eleventh century, when, by the precepts and example of Damian, it came to be regarded by many religious persons as a sort of duty. The custom was very warmly opposed by the more liberal minds among the clergy, but it continued to spread in despite of all opposition; and soon after the middle of the thirteenth century, the devotees of the system, no longer content to mortify themselves in private, began to do so in public. Societies were now formed by which the doctrine of flagellation was promulgated throughout Europe; and the excesses into which they were frequently hurried by the ardour of their enthusiasm, excited the astonishment even of their contemporaries.'

Leaving the days of ancient Rome and the festival of the Lupercalia, we may, by a bold leap over a few troublesome centuries, arrive at a period much nearer our own day, when King Birch reigned with terrible severity over the religious public; when flagellation as a penance was a rage, and as a punishment was

rigorously observed both in the king's palace and in meaner households. As an example of the discipline of the court, we may cite Brantome's quaint account of the misfortune which befell Mademoiselle de Limeuil, a maid of honour to the queen of Henry II. of France. This lady, as that author relates, was of high birth, great beauty of person, very handsome, very witty, and an adept in the use of her pen. She had been placed at court in the capacity of a lady-in-waiting, and she had been there but a few months when she tried her wit at the expense of the ladies and gentlemen by whom she was surrounded, and wrote a pasquinade in which all were made to appear. These verses, being ingeniously written, spread very fast, and people were curious to know who had composed such a satire. At last it was found out that Mademoiselle de Limeuil was the author; and as the queen, besides being a lady of serious temper, was grown disgusted with the great licence of writing that prevailed at court, and had determined at least to prevent any satire or lampoon from originating in her own household, orders were given, in consequence of which mademoiselle was rewarded for her verses by a whipping; and those young ladies in the suite of the queen who had been privy to the composition of the pasquinade, were likewise flagellated. The author we have cited thus moralises on the event: 'The instance of flagellation just now related, from which neither the beauty, nor the birth, nor the rank of the culprits, nor the brilliancy of their wit, their readiness at their pen, nor happy turn for satire, could screen them, clearly shews how much flagellations were in esteem in the times we speak of, and how much efficacy they were thought to possess for insuring those two great advantages—good order and decorum.' Such disciplines were not, however, confined in these noble houses to ladies: wholesome corrections of a similar kind were also frequently bestowed on the male retainers—the pages coming in for a large share of attention, and even strangers visiting the place were not exempted.

There has been a great deal of controversy on the subject of flagellation in nunneries, both as to such punishments being improper, and as to the right mode of infliction. We do not propose to enter at all into this very delicate part of the subject, but shall merely repeat a statement of Du Cange, who tells us of the different ceremonies observed in convents during the administration of discipline. He says that flagellations have to be suffered in the presence of the whole congregation—that in monasteries the discipline is administered by the hands of a 'vigorous brother'; and in the nunneries, by 'an elderly morose sister.'

It may be permitted us here to abridge from Delolme's *History of the Flagellants*, the following notices of the fathers of St Lazare, in Paris, whose school was known as 'the Seminary of the Good Boys.' These reverend fathers carried on an extensive business as general flagellators, the punishments being inflicted, as previously arranged, on parties carrying a recommendatory letter to this effect. Being situated in the metropolis, it was a most convenient place of punishment. Fathers or mothers who had undutiful sons, tutors who had unruly pupils, uncles who were intrusted with the education of ungovernable nephews, masters who had wickedly inclined apprentices, whom they durst not themselves undertake to correct, applied to the fathers of St Lazare, and had their wishes gratified. So regular was the trade carried on by the good fathers in that branch of business, that letters of the above kind were literally notes of hand payable at sight. Ludicrous incidents frequently arose out of their mode of doing business. Young culprits, who suspected what was in the wind, contrived to get some other person to take charge of their letter—with what result the reader may guess. Others who had letters to carry to the house of Lazare, the contents of

which they did not mistrust, would often enough undesignedly charge other persons to deliver them; and the unfortunate bearer had no sooner presented his card of introduction, than he was straightway collared, prepared for the discipline, and rewarded for his good-nature by having administered to him a most excellent flagellation. When a lady had been slighted by her lover, she brought all her wit to bear upon his punishment, and frequently contrived to have it inflicted by the fathers at the seminary of St Lazare. An artful scheme was contrived to get the unfortunate individual, under some pretence or other, to call at the place, and the reverend disciplinarians, having been previously advised and paid, took good care to make the faithless gallant yield ample satisfaction to the injured fair one. The system of St Lazare ultimately led to such abuses as to attract the attention of the government of the period, who caused the seminary to be abolished.

We have not sufficient space to relate all the anecdotes of flagellation which have been handed down to us from the remote monastic ages, but the following is one which deserves to be recorded: A certain jovial friar, who had a keen eye to the good things of this world, found the means of procuring a number of fine dishes and a quantity of rare wine which his vows expressly forbade his class to partake of. He invited a select number of his brethren to share in the feast; and as it would have been attended with certain detection, if it had been laid out in any of their cells, they selected one of the large brewing-tuns of the monastery as a dining-room. As the feasting was held on several successive days, the abbot began to wonder at so many of the monks mysteriously disappearing at a certain hour. Being unable to find them either in their cells or in the chapel, he went himself on a voyage of discovery, and descending to the vaults, the savoury perfume of the dishes at once betrayed the secret dining of the jolly friars. The abbot slyly took his measures, and at once made his entrance into the hidden apartment. As may be supposed, the brethren were prodigiously alarmed; but the abbot soon set them all at their ease, expostulated with them for making the feast a secret, begged leave to join their revelry, partook of the wine and the well-seasoned dishes, and spent the greater part of the afternoon in a most agreeable and convivial manner. At last the banquet terminated, and the monks dispersed, not without serious misgiving that something would come out of all this; and they were right. 'Next day,' says Delolme, 'a chapter having been summoned, the abbot desired the prior to fill his place, then standing forth, he accused himself of the sin he had committed the day before, and requested to be well flogged for it. The prior objected much to such a discipline being inflicted on the abbot, but the latter having insisted, his request was complied with. This proceeding greatly astonished his boon-companions, but there was no escape. They were compelled to follow the example of the abbot, and that astute individual had so arranged matters, as to insure each of the delinquents a sound flogging.'

There are many interesting anecdotes connected with the birch. In the French *Causés Celibes*, we find the reports of various trials—arising out of the practice of flagellation—one in particular, where a noble lady waylaid another high personage of the same sex, and had her whipped by her servants. In London, about three hundred years ago, a clergyman was tried for administering to his housemaid 'a discipline after the manner of a school-boy,' and he even defended his conduct in a quarto pamphlet. The old practice of birching all the children of a family every time an execution took place, may be also referred to. This was a common practice some centuries ago, and its object was to keep the sufferers in mind of what had occurred. The still more recent plan of flogging the

pauper children at the boundaries of the parish, in order that they might recollect them if disputes arose, seems a remnant of the same custom. One anecdote of 'penance' which we have heard is as follows: A lady, after having been to confession, was ordered to mortify her flesh, and to get some person to inflict upon her a hundred blows. The priest, however, forgot to say with what kind of instrument; and the lady, taking advantage of his oversight, caused her servant to flagellate her with a bunch of ostrich feathers. We may bid farewell to the ancient part of our subject by referring to the case of Clopinel, a court poet, who wrote a malicious libel on some of the ladies of the court. These beauteous maids determined to be revenged on the poet, and at a consultation which was held, it was unanimously determined that he should be flagellated. At a convenient time, he was seized and prepared for the rod, which the fair ones had determined to administer in person. He was saved, however, from the infliction by his presence of mind; 'piteously addressing the angry yet beauteous group around him, he humbly entreated that the first blow might be struck by the honourable damsel who felt herself the most aggrieved; and it is needless to add that not a lash was inflicted.'

A recent correspondence in the *Times* newspaper gives us the information that birch is not yet extinct in Great Britain, and that, having been banished from court, and almost fallen into disuse in our criminal code, it has found refuge in our great public schools, making Eton its head-quarters. We need not travel so far as Russia to laugh at flagellation in the nineteenth century, since we can have it at home. As the modern case has been made public through the columns of the London daily press, we need have no delicacy in alluding to it here. A gentleman, who had placed his two sons at Eton, heard that the eldest one had been flogged, and as this young man was eighteen years of age, the father thought the punishment very improper, and wrote to his boy instructions not again to submit to such a punishment. 'I consider such a humiliation as disgraceful both to the party receiving and inflicting it; therefore be on your guard how you expose yourself to so degrading an exhibition as that of your person on the whipping-block. It is fitting for the felon, but does not become a gentleman. Therefore, once more be on your guard, and should your love of fun or insubordination place you again in such a position, I desire that you will leave Eton, and not permit any one so to insult you and common decency as long as you can defend yourself. I am aware that Eton customs do not attach such disgrace to flogging as elsewhere, and it is one of the greatest objections to this practice that it actually deprives itself of its effect by its frequent repetition. Up to a certain age, flogging may be tolerated; but when the child approaches the period of manhood, such a mode of punishment is revolting to every mind which is capable of being actuated by manly and correct feelings. I wish you to shew this letter to your tutor, in order that he may be made acquainted with my views on this point, and, if he should think proper, communicate them to Dr Goodford.' Accordingly, about three months ago, the young gentleman having been found 'smelling of smoke,' and not choosing to tell an untruth, he did not deny that he had been smoking, and for this he was again sentenced to receive the rod, but in obedience to his father's instructions, he left Eton. This is modern birch—young men of eighteen, nineteen, and even twenty years of age, flogged *supra dorsum nudum* by the head-master of the school, who, from his position, must be a man of great learning and eminence, moving, of course, in the best society, and yet reduced by this tyrant custom to the level of a drummer in the army. We leave it to Mr Thackeray to class this modern

absurdity along with that other one which he so well describes in his 'Four Georges'—the lace-bedizened courtier walking backward, like a crab, before a certain great lady at the opening of the Crystal Palace.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE PHANTOM HORSE.

I HAVE encountered dangers—not a few—but they were the ordinary perils of flood and field, and I understood them. I have had one limb broken, and its fellow bored with an ounce of lead. I have swum from a sinking ship, and have fallen upon the battlefield. I have looked at the muzzles of a hundred muskets aimed at my person, at less than thirty yards' distance, and felt the certainty of death; though the volley was fired, and I still live. Well, you will no doubt acknowledge these to be perils. Do not mistake me; I am not boasting of having encountered them; I met them with more or less courage—some of them with fear; but if the fears inspired by all were combined into one emotion of terror, it would not equal in intensity that which I experienced at the moment I pulled up my horse upon the prairie.

I have never been given to superstition; perhaps my religion is not strong enough for that; but at that moment I could not help yielding to a full belief in the supernatural. There was no *natural* cause—I could think of none—that would account for the mysterious disappearance of the horse. I had often sneered at the credulous sailor and his phantom ship; had I lived to look upon a phenomenon equally strange yet true—a phantom horse?

The hunters and trappers had indeed invested the white steed with this character; their stories recurred to my memory at the moment. I had used to smile at the simple credulity of the narrators. I was now prepared to believe them. They were true!

Or was I dreaming? Was it not all a dream? The search for the white steed—the surround—the chase—the long, long gallop?

For some moments I actually fancied that such *might* be the case; but soon my consciousness became clear again: I was in the saddle, and my panting, smoking steed was under me. That was real and positive. I remembered all the incidents of the chase. They, too, were real of a certainty; the white steed had been there: he was gone. The trappers spoke the truth. The horse was a phantom!

Oppressed with this thought, which had almost become a conviction, I sat in my saddle, bent and silent, my eyes turned upon the earth, but their gaze fixed on vacancy. The lazo had dropped from my fingers, and the bridle reins trailed untouched over the withers of my horse.

My belief in the supernatural was of short duration; how long I know not, for during its continuance I remained in a state of bewilderment. My senses at length returned. My eyes had fallen upon a fresh hoof-print on the turf, directly in front of me. I knew it was that made by the white steed, and this awoke me to a process of reasoning. Had the horse been a phantom, he would not have made a track? I had

never heard of the track of a ghost; though a *horse ghost* might be different from the common kind!

My reflections on this head ended in the determination to follow the trail as far as it led; of course to the point where the steed must have mounted into the air, or evaporated—the scene of his apotheosis.

With this resolve, I gathered my reins, and rode forward upon the trail, keeping my eyes fixed upon the hoof-prints. The line was direct, and I had ridden nearly two hundred yards, when my horse came to a sudden stop. I looked out forward to discover the cause of his halting; with that glance, vanished my new-born superstitions.

At the distance of some thirty paces, a dark line was seen upon the prairie, running transversely to the course I was following. It appeared to be a narrow crack in the plain; but on spurring nearer, it proved to be a fissure of considerable width—one of those formations known throughout Spanish America as *barrancas*. The earth yawned, as though rent by an earthquake; but water had evidently something to do with its formation. It was of nearly equal width at top and bottom, and its bed was covered with a débris of rocks rounded by attrition. Its sides were perfectly vertical, and the stratification, even to the surface-turf, exactly corresponded—thus rendering it invisible at the distance of but a few paces from its brink. It appeared to shallow to the right, and no doubt ended not far off in that direction. Towards the left, on the contrary, I could see that it became deeper and wider. At the point where I had reached it, its bottom was nearly twenty feet from the surface of the prairie.

Of course, the disappearance of the white steed was no longer a mystery. He had made a fearful leap—nearly twenty feet sheer! There was the torn turf on the brink of the chasm, and the displacement of the loose stones, where he had bounded into its bed. He had gone to the left—down the barranca. The abrasion of his hoofs was visible upon the rocks.

I looked down the defile: he was not to be seen. The barranca turned off at an angle at no great distance. He had already passed round the angle, and was out of sight. It was clear that he had escaped; that to follow would be of no use; and with this reflection I abandoned all thoughts of carrying the chase further.

After giving way to a pang or two of disappointment, I began to think of the position in which I had placed myself. It is true I was now relieved from the feeling of awe that, but a moment before, had oppressed me; but my situation was far from being a pleasant one. I was at least thirty miles from the rancheria, and I could not tell in what direction it lay. The sun was setting, and therefore I had the points of the compass; but I had not the slightest idea whether we had ridden eastward or westward after leaving the settlements. I might ride back on my own trail; *perhaps* I might: it was a doubtful point. Neither through the timber, nor on the open prairie, had the chase gone in a direct line. Moreover, I noticed in many places, as we glided swiftly along, that the turf was cut up by numerous hoof-tracks: droves of mustangs had passed over the ground. It would be no easy matter for me to retrace the windings of that long gallop.

One thing was evident: it would be useless for me to make the attempt before morning. There was not half an hour of sun left, and at night the trail could not be

followed. I had no alternative but to remain where I was until another day broke.

But how remain? I was hungry; still worse, I was choking with thirst. Not a drop of water was near; I had seen none for twenty miles. The long, hot ride had made me thirst to an unusual degree, and my poor horse was in a similar condition. The knowledge that no water was near, added, as it always does, to the agony, and rendered the physical want more difficult to be endured.

I scanned the bottom of the barranca, and tracked it with my eye as far as I could see: it was waterless as the plain itself. The rocks rested upon dry sand and gravel; not a drop of the wished-for element appeared within its bed, although it was evident that at some time a torrent must have swept along its channel.

After some reflection, it occurred to me that by following the barranca downward, I might find water; at least, this was the most likely direction in which to search for it. I rode forward, therefore, directing my horse along the edge of the chasm. The fissure deepened as I advanced, until, at the distance of a mile from where I first struck it, the gulf yawned full fifty feet into the plain, the sides still preserving their vertical steepness!

The sun had now gone down; the twilight promised to be a short one. I dared not traverse that plain in the darkness; I might ride over the precipitous edge of the barranca. Besides, it was not the only one: I saw there were others—smaller ones—the beds of tributary streams in times of rain. These branched off diagonally or at right angles, and were more or less deep and steep.

Night was fast closing over the prairie; I dared not ride further amid these perilous abysses. I must soon come to a halt, without finding water. I should have to spend the long hours without relief. The thought of such a night was fearful.

I was still riding slowly onward, mechanically conducting my horse, when a bright object fell under my eyes, causing me to start in my saddle with an exclamation of joy. It was the gleam of water. I saw it in a westerly direction, the direction in which I was going. It was a small lake, or—in the phraseology of the country—a pond. It was not in the bottom of the ravine, where I had hitherto been looking for water, but up on the high prairie. There was no timber around it, no sedge; its shores were without vegetation of any kind, and its surface appeared to correspond with the level of the plain itself.

I rode forward with joyful anticipations, yet not without some anxiety. Was it a *mirage*? It might be—often had I been deceived by such appearances. But no: it had not the filmy, gauze-like halo that hangs over the mirage. Its outlines were sharply defined by the prairie turf, and the last lingering rays of the sun glistened upon its surface. It was water!

Fully assured of this, I rode forward at a more rapid rate.

I had got within about two hundred paces of the spot, keeping my eyes fixed upon the glistening water, when all at once my horse started, and drew back! I looked ahead to discover the cause. The twilight had nearly passed, but in the obscurity I could still distinguish the surface of the prairie. The barranca again frowned before me, running transversely across my path. To my chagrin, I perceived that the chasm had made a sudden turn, and that the pond was on its opposite side!

CHAPTER XIX.

A PRAIRIE DREAM.

There was no hope of crossing in the darkness. The barranca was here deeper than at any point above; so deep that I could but indistinctly see the rocky boulders at its bottom. Perhaps with the daylight I might be able to find a crossing-place; but from that doubtful hypothesis I derived little consolation.

It had now grown quite dark, and I had no choice but to pass the night where I was, though I anticipated a night of torture.

I dropped to the ground, and having led my horse a few rods into the prairie, so as to keep him clear of the precipice, I relieved him of his saddle and bridle, and left him to browse to the full length of the lazo. For myself, I had but few preparations to make: there was no supper to be cooked, but eating was a matter of secondary importance on that occasion. I should have preferred a cup of water to a roast turkey.

I had but few implements to dispose of in my temporary camp. My rifle and hunting-knife, with horn and pouch, and the double-headed gourd, which served as water-canteen, and which, alas! had been emptied at an early hour of the day. Fortunately, my Mexican blanket was buckled on the croupe. This I untrapped, and having enveloped myself in its ample folds, and placed my head in the hollow of my saddle, I composed myself as well as I could, in the hope of falling asleep.

For a long time this luxury was denied me. The torture of thirst will rob one of sleep as effectually as the stinging pain of toothache. I turned and turned again, glaring at the moon; she was visible only at intervals, as black clouds were coursing across the canopy; but when she shone out, her light caused the little lake to glisten like a sheet of silver. Oh! how that bright water mocked me with its wavy ripple! I could comprehend the sufferings of Tantalus. I thought at the time that the gods could not have devised a more exquisite torture for the royal Lydian.

After some time, the pain of thirst was less intensely felt. Perhaps the cold damp air of night had the effect of relieving it; but it is more likely that fatigue and long endurance had rendered the sense less acute. Whatever may have been the cause, I suffered less, and felt myself yielding to sleep. There was no sound to keep me awake: perfect stillness reigned around; even the usual howling bark of the prairie-wolf did not reach my ear. The place seemed too lonely for this almost ubiquitous night-prowler. The only sign of life that told me I was not alone was the occasional stroke of my steed's hoof upon the hard turf, and the 'crop-crop' that told me he was busy with the short buffalo-grass. But these were soothing sounds, as they admonished me that my faithful companion was enjoying himself after his hard gallop, and strengthened my desire for repose.

I slept, but not lightly. No; my sleep was heavy and full of troubled dreams. I have a sort of half belief that the *role* we play in these dream-scenes wears the body as much as if we enacted it in reality. I have often awaked from such visions feeble from fatigue. If such be the fact, during that night upon the prairie I went through the toils of the preceding day with considerable additions. First of all, I was in the presence of a lovely woman: she was dark-eyed, dark-haired—a brunette—a beauty. I traced the features of Isolina. I gazed in her eyes; I was happy in her smiles; I fancied I was beloved. Bright objects were around me. The whole scene was rose-colour.

This was a short episode: it was interrupted. I heard shouts and savage yells. I looked out: the house was surrounded by Indians! They were already within

the enclosure; and the moment after, crowds of them entered the house. There was much struggling and confusion. I battled with such arms as I could lay hold of; several fell before me; but one—a tall savage, the chief, as I thought—threw his arms around my mistress, and carried her away out of my sight.

I remember not how I got mounted; but I was upon horseback, and galloping over the wide prairie in pursuit of the ravisher. I could see the savage ahead upon a snow-white steed, with Isolina in his arms. I urged my horse with voice and spur, but, as I thought, for long, long hours in vain. The white steed still kept far in the advance; and I could come no nearer him. I thought the savage had changed his form. He was no longer an Indian chief, but the fiend himself: I saw the horns upon his head; his feet were cloven hoofs! I thought he was luring me to the brink of some fell precipice, and I had no longer the power to stay my horse. Ha! The demon and his phantom horse have gone over the cliff! They have carried her along with them! I must follow—I cannot remain behind. I am on the brink. My steed springs over the chasm. I am falling—falling—falling!—

I reach the rocks at length. I am not killed: how strange I am not crushed! But no; I still live. Yet I suffer. Thirst chokes and tortures me: my heart and brain are aching, and my tongue is on fire. The sound of water is in my ears: a torrent rushes by, near me. If I could only reach it, I might drink and live: but I cannot move; I am chained to the rocks. I grasp one after another, and endeavour to drag myself along: I partially succeed; but oh, what efforts I make. The labour exhausts my strength. I renew my exertions. I am gaining ground: rock after rock is passed. I have neared the rushing water; I feel its cold spray sprinkling me. I am saved!

After such fashion ran my dream. It was the shadow of a reality, somewhat disorganised; but the most pleasant reality was that which awoke me. I found myself in the process of being sprinkled, not by the spray of a torrent, but by a plashing shower from the clouds! Under other circumstances, this might have been less welcome, but now I hailed it with a shout of joy. The thunder was rolling almost continuously; lightning blazed at short intervals; and I could hear the roar of a torrent passing down the barranca.

To assuage thirst was my first thought; and for this purpose, I stretched out my concave palms, and held my mouth wide open, thus drinking from the very fountains of the sky. Though the drops fell thick and heavy, the process was too slow, and a better plan suggested itself. I knew that my *serapé* was water-proof: it was one of the best of Parras fabric, and had cost me an hundred silver dollars. This I spread to its full extent, pressing the central parts into a hollow of the prairie. In five minutes' time, I had forgotten what thirst was, and wondered how such a thing should have caused me so much torture!

Moro drank from the same 'trough,' and betook himself to the grass again. The under side of the blanket was still dry, and the patch of ground which it had sheltered. Along this I stretched myself, drew the *serapé* over me; and after listening a while to the loud lullaby of the thunder, fell fast asleep.

CHAPTER XX.

LOST UPON THE PRAIRIE.

I slept sweetly and soundly. I had no dreams, or only such as were light, and forgotten with the return of consciousness.

It was late when I awoke. A bright sun was

mounting into the blue and cloudless sky. This orb was already many degrees above the horizon.

Hunger was the father of my first thought. I had eaten nothing since an early hour of the preceding day, and then only the light *desayuna* of sweet-cake and chocolate. To one not accustomed to long fasting, a single day without food will give some idea of the pain of hunger; that pain will increase upon a second day, and by the third will have reached its maximum. Upon the fourth and fifth, the body grows weaker, and the brain becomes deranged; the nerve, however, is less acute, and though the suffering is still intense, hunger is never harder to endure than upon the second or third days. Of course, these remarks apply only to those not habituated to long fasts. I have known men who could endure hunger for six days, and feel less pain than others under a fast of twenty-four hours. Indians or prairie-hunters were those men, and fortunately for them that they are endowed with such powers of endurance, often driven as they are into circumstances of the most dire necessity. Truly, 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!'

As I have said, my first thought was of something to eat. I rose to my feet, and with my eye swept the prairie in every direction: no object, living or dead, greeted my sight; beast or bird there was none; my horse alone met my glance, quietly browsing on his trail-rope. I could not help envying him, as I scanned his well-filled sides. I thought of the bounty of the Creator in thus providing for his less intelligent creatures—giving them the power to live where man would starve. Who does not in this recognise the hand of a Providence?

I walked forward to the edge of the barranca, and looked over. It was a grim abyss, over a hundred feet in depth, and about the same in width. Its sides were less precipitous at this point. The escarpment rocks had fallen in, and formed a sort of shelving bank, by which a man on foot might have descended into its bed, and climbed out on the opposite side; but it was not passable for a horse. Its cliffs were furrowed and uneven; rocks jutted out and hung over; and in the seams grew cactus plants, bramble, and small trees of dwarf cedar (*Juniperus prostrata*).

I looked into its channel. I had heard the torrent rolling down in the night. I saw traces of the water among the rocks. A large body must have passed, and yet not a cupful could now have been lifted from its bed! What remained was fast filtering into the sand, or rising back to the heavens upon the heated atmosphere.

I had brought with me my rifle, in hopes of espying some living creature; but, after walking for a considerable distance along the edge, I abandoned the search. No trace of bird or quadruped could be found, and I turned and went back to the place where I had slept.

To draw the picket-pin of my horse and saddle him, was the work of a few minutes; this done, I began to bethink me of *where I was going*. Back to the rancheria, of course! That was the natural reply to such a question; but there was another far less easily answered: How was I to find the way? My design of the previous night—to follow back my own trail—was no longer practicable. The rain had effaced the tracks! I remembered that I had passed over wide stretches of light dusty soil, where the hoof scarcely impressed itself. I remembered that the rain had been of that character known as 'planet showers,' with large heavy drops, that, in such places, must have blotted out every trace of the trail. To follow the 'back-track' was no longer possible. I had not before thought of this difficulty; and now, that it presented itself to my mind, it was accompanied by a new feeling of dread. I felt that *I was lost!*

As you sit in your easy-chair, you may fancy that this is a mere bagatelle—a little bewilderment that one may easily escape from who has a good horse between his thighs. It is only to strike boldly out, and by riding on in a straight line, you must in time arrive *somewhere*. No doubt, that is your idea; but permit me to inform you that this depends very much upon circumstances. It would indeed be trusting to blind chance. You might arrive 'somewhere,' and that somewhere might be the very point from which you had started! Do you fancy you can ride ten miles in a direct line over a prairie, without a single object to guide you? Be undeceived, then; you cannot! The best mounted men have perished under such circumstances. It may take days to escape out of a fifty-mile prairie, and days bring death. Hunger and thirst soon gain strength and agony—the sooner that you know you have not the wherewith to satisfy the one, nor quench the other. Besides, there is in your very loneliness a feeling of bewilderment, painful to an extreme degree, and from which only the oldest prairie-men are free. Your senses lose half their power, your energy is diminished, and your resolves become weak and vacillating. You feel doubtful at each step as to whether you be following the right path, and are ready at every moment to turn into another. Believe me, it is a fearful thing to be alone and lost upon the prairies!

I felt this keenly enough. I had been on the great plains before, but it was the first time I had the misfortune to wander astray on them, and I was the more terrified that I already hungered to no common degree. There was something singular, too, in the circumstances that had brought me into my present situation. The disappearance of the white steed, although accounted for by perfectly natural causes, had left upon my mind a strange impression. That he should have lured me so far, and then eluded me in such a way! I could not help fancying design in it; and fancying so, I could attribute such design only to a higher intelligence—in fact, to some supernatural cause! I was again on the edge of superstition. My mind began to give way and yield itself to hideous fancies.

I struggled against such thoughts, and succeeded in rousing myself to reflect upon some active measures for my safety. I saw that it was of no use to remain where I was. I knew that I could make a straight path for a couple of hours at least—the sun was in the sky, and that would guide me—until near the meridian hours. Then I should have to halt, and wait a while; for in that southern latitude, and just at that time of the year, the sun at noon is so near the zenith that a practised astronomer could not tell north from south. I reflected that before noon I might reach the timber, though that would not insure my safety. Even the naked plain is not more bewildering than the openings of the mesquite groves and the chapparal that border it. Among these you may travel for days without getting twenty miles from your starting-point, and they are often as destitute of the means of life as the desert itself!

Such were my reflections as I had saddled and bridled my horse, and stood scanning the plain in order to make up my mind as to the direction I should take.

CHAPTER XXI.

A PRAIRIE REFEAT.

In gazing out, my eye was attracted by some objects. They were animals, but of what species I could not tell. There are times upon the prairies when form and size present the most illusory aspects: a wolf seems as large as a horse; and a raven, sitting upon a swell of the plain, has been mistaken for a buffalo. A peculiar state of the atmosphere is the magnifying cause, and it is only the experienced eye of the trapper

that can reduce the magnified proportions and distorted form to their proper size and shape.

The objects I had noticed were full three miles off; they were in the direction of the lake, and of course on the other side of the barranca. There were several forms—five I counted—moving phantom-like against the rim of the horizon. Something drew my attention from them for a short while—a period of perhaps three or four minutes' duration. When I looked out again, they were no longer to be seen; but by the edge of the pond, at less than five hundred yards' distance, five beautiful creatures were standing, which I knew to be antelopes. They were so close to the pond, that their graceful forms were shadowed in the water, and their erect attitudes told that they had just halted after a run. Their number corresponded with the objects I had seen but the moment before far out upon the prairie. I was convinced they were the same. The distance was nothing: these creatures travel with the speed of a swallow.

The sight of the prong-horns stimulated my hunger. My first thought was how to get near them. Curiosity had brought them to the pond; they had espied my horse and myself afar off, and had galloped up to reconnoitre us. But they still appeared shy and timid, and were evidently not inclined to approach nearer.

The barranca lay between them and me, but I saw that if I could entice them to its brink, they would be within range of my rifle.

Once more staking down my horse, I tried every plan I could think of. I laid myself along the grass upon my back, and kicked my heels in the air, but to no purpose: the game would not move from the water's edge.

Remembering that my serapé was of very brilliant colours, I bethought me of another plan which, when adroitly practised, rarely fails of success. Taking the blanket, I lashed one edge to the ramrod of my rifle, having first passed the latter through the upper swivel of the piece. With the thumb of my left hand I was thus enabled to hold the rammer steady and transverse to the barrel. I now dropped upon my knees, holding the gun shoulder-high, and the gay-coloured serapé spread out almost to its full extent, hung to the ground, and formed a complete cover for my person. Before making these arrangements, I had crept to the very edge of the barranca, in order to be as near as possible should the antelopes approach upon the opposite side. Of course every manœuvre was executed with all the silence and caution I could observe. I was in no reckless humour to frighten off the game. Hunger was my monitor. I knew that not my breakfast alone, but my life, might be depending on the successful issue of the experiment.

It was not long before I had the gratification of perceiving that my decoy was likely to prove attractive. The prong-horned antelope, like most animals of its kind, has one strongly developed propensity—that of *curiosity*. Although to a known enemy it is the most timid of creatures, yet in the presence of an object that is new to it, it appears to throw aside its timidity, or rather its curiosity overcomes its sense of fear; and, impelled by the former, it will approach very near to any strange form, and regard it with an air of bewilderment. The prairie-wolf—a creature that surpasses even the fox in cunning—well knows this weakness of the antelope, and often takes advantage of it. The wolf is less fleet than the antelope, and his pursuit of it in a direct manner would be vain; but with the astute creature, stratagem makes up for the absence of speed. Should a 'band' of antelopes chance to be passing, the prairie-wolf lays himself flat upon the grass, clews his body into a round ball, and thus rolls himself over the ground, or goes through a series of contortions, all the while approaching nearer to his victims, until he has them within springing distance!

Usually he is assisted in these manœuvres by several companions, for the prairie-wolf is social, and hunts in packs.

The square of bright colours soon produced its effect. The five prong-horns came trotting around the edge of the lake, halted, gazed upon it a moment, and then dashed off again to a greater distance. Soon, however, they turned and came running back, this time apparently with greater confidence, and a stronger feeling of curiosity. I could hear them uttering their quick 'snorts' as they tossed up their tiny heads and snuffed the air. Fortunately, the wind was in my favour, blowing directly from the game, and towards me; otherwise, they would have 'winded' me, and discovered the cheat, for they both know and fear the scent of the human hunter.

The band consisted of a young buck and four females—his wives; the nucleus, no doubt, of a much larger establishment in prospect—for the antelope is polygamous, and some of the older males have an extensive following. I knew the buck by his greater size and forking horns, which the does want. He appeared to direct the actions of the others, as they all stood in a line behind him, following and imitating his motions.

At the second approach, they came within a hundred yards of me. My rifle was equal to this range, and I prepared to fire. The leader was nearest me, and him I selected as the victim. Taking sight, I pulled trigger. As soon as the smoke cleared off, I had the satisfaction of seeing the buck down upon the prairie, in the act of giving his last kick. To my surprise, none of the others had been frightened off by the report, but stood gazing at their fallen leader, apparently bewildered.

I bethought me of reloading; but I had incautiously risen to my feet, and so revealed my form to the eyes of the antelopes. This produced an effect which neither the crack of the rifle nor the fall of their comrade had done; and the now terrified animals wheeled about and sped away like the wind. In less than two minutes, they were beyond the reach of vision.

The next question that arose was how I was to get across the barranca. The tempting morsel lay upon the other side, and I therefore set about examining the chasm in order to find a practicable crossing. This I fortunately discovered. On both sides, the cliff was somewhat broken down, and might be scaled, though not without considerable difficulty.

After once more looking to the security of my horse's trail-ropes, I placed my rifle where I had slept, and set out to cross the barranca, taking only my knife. I could have no use for the gun, and it would hinder me in scaling the cliffs. I got to the bottom of the ravine, and commenced ascending on the opposite side where it was steeper; but I was assisted by the branches of the trailing cedar that grew among the rocks. I noticed, and with some surprise, that the path must have been used before, either by men or animals.

The soil that lay upon the ledges was 'paddled' as by feet, and the rock in some places scratched and discoloured. These indications only caused me a momentary reflection. I was too hungry to dwell upon any thought but that of eating.

At length I reached the scarp of the cliff, and climbing out upon the prairie, soon stood over the carcass of the prong-horn. My knife was out, and next moment I was busy playing the part of butcher.

You will no doubt fancy that the next thing I did was to go in search of something to make a fire for the purpose of cooking. I did nothing of the sort; the next thing I did was to eat my breakfast. *I ate it raw*; and had you been in my situation, delicate as you are, you would have done the same.

It is true that, after I had satisfied the first cravings

of appetite with the tongue of the antelope and a few morsels of steak, I became more fastidious, and thought a little roasting might improve the venison. For this purpose, I was about to return to the barranca, in order to gather some sticks of the cedar-wood, when my eyes fell upon an object that drove all thoughts of cookery out of my head, and sent a thrill of terror to my heart. The object in question was a large animal, which I at once recognised as the *grizzly bear*, the most dreaded of all creatures that inhabit the prairie.

LETTERS OF JAMES BOSWELL.*

THE ripened fame and acceptance of that extraordinary book, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, gives an interest to the personality of the author, which no one seems to have felt when he was alive. A series of characteristic letters by him, illustrated by biographic particulars, is therefore pretty sure of attracting public attention. At first, we suspected it to be a volume of forgeries; but, on inspection, we find the genuineness of the letters to be beyond doubt. They were addressed, throughout the course of thirty-seven years, to a bosom-friend of the writer, a certain Rev. Mr Temple, living in an obscure Cornish rectory. A most singular revelation of personal character they form—the outpouring of the feelings of a man not without talents, acquirements, and good aspirations, but altogether deficient in prudence, dignity, and suitableness for the world's ordinary affairs—one who was not much worse in essential respects than most of his neighbours, but who put himself at the feet of them all by his silly forwardness, love of notoriety, and the constant self-composure of a babbling tongue. For the first half of the book, we altogether doubted the use of its publication, beyond the gratification of those curious in literary history; while of the justifiableness of making such an exposé of the personal vices, weaknesses, and domestic circumstances of one who died only sixty years since, and who has left numerous descendants, there seemed to us to be—something more than doubts. But on reaching the end, our conception of the book underwent a change. We then found the life of the man shewing so impressively the futility of all hopes of happiness based on the mere gratification of vanity and sensual appetites, we found the ultra-gaiety of the clever combinatorial youth ending in such expressions of pain and sorrow, the natural fruits of a long course of dissipation, that we believed the book might prove to have been well worth publishing.

Boswell occupied a position in society of which Englishmen, knowing him only by his books, have in general an inadequate conception. He was, by birth and connections, emphatically a *gentleman*. The eldest son and heir of a landed man occupying the dignified position of a judge, and himself a member of the Scotch bar, he had the fairest prospects in life—might have looked to a great marriage, to entering parliament, to high state employment. We find that, even in his own time, the family estates were £1600 a year. In the ensuing generation, they were probably of considerably more than twice that value, and it seemed but in the fair course of things that a British baronetcy was then conferred on the family. All these advantages Boswell in a great measure forfeited by the literary and social tastes which led him to be the companion of London wits, and enabled him to pen the immortal book which bears his name. Perhaps it were impossible for any Englishman to imagine the *eccentricity* of Boswell as viewed in reference to the Ayrshire gentry and Edinburgh *noblesse de robe* amongst whom he sprung into existence, or those Calvinistic doctrines and sober maxims of life which ought in the course of nature to have descended to him.

* Bentley, London, 1857. 8vo, pp. 408.

The letters to Mr Temple first exhibit Boswell in youth, enthusiastic in study, but doubtful how to direct himself in life. He is constantly engaged in some affair of the heart, which comes to nothing. Already, he haunts the society of such literary men as then dwelt in Edinburgh. Before he was full one-and-twenty, he had dipped into the gneties of London, and found their congeniality. 'A young fellow,' he says, 'whose happiness was always centered in London, who had at last got there, and had begun to taste its delights, who had got his mind filled with the most gay ideas—getting into the Guards, being about court, enjoying the happiness of the *beau-monde* and the company of men of genius, in short, everything that he could wish—consider this poor fellow hauled away to the town of Edinburgh, obliged to conform to every Scotch custom or be laughed at—"Will you hae some jeel? oh fie! oh fie!"—his flighty imagination quite cramped, and he obliged to study Corpus Juris Civilis, and live in his father's strict family; is there any wonder, sir, that the unlucky dog should be somewhat fretful? Yoke a Newmarket courser to a dung-cart, and I'll lay my life on't he'll either caper and kick most confoundedly, or be as stupid and restive as an old, battered post-horse.'

His father early saw how much he was disposed to break bounds, and tried to control him with good counsel. 'Honest man!' says Boswell, 'he is now very happy: it is amazing to think how much he has had at heart my pursuing the road of civil life; he is anxious for fear I should fall off from my prudent system, and return to my dissipated, unsettled way of thinking; and, in order to make him easy, he insists on having my solemn promise that I will persist in the scheme on which he is so earnestly bent: he knows my fidelity, and he concludes that my promise will fix me. Indeed, he is much in the right; the only question is, how much I am to promise. I think I may promise thus much: that I shall from this time study propriety of conduct, and to be a man of knowledge and prudence, as far as I can; that I shall make as much improvement as possible while I am abroad, and when I return, shall put on the gown as a member of the Faculty of Advocates, and be upon the footing of a gentleman of business, with a view to my getting into parliament. My father talks of my setting out soon, but says he will soon write to me fixing my allowance; I imagine, therefore, that I shall go the week after next. I feel no small reluctance at leaving this great metropolis, which I heartily agree with you is the best place in the world to live in. My dear friend, I find that London must be the place where I shall pass a great part of my life, if I wish to pass it with satisfaction. I hope we shall spend many happy years there, when we are both settled as to views of life and habits of living; in the meantime, let me endeavour to acquire steadiness and constant propriety of conduct, without which we never can enjoy what I fondly hope for.'

He went to study law in Utrecht, and in 1766, when twenty-six years old, induced the gown of a Scotch advocate. For a time, he seems to have got some business, chiefly through the indirect effect of his father being on the bench. But Edinburgh was an alien scene, and the whim of the moment was always the guide of Boswell. With inconsistency in which he is, we fear, far from singular, he explicitly tells his clerical friend of a disgraceful connection he has formed, and in the same letter speaks with complacency of going to chapel, and 'looking up to the Lord of the Universe with a grateful remembrance of the grand and mysterious propitiation which Christianity has announced.' In the midst of the same circumstances, but writing from Auchinleck, his father's country-seat, he talks of a respectable marriage. 'What say you to my marrying? I intend, next autumn, to

visit Miss Bosville, in Yorkshire; but I fear, my lot being cast in Scotland, that beauty would not be content. She is, however, grave; I shall see. There is a young lady in the neighbourhood here who has an estate of her own—between two and three hundred a year—just eighteen, a genteel person, an agreeable face, of a good family, sensible, good-tempered, cheerful, pious. You know my grand object is the ancient family of Auchinleck—a venerable and noble principle. How would it do to conclude an alliance with the neighbouring princess, and add her lands to our dominions? I should at once have a very pretty little estate, a good house, and a sweet place. My father is very fond of her; it would make him perfectly happy: he gives me hints in this way:—"I wish you had her—no bad scheme this; I think, a very good one." But I will not be in a hurry; there is plenty of time. I will take to myself the advice I wrote to you from Naples, and go to London a while before I marry. I am not yet quite well, but am in as good a way as can be expected. My fair neighbour was a ward of my father's; she sits in our seat at church in Edinburgh; she would take possession here most naturally. This is a superb place; we have the noblest natural beauties, and my father has made most extensive improvements. We look ten miles out upon our own dominions; we have an excellent new house. I am now writing in a library forty feet long. Come to us, my dearest friend; we will live like the most privileged spirits of antiquity.'

He could also get drunk in drinking Miss Blair's health, for that was the name of his princess. But that, to be sure, was the fashion of the age. There are many letters containing little besides the details of this love affair. The lady seems to have penetrated the volatile superficial character of her lover. She never could be brought to the point. Tormented with her coolness, he in one letter congratulates himself on escaping from a coquette, and in the next, has resumed all his former admiration. He thus describes one of their interviews: 'On Monday forenoon I waited on Miss B. I found her alone, and she did not seem distant; I told her that I was most sincerely in love with her, and that I only dreaded those faults which I had acknowledged to her. I asked her seriously if she now believed me in earnest. She said she did. I then asked her to be candid and fair, as I had been with her, and to tell me if she had any particular liking for me. What think you, Temple, was her answer? "No, I really have no particular liking for you; I like many people as well as you." Temple, you must have it in the genuine dialogue.

'Boswell. Do you, indeed? Well, I cannot help it; I am obliged to you for telling me so in time. I am sorry for it.

'Princess. I like Jeany Maxwell (Duchess of Gordon) better than you.

'B. Very well; but do you like no man better than me?

'P. No.

'B. Is it possible that you may like me better than other men?

'P. I don't know what is possible.

'(By this time I had risen and placed myself by her, and was in real agitation.)

'B. I'll tell you what, my dear Miss Blair, I love you so much that I am very unhappy if you cannot love me. I must, if possible, endeavour to forget you. What would you have me do?

'P. I really don't know what you should do.

'B. It is certainly possible that you may love me; and if you shall ever do so, I shall be the happiest man in the world. Will you make a fair bargain with me? If you should happen to love me, will you own it?

'P. Yea.

'B. And if you should happen to love another, will you tell me immediately, and help me to make myself easy?

'P. Yes, I will.

'B. Well, you are very good (often squeezing and kissing her fine hand, while she looked at me with those beautiful black eyes).

'P. I may tell you, as a cousin, what I would not tell to another man.

'B. You may indeed. You are very fond of Auchinleck—that is one good circumstance.

'P. I confess I am. I wish I liked you as well as I do Auchinleck.

'B. I have told you how fond I am of you; but, unless you like me sincerely, I have too much spirit to ask you to live with me, as I know that you do not like me. If I could have you this moment for my wife, I would not.

'P. I should not like to put myself in your offer though.

'B. Remember, you are both my cousin and my mistress, you must make me suffer as little as possible, as it may happen that I may engage your affections. I should think myself a most dishonourable man if I were not now in earnest, and, remember, I depend upon your sincerity; and whatever happens, you and I shall never have another quarrel.

'P. Never.

'B. And I may come and see you as much as I please?

'P. Yes.

'My worthy friend, what sort of a scene was this? It was most curious. She said she would submit to her husband in most things. She said that to see one loving her would go far to make her love that person; but she would not talk anyhow positively, for she never had felt the uneasy anxiety of love. We were an hour and a half together, and seemed pleased all the time. I think she behaved with spirit and propriety. I admire her more than ever.'

He at length considered himself as off with Miss Blair, and at liberty to pay his vows to a pretty young cousin, a Miss Montgomerie, the daughter of an Irish counsellor, who was visiting near him in Ayrshire. What a curious revelation of a human heart! In August, 'I was allowed to walk a great deal with Miss —; I repeated my fervent passion to her again and again; she was pleased, and I could swear that her little heart beat. She promised not to forget me, or marry a lord before March.' This was 'all youthful, warm, natural—in short, genuine love.' Soon after, he learned that Miss Blair was still within reach. He revisited her, and relapsed into the former fever. 'I walked whole hours with the Princess; I kneeled; I became truly amorous; but she told me that she had a very great regard for me, but did not like me so as to marry me.' Then came a kind letter from my amiable Aunt Boyd in Ireland, and all the charms of sweet Mary Anne revived. Since that time, I have been quite constant to her, and as indifferent towards Kate as if I never had thought of her.' The problem came to a solution next year by his marrying Miss Montgomerie.

The cares and responsibilities of matrimony never had any effect in steadying Boswell's giddy course. At five-and-forty, after comparatively falling at the Scotch, he entered at the English bar. The change of position only expanded his indulgences, not his fortunes. We find him confessing that he had all his life been straitened for money. Can we wonder at it in one who made the following of his whims and the indulgence of his tastes and appetites the rule of his life? Poor Boswell! It is melancholy to find that, while preparing his wonderful book, the disappointment of his professional failure, the pinch of genteel poverty, and the rough railery of the Northern

Circuit, all pressed sore upon his spirit. Reared amongst an intemperate set, he gradually became more and more addicted to liquor—was constantly resolving to abstain—but always relapsing. For a long time, he had hopes of getting a government place; looking to parliamentary influence in Ayrshire as a purchase against the minister; but all ended in disappointment. By some influence with the Earl of Lonsdale, he did obtain the situation of Recorder of Carlisle; but it does not seem to have brought an income, and the connection came to a painful termination, the noble lord and his dependant having a violent quarrel, as thus recorded: 'Upon his seeing me by no means in good-humour, he challenged it roughly, and said: "I suppose you thought I was to bring you into parliament; I never had any such intention." In short, he expressed himself in the most degrading manner, in presence of a low man from Carlisle, and one of his menial servants! The miserable state of low spirits I had, as you too well know, laboured under for some time before, made me almost sink under such unexpected insulting behaviour. He insisted rigorously on my having solicited the office of Recorder of Carlisle; and that I could not, without using him ill, resign it, until the duties which were now required of it were fulfilled, and without a sufficient time being given for the election of a successor. Thus was I dragged away, as wretched as a convict; and in my fretfulness, I used such expressions as irritated him almost to fury, so that he used such expressions towards me, that I should have, according to the irrational laws of honour sanctioned by the world, been under the necessity of risking my life, had not an explanation taken place. This happened during the first stage. The rest of the journey was barely tolerable: we got to Lancaster on Saturday night, and there I left him to the turmoil of a desperate attempt in electioneering. I proceeded to Carlisle last night, and to-day have been signing orders as to poor's-rates. I am alone at an inn, in wretched spirits, and ashamed and sunk on account of the disappointment of hopes, which led me to endure such grievances. I deserve all that I suffer.'

What a lesson on the sorrows of slothful dependence, as contrasted with honest independent hard work and self-denial!

The letters of the last five years tell us of little but illness and depression of spirits—a sad contrast to the frivolous gaiety of those written in youth. Boswell sank, to all appearance under the consequences of dissipation, at the too early age of fifty-five (May 1795).

NATURAL HISTORY OF MY POND.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

Not far from my residence is a little sunny pool—not one of those dirty, green, stagnant ponds which breathe pestilence, but a clear bright pool, with a pure stream of water flowing through it, white in the spring-time with flowers of the water-crowfoot, and in summer, gay with blossoms of the flowering-rush and the purple loosestrife, whilst a few water-lilies float like a group of royal bridesmaids on its surface. My Pond does not extend over quite half an acre of ground; on one side it is bounded by a few stunted willow-trees, which bend their boughs gracefully toward it; while on the other, many of the common water-plants grow at the margin, and give occasional shelter to a vagrant water-hen. None of these have, however, to my knowledge, become permanent residents in my pool. Though my domain is not extensive, yet it is to me a perfect vivarium; and, in gratitude for the pleasure it has often given to me, I have determined to write the story of its inhabitants; not the occasional rarities, but the well-known familiar faces who may always be met with in the right

times and seasons. It must be only a very slight sketch, though a folio volume might be written on them; so this little memoir must be taken by the reader rather as an introduction, a card allowing him to call and make the acquaintance of my friends at his leisure.

Firstly, there are giants in the pool—there are vertebrate animals, quadrupeds, reptiles, fish. Of the fish there is not, indeed, much to say; it is difficult to see much of them, and the only approach to familiarity between us is when a carp rises to take a crumb of bread thrown upon the water for him. There are, besides, the minnow and the common stickleback; and a legendary story exists of a pike having been seen there, but this is not given upon good authority, and the splash witnessed by my informant was more probably caused by a water-rat diving from the bank. Of the fish, the one which to me possesses most interest is the stickleback, the male becomes such a beau in spring-time; and, besides this, they have more wit than fish in general, for the female does not leave her eggs to the chance mercy of the winds and waves, but builds a nice compact little nest amongst the water-plants; and over this the male keeps watch, as a good and true husband should, and no water-beetle or dragon-fly larva dare venture within his reach: he is ever ready, lance in hand, to do battle with all comers.

Great favourites of mine are the newts, both the larger and smaller species. Gorgeous fellows are the males in their wooing-dress, with their orange breasts and crested backs; and very amusing are they to watch. One of these Adonises of My Pond may be often seen escorting some fair dame, and shewing his agility by every means in his power, doing his utmost to make himself agreeable; and when the nuptial-time is over, the interest does not cease, for the offspring also are much to be admired: they are not, like the vulgar tadpoles, pertaining to the toads and frogs, but evidently an aristocratic race, adorned with large feathery branchiæ, fringing their necks like those goodly collars that were worn by our great-great-grandmothers in the glorious days of Good Queen Bess. Frogs and toads are there also; the former jump nimbly enough into the pool at my approach. Poor beings! they seem to have been made for the physiologist as sheep for the butcher; and it is to be feared that mine are not always safe from this their usual fate; yet the supply never fails, and in the spring the pool is ever musical with their love-notes: the first sounds which tell us of the coming of warm weather. However unpoetical such an opinion may be, it is yet true that these tender murmurings of the frogs are the earliest harbingers of spring; they are heard long, long before the swallow, before even the wild-bee and the primrose make their appearance; and the snow-drop is rather the offspring of winter than the promise of its departure.

But there are higher vertebrates dwelling in My Pool than frogs and newts; the splash of the water-rat as it leaps from the bank may be heard frequently; and if you watch, the furrow on the surface will soon point him out, dimly visible, immersed beneath the water, yet swimming along bravely; or he may be seen, when he has gained the opposite bank, making his way stealthily up to his hole. But the name of rat, like the idle gossip of a country-town, sticks to him; and though he does not deserve it, and the rat of the town bears little relationship to the rat of the country, yet it prejudices him in the eyes of all, and it must be confessed, he is no favourite of mine. There is another little animal which ranks especially high in my opinion; he comes gently down from the bank towards the evening, and begins his aquatic sports, looking, as he swims in and out amongst the water-lily leaves, not unlike a great water-beetle; but the glossy hair glistening with air-bubbles will soon detect him, and his

sharp muzzle marks him to be a shrew-mouse. By keeping perfectly quiet, you may watch his gambols for a long time—now swimming on the surface, now diving beneath it, or sporting among the water-weeds. There is nowhere to be found a more engaging animal than this little shrew: he is one of the greatest ornaments of My Pond, or rather, it should be said, they are, for there are generally a pair to be seen playing together. Nor is it, indeed, always play, for the earnest way in which they push their long snouts amongst the water-plants shews that there is a purpose in their movements. No wonder they are favourites of mine, for they give me much amusement in the calm summer evenings. The shrew used to participate in the ill-feeling that appertained to 'witches, warlocks, and all lang-nebbit things,' and the land species was deemed the cause of many an evil by our simple ancestors; but our amphibious friend was probably then unknown.

It is not, however, vertebrate, but articulated or jointed animals which My Pond yields in the greatest plenty. It is easy to obtain several species of the crab-kind, or crustaceans, two or three spiders, very many insects, and several of the less-organised examples of the group. Of the crustaceans, the most conspicuous example is a small shrimp (*Gammarus pulex*), looking like a sandhopper. He need scarcely be described, for every one must know him, as he is probably a denizen of almost every pool in the kingdom. He is active, and chases about the smaller animals in a relentless manner; and he may boast, also, of being my largest crustacean, for the others are much smaller, scarcely exceeding a pin's-head in size. The commonest of these (*Cyclops quadricornis*) is known easily by the two egg-bags which the female carries by the side of her tail. No wonder that this species is abundant, for Jurine calculates that at the end of one year a single female would have become the progenitor of 4,442,189,120 young! And this is probably too low an estimate. The young are produced in a state very unlike the parent, and it is some days before they assume the adult form, the time changing with the warmth of the weather and with the light admitted to them. The specimens found in My Pool vary much both in colour and size; some are black, others olive-green, whilst the most frequent are of a yellowish white. They are very active, and move deftly through the water, but may be easily seen with the naked eye. Under a common magnifying-glass, all their parts can be distinctly noted, and especially the peculiarity which has gained them their name—the fact of their having only one eye. There is another species (*Daphnia pulex*) rather larger than this, which may be often seen in swarms among the water-plants, especially in sunny weather. All of this little being, except the head, is enclosed within the valves of a delicate shell; these valves have no hinge, but are open in front, and simply soldered together along the posterior edge; the animal possesses, however, some power of opening or shutting them at will: this is the water-flea, a merry, harmless little being, having of course no right or title whatever to the name of flea, except for its activity. Donovan gives an amusing, though very unfavourable account of it: he says, 'by numerous filaments which it darts forth, it causes such a motion in the water as to attract unresistingly the insects floating into its mouth. Thus it exists in a life of rapine and destruction, enjoyed at the expense of the lives of thousands; and as the objects of its ravenous disposition are defenceless, so are they the sport of their conqueror. The few moments of intermission its craving appetite grants them are occupied equally in the spoil, first pressing them to death, and then tossing them undevoured into the fluid. But should a more powerful insect oppose him, he immediately contracts his parts, and nothing more than the external covering is open to his antagonist's violence, and he will sooner die ignobly than offer the least opposition!' There is a curious

provision with regard to the multiplication of this little being: the female lays two kinds of eggs—the one in summer, which soon produces young; but the other just before the approach of winter. This lies for some time upon the back of the animal like a saddle, and has hence been called the ephippium; it contains two eggs. These are able to resist the cold of winter, which is fatal to the perfect animal. 'This ephippium floats on the surface of the water, and remains with the two eggs enclosed till next spring, when the young are hatched by the returning warmth of the season.' These two kind of eggs shew that the preservation even of the most insignificant of beings is abundantly provided for. There is in the pond a far prettier species (*Cypris vidua*) than either of the two mentioned. Draw a plant of callitriche to land, and there will probably be found a specimen of this little crustacean entangled in it. It has a shell very much like that of a bivalve mollusk, of a white colour, with a slight tinge of green, and on this shell are three black stripes. It not only swims with great activity, but runs actively along the leaves of the water-plants, or along the bottom of the pool. The shell differs from that of the water-flea before described in being open, except in the middle third of the dorsal surface, where there is a true ligamentous hinge and muscles, by which the animal can open or shut the shell at its pleasure. In appearance, it much resembles a very small muscle, but of course can be known at once from any bivalve shell by its movements and by its four legs. There is more than one species of this elegant little shell in My Pond; but the one described is the most frequent, and also the most beautiful. We shall finish the 'first fyte' of our history with it, and commence the next with the spiders.

The only species of spiders which My Pond contains all belong to one genus (*Arachnida*); they seem like overgrown mites of a reddish-brown colour (*Hydrachna globulus*), and about the size of a sweet-pea seed; but they are rapacious enough, and undergo, in the early stages of their life, some strange metamorphoses. Being then parasitic upon the large water-beetles, they are rather amusing to keep and watch, from the variety and agility of their movements. Their respiration is, like that of insects, by air-tubes, which ramify in the body. Of the ordinary pulmonary or lung-breathing spiders, My Pond has no example.

Next to these come the insects, and of these, firstly, the beetles; and here it is not possible to enumerate one-quarter of the examples of this tribe found in My Pond. Size gives the precedence to the Dytisci (*Dytiscus marginalis*)—large oval beetles, nearly two inches in length, of a bronze-black colour, but light-brown on the reversed side. They may be always seen swimming among the water-weeds, urging themselves on by the aid of their powerful hind limbs, which they use as oars. I kept one of these for a long time. During the day, he remained quietly in the water; but at night, he would make excursions round the room, and seemed to have a particular penchant for flying in the faces of those who entered his apartment. He was fed upon wasps, and on these he thrived well, until one day a specimen not quite dead was put into the vase in which he lived, and he was stung, and died in consequence. Curious beings are the larvæ of these water-beetles: they have six legs at the front-part of a long fishlike body, and the odd, flat, square head is armed with powerful jaws. They swim rapidly along by aid of the tail, and are, like the perfect insect, very voracious in their habits. Besides these larger water-beetles, there are many of lesser size, some extremely like the Dytisci: these are Colymbetes; and there are several species in the pond. There are many other genera; but space will only allow us to notice the whirligig-beetles (*Gyrinus natator*). These are probably

familiar to all lovers of angling; indeed, they have gained a classic fame through the mention made of them by old Izaak Walton. On the surface of the pond they are to be always seen, dressed in shining blue-black coats. They keep up a constant quadrille, making their ball-room out of some quiet little bay in the pool: there is one spot especially, fringed by rushes, and with a large pond-weed shutting it out from the external world, that they seem particularly fond of. It is very pleasant to watch them. They are the idlest beings in My Pool, the veriest triflers in existence, dancing away all their lives; and yet other beings might more easily be spared from my aquarium than these merry whirligigs.

The dragon-flies, and the species allied to them, must be noticed next to the beetles; and though it must be confessed that they do not live in the water during their adult life, yet they haunt the pool so much that it is perfectly just to class them as denizens of it. The flies themselves must be first described. There is one of a sky-blue colour, with only a few rings of black; its body is scarcely thicker than a large pin, and its wings are of the most delicate gauze (*Agrion furcatum*). Surely there is nothing dragon-like in this. The French term them, with far more politeness, *petites demoiselles*. There is another species (*A. minium*) much like this in figure, but with the body of a deep-red colour; and there is a third kind also common here, smaller than these, with a body nearly approaching to black, except a single broad band of blue near the tail (*A. zonatum*); this is a very common, but a very pretty and delicate little dragon-fly. One of the red species has just vindicated its title to the name by seizing on one of the little brassy green flies (*Dolichopus aneus*) so frequent on the herbage by the pool. It has borne him off safely to the leaf of a water-plantain, to devour at leisure. Let us leave him in quiet possession of his meal, and take a walk round by the willow-trees; we shall not fail there to find another species (*Calepteryx virgo*), with a body of glossy purple, and dark purple wings, the lady being, however, green, and with wings of a more sober brown colour. This is one of the most lovely of our native species; not very active, however, flitting rather than flying from leaf to leaf, and rarely taking long flights. There is one larger species (*Libellula depressa*) also, which must be noticed, whose habits are the very reverse of this. It may always be seen at the pool on a sunny day in summer. The body is of a slaty-blue colour, and flattened; and the wings, though transparent, are shaded with dark-brown at the base. This is a perfect tyrant, darting round the pool with the speed of lightning, and having the swiftest flight of any of the dragon-flies. He lords it over the whole pool, only settling just for a moment on some decayed twig or broken bough at the water's edge, and then, probably, because he has made a capture of some unfortunate victim. He makes his prey not only on gnats and lesser flies, but on caddis-flies of large size, or even on a wandering butterfly. Other dragon-flies come as occasional guests; but these are true inhabitants, and may always be met with. The interest is not confined to the perfect fly, for they can easily be caught in their previous stages of life, which gives them more than ever a right to claim the citizenship of My Pond, for this early life is passed beneath its waters. The larva is a busy, active, and rapacious creature, propelling himself forward by sucking water in at the tail, and then forcing it out violently: this answers the double purpose of supplying his system with the oxygen from the air dissolved in the water, and of forcing him onwards. The pupa is chiefly remarkable for the jointed lower-lip which is used to take its prey in the manner of a hand, and which covers the face like a mask. It is like the larva, active and voracious; but before its final change, comes out of the water on one of the

broad leaves of the plants near, there casts its slough, spreads its wings to the sunshine, and flies off as one of the glorious beings we have been watching. See! this burst of evening sun has brought out one of the flat-bodied species we were talking of just now: he has settled for one moment, with outspread wings, on the summit of one of the flag-leaves; now he is off again, darting round the pool; his supper does not 'yet run a-foot,' but it is flying somewhere, and has to be earned before he can get it.

We will now turn to the more peaceful ephemera or day-flies. Poor creatures! their perfect life is but a brief one. There are in the pool more than one species, but the commonest is a large fellow (*Ephemera vulgata*), a bashaw of three tails, and with curiously mottled wings. He dances up and down for a few hours in the summer evening, and the next morning you find him with outstretched wings floating on the pool. Has my reader ever been to the Rhine in summer?—he will then know well what an ephemeron is. As soon as evening comes, myriads of a snow-white species of these *wasser-fliegen* haunt you everywhere; incessant swarms pass by you on the steamers, so that you always seem sailing through some long cloud of flies. They come to your lights in swarms, until literally heaps of them lie dead upon your table; they are in your tea, in your milk; your butter is covered by a delicate layer of them; they are everywhere; turn where you will, you are surrounded by these emblems of the frailty of life. Our ephemeron often dances in merry groups over the water; but swarms like these are quite unknown. The larvæ of these flies are very beautiful; the tufts of branchiæ, or appendages for breathing, which are arranged down each side, are most elegant in form, and in constant play. They are best met with in the spring-time. Like the dragon-fly, the pupa comes out of the water to undergo its change; but even when the perfect insect appears, it is for about an hour clothed with another tunic, which has to be cast off before it is quite complete.

Nearly allied to these, we have the group of caddis-flies. Their wings are four, covered with hairs instead of being gauze-like and transparent. We shall not fail to find some species on the stumps of the willow-trees. The commonest of the group is a large brown fellow (*Phryganea grandis*), with long antennæ. We have many species on the pool. The larvæ are always to be found; they construct for themselves cases, made out of fragments of stick and sand, open at both ends. They walk along the bottom of the pond in rather an awkward manner, carrying their houses on their backs, into which they retreat in case of danger. Some of the cases are constructed with great regularity. There are many species inhabiting the pool, but the one mentioned is certainly the commonest.

Look! here is one of the next tribe (*Hydrometra*) which must fall under our notice. He glides over the surface of the water as quickly in proportion as any six-oared gig in a boat-race; his body is pointed before and behind like a London wherry; and his two middle legs urge him on much as a pair of oars would do. There are more than one species in the pond. Their gambols are very amusing, though there is a degree of awkwardness in the movements of their long legs. Sometimes they attempt a dance, as the whirligig, but they have not the same graceful ease in their movements; sometimes, but rarely, they are provided with wings.

Belonging to the same group, but to a different section, are the water-boatmen (*Notonecta glauca*). These always swim upon their backs: they rest on the surface of the water, or rather with their tails at the surface, basking in the sunshine; but let your hand approach, and a stroke of their powerful oars takes them away speedily amongst the water-

plants. They are very amusing beings—in the daytime swimming about the pool, in the night, making aerial excursions into the neighbourhood. Nearly allied to these is the brown water-scorpion (*Nepa cinerea*), so called from its anterior pair of feet bearing a very distant resemblance to the mandibles of the real scorpion, to which, it need scarcely be said, it bears no true relationship.

There are some moths even which must be claimed as citizens. If one of the floating pond-weeds be drawn to the banks, we shall not fail to find on it a number of curious shields cut out of the leaf, oval in shape, and looking somewhat like the case of the caddis-fly. These (*Hydrocampa potanogota*), which thus pass their lives in these little tents, come out in July as the pretty moths commonly known by the name of China-marks, from their wings being marked with a curious and beautiful pattern of a brownish-yellow colour. There is another species to be found upon the water-lilies (*H. nymphaea*); and another, still commoner, which makes a long cylindrical case out of the fronds of the lesser duckweed (*H. lemna*).

The only remaining insects which can be said to be true natives of the pond, are a few two-winged flies; and of these the gnats are the species which have the most right to the privileges of citizenship, since, like the dragon-flies, their early life is passed in the water. There are abundance of kinds which haunt the margins: these are only guests; but the gnats live there by far the greatest portion of their lives. It is curious to see the female deposit her eggs: she alights carefully and steadily upon the water, and, guiding herself by the hind feet, builds a perfect little canoe of eggs, which floats off upon the surface of the pond; and sometimes a large fleet of these may be seen sailing along together. From these the well-known larva emerges; this breathes by its tail, and therefore is often to be seen head downwards, suspended at the top of the water. The pupæ have not legs like those of the dragon-flies, and therefore the change takes place in the pond, the insect emerging from its shell as it floats upon the surface: this requires great caution, and is a period of great danger to the insect, a passing breeze often consigning many to a watery grave. Myriads, however, still exist, and are, it must be confessed, rather troublesome friends, being frequently too kind in their attentions. With them, the account of my insect acquaintance must be concluded, hoping my reader may be preserved from their attacks, whether as gnats or mosquitoes, until we meet again.

MATRIMONIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE art of getting married is practised in many different ways in different parts of the world. This statement, admitting of no dispute, need not be illustrated with examples. I will not detail to a well-informed public, whose ear has been bored, figuratively speaking, with numerous particulars of the same kind, the manner in which the Cingalese and the Chinese, and other hes, take wives unto themselves. It is generally known that, among barbarous nations, and occasionally among some that are not barbarous, the marriage-ceremony is but the clenching of a bargain, the arrangement by which certain goods—item one bride, item one marriage-portion, &c.—are assigned and delivered over to the purchaser. It is also to be gathered from the pages of history, that the same ceremony, performed between royal personages, has been more frequently an alliance between nations than individuals, a *gage*, not so much *d'amour* as *d'amitié*; that the daughter of a royal house has been sent as a peace-offering to a dangerous neighbour, and that the fair hostage has received the title of queen with the name of a wife, her position being less fitly represented

by the golden circlet on the finger, than by that on the head.

These are subjects on which, as a moralist, I conceive that the less said the better. Nor will it be considered that the art of getting married, as practised in our own country, requires much elucidation. Much learned disquisition and many bad jokes have been brought to bear upon that question. I refrain from venturing on a topic which has been elaborately treated of in various works in three volumes. But the art is now practised elsewhere in a manner so entirely distinct from former experience, that it seems to claim a little attention.

The method in question has lately come into use in America, and is intimately connected with the discovery of photography. There is an illustrated periodical published in New York, called the *Ledger of Romance*, which allots a portion of its space to what is called 'Matrimonial Correspondence.' Under this head, ladies and gentlemen who desire to enter into the bonds of wedlock, insert descriptions of themselves and of the paragon they are in search of. Occasionally a portrait is sent—usually a photograph—which is engraved above the description. Sometimes a name is given, but more commonly an initial, the address being confided to the editor, who 'mails' all letters, sent by way of reply, to the respective parties.

It may be said that this is only a variety of the matrimonial agency said to exist in Paris, and not entirely unknown in our own country. There is, however, this important distinction between the two—that whereas in France the negotiation is conducted with some degree of privacy, and is known only to the persons interested, or supposed to be so, in America the candidate publishes his offer to the world at large. It is not very difficult to imagine how the system is found to operate. Cœlebs, who goes little into society, or whose tastes are fastidious, takes up this valuable paper, say at breakfast, and straightway his eye falls upon that pink of perfection which he has sought for in vain. The hand, with its piece of buttered cake, is stayed on its way to his mouth, he bends eagerly over the description, his coffee perhaps grows cold, but no matter—he thinks she would suit him! Presently he draws up an account of his own advantages, and forwards it to the editor. Perhaps a photograph goes with it; but engraved portraits do not admit of being highly coloured, while those of the pen do: usually, therefore, he prefers the latter. The rest is darkness and silence. The imagination of the uninitiated reader must supply the dénouement. In the observation of scientific phenomena, we note effects the causes of which are frequently concealed, but in this experimental philosophy of matrimony, the causes lie on the surface, while the effects are left to conjecture.

The 'gentlemen's department' of this correspondence is likely to be the more amusing to the general reader, shewing as it does the several candidates to be possessed of every merit, except perhaps that of modesty. If we may take the various statements *au pied de la lettre*, we shall be surprised to find men of all ranks and very different ages coming forward to find wives. In the number which I hold in my hand, one column is appropriately headed by a military officer, whose portrait represents him in full costume, and who is introduced by the editor with the following flourish of trumpets:

'Col. T. B. M——e has called at our sanctum with one of Brady's best photographs of himself, and begs that we will present his claims to the fair readers of our paper as a candidate for matrimony. We know the colonel intimately, and can say, that although a few hairs of iron-gray are sprinkled among his raven locks, yet they were caused by exposure among the glades of Florida, and the well-fought fields of Mexico, where he distinguished himself by his valour, and are not sown there by years, for he is but thirty. He holds

a commission in the U. S. army, and his family is one of the oldest in the country. His youthful escapades are pretty generally known among his acquaintance, and hence he is looked upon with some distrust. But we know him to be the very soul of honour, and have advised him thus publicly to confess the error of his past ways, and throw himself upon our fair readers' mercy, in the full confidence that some bright eye may be captivated by his manly beauty, and love and marry him.'

The reason given for the colonel's public appeal is rather novel, and it may be doubted whether the fair readers of the paper would be disposed to extend their pity to a man who is in such bad odour with the ladies who know him, as to be compelled to seek a wife among those who don't.

Next appears the portrait of a gentleman whose hair has been singularly well curled by the artist, and who introduces himself in rhyme:

To all fair ladies who may view this page,
A gentleman of six-and-twenty years of age
Politely begs to make his wishes known.
He would not live—or rather—live alone.
His form and features let the portrait tell,
On these his modesty forbids him dwell.
He needs a lady with a pretty face,
A modest fortune, and a winning grace,
A temper suited to an honest mind,
Which to her slightest wish shall be inclined.
A mercenary wretch he may be branded,
But his best wishes are to be most candid:
She must have money; though indeed at present
He fears no poverty, still 'tis not pleasant
To dream or think a day of want may come
To the young lady whom he leadeth home.
And yet to prove no sordid ends combine
To make him pen the seeming selfish line,
He hereby covenants, agrees, engages
To settle on herself and the sweet pledges
Of her affection, all that she may own,
And asks for *his* love but *her* heart alone.

GUSTAVUS EDWARDS.

The ladies will hardly fail to appreciate the charming air of candour, which, like a transparent varnish, shines over this announcement. To dread that 'a day of want may come to the young lady whom he leadeth home'—what could be more amiable, more considerate?

The next correspondent describes himself as a merchant doing a successful business, and alludes to his affairs by asking, 'what a paltry 8000 dollars a year can be to the great house of A——n Brothers & Co.' (the lady he is addressing being in possession of that sum). Then we have an author who candidly says that 'his fortune may be best expressed by an indefinite number of ciphers, with the unit at the left' (meaning the right probably). If, however, he spends his money, he works for more, and has enough to afford a wife every comfort.

Many of these applications appear to be unavailing; nobody comes to be married, nobody comes to be wooed. Others are more fortunate, and I observe one case in which a candidate receives more than one reply. A certain Mr George Hubbard, who describes himself as a widower, and whose portrait represents a pleasant-looking man of middle age, says he would be glad to marry again. Next week, two ladies send their portraits and compliments to him, which are duly presented in the journal. The contrast between the fair rivals is very striking. The first, with the signature of a 'Strong-minded Woman,' describes herself in these terms:

'I am possessed of little sentiment, and do not believe in love in a cottage, and think pork and beans are more necessary to human existence than moonlight rambles or serenades. I am unable to boast of numerous

conquests over the gentlemen, but assure you I am none in making pumpkin-pies. I do not understand the glorious art of painting, but my whitewashing will surpass competition. My modesty will not allow a description of my personal appearance, but I will say that I have neither red hair nor freckles. Wishing my various accomplishments may suffice, I beg you will address

STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.'

The second writes in a strain so simple and sincere, that anywhere out of print I should call it charming:

'MR HUBBARD—I notice in the *Ledger* a picture of yourself; it pleases me exceedingly. I would be happy to open a correspondence with you.

'My age is twenty-two. I don't know how you would be pleased with me, but I truly wish you might, for I feel a deep interest in your picture. I should be happy to write further particulars.—Affectionately yours,

JENNIE WIGGERS.'

The portrait which accompanies this letter gives a very favourable representation of the writer, but it produced no effect. The ladies may be interested to know that the pumpkin-pie carried the day, and that next week Mr Hubbard wrote a long reply to the Strong-minded Woman, in which he congratulated himself on his good-fortune in having attracted her notice.

The question what the ladies like must always be of deep interest to a large majority of the other sex. That question—the difficulties of which have hardly been diminished by the imaginative powers of writers of fiction—is to some extent elucidated in this correspondence. If any confidence may be placed in the evidence, it appears that prospective husbands are not required to have money; wit is seldom wanted, and good looks can scarcely be said to be at a premium. An amiable disposition is indispensable, and so is youth; a good family very desirable; a manly and honourable nature much in request. Those qualities are required which, in America as here, are comprised in the emphatic word *gentleman*. Tobacco is in general objected to; but cigars, if required, are tolerated. Surely the age of chivalry is indeed gone, when a lady is compelled to endure the 'weeds' on taking a husband, as commonly as to wear them on losing him.

The gentlemen are much more fastidious; one and all of them want something very nearly angelic. They usually take credit to themselves for magnanimously relinquishing some one attribute of perfection. Books on female education condemn the pursuit of surface accomplishments in preference to the more solid acquirements which are really valuable to the mistress of a household. It would appear, however, that the latter are attractive rather to persons of the age of Mr Hubbard, than to younger men.

One young lady, of the interesting name of Lola, appears to have advertised herself in a sheet we have not seen, and to have met with very considerable success; the editor informing her that he had mailed four letters to her this week, keeping back the rest 'because the writers neglected to pay the postage.' Lola exposed her portrait to public competition, and here is in one case the result.

'CHICOPPEE, July 1856.

DEAR SIR—Last week, while perusing your *Ledger of Romance* for August 2, my attention was attracted to a very beautiful picture of Miss Lola C—I of Springfield, Mass. Her picture strikes me exceedingly, and should like very much to cultivate her acquaintance with a view of matrimony. I am a young man twenty-two years old, and most exemplary character; my figure is good, five feet nine inches in height; hair and eyes are black; I am considered handsome by most of the young ladies. I am of good family, and have a good profession. With respect to matrimony, I have always considered it the only thing necessary to complete a man's happiness on this earth, and would most

readily with her enter that state of bliss.—Yours with kind regard,

DANIEL RAYMOND, Chicopee.'

Another gentleman of the same age is also taken with Lola's picture, and would be happy to make her acquaintance with a view to matrimony; but he adds—or the acquaintance of any other young lady. His chief object is to find a conjugal companion for a tour in Europe.

All this may be amusing to read about—and I hope it is—but in practice it wears a very different aspect. It will not do to judge the manners of a distant though kindred people by our own standard of unconquerable reserve; but the custom of wearing one's heart not on one's sleeve, but in the morning paper, can hardly be regarded in a very favourable light. The purity and delicacy which encircle with a glorious halo the head of young womanhood, seem somewhat imperiled by a process which is little else than a public auction. Even the fortunate man who in personal qualifications outbids his competitors, cannot reflect with much satisfaction on the fact, that she who sits by his side has been the subject of public advertisement. If Cælebs cannot find courage to pay his addresses to a lady in the ordinary way, it would surely be better that he should pay his court like Window Wat, without the door, than through the newsmen.

EMIGRATION TO AMERICA MADE EASY.

THE difficulty an emigrant from Europe finds is not in getting to America. The middle-passage has no horrors for him; but no sooner does his foot touch the soil of republican freedom, than his progress is arrested, and if he should have the good-fortune ever to reach his destination at all, it is not till loss of time, money, and peace of mind has left him half frantic and half a beggar. We are now of course alluding specially to the more ignorant class of emigrants, and to the system of private swindling of which they are the victims; though all classes find more or less difficulty and delay in reaching the part of the continent they are bound for: we are alluding to what the *Toronto Colonist* calls 'the monstrous villainies practised upon emigrants at New York, New Orleans, and other ports—villainies which have hitherto baffled all the ingenuities and all the energies of the many humane societies which have sprung up in New York and other places to protect the unsuspecting and friendless emigrant.'

This great evil, however, from present appearances, seems about to cease; for the acute mind of Mr S. P. Bidder, the general manager of the Grand Junction Railway of Canada, has seen the malignant influence it would exercise against that noble work, and against the tide of emigration to British America. He has devised a plan of *through-booking* in the great seaports of Europe, by which the emigrant, or traveller, will take his ticket at once to the place of his ultimate destination on the American continent, and will thus avoid the risk of being fleeced or trepanned in the port where he arrives. 'Agreements have already been made by Mr Bidder, with all the leading railways of the United States, by which passengers, whether emigrants or otherwise, will be passed to any part of Northern and Western America upon tickets issued to them in Europe. Thus, passengers who purchase through-tickets from the agents of the Grand Trunk Railway at Havre, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Bremen, and Hamburg, as well as at Liverpool, Hull, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Belfast, Dublin, Cork, Galway, or any other port which trades with Boston, Portland, Quebec, or Montreal, will be conveyed to any point in Canada to which a railway runs, or to any place in the United States where a leading railway has a station, without the trouble of making even an inquiry, or the delay of a single unnecessary moment. Each passenger will be supplied with a ticket—authenticated by the

signature of a duly authorised chief-officer of the Grand Trunk Company—a map of his route, and even a timetable, which, while he will be secured against all imposition, vexations, and delays after he lands, will tell him almost the very hour at which he will arrive at his destination.'

There can be no doubt that this extensive project is one of the greatest utility, and that, if properly carried out, it will have important effects upon the emigration from Europe to America. The Toronto paper, however, looks specially to the Canadian share of the benefit, and not, we think, without cause. 'We need hardly point out the advantage to Canada of the best class of emigrants being conveyed upon its railways, and in view of its splendid soil and settlements. Even supposing that a large number will have made up their minds to go to the far west, many—and these the most wealthy and valuable—will determine to settle where comfort and civilisation mark the people, and the soil and climate unexceptional. It need hardly be said that the whole face of Upper Canada is one wide advertisement of such characteristics. The farmhouses, the fences, the stock, the villages, the churches and school-houses, the horses and carriages, and the dresses and well-to-do appearance of the Canadian agriculturists, speak at every turn, in favour of their country to every man who desires a comfortable residence for himself and a future home for his children. So that, apart from the emigrants who may come with the direct intention of settling in Canada, we are sure to get many who, not understanding America, or probably with mistaken notions of the British provinces, may have determined to settle elsewhere. The through-ticket system will, in short, allow Canada to advertise herself; and she wanted no better advertisements at the London and Paris Exhibitions, and will require none better to the intending settlers of North America.'

Sir Cusack Roney, the secretary of the Grand Trunk Company, is co-operating with Mr Bidder in the European part of the arrangements; and when all is ready, in addition to his present duties, he will retain the superintendence of the through-booking system. If judiciously carried out, as we doubt not it will be, the best results will follow for all parties. The benefit will not be confined to Canada. By the system of railways now in full operation, emigrants can be carried direct from Quebec, or from Portland in Maine, to the banks of the St Clair in the extreme west of Canada, and thence pursue railway routes through Michigan to Wisconsin, and other attractive places of settlement in the north-western regions of the United States. In short, in a day or two after landing on American soil, and with no kind of trouble, the emigrant will find himself at his new home. Such a prodigious convenience, robs emigration of its terrors, and must set hundreds of timid families wandering. As the notices of this through-ticket system will probably excite inquiry, we recommend that the authorised places for procuring tickets should be made well known by advertisements.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVES.

OUR wrongs were countless as the sands
Of that dread soil whereon we stood :
With thongs they bound our plighted hands,
They scourged us—even to blood ;
They smote our first-born midst his play,
They seized and sold him far away.
I looked upon his mother's face ;
'Twas blank as is a starless night
When the round moon has left her place,
And there is no more light ;
And cold upon her blighted cheek
Lay the strong grief she might not speak.

I said : ' In yonder dreary swamp

Afar shall we two hide our wo ?'

Then first her eye with tears grew damp,

She said : ' My love, we'll go ;

For thy lost sake, my child, my child,

We'll go and madden in the wild !'

We had no home from which to part,

As through the blooming rice we stole ;

Our home was in each other's heart,

And in the God-sent soul

Which dared the wrath of man to brave,

Though groaning in a tortured slave.

The long night-shadows veiled our flight

As, breathless, we pursued our way ;

But dreadful as the white man's sight,

So dreadful was the day :

If God's blest light our path revealed,

Too well we knew our doom was sealed.

And daylight broke : the hunt was up !

We caught their shouts upon the gale ;

And we must drain the bitter cup

If once our limbs should fall :

Delirium in our every tread,

For life—for death, on—on we sped.

The swamp was gained ; and, crouching low,

We dared to breathe the poisoned air.

Behind us, stretched a waste of wo ;

Before, the wild beast's lair ;

Yet paused we now, or shrank we back,

The Cuban dogs were on our track !

Beyond, upon the thicket's verge,

A lake of stagnant waters lay :

We plunge ; our fainting limbs we urge ;

We cleave the watery way.

Less than the white man did we dread

The alligator's slimy bed.

A strange relief our bosoms crossed :

The terrors of pursuit were past ;

In the dank ooze the trail was lost,

And we were safe at last—

Safe !—midst the horrors of the brake,

The mockeson and the rattlesnake !

I had no fears ; the bitter flood

Of wo had drowned each life-born care ;

And one beside me breathed, who stood

Between me and despair ;

Though that keen anguish which she bore,

Had passed not, shall pass never more.

It seems to bear a spell which holds

The fiercer monsters from their prey :

The serpent with his coiling folds

Will shrink and glide away ;

Her eye each deadlier reptile charms,

And I lie safe within her arms.

And we are free !—free ! God in heaven

Who caused that word to sound so sweet,

Save those to desperation driven

Beneath the white man's feet ;

Who makes, to mar Thy glorious plan,

An outcast of his brother-man !

E. L. H.

'A TILT AT MR GOSSE.'

MR P. H. GOSSE does us the honour to write in reference to an article in our number for October 11, 1856, in which some particulars of an anecdote of the killing of a crocodile, given in his *Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica*, are called in question. We do not think it necessary to print Mr Gosse's letter or the documents he transmits to us, but content ourselves with remarking, that he has adduced what seems fair evidence of the correctness of the principal facts reported in his narrative.

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MY NIGHT IN THE HOUSE.

A MAN with a wife and eleven children farming some of his own land, with a little house-property to look after, besides being guardian of the poor, parish vestryman, and perpetual chairman of the Anti-county-rate Movement, has quite enough on his hands to keep him at home. But my country—or rather my county—called me, and with the spirit of an old Roman, I resigned myself to my duty.

It happened in this wise. The supply of gas to our town had been for many years a disgraceful monopoly in the hands of the old company, as it was called. Last year some patriotic citizens, of whom, without vanity, I may say I was one, projected a new association for the purpose of providing Trixbridge with the means of illumination. Everything was done properly and in order. We issued prospectuses, held board meetings, allotted shares, and presented a bill to parliament for the 'Grand Trixbridge Gas, Coke, and Railway Company.' Of course, our bill was opposed tooth and nail by the old monopolising company. When the time came for parliament to decide upon the controversy, I was invited to bear testimony on our side of the question. As the new company intended to buy some of my land, and rent some of my houses for their works, I was naturally well qualified to speak of the excellence of their plans and the indescribable advantages which the bill would confer upon Trixbridge. There was another point. Mr Aspinall, the buff member for our borough, was suspected of favouring the old company. Now when he came down for his election, the honourable member—he was really an honourable—and myself were on the most friendly terms. So attached, indeed, had he shewn himself to me, and so domestically delighted with the society of Mrs Burtonshaw and our family altogether, that I had not only voted for him myself, but had contrived to secure him the votes of two sons, three nephews, one brother-in-law, and half-a-dozen electors with whom I happened to be connected in business. Our board, therefore, thought that if I were on the spot, and put the matter in a proper light to the honourable member, he might be induced to help us forward with our bill.

Thus it was that, after much solicitation, for the good of my country, I came up to London. There I stayed some weeks, passing much time in the committee-room of the House of Commons, but also not omitting to visit every place which was mentioned to me as worth seeing in or near the metropolis. My various observations upon these tours of inspection are far too numerous to be here related. On the whole, I found the journey very pleasantly, even though away from

my home and Mrs Burtonshaw. Everybody was exceedingly polite. My accommodations were excellent, and, what I had not expected, the eatables and drinkables supplied by the London hotel-keepers, really not amiss. About their cost, I am not able to speak, as the company paid the bill; but I never heard of any complaint on that score.

As for the other bill, the expectations of the board were completely realised. The Honourable Mr Aspinall, after a little conversation with me, shewed himself really enthusiastic on behalf of our project. 'The Grand Trixbridge Gas, Coke, and Railway Company was,' he said, 'a magnificent example of the benefits resulting from the great principle of association, and the whole scheme justified the character of England as the greatest commercial country in the world.' His admiration went further than mere words. He helped us famously with our bill in the committee, and made a fine speech about us in the House upon the 'second reading,' of which I was sorry to find, next day, that the stupid chatter going on in the House all the time prevented the reporters from hearing a single word.

In spite of this, however, we got our bill; and this glorious triumph was the occasion of my passing a 'night in the House' such as I shall never forget.

It was on the evening when the 'bill'—of course I mean the Grand Trixbridge Gas, Coke, and Railway Company's Bill—finally passed the House of Commons. Our excellent member had got me a seat in the Speaker's Gallery; he came and sat beside me there, and pointed out the celebrities of the House. I saw the premier, Lord John, Mr Диззи, and other people, ministerial and oppositional, whose names I already knew. Besides these, I was lucky enough to see Lord Octavius Fitzhugh, our county representative, and his colleague, Mr Wire Cartridge, whose presence on this occasion was the more important, seeing that they so rarely attend the House. For half an hour and more I sat still, trying to hear what was said amidst the gabble going on upon all sides, and the noise made by members coming, going, and circulating like ants in a hillock, though not quite so silently, and possibly without doing so much work. Presently a member, whose face I knew—it was our other representative—stood up near the Speaker, flourishing a paper in his hand.

'That's our bill,' said Mr Aspinall—'to be "read a third time."'

I listened with all my ears, but could not even catch the title; all I heard were the words 'do pass.' But my companion, who knew the ways of the place, rose with a satisfied air and said:

'So that's all right, and now we can go to dinner.'

To celebrate our anticipated success, Messrs Pouncey and Co., our parliamentary agents, had invited the whole batch of us—members, directors, witnesses, solicitors; every one, in short, connected with the bill and the company—to a grand spread. Whether the cost figured in their account, I never heard, but believe not, at all events in that identical shape. But this was no concern of mine. The viands were excellent, and so was the wines. We did ample justice to both. The dinner came off in one of the handsome members' refreshment-rooms in the new palace of legislation. All the appointments, even to the plates and dishes, had 'House of Commons,' written in the black-letter which Mr Barry is so fond of, stamped upon them. The massive silver forks and spoons were thus marked, and bore, besides, the gridiron—or portcullis, as Mr Aspinall called it—the arms of the city of Westminster. This made them, he told us, national property; and any thief who carried off a single spoon would be guilty of high treason, and punished like Colonel Blood, who stole the king's crown some hundred years ago.

We had a jolly dinner, but broke up early, as everybody but myself seemed to have business to do. The House, we learned, had got into a debate, which promised to be long. As we left the dining-room, Mr Aspinall politely proposed to shew me some of the curiosities of the edifice, which I was most anxious to see. Barry's palace is nearly as big as a town; and one might go to the lobby, or the committee-room, or anywhere else that business called one for a year together, without guessing at a tenth part of the vast size and contents of the pile. So we went on, and up, and round, and down again, through a series of halls, ante-chambers, galleries, and winding staircases that seemed endless and countless. I saw a great deal of painting, and a great deal more carving, and heard a number of curious stories about both from my guide, who was exceedingly affable, and seemed to know everything. Yet I cannot say I remember much of what passed. The truth is, that between the corkscrew staircases and the blazing gas, and seeing so many things at once, my head grew quite dizzy, until I scarcely knew where I was. It was quite a relief to me when, as we were passing down another long corridor, a sharp rattle of bells broke upon us, apparently from all sides at once, and kept ringing away in volleys with extraordinary perseverance.

'By Jove,' said Mr Aspinall, 'there's the division-bell! I must rush off, or they will have locked the doors. Wait here for me a few minutes, and I'll come and fetch you when it is over. A thousand pardons.'

With this brief apology, he made a dash at a small door, leading, I suppose, by some short-cut, into the House, and disappeared. I sat down on a bench in a windowed recess, and felt glad of the opportunity to rest a little and clear the cobwebs from my brain. How long I sat there, I don't know; it seemed only a few minutes, but I fancy I fell asleep. When consciousness returned, it was still some time before I could recollect precisely where I was, or how I came there. The gallery seemed to stretch an almost infinite distance right and left. The lights were burning dim, and a pale gleam was thrown across at intervals from the sky outside, for the night was clear and moonlight. I felt shivering and a little frightened. Perhaps, I thought, I had no business there. My guide was gone, and if caught trespassing, what account could I give of myself? Yet I did not know which way to turn for an outlet.

Just then, I saw some dark figures in the distance coming down the gallery. They carried lanterns, and one of them had what looked like a huge black snake coiled up under his arm. As I learned afterwards, they were firemen carrying leathern hose, which were placed every night close at hand to the water-plugs distributed

over every part of the building. It was the precaution regularly adopted to prevent the recurrence of such a catastrophe as that which befell in 1834.

As the men passed, I shrunk up in my recess, and thought it lucky they went by without seeing me. After they were out of sight, I made a desperate effort to escape from my questionable position, and tried at the door through which, as I believed, my friend the member had previously passed. The door opened to my hand, but was the wrong one. I went through nevertheless, and found myself in a lofty and handsome room, quite filled with the moonlight that streamed through an expansive casement opposite the entrance. I walked to the window, and saw that it overlooked the Thames. The moon was high and bright. I could distinguish the bridge on the left, where the repairs were still going on, and the gray towers of Lambeth Palace on the other side of the river. All at once it flashed across me that I had been in the room before. It was a committee-room—the very one where we fought our bill so often, or else a facsimile. Now I knew where I was.

Before I had time to act on this knowledge, however, a step approached the door. I heard the handle tried, but no one entered. Then came the sharp click of a lock. Some vigilant watchman had found the door unfastened, and turned the key without looking in. I was too frightened to call out at the moment; but in a minute afterwards went and tried the door myself. It was too true—I was locked in. What made the case worse, it was Friday night. To-morrow was the legislative holiday. Not a soul was likely to come near the place until committee-time on Monday. Here, then, I thought, am I shut up, starving for forty hours, and, when released, may be arrested for a burglar.

The prospect was not reassuring. I went to the window again, but there was no escape that way. The casement was high up, and fastened besides. Far below, I saw the brown belt of mud left by the tide, which was at ebb, and a tier of barges lying aground in it. But no human being was visible, nor, if I shouted for help, could I have made myself heard at that distance. I did not like the look of things at all.

Coming back into the room, I sat down in the chairman's well-padded seat before the committee-table, and fell into a brown study. The thought then passed across me, that perhaps there were other doors to the place, some one of which might be unfastened. I got up and groped round the wall, particularly in the shady corner where the moonlight could not reach. Before long, I found what I sought. A door there was—a handle—it turned in my grasp—the means of exit were clear. The door, I concluded, led to one of those privileged entrances marked 'Private: for members only.' However, I was too glad to escape to stand on punctilios. I passed out into a sort of ante-chamber leading into a lobby, and thence into a short corridor almost dark, but I managed to find my way to the end which opened upon a well-staircase. Far down a single gaslight was burning, which threw its rays up the shaft. The place grim and lonesome enough; but I was fairly in for it, so down I went.

Down, and still downwards, the well-staircase led me. I reached and passed the gaslight; the place grew gloomier as I sunk further below its influence; yet I went on hoping to get at last into the central hall, or at anyrate to find myself somewhere whence I could emerge from the trap. At last I reached a ponderous iron-bound door, which I pushed boldly open, and went through. Now, thinks I, we must have reached *terra firma*.

A few steps more shewed my mistake. I stood on the brink of another flight of stairs, leading down to some vast and black abyss. Some straggling rays of light, coming I knew not whence nor how, served partially

to reveal the extent and profundity of the cavern, into which I peered with a shudder. From its depths a chill, damp vapour floated heavily up. I scarcely ventured more than a glance into the yawning chasm before me, but drew back hastily to regain the upper air.

At this moment the door above me closed with a thundering clang! The sound reverberated in a long subterranean roll through the vault, and seemed to lose itself at last in infinite space. At that moment, however, escape was uppermost in my thoughts, and I felt my way to the door, and was horrified to discover that it had shut close, and remained fastened by its own massive weight. There was no handle or key in the inside: its smooth surface presented nothing for the grasp.

After a while, I left off trying to open it, and ceased shouting for help. By that time, I had got more accustomed to the gloom, and looking below, saw that there was light enough there to make a sort of darkness visible. Escape by the way I had entered was clearly impossible; so I descended the few steps still left, which landed me at the bottom. I found myself apparently in the very centre of a vast and interminable cavern. The staircase, down which I had come, was built within a massive dwarf pillar that rose from the floor to the ceiling. In front, a long row of similar pillars stretched in endless succession; to right and left other avenues, also flanked by columns of dark stone, extended as far as the eye could reach. Behind me, as I passed round the shaft through which I had descended, the series was still prolonged with no visible termination. Starting out, here and there, from the pillars, were tongues of gas flame, which flickered in the night-wind, and threw a ghastly sepulchral light over the vault. These lights seemed to burn without human interposition. They had evidently burnt through night and day, through session and recess, ever since the edifice was erected. Their presence seemed rather to increase than diminish the intense feeling of solitude, of supernatural gloom and vastness, which weighed upon me as I gazed around.

Then it flashed upon my mind that I must have got to the basement story of the palace of legislation, of which I had heard so many legends. The subterranean area, I knew, contained the vaults beneath St Stephen's Chapel, which were the scene of Guy Fawkes's conspiracy; but they now comprised much more. There were tales concerning the place in modern days—how that men had lost their way in its interminable recesses, and left nothing but skeletons, discovered months after their disappearance, and recognised only by the marks inside their boots. The very notion threw me into a cold perspiration, and I sunk back on the steps, down which I had just come, to recover breath and presence of mind.

Sitting there was not the way to escape, as I presently bethought myself. I started up, determined upon prosecuting an eager and methodical voyage of discovery. Surely there must be some means of exit from the huge dungeon which might be found by searching. I blessed the authorities who maintained the gaslights, dim though they were, in every part of the cavern: if it had been completely dark, I were lost indeed.

I walked down the stone avenues and round the huge columns; they seemed innumerable and interminable. The roof was arched between the pillars, and on every side were carvings of Gothic design, but roughly and imperfectly executed. It seemed like an embryo creation of the sculptures which had arrived at such redundant maturity above. The ceiling was low, and the huge columns with their vast diameters looked particularly massive from the want of height. I had heard often of the 'pillars of the constitution,' but never saw them before. But the lowering roof, stretching away on every side into such vast expanse,

oppressed me with its weight; it seemed constantly about to fall on my head. I stood still more than once, with an awful sensation, as if the constitution were on the point of tumbling in.

While these ideas passed through my bewildered brain, I was traversing through and round a monstrous succession of pillars. In several of them were doors, some of which proved to be fast; others opened upon winding flights of steps, like that I had descended into this world underground. Up, then, I went, with a dogged sort of persistence, turn after turn, groping in the dark and twisting round and round, to find myself invariably stopped at length by another door which I could not pass. I went up so many stairs, and they were all so like one another, that at last I grew quite puzzled. I remembered hearing that there were ninety-six staircases in the palace of Westminster; but it seemed to me at the time that I must have tried at least a hundred and fifty.

The next I attempted gave me a glimpse of hope, lost through my own folly. I got up without obstacle much higher than before, cheered by a light half-way. There was a door as usual, but luckily open. I passed on and up again, and reached a narrow corridor leading evidently to some inhabited district of the place. Before me, as I turned a corner, there suddenly flashed the apparition of a huge fire burning brightly in a wide grate. This formed the background of the picture. Nearer were shelves displaying a goodly array of crockery, and dressers glistening with plate. I was in the kitchen of the House. Before I had time to think, an approaching footstep struck on my ear. At that moment I felt so like a thief, that I fancied I should be taken for one. Recollections of the stories told us at dinner about Colonel Blood and the crown jewels came into my mind with a sort of thrill. In a panic, I turned and fled down the steps, like one escaping from a guilty conscience, and it was not until I had gone some distance among the turnings and windings of the pillars, that I recovered from my fright; then, indeed, I repented my absurd alarm, and sought to regain my way to the kitchen, but found I had lost the clue. I went round and round a hundred columns, and groped up many stairs, but could not discover the one I was looking for. Wearied at last with these perpetual clamberings, I threw myself upon a stone bench, and, as I fancy, slept.

I woke up shivering, hungry, desperate, and frightened. My nervous system was shaken by my sufferings in gloom and solitude. I longed, and yet dreaded, to hear a voice or meet with a fellow-being. In this state of trepidation I wandered on again; presently I came upon a singular scene, which did not tend to reassure me. The floor of the vault opened into a huge circular chasm, whence arose, in grim and fantastic outline, the shapes of wheels, and bars, and cylinders, glimmering in the dim light with most spectral aspect. Looking aloft, I saw the roof also pierced with a circular opening, in which was a vast apparatus of vanes, like a colossal smoke-jack, or wind-mill turned horizontally. On one side was another congeries of mechanism, which I recognised as a steam-engine. But everything was still, and dusty, and rusty. It looked as if unused for years, and passing rapidly into the ghostly state of existence. The concern was, as I afterwards learned, the old 'ventilator' of the House of Commons, long since abolished as a nuisance.

From this point I again roamed on, without guide or purpose, I cannot say how far or how long; my brain had got into a dreamy condition, and the only impression remaining was one of terror and loneliness. It seemed as if I had been buried in this cavern for twenty years. What next restored me to full consciousness was the breath of fresh air, bringing with it a dull murmur of winds and waters; I looked up, and saw a patch of sky bright with moonlight.

I had reached the river-end of the subterranean vault. Above me was a barred grating, opening upon the outer world; some loose heaps of broken stone and brick lay piled against the wall. I climbed up, and grasping the bars, placed my face close against them, inhaling with inexpressible delight the warm and balmy air from the river. The scene was the same which I had gazed upon some hours before from the committee-room; but I viewed it now from below. The moon by this time had fallen and the water risen; the Thames was now brimful between its banks; heavy barges were floating and 'wabbling' about at their moorings. The moonbeams brought out into strong relief the Lambeth Palace towers and riverside buildings on the other side, and drew a pathway of light across the dancing waters, almost up to my grating. For some minutes I clung desperately to the bars, and gazed out like one just emerging from the tomb.

Again I was disturbed and frightened by steps and voices. Two men approached with measured tread; I knew they were policemen, and my terror returned. I fell away from the grating, and in reaching the ground, knocked over a rumbling pile of stones from the heap. The policemen were startled as well as myself at the noise, and came up to the grating hoarsely shouting their customary challenge to trespassers. I slunk up close to the wall below the range of the bull's-eye lantern. As they passed the light along the grating, the shadows of its bars were thrown into colossal relief upon the pillar opposite, and trooped past like a file of black giants in solemn procession.

'There's nothing there, Simmons,' said one of the men at last: 'it must have been the ghost of Guy Fawkes. He haunts the old cellar still, they say.'

'More likely,' replied his companion, 'it was some rats out of the sewer. I'll speak to the clerk of the works to have the holes trapped again.'

'Why, there's plenty of rats up above in the House, let alone those in the sewer,' rejoined the first speaker.

The men laughed, and walked away; when they had passed out of hearing, I got up to renew my efforts at extrication. The brief glimpse I had obtained of the free world had inspired an irrepressible longing for air and liberty.

At length I was cheered by prospects of success. I came to a region of the cavern where several arches were built up with wooden partitions, forming what looked like store-rooms or offices. Here and there were windows, through which I could see big piles of paper. I found a door or two, but they were locked. Around were sundry packing-cases, a dismantled printing-press, and other signs of human frequentation. At anyrate, I was in the neighbourhood of my fellow-creatures.

After a little more wandering, I came to another doorway and flight of steps. I had been up a hundred before without avail; but this time the symptoms were more encouraging: the stairs were wood instead of stone, and lighted from above. I ascended, with a desperate resolve to escape; the time was past for fearing detection: let the worst happen, people are not sent to the Tower in these days.

It was all right. I reached the top without obstruction. Then came a long vaulted corridor, and at the end a double swing-door with glass panels, protected by a fretted grille of brass-work. Through this door, as I opened it, there came a gush of hot air, which, loaded with gas and breath as it was, seemed to me the most delightful breeze I had ever inhaled.

On passing through, I found myself in a vast and lofty hall, so brilliant with lights, that for the moment I was dazzled. I saw only a single figure, quaintly dressed, and with a sword by his side, who shouted in sonorous tones as I entered: 'Who goes home!'

The words thrilled through me. For hours I had

been doubting whether I should ever see my home again! By an irresistible impulse I rushed forward and caught him by the arm: 'I will,' I said; 'for God's sake, take me home!'

The man looked scared, as well he might. But at this moment there came forward a procession, headed by a solemn-looking personage in flowing robes and full-bottomed wig, marching on with all the attributes of grave authority and respect. I recognised the dignified functionary whom I had seen early in the evening occupying the chair of the House. Behind him came an irregular throng of members. It was Mr. Speaker. The House was just up, and the invitation to which I had responded so unexpectedly, was only that unabolished formula, derived from times when a guard of representatives was sometimes necessary to convoy the Speaker safely to his home.

My appearance caused a momentary pause. It was no doubt sufficiently singular. Covered with dust and cobwebs, my dress soiled, my hat battered, my hair dishevelled, with the haggard hang-dog look derived from my long anxiety and subterranean wanderings, I must have looked anything but the respectable character I have always tried to maintain. Mr. Speaker laughed distinctly; the man with the sword caught me by the collar, and looked for a policeman.

At this crisis, a well-known and welcome voice cried: 'Why, 'tis Burtonshaw, by all that's wonderful! Where, on earth, did you come from, my good fellow? and what have you been doing with yourself?'

It was Aspinall, my member for Trixbridge. He released me from a very awkward scrape; and a few words from me explained all necessary particulars.

'And so you have been roaming in darkness and cold for these six hours in the regions below,' he said at last; 'but come along, 'tis hardly two o'clock yet. A brush and cold water will put you to rights; and, egad, we'll make a night of it yet!'

I know that we did not get home till morning, and that the next few hours were spent far more pleasantly than the last half-dozen had been. But nothing occurred either then or since to efface the recollection of the sufferings and sensations I had experienced during My Night in the House.

GLIMPSES OF AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

THE KANSAS-NEBRASKA AFFAIR.

It will be recollected that on the occasion of constituting the state of Missouri, in 1820, there was a compromise among parties to the effect that, in all the territory which had been ceded by France north of 36° 30', the state of Missouri excepted, slavery should be for ever prohibited; and the act which admitted the state to the Union bore a clause of this kind. Here was a law settling the question so far, one would think. Events proved that this was not so certain. Missouri having edged itself in as a slave state, there the affair rested; and when, in 1836, a slice of fresh free territory was added to this slave state, the compromise-clause does not appear to have been agitated. It was reserved for Mr. Pierce's first congress to be troubled with the resurrection of a measure which the bulk of the members—and Pierce to boot—had probably begun to hope was past being brought to life. On the 15th of December 1853, a bill was submitted to the senate to organise the territory of Nebraska; and on this occasion the unhappy compromise rises from the dead. Let us look at our maps, and see where lies the region which was to provoke one of the severest contests that has ever occurred in or out of congress.

Nebraska was the name at first given to a large

tract of country, having on the east Missouri, Iowa, and Minnesota, and stretching from 36° 30' or thereabouts, to 49° on the border of Canada. Its limits on the west were New Mexico, Utah, Oregon, and Washington. The more eastern portion of this vast territory, was fertilised by the rivers Platte, Kaw or Kansas, and other tributaries of the Missouri, and its only occupants were certain tribes of Indians. The rich lands on the borders of the rivers, and beyond them the rolling and flowery prairies, were, however, becoming so attractive to be much longer exempted from the over-operating law of Anglo-American migration. The federal government had begun to cause regular explorations west of Missouri, about 1838, but on so imperfect a scale, that fresh and much more extensive investigations were ordered in 1842; the commander of the scientific explorers on this occasion being Lieutenant John Charles Fremont. The history of this journey of discovery to the shores of the Pacific is full of romantic incident, and as affording accurate accounts of that great western wilderness which will shortly afford a home for millions of civilised men, is deserving of more notice than it has generally obtained in Europe. Fremont, 'the pathfinder,' was eminently successful in his explorations through the obscure passes of the Rocky Mountains. On one of the topmost peaks of this lofty range, upwards of 13,000 feet above sea-level, he gallantly waved in triumph the national flag, where, as he says, 'never flag waved before.'

The discoveries of Fremont opened the way for settlements, but none, except in an irregular manner, could take place till the territory was organised and surveyed; and these final measures were pushed on by Missourians and others personally acquainted with the capabilities of the unappropriated lands. Among the parties who urged forward the bill for organising the territory, there could hardly fail to be a consciousness that, as Nebraska lay directly north of 36° 30', it was exempted from the contamination of slavery, in virtue of the compromise. But, then, was this compromise of abiding effect—was it a compromise at all? All admitted, what was undeniable, that there was a statute which guaranteed that all lands north of the line 36° 30', should be consecrated to freedom. This awkward difficulty was got rid of by declaring that the statute was unconstitutional, an interference with the rights of squatter sovereignty. As for there having been a compromise, where was it seen in any valid obligation? It was only a fond tradition, of no binding effect whatsoever. There may have been some mutual concessions among parties when the Missouri bill was passed, more than thirty years ago; but what had the present generation to do with the parliamentary stratagems of a past age? Besides, the compromise measures of 1850 affirm and rest upon the proposition, 'that all questions pertaining to slavery in the territories, and the new states to be formed therefrom, are to be left to the decision of the people residing therein, by their appropriate representatives, to be chosen by them for that purpose.*' According to this view of the subject, the Missouri compromise of 1820 was over-ridden by Clay's omnibus measure of 1850, which was said to obliterate the line 36° 30' from the map. Neither branch of congress unanimously adopted so sweeping a doctrine. The progress of the bill, which speedily assumed a form for organising two territories, Kansas and Nebraska, was opposed at every step.

Again, expostulation was useless. The bill passed both branches of the legislature in May 1854, the majority, as customary on similar questions, being swayed by northern Whigs. An act was accordingly framed for organising Kansas and Nebraska as separate

territories, with the whole apparatus of local government and legislation; and giving to the inhabitants the right to introduce or reject slavery, on the true squatter-sovereignty principle. The two territories being now fairly established, that kind of rush of settlers ensues which has been previously pictured. In their choice, Nebraska appears to have been passed over in favour of Kansas, which, lying to the south, on the parallel 36° 30', immediately adjoining Missouri, drew crowds towards it; and, as is well known, became the object of a keen and disorderly competition between the southern slaveholding party and the free-soilers of the north. There was little time to spare. In the old world, kingdoms and principalities have taken centuries to mature. The greater number, after a thousand years of social organisation, have not yet acquired so much as the capacity to keep order at a public meeting, let alone the power of self-government. Even the British monarchy, with all its appliances, seems to be unable to ripen its ordinary run of colonies under a period of some years—indeed, several of the more elderly of these communities are now, after long tutelage, only beginning to walk alone. The United States contrive to arrive at this maturity in a few weeks or months. Kansas was organised on the 30th of May 1854, and on the 29th November following, it was to elect a delegate to represent it in congress. In the short intermediate period, cities, towns, and voting-places were to be established; though, as the materials of architecture were principally deals and canvas, this feat was perhaps no great stretch of genius.

Previously to its organisation, Kansas had become a hopeful field of labour to several missionaries connected with one of the divisions of the Methodist body, which is known to have done good service in carrying a knowledge of religion into remote quarters of the Union. Among those who had set up their tabernacle in Kansas, was a somewhat renowned personage, the Rev. Tom Johnson, who is described as ultra coarse and presuming—a violent pro-slavery partisan, and a ready tool of those planters in Missouri who had an eye to the fertile plains of the territory. This worthy, whose head-quarters were at a place called the Shawnee Mission, a short way from the frontier, held slaves long before the organisation of Kansas—a circumstance which helped materially forward the plan of introducing and holding slaves on a large scale. Of the Rev. Tom's clerical accomplishments, we possess no record. All we know is, that, located in a hulking brick-building at Shawnee Mission, he was a leading man among those who charged themselves with enlightening the Shawnees, Delawares, Kaws, Sacs, Foxes, and other tribes of Indians; some of whom, as our authority states, already possessed in an 'eminent degree the marks of whisky civilisation.*' We do not learn that Tom kept a barrel to aid him in his labours; but that is of no consequence. There were barrels at hand, and they were doing their usual horrid work on the unhappy Indians—a doomed race. The bill opening the territory to white immigration, provided that the natives should not be illegally deprived of their reserves; but no arrangement, however humane, short of the annihilation of whisky, could sustain them in their possessions, and, unless removed, they were evidently destined to become beggars and plagues to society. A number, wisely ceding their lands on reasonable terms, were transferred to localities at a suitable distance, where they remain till a fresh wave of white immigration overtakes them.

As the aborigines, half demoralised, gloomily clear out, the whites pour in; land-offices are opened; 'claims' begin to dot the face of the country; and the

* Report of Senate's Committee on Territories, in Reference to Nebraska, January 1856.

* The Conquest of Kansas by Missouri and her Allies. By W. Phillips. Boston. 1856.

cluster of ugly buildings at Shawnee Mission, becomes a rallying-point for the settlers. We are to view Kansas in this transition state in July 1854, when the contest between pro-slavery and anti-slavery emigrants comes distinctly into notice. According to the account of the pro-slavery Missourians, they were stung by newspaper reports that great bands of New Englanders would soon be on their way to introduce free institutions into Kansas. About this time, several joint-stock concerns were formed in the free states for this avowed purpose. One of them, called the New-England Emigrant Aid Company, with a capital stock of 5,000,000 dollars, was legalised by an act of incorporation from the legislature of Massachusetts. The plan proposed by the company was this: Agents were to buy lands in Kansas, and sell them in lots to immigrants, until the territory was organised as a free state; then, all funds being realised, and a dividend declared, the agents were to select a fresh field of operations in order to organise another free state. In short, it was a grand device to give free institutions to all the new territories, one after the other; and if unopposed, there could have been little doubt of its success. These projects alarmed the Missourians—at least, such is their story. It is, however, quite as clear that the pro-slavery men were, from the first, equally on the alert; and we are to conclude that both parties had some time previously determined to run a race for the territory. The committee of congress which afterwards investigated the matter, states in its report, that 'within a few days after the organic law was passed, and as soon as its passage could be known on the border, leading citizens of Missouri crossed into the territory, held squatter meetings, and then returned to their homes. Among the resolutions are the following: That we will afford protection to no abolitionist as a settler of this territory: that we recognise the institution of slavery as already existing in this territory, and advise slaveholders to introduce their property as early as possible.' Then, early in July, a meeting of an association, having the same object in view, takes place at Westport, and resolves that it will hold itself in readiness to remove any and all emigrants who go into Kansas under the auspices of the Northern Emigrant Aid Societies. Thus, two opposite parties were distinctly pitted against each other. Had the Missourians confined themselves to the peaceful settlement of planters and slaves, no fault could be found with them *under the constitution*, however much, on moral grounds, we might have lamented their aggressions. But the pro-slavery men went a step beyond their constitutional rights. Not contenting themselves with a plan of peaceful emigration, they resolved, as we have seen, to gain their ends by violence. One excuse for their outrages is, that in giving a charter of incorporation to the New-England Emigrant Aid Company, the legislature of Massachusetts committed a trespass on the constitution; because no state is warranted in doing anything which will operate on the institutions of another state. For anything we can tell, this may have been an indiscreet and federally unlawful act; but, if such were the case, there was surely legal redress before the supreme courts of the Union. Nothing, in a word, can justify the Missourians in having armed themselves to oppose the settlement of the northern emigrants; and for this they stand condemned in the estimation of all right-thinking persons in Europe and America.

A number of quietly disposed emigrants had begun to spread themselves on the banks of the Kaw, when they heard that they were to be attacked. They were discomposed, but not frightened, and stood their ground. It seems to be customary to give the inhabitants of many of the states certain nicknames, by which they are generally known. The natives of Illinois are called *Suckers*; those of Indiana, *Hoosiers*;

and the Missourians receive the unpleasant name of *Pukes*. Well, the story ran in Kansas that the Pukes were coming, and soon a squad of them did make their appearance. Phillips, whose work presents the only intelligible narrative of the Kansas troubles that has fallen in our way, gives a graphic account of the Pukes, or 'border ruffians.' They are of several kinds. Those of the unadulterated type, are decided characters. 'Most of them,' he says, 'have been over the plains several times; if they have not been over the plains, the probability is, they have served through the war in Mexico, or seen "a deal of trouble in Texas," or at least run up and down the Missouri river often enough to catch imitative inspiration from the cat-fish aristocracy. I have often wondered where all the hard customers on the Missouri frontier come from. They seem to have congregated here by some law of gravity unexplainable. Perhaps the easy exercise of judicial authority in frontier countries may explain their fancy for them. Amongst these worthies, a man is estimated by the amount of whisky he can drink; and if he is so indiscreet as to admit he "drinks no liquor," he is set down as a dangerous character, and shunned accordingly. Imagine a fellow, tall, slim, but athletic, with yellow complexion, hairy faced, with a dirty flannel shirt, red, or blue, or green, a pair of common-place, but dark-coloured pants, tucked into an uncertain altitude by a leather belt, in which a dirty handled bowie-knife is stuck rather ostentatiously, an eye slightly whisky red, and teeth the colour of a walnut. Such is your border ruffian of the lowest type. His body might be a compound of gutta-percha, Johnny-cake, and badly smoked bacon; his spirit, the refined part, old Bourbon, "double rectified;" but there is every shade of the border ruffian. Your judicial ruffian, for instance, is a gentleman; that is, as much of a gentleman as he can be without transgressing on his more purely legitimate character of border ruffian. As "occasional imbibing" is not a sin, his character at home is irreproachable; and when he goes abroad into the territory, for instance, he does not *commit* any act of outrage, or vote himself, but after "aiding and comforting" those who do, returns, feeling every inch a gentleman. Then there are your less conservative border-ruffian gentlemen. They are not so nice in distinctions, and, so far from objecting, rather like to take a hand themselves; but they dress like gentlemen, and are so after a fashion. Between these and the first-mentioned large class, there is every shade and variety; but it takes the whole of them to make an effective brigade; and then it is not perfect without a barrel of whisky. The two gentlemanly classes of ruffians are so for political effect, or because they fancy it is their interest. The lower class are pro-slavery ruffians, merely because it is the prevalent kind of rascality; the inference is, that they would engage in any other affair in which an equal amount of whisky might be drunk, or as great an aggregate of rascality be perpetrated. Such was the kind of customers who presented themselves to the astonished gaze of the early citizens of Lawrence, while it spread its tent-like butterfly wings, just emerging from its chrysalis state, on the banks of the Kaw.'

The two principal officers appointed by the president to initiate the territorial government, were A. H. Reeder, as governor, and S. D. Lecompte, as chief-justice. Reeder was evidently not the man for the situation. He arrived in October, and the election of a delegate to congress took place, as has been said, on the 29th of November. At this election, Whitfield, the pro-slavery candidate, was returned; but the majority in his favour was swelled by 1729 illegal votes, given by bands of men who crossed the frontier from Missouri—another act totally unjustifiable, and the immediate effect of which was to further excite the people of the northern states, induce acts of

retaliation, and exasperate the actual settlers against their neighbours in Missouri.

Dire events followed, but we must leave an account of them to a future number. W. C.

AT THE HÔTEL DESSIN.

What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to mine inn and dine?

Comedy of Errors.

'To the Hôtel Dessin,' said I, putting the book in my pocket.

I deny that I am romantic; I deny, unequivocally, that I am influenced by fictitious sympathies. I never was an idealist in my life; I never mean to be one; and yet I told the coachman to drive me to the Hôtel Dessin.

The fact was, that I had been reading the *Sentimental Journey* all the way from St Omer; and when I reached Calais, and jumped into a *fiacre*, the name rose to my lips almost before I was aware of it. So away we rattled through a tangle of gloomy little streets, and into the court-yard of 'mine inn.'

An aristocratic-looking elderly waiter, with a ring and a massive gold watch-chain, sauntered out from a side-office, surveyed me patronisingly, and said in the blandest tone:

'What is it that monsieur desires?'

'A private room to begin with. At what hour is your table d'hôte?'

'We have no table d'hôte at the Hôtel Dessin,' replied the waiter languidly; 'our visitors are served in their apartments.'

'Then let me have a dinner as speedily as possible, and a good one, remember.'

He looked at me again, as if implying that my tone was not sufficiently deferential—yawned, rang a feeble little bell, and sank, exhausted, upon a bench beside the door. A pretty chamber-maid attended the summons.

'Marie, conduct monsieur to one of the vacant rooms on the corridor by the garden. And, Marie, on thy return, my child, bring me a glass of absinthe and water.'

Leaving this gentleman extended on the bench in an ostentatious state of ennui, I followed the neat little feet and ankles of my conductress up stairs and along a passage full of doors. One of these bore an inscription which at once arrested my attention and my footsteps—**STERNE'S ROOM.**

'Stay, mademoiselle!' I exclaimed; 'can I have this one?'

Marie smiled and shrugged her shoulders. 'Certainly,' she said, unlocking the door. 'The chamber is at monsieur's service. The English adore it. And why? Because somebody or other slept in it many years ago. How droll they are these English! Comment! is monsieur English? Ciel! what a mistake I have committed. Monsieur will never forgive me.'

It needed, however, no great amount of protestation on my part to convince Mademoiselle Marie that I was not in the least affronted; so she drew up the blinds, dusted the table in a pretty ineffectual sort of way with the corner of her little apron, hoped that monsieur would ring if he required anything, and tripped gaily out of the room.

As for me, I threw myself into a chair and surveyed my new quarters. A portrait of Sterne hung over the fireplace. It was painted on panel, oval-shaped, dark with age and varnish, and looked as though it had been taken during his visit to Calais—if one might judge by the cracks and stains of it. The cheek rested on the hand; the eyes were turned full upon me with

that expression of keen penetration which characterises every one of his portraits. I sat for a long time looking at it, till the waiter came and prepared the table.

'And now, garçon,' said I, after a considerable interval, during which I had been very satisfactorily employed—'and now, garçon, do you really mean to tell me that this is Sterne's room?'

'Upon my honour, monsieur,' replied the waiter, laying his hand upon his heart.

'But how can you be certain after three-quarters of a century, or perhaps more, have gone by?'

'The event, monsieur,' said the waiter, 'has been preserved in the archives of the house. We pledge ourselves to the veracity of the statement.'

I surveyed the man with admiration. He was the grandest waiter I had ever seen in my life, and I had had some little experience, too.

'What wine does monsieur desire for his dessert?'

I hesitated. Under ordinary circumstances, I should have said port or champagne; but his sublimity abashed me. I ordered a bottle of Johannisberger.

To my right lay a delicious garden, radiant with beds of verbeas and scarlet geranium, and flooded with the evening sunlight. The great trees nodded and whispered, and the windows at the opposite side of the quadrangle shone like burnished gold. I threw open the *jalousies*, wheeled my table up, plucked one of the white roses that clustered outside, and fancied I could smell the sea-air.

'And so,' said I, complacently peeling my peaches, 'this is actually Sterne's room! He once sat beside this casement where I am now seated; looked out into this garden, where— But who knows? Perhaps the opening scenes of the *Sentimental Journey* were even written in this chamber, and here am I with the book in my pocket. Now, this is really delightful! Yorick'—and I poured out a glass of the amber Johannisberger, and addressed myself to the portrait over the fireplace—'Yorick, your health!'

I took the volume out, and turning the leaves idly, came to the chapters that treat of the *désobligeante*. I was decidedly in a soliloquising mood.

'Now, if I were beginning, instead of ending my journey,' said I, 'there's nothing I should have preferred to the *désobligeante*. No doubt, there is one to be had somewhere. What if the identical vehicle be still in the stables! That's nonsense, of course; and yet, I should just like to make the inquiry. Yorick, your health again, and let me tell you, sir, that it's not every man who, fifty years after his decease, gets toasted in wine at seventeen francs the bottle!'

There was a tap at my door.

'A thousand pardons,' observed the waiter, looking in. 'Monsieur is alone?'

'Go to the mischief!' said I savagely. Fortunately it was in English, so he did not understand me.

'There are two gentlemen here, monsieur—two milords, your countrymen, who desire particularly to be permitted to see this apartment for a moment.'

'"An Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen,"' I muttered to myself, quoting page nineteen of the *Sentimental Journey*.

'Am I honoured with monsieur's permission to shew them up?'

I was forced to say yes—not very graciously, I fear; and he ushered them in accordingly.

The first was a spare, eager-looking man, with keen quivering nostrils, and a brow furrowed with thought and expressive of immense determination of character. The appearance of the second was still more remarkable. I could not remove my eyes from his face, and yet I could scarcely have told you what it was that so attracted me. His forehead was broad and high; his mouth open and eloquent; his hair black, glossy, and falling in smooth pendulous masses almost to his

shoulders. His eyebrows were prominent and bushy, and the eyes beneath them animated by a living radiance, alternately dreamy and tender, wild and energetic. I have since heard them compared to 'the rolling of a sea with darkened lustre,' and I can think of no words which better express their changefulness and their depth.

He entered last, but stepped before his friend, and stood looking up at the portrait. The other bowed and apologised to me in a few brief hesitating words for their intrusion.

Presently the second comer turned round, and without any previous recognition of my presence, said:

'I see that you two have been dining together. Has the worthy prebend been an agreeable companion?'

The oddity of the address pleased me.

'I cannot say that I have wanted for amusement,' I replied smiling, 'since the *Sentimental Journey* has been lying beside my plate all the time. Will you be seated?'

He needed no second invitation, but dropped indolently into an easy-chair, and lay back with his eyes still fixed on the picture; while his companion walked over to the window, and stood there, looking out, with a fidgety uneasy countenance, as if he had seen quite enough of the room, and was more anxious to go than stay.

'I do not admire the *Sentimental Journey*,' said he in the easy-chair. 'It is poor sickly stuff; and the oftener you read Sterne, the more clearly will you perceive its inferiority to *Tristram Shandy*. There is truth and reality in the one, and little beyond a clever affectation in the other. But Sterne's morals were bad. His heart was bad; his life was bad. He dallied with vice, and called it sentiment, or combined it with wit, drollery, and fancy, and served it up for the amusement of the fashionable world, whose idol he was. His mind oscillated ever on the confines of evil, and from this dangerous element he drew his "effects," his clap-trap, and his false whimpering sensibility. There is not a page of Sterne's writings undefiled by some hint of impurity; and yet he approaches the subject with a mixture of courage and cowardice, as a man snuffs a candle with his fingers for the first time; or, better still, like that trembling darning with which a child touches a hot tea-urn—only because it has been forbidden. He is a hypocrite, because he affects to be the ally of virtue, and entertains all the while a secret sympathy with the enemy. At the same time, I don't think his hypocrisy can do much harm, or his morals either, unless to those who are already vicious.'

The gentleman at the window faced round, and shook his head.

'You are seldom just to authors for whom you have no liking,' he said in harsh quick tones; 'and it seems to me that in this instance you jump too hastily at conclusions. It does not follow that a man is a hypocrite because his actions give the lie to his words. If he at one time seems to be a saint, and at another a sinner, he possibly is both in reality, as well as in appearance. A person may be fond of vice and of virtue too, and practise one or the other according to the temptation of the moment: a priest may be pious, and at the same time a sot or a bigot; a woman may be modest, and a rake at heart; a poet may admire the beauties of nature, and be envious of those of other writers; a moralist may act contrary to his own precepts, and yet be sincere in recommending them to others. These are indeed contradictions, but they arise out of the contradictory qualities of our nature. A man is a hypocrite only when he affects to take delight in what he does not feel, and not because he takes a perverse delight in opposite things.'

'An admirable piece of metaphysical defence,' said the other, whom, for the sake of distinction, I shall call the philosopher; 'but one that, after all, does not

go far to prove your case. Remember Sterne's neglect of his loving wife, and the heartlessness of his flirtations, and then judge how sincere may have been those tears which he snivelled so plenteously over a dead donkey at Nampont. Pahaw! 'tis the very mockery of virtue!'

'And a compliment to it at the same time,' retorted the metaphysician. 'Come, you are severe to-day, and misjudge him from an excess of manner here and there. The profoundest wisdom is sometimes combined in his pages with an outward appearance of levity; and many passages which have to bear the charge of coarseness, contain, nevertheless, a sterling view of love and charity. Think of Uncle Toby!'

'Who pitied even the devil!' said the philosopher, extending his hand indolently for the bottle of Johannisberger which I had just pushed towards him.

'Who is one of the finest tributes ever paid to human nature!' exclaimed his friend. 'Why, this I will say, that Shakspeare himself never conceived a character so genial, so delicious, so unoffending! Then, again, turn to the story of Le Fevre: it is perhaps the finest in the English language. I cannot conceive how Goldsmith could call Sterne "a dull fellow." The author of the *Vicar* should have known better.'

'Perhaps,' said I, venturing for the first time to mingle with their conversation, 'the tone of Goldsmith's mind was too thoroughly English to appreciate the glancing transitions, the poignant though artificial wit, and the extraordinary variability of Sterne. It has always appeared to me that, although his style was so racy, so rapid, so idiomatically English, his genius and disposition inclined more towards the characteristics of the French writers.'

'You mean Rabelais,' said the philosopher; 'and Rabelais he was, only born in a happier age, and gifted with sentiment.'

'I was not alluding particularly to Rabelais,' I rejoined. 'I believe I was thinking more of the modern French school—of the Balzacs, Karrs, and Paul de Kocks, who can scarcely be supposed to have imitated a half-forgotten English writer of the last century.' Both of my visitors looked interested, and I went on: 'It is in his abrupt variations of feeling that this resemblance forces itself upon me. I find in the writers I have named, and in fifty others who are their pupils and contemporaries, the same antithetical propensity which delights in giving a comic turn to a serious passage—the same implied satire and half-expressed double-entendres—the same unfinished sentences, and the same hysterical mingling of smiles and tears. Compare, for instance, *Tristram Shandy* and *L'Amoureux Franci*. A Hindoo would swear that the soul of Laurence Sterne had taken up its present abode in the body of Paul de Kock. Again, let us consider his power of turning trifles to account, and evolving from the least promising incidents the most exquisite combinations of feeling and fancy. Apropos of a pin, he fills a page with wisdom on humanities; and from his barber's recommendation of a wig-buckle, deduces an admirable analysis of the French national character. Is not this one of the leading traits of modern French authorship? Place in the way of one of these witty and imaginative *feuilletonists* the most barren and uninteresting of objects, and he will enrich it with all the embroideries of art, clothe it in the rainbow hues of his own fancy, and, though it were but an old pair of ruffles or a market-barrow, end by making you laugh or cry according to his pleasure. In this manner, an ingenious French writer has elaborated a charming volume on no more extensive a subject than a journey round his room; and from so simple an incident as a flower springing up accidentally within the confines of a prison, another has contributed to our modern European literature the most touching, the most humanising, the most philosophical of moral stories.'

Thus, in his gaiety and his gravity alike, in his treatment of minutæ and his natural temperament, I find myself irresistibly reminded of the French style whenever I open a volume of Sterne. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly," replied the philosopher; "and I admit the justice of your remarks. He has all the volatility, as well as all the seriousness of the French character—that seriousness which he was the first as well as the last traveller to discern. "If the French have a fault, Monsieur le Comte," he says in the chapters on the passport, "it is that they are too serious."

The metaphysician smiled. "Not the last traveller," he said; "for in those notes that I made on my late journey through France and Italy, I particularly observed this exception to their generally fluttering and thoughtless disposition. These last are the qualities that strike us most by contrast to ourselves, and that come most into play in the intercourse of common life; and therefore we are generally disposed to set them down as an altogether frivolous and superficial people. It is a mistake which we shall do well to correct on further acquaintance with them; or, if we persist in it, we must call to our aid an extraordinary degree of our native blindness and obstinacy. Why, the expression of a Frenchman's face is often as melancholy when he is by himself as it is lively in conversation. The instant he ceases to talk, he becomes "quite chop-fallen."

"It is strange," observed the philosopher, "how little this contradiction in their character has been noticed. They have never had the credit of it, though it stares one in the face everywhere. You can't go into one of their theatres without being struck by the silence and decorum that reign throughout the audience, from the scholar in the stalls to the workman in the galleries."

"This results in part, perhaps, from their studious inclinations," said the other. "The French are fond of reading as well as of talking. You may constantly see girls tending an apple-stall in the coldest day in winter, and reading Voltaire or Racine. Such a thing was never known in London as a barrow-woman reading Shakspeare. Yet we talk of our wide-spread civilisation and ample provisions for the education of the poor!"

"To be read thus by the lowliest as well as the loftiest, should be the highest ambition of the poet," exclaimed the philosopher enthusiastically. "Do you not remember, William, during that pedestrian excursion which you, Wordsworth, John Chester, and I once made from Nether Stowey to Linton, we stayed at an old-fashioned inn near the Valley of Rocks, breakfasted deliciously on tea, toast, eggs, and honey, and found a little worn-out copy of the *Seasons* lying in the window-seat? I took it up, and with a feeling that I cannot describe to you, exclaimed aloud: "That is true fame!"

"Yes," replied the metaphysician with a sigh; "I remember it perfectly. I was but a lad at the time, and I listened as if in a dream to every syllable that fell from the lips of either Wordsworth or yourself. Fame, thought I, with a sinking heart—alas! to me it is but a word: I shall never possess it; yet will I never cease to worship and to pursue it. At that time, I thought to be a painter; and while I lost myself in admiration of a fairy Claude, or hung enraptured over a Titian dark with beauty, I despaired of the perfection I worshipped. And I was right: I should never have made a painter."

His friend smiled, and shook his head. "And yet," said he, "you are content, I should think, with the share of renown that has fallen to your lot. Do you still hold that fame is but a word?"

"I hold it to be a glorious reality," replied the metaphysician; "but one which, least of all others, should

be defaced by the petty considerations of our worldly vanities and selfish personalities. Fame is the inheritance not of the dead, but of the living. It is we who look back with lofty pride to the great names of antiquity—who drink of that flood of glory as of a river, and refresh our wings in it for future flight. Fame, to my thinking, means Shakspeare, Homer, Bacon, Raphael. Fame can attach itself only to the past. Reputation is the property of the present."

"A subtle distinction," said the philosopher, emptying the last glass of my Johannisberger; "but one which"—

The door of the chamber opened.

"Your carriage, gentlemen, is ready," said the waiter.

We all rose simultaneously.

"I am sure," said the philosopher, with an air of high-bred courtesy—"I am sure we must have fatigued and interrupted you, sir, in a most unpardonable manner. I am ashamed"—and here he glanced regretfully towards the empty bottle and the comfortable *fauteuil*—"to have intruded so long upon your patience and your hospitality; but if you should ever chance to wander in the neighbourhood of Nether Stowey, Somersetshire, I will endeavour to atone for my present thoughtlessness, by making you acquainted with our green and hilly country, and our wild seashore. Do not suppose that I say this through a forced politeness. I invite few visitors, and those whom I do ask, I welcome heartily. I am but a hermit in a cottage, however, and cannot promise to give you such vintages as this!"

He took a card from his waistcoat pocket, and advancing with an undulating step, laid it down beside me on the table.

"Samuel Taylor Coleridge!" I exclaimed involuntarily, as my eyes fell on the superscription.

The philosopher extended his hand to me.

"You will not forget to come and see me," he said, "if you visit my county; and I trust you will forgive me for introducing myself. It is a bad habit that one acquires abroad—above all, when one meets a fellow-Englishman."

"I consider," said I, "that I am indebted to Yorick for this piece of good-fortune;" and I pointed to the portrait over the mantel-piece.

Coleridge plucked his companion by the sleeve. "Come, Hazlitt," he said, "we have no time to lose."

"How!" I exclaimed—"is it possible that—that your friend is"—

"William Hazlitt," replied the poet, making the metaphysician known to me with a serio-comic gesture—"William Hazlitt, the dreaded critic—the redoubtable reviewer—the terrible essayist!"

I endeavoured to stammer out something appropriate as they took leave of me; but at that time I was little used to society, and I believe I had never seen a real live author in my life before, so I fear I was not very successful.

Coleridge hurried his friend from the room, and went out last. Just as he reached the door he turned back.

"Have you read my translation of *The Visit of the Gods*?"

I replied eagerly in the affirmative.

"Then you will remember the opening lines," he said gaily:

"Never, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone!"

The door closed directly, and he was gone. Then I heard his genial laugh upon the stairs, and presently the rattling of the wheels that bore them away. I never visited Nether Stowey, and I never saw either of my guests again. Both have since passed away, and left only their fame and their undying thoughts behind

them; but I shall never forget that brief acquaintance-ship which began and ended one autumnal afternoon in Sterne's Room, at the Hôtel Dessin.

A NEW BRIGADE.

WHAT are we to do with our ticket-of-leave men? To hang them, or reform them? That is the question that might with propriety occupy the attention of some modern Hamlet: whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune—in the shape of handkerchiefs and life-preservers—or to take arms against a sea of troubles—namely, burglary, garrotting, and murder, and, by opposing, end them.

One party indignantly asserts, that having been taken prisoners in the act of making war on society, they are entitled to no quarter, and should be strung up without mercy; the other mildly argues, that they should be let out on parole, and the honour that is proverbially known to exist among thieves, taken as a moral guarantee for their better behaviour. The former would treat them as vermin, and crush them with a strong hand once and for ever; the latter would train them up to useful occupations, as the industrious fleas were taught to go in harness and draw carriages.

Neither plan meets with my approbation. I may occasionally, when speaking of these pests of society, exclaim in a mild ejaculatory tone: 'Hang 'em!' but I am not by any means an advocate for their wholesale extermination. Neither do I overflow with the milk of human kindness to such a ridiculous extent as to say: 'Let them go free, and trust to human nature and the tracts they have read while in prison to prevent them falling into their evil courses again.' I believe that the greater part of them can no more keep from thieving than a cat can keep from cream. They have served their apprenticeship to crime, and can get their livelihood in no other way. They recur as naturally to *their* profession on getting out of prison, as a doctor would to *his*, supposing that the practice of physic were made an indictable offence, which in some instances it certainly should be. No, no; hanging and reformation are not to be thought of: one is impracticable—the other impossible. Transportation I am equally averse to. I have a plan of my own that settles the question at once. I am the *Cædipus* of the nineteenth century, that has solved this great political enigma. With one stroke, as it were, of my feathered sword do I sever the Gordian-knot of modern civilisation. Thus—Use them!

Collect all the ticket-of-leave men now at large into one body, and, instead of allowing them to exercise their ingenuity on ourselves, let them devote their acknowledged skill and talents to the molestation of our enemies. They are formidable enough in twos and threes, as we know to our cost; but what a tremendous engine of destruction should we possess, if all the licensed ruffians now prowling about England were concentrated into one large force! It would be an infernal machine, scattering devastation among all those that had the ill-luck to be opposed to it. On a campaign, the services of such a body would be invaluable. What short work a gang of London housebreakers would have made of Sebastopol, and what a magnificent burglary it would have been! How silently and effectually a company of garroteers would clear away a chain of advanced outposts! A sentry with a pitch-plaster on his mouth would be as helpless as a turtle on his back, and a charge made by a body of men armed with sponges full of chloroform, would be perfectly irresistible. Only imagine the annoyance that would be caused to an enemy by a select band of experienced thieves. They would literally steal into his camp, and carry off everything they could lay their hands on. It is

evident that an army deprived of their cooking-utensils, must surrender at discretion.

But it is impossible, in my limited space, to enumerate the manifold advantages of such a plan. It is a noble idea. It occurred to me while reading the naval and military intelligence contained in the columns of the *Times*. It appears that a number of ticket-of-leave men have enlisted in the Royal Artillery, and that the monotony of barrack-life at Woolwich is occasionally relieved by the daring exploits of these prison-heroes. It is not likely that the artillery is the only regiment thus honoured. Doubtless, large numbers are distributed throughout the whole army. This, in my opinion, is a mistake that should at once be remedied. Artists skilled in the use of skeleton-keys and jemmies will find a *Minie*-rifle but an awkward implement; and the beauties of the manual and platoon exercise will fail to be appreciated by hands accustomed to the more delicate manipulations required for picking pockets.

Now, to let my plan more fully develop itself. Let these ingenious warriors be taken from a sphere where their talents are not properly estimated—some of the poor fellows have even been flogged at Woolwich—and formed into a separate service. This force, into which all the ticket-of-leave men now following their professional avocations in London and the provinces should be draughted, might be organised like the regular army, and called the Brigade of Black-guards. This, again, could be subdivided into regiments of *Ruffians*, of various classes and denominations. Thus, we might have the Royal Riflers, the Smashers, the Dirty Half-hundred, the Roughs; and so on. As in the regulars, there is a company of grenadiers and light infantry attached to each regiment, so, in the irregulars, every corps might possess its garroteers and light-fingered company. National regiments might easily be formed, such as the Irish Black-guards, or the Connaught Stranglers; others might be called after the places where they were raised, for instance, the Notting Hill Burglars, the Petticoat Lane Pickpockets, &c. In the line, regiments occasionally bear the name of some distinguished soldier: the 33d is the Duke of Wellington's Regiment; the 18th is Prince Albert's Own Light Infantry; in the Black-guard Brigade, Jack Sheppard and other celebrities in the Newgate calendar might be similarly honoured. Instead of Sappers and Miners, a body of Pickers and Stealers could be formed; and any members of the Brigade who have been convicted of receiving stolen goods, might with propriety be converted into Fencibles. A corps of marines would, of course, comprise all those whose offence has been mutiny, piracy, and crimes committed on board ship. The days of highwaymen are unfortunately gone by, or a body of cavalry might have been attached to the force, and called the Mounted Riflemen, or Dick Turpin's Own Light Dragoons. The civil department of the service can be administered by members of the swell mob; while the duties of orderly-room clerks, and the office-work generally, will naturally fall to the share of fraudulent bankers and dishonest officials of every description.

The uniform of the Brigade might consist of the elegant gray-cloth suit and muffin-cap peculiar to the inmates of our hulks and dock-yards; and, as a further mark of distinction, the men might be permitted to wear the *recherche* style of *coiffure* fashionable in the various prisons and houses of correction throughout the kingdom. Instead of such devices as lions, tigers, and white horses of Hanover, common in the regular service, each corps of the brigade might wear, as a regimental badge, a magpie, fox, vulture, or other dishonest and rapacious animal; and such mottoes as '*Astutus non animo, Toujours arriére, Humani nihil alienum, Malo fœdari quam mori*,' would be both classical and appropriate. If colours were permitted, those of the

Petticoat Lane regiment might consist of a pair of handsome silk pocket-handkerchiefs. At parades and inspections, each man, instead of the 'small book' shewn in the line, would be expected to produce his ticket-of-leave. Every branch of the service would of course be armed in the way best suited for the display of its peculiar gifts: thus, the Garotteers would be provided with the customary handkerchief and life-preserver; and the battalion of Burglars with crowbars, files, and the various other implements necessary for their particular vocation. Chloroform would be served out to those who have been in the habit of stupefying their victim before proceeding to business; but the Riflers, and Pickers, and Stealers would be naturally expected to find their own arms. The Brigade might be encamped upon Bagshot Heath, which, from old associations, is eminently fitted for the purpose. Should any gibbets still remain in that renowned locality, so much the better; they will be pleasing mementoes of departed heroes, who, had they lived in these days, would have done honour to the force which I hope shortly to see incorporated.

I have merely given the outline of the magnificent design; the details can be arranged hereafter. Like all great reforms, the plan will doubtless have its opponents; but I feel convinced mine is the only practical solution of the great question of the day. If we are tired of being knocked on the head in our parks, choked in our streets, murdered in our houses, and robbed everywhere, the remedy is in our own hands—all we have to do is to organise the Black-guard Brigade.

[There are some little matters in this *jeu d'esprit* not altogether to the taste of the *Journal*; but we may perhaps take our revenge upon our eccentric friend by treating more gravely at another time the position of the unfortunates he makes the butt of his humour.—Ed.]

NATURAL HISTORY OF MY POND.

IN TWO PARTS.—CONCLUSION.

THE next creature we must notice is a blood-sucker upon rather a larger scale, though he operates for the common good; and although no one is proud of his acquaintance, there are few of us who have not at times profited by his kind offices. This friend is the leech (*Hirudo medicinalis*). He is common in the pond, and is really, prejudice apart, a handsome-looking fellow: his back is olive-green, with long red stripes, and his under-surface is yellow, thickly spotted with black. If he is rather a hungry being, and too fond of crying 'Give, give,' he still works for weal, and not for woe. All honour, therefore, to the leech; he is under my special protection. Not so, however, the less organised beings which are nearly allied to him; they are *uncanny*, and are the cause of more mischief than we perhaps know. The commonest of these Planariæ, for so we must term them—(their specific name is unknown to me)—is a small black species, abundant on the leaves of the water-lily, apparently a vegetable feeder, and always herding together in great numbers. But there is another kind, far more elegant, though not quite so plentiful; much larger; of an ovate instead of a linear form, and with a beautifully crenated margin. It is of a white colour, delicately shaded with gray. This may often be drawn to shore with the water-plants. These are beings to be regarded with suspicion: the metamorphoses they undergo are strange, and as yet imperfectly understood; and if they are innocent, yet their first-cousins, the Distomata, can be proved to be guilty enough, causing the disease in sheep known by the name of the rot: a disease which sometimes attacks man also. There is another being in My Pond whose character is

no whit better—a long thread-like worm (*Gordius aquaticus*), often several inches long, curiously coiled up, yet not thicker than a cotton thread. He is not in his perfect state; he means mischief; and is, depend upon it, only an evil spirit in disguise.

The only remaining articulate animals to be mentioned are the pretty little wheel-animalcules; and to make their acquaintance we must call in the aid of the microscope. The little group are, however, quite worth the trouble. The curious wheels with which their mouths are furnished have gained them their name, *Rotifera*. These wheels are often to be seen in full action; the cilia or fringe of minute lashes on them being at such a time in constant motion. The little being then fixes itself firmly to some small stalk or leaf of an aquatic plant, and by the aid of the current so set up, its food is procured. Below this wheel-apparatus is a powerful armament of teeth, arranged so as to look like a cross. The commonest of these is called *Rotifer vulgaris*; but there are many kinds in the pond. They are, for the most part, just visible to the naked eye, but cannot be seen properly without the microscope. The play of the wheels is most curious, and well worthy of notice. At the will of the animal, however, the wheels can be withdrawn, and the little being can crawl along, first fixing the hinder extremity, then bending its body after the manner of a geometric or looping caterpillar, and fixing the upper, or head—then making this the fulcrum, and proceeding as before. This little being is the last to be mentioned of the articulata, though its curious apparatus of wheels make it not the least interesting.

From the jointed or articulate animals, we pass to the mollusks; and of these, by far the most numerous section in the pond are those which resemble the snail in shape and structure. They have a distinct head, and a large foot on the lower surface of the body, by which they walk along the plants on whose leaves they feed. They are water-snails, and there are several species; there is one with the whorls arranged in a perfectly flat coil, like a 'Catherine's wheel,' and from this it has its name, *planorbis*. Of this genus there are two or three species on the pond, as indeed there are also of the next group, or true water-snails, where the spiral is, as it were, drawn out, so as to form a cone. Of these shells, there is one, more than an inch in length, of a brown colour, and very pointed at the apex (*Lymnæus stagnalis*); it is abundant on the leaves of the pond-weed. There is also a lesser species (*L. pereger*), about a quarter the size, and which is rather found along the banks and amongst the water-grasses which fringe the pool; both, however, are plentiful. If these are examined, it will be seen that they all breathe by a large sac, just as the snail does, serving them for a lung; they breathe, therefore, through the agency of the air. There is, however, another shell in My Pond, of a less conical form, and wider in proportion to its length, with an indistinct spiral band winding round the shell. This species (*Paludina vivipara*) breathes through the means of the oxygen dissolved in the water, as many creatures previously examined by us have also done; the breathing is therefore by branchiæ—that is, a row of comb-like gills, over which the water plays.

Unfortunately, the pond does not contain any of the polype-like mollusks or Bryozoa, as they are termed—that is to my knowledge—and no bivalve shells, so that the stock of this class in my preserve is very small.

Of radiated beings, which gain their name from the star-like form in which their parts are usually arranged—the starfish being the most familiar example—there is only one species in the pond (*Hydra viridis*), the pretty little green fresh-water polype. This is not rare upon the submerged stems of various plants. It is a sea-anemone on a very small scale, with long tentacles, and with a much simpler structure, for it is all stomach.

Eight arms surround the mouth, and these arms are used to seize upon creatures larger even than the polype itself. It is very bold, and does not much seem to care what it attacks; and perhaps it has such power of surviving accidents, that it may brave many dangers with impunity. Cut it in two, you only multiply it; turn it inside out like the finger of a glove, and the animal feels no difference—the skin serves for stomach, and the stomach for skin. It walks nimbly along as the rotifers were previously described to do, and may often be seen with numerous young budding forth from the side, each with its tentacles ready; so that it then presents the spectacle of one animal with many mouths, and all searching for food, all eager for prey. The hydra, though small, is extremely rapacious, and seizes very eagerly all things coming within its grasp: even a brother-hydra is sometimes caught and devoured; but he has the privilege of free entry, and escapes undigested from his apparently perilous abode. The poor water-flea is not so fortunate; he is a frequent prey. There is some power resident in the arms of the hydra by which it can destroy its victim. Once in its fatal grasp, there is no escape; and it has been stated by Trembley, that even a young minnow will sometimes be thus caught and devoured by this walking stomach.

And now, last of all, we come to those earliest forms of life grouped together under the name of animalcules or Protozoa, many of which are almost daily making their way from the animal into the vegetable kingdom. My poor little favourite, the volvox, which rolled about under the microscope in such a regular and marvellous manner, is now degraded into a plant. The pretty Diatomaceæ, with their elegantly sculptured skeletons of flint, are also looked upon as vegetables. The most beautiful of those left to me are those living bells, set like flowers upon long stalks, which twist and writhe about with every passing current. These Vorticellæ, as they are called, are lovely objects under a low power of the microscope, and may be seen with the naked eye, looking like mildew on the stem of one of the water-plants. Sometimes, as we watch them, a bell-shaped head escapes from its stalk, and swims, by means of its cilia, actively about through the water. Perhaps my pretty little sun-shaped animalcule (*Actinophrys sol*) is only one of the stages in the development of this vorticella; but this is yet unproved. There are also to be found that proteus of animalcules whose shape is never fixed, now stretching out one portion of its body as an arm, and now another (*Amoeba proteus*): there are also plentifully the flask-shaped *Euclesia*, and of course hundreds of infusorial animalcules. There is indeed almost sure to be some object of microscopic interest surrounding every decaying fragment of leaf, and in every portion of mud brought from the bottom of the water.

Now we have gone together through the various groups of animal life found in a pond not larger than an ordinary mill-pond; and indeed there are few mill-ponds in the kingdom which would not supply every one of the creatures mentioned, except, perhaps, the water-shrew, which is, however, more frequent than is often thought: nay, more than this, all the invertebrate portion can be kept in one of the bowls used for gold-fish, and will make a very pretty vivarium on a small scale. The plants that should be taken are the *Vallisneria spiralis*, which, though not an English plant, can always be readily procured; the callitriche; or, better still, if it grows in the neighbourhood, the water-violet, *Hottonia palustris*, and a few fronds of the pretty *Lemna trisulca*, the ivy-leaved duck-weed. For the living beings, I would recommend the common stickle-back; two or three of the smaller water-beetles, especially those of the genus *Colymbetes*; some of the larvæ of the dragon-fly; the water-scorpion also, and the *Notonecta* before mentioned; plenty of the crustaceous

animals described here, which will serve not only for amusement, but also for use, as they will supply the larger beings with food; and in addition to these, one or two species of the larger snails, of which the genus *Planorbis* or *Paludina* is to be preferred, and some of the smaller kinds of *Lymnæus*, *L. stagnalis* being rather too voracious for so small an aquarium; then, though last, not least in importance, the *Hydra viridis*; and the experimenter will find more amusement in so small a compass than he could have deemed possible before the trial. One word also of caution: every one making such a collection should avoid the Vorticellæ, for they attach themselves to weakly animals, and cause them to die at all events more quickly than they otherwise would have done. To an inhabitant of London, the additional information may be given, that an afternoon's excursion to Hampstead Heath would supply him with all the species here mentioned.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXII.—CHASED BY A 'GRIZZLY.'

THE bear was one of the largest of his kind; but it was not his size that impressed me with fear, so much as the knowledge of his fierce nature. It was not the first time I had encountered the grizzly bear; and I knew his habits well. I was rather surprised at seeing the *Ursus ferox* in that region. The range of this species is more to the west, among the defiles of the Rocky Mountains; but individuals occasionally wander as far east as the meridian of the Mississippi. The one before me was of a yellowish-red colour, with legs and feet nearly black; but colour is no characteristic among these animals, scarcely two of them being alike in this respect. I was familiar with the form and aspect, and could not be mistaken; I recognised the long shaggy pelage, the straight front, and broad facial disk, which distinguishes this species from the *Ursus Americanus*. The yellow eyes, the huge teeth, but half concealed by the lips, and, above all, the long-curved claws—the most prominent marks of the species, as they are his most formidable means of attack—were all identified.

When my eyes first rested upon this monster, he was just emerging out of the barranca at the very spot where I had climbed up myself. It was his tracks, then, I had observed while scaling the cliff!

On reaching the level of the prairie, he advanced a pace or two, and then halting, he reared up and stood upon his hind-legs; at the same time he uttered a snorting sound, which resembled the 'blowing' of hogs when suddenly startled in the forest. For some moments he remained in his upright attitude, rubbing his head with his fore-paws, and playing them about after the manner of monkeys. In fact, as he stood fronting me, he looked not unlike a gigantic ape.

When I say that I was terrified by the presence of this unwelcome intruder, I speak no more than truth. Had I been on horseback—on the back of Moro—I should have regarded the creature no more than the snail that crawled upon the grass. The grizzly bear is too slow to overtake a horse; but I was on foot, and well knew that the animal could outrun me, however swift I deemed myself.

To suppose that he would not attack me would have been to suppose an improbability. I did not count upon such a thing; I knew too well the disposition of the enemy that approached. I knew that in nine cases out of ten the grizzly bear is the assailant—that no animal in America will willingly risk a contest with him; and I am not certain that the lion of Africa would wear his laurels after an encounter with this fierce quadruped.

Man himself shuns such an encounter, unless

mounted upon the friendly horse; and even then, where the ground is not clear and open, the prudent trapper always gives 'old Ephraim'—the prairie sobriquet of the grizzly—a wide berth, and rides on without molesting him. The white hunter reckons a grizzly bear equal in prowess to two Indians; while the Indian accounts the destruction of one of these animals a great feat in his life's history. Among Indian braves, a necklace of bear's claws is a badge of honour, since these adornments can be worn only by the man who has himself killed the animals from which they are taken.

On the other hand, the grizzly bear fears no adversary; he assails the largest animals on sight. The elk, the moose, the bison, or wild-horse, if caught, is instantly killed. With a blow of his paw, he can lay open the flesh, as if it had been gashed with an axe; and he can drag the body of a full-grown buffalo to any distance. He rushes upon man, whether mounted or on foot; and a dozen hunters have retreated before his furious assault. A dozen bullets—say, nearly twice that number—have been fired into the body of a grizzly bear without killing him; and only a shot through the brain or the heart will prove instantaneously mortal. Gifted with such tenacity of life and sanguinary fierceness of disposition, no wonder the grizzly bear is a dreaded creature. Were he possessed of the fleetness of the lion or tiger, he would be a more terrible assailant than either; and it is not too much to say that his haunts would be unapproachable by man. He is slow, however, compared with the horse; and there is another circumstance scarcely less favourable to those who pass through his district—he is not a tree-climber. Indeed, he does not affect the forest; but there is usually some timber in the neighbourhood of his haunts; and many a life has been saved by his intended victim having taken refuge in a tree.

I was well acquainted with these points in the natural history of this animal, and you may fancy the feelings I experienced at finding myself in the presence of one of the largest and fiercest upon the naked plain, alone, dismounted, almost unarmed! There was not a bush where I could hide myself, not a tree into which I might climb. There was no means of escape, and almost none of defence; the knife was the only weapon I had with me; my rifle I had left upon the other side of the barranca, and to reach it was out of the question. Even could I have got to the path that led down the cliff, it would have been madness to attempt crossing there; although not a tree-climber, the grizzly bear, by means of his great claws, could have scaled the cliff more expeditiously than I. I should have been caught before I could have reached the bottom of the ravine, had I made the attempt.

The bear was directly in the path. It would have been literally running 'into his arms' to have gone that way.

These reflections occupy minutes of your time to read; I thought them in less than moments. A single glance around shewed me the utter helplessness of my situation; I saw there was no alternative but a desperate conflict—a conflict with the knife! Despair, that for a moment had unnerved, now had the effect of bracing me; and, fronting my fierce foe, I stood ready to receive him.

I had heard of hunters having conquered and killed the grizzly bear with no other weapon than a knife, but after a terrible and protracted struggle—after many wounds and sore loss of blood. I had read in the book of a naturalist, that 'a man might end a struggle with a bear in a few instants, if one hand be sufficiently at liberty to grasp the throat of the animal with the thumb and fingers externally, just at the root of the tongue, as a slight degree of compression there will generally suffice to produce a spasm of the glottis, thus will soon suffocate the bear beyond the power of

offering resistance or doing injury.' Beautiful theory! Sagacious naturalist! How would you like to try the experiment? Have you ever heard of birds being caught by the application of 'salt to the tail?' The theory is as correct as yours, and I am certain the practice of it would not be more difficult!

But I digress among these after-thoughts. I had no time to reflect upon 'compressions of the tongue' or 'spasms of the glottis.' My antagonist soon finished his reconnaissance of me, and, dropping upon all fours, he uttered a loud roar, and rushed towards me with open mouth.

I had resolved to await his attack; but as he came nearer, and I beheld his great gaunt form, his gleaming teeth, and his senna-coloured eyes flashing like fire, I changed my design; a new thought came suddenly across my mind; I turned and fled.

The thought that prompted me to adopt this course was, that the bear might be attracted by the carcass of the antelope, and pause over it—perhaps long enough to give me a start, or enable me to escape altogether. If not, my situation could be no worse than it then was.

Alas! my hope was short-lived. On reaching the antelope, the fierce monster made no halt. I glanced back; he was already past it, and closing rapidly upon my heels.

I am a swift runner—one of the swiftest. Many a school-day triumph can I remember; but what was my speed against such a competitor! I was only running myself out of breath. I should be less prepared for the desperate conflict that must soon come off; better to turn, and at once face the foe!

I had half resolved—half turned, in fact—when an object flashed before my eyes that dazzled them. Inadvertently, I had run in the direction of the pond; I was now upon its shore. It was the sun gleaming from the water that dazzled me. The surface was calm as a mirror.

A new idea—a sort of half-hope—rushed instantaneously into my mind. It was the straw to the drowning man. The fierce brute was close behind me; another instant, and we must have grappled. Not yet, not yet, thought I. I should fight him in the water—in the deep water: that might give me an advantage. Perhaps, then, the contest would be more equal; perhaps I might escape by diving!

I sprang into the pond without a moment of hesitation. The water was knee-deep. I plunged onward, making for the centre; the spray rose round me; the pond deepened as I advanced; I was soon up to the waist.

I glanced around with anxious heart; the bear was standing upon the edge. To my surprise and joy, I saw that he had halted, and seemed disinclined to follow me.

I say, to my surprise I saw this, for I knew that water has no terrors for the grizzly bear; I knew that he could swim; I had seen many of his kind crossing deep lakes and rapid rivers. What, then, hindered him from following me?

I could not guess, nor, indeed, did I try to guess, at the moment; I thought of nothing but getting further from the shore, and waded on till I had arrived near the centre of the lake and stood neck-deep in the water. I could go no further without swimming, and therefore came to a stand, with my face turned towards my pursuer.

I watched his every movement. He had risen once more upon his hind-quarters, and stood looking after me, but still apparently without any intention of taking to water.

After regarding me for some time, he fell back upon all-fours, and commenced running round the border of the pond, as if searching for a place to enter.

There were not over two hundred paces between us,

for the pond was only twice that in diameter. He could soon have reached me, had he felt so disposed; but for some reason or other, he seemed disinclined to a 'swim.' For a full half-hour he kept running back and forwards along the shore.

Besides the apprehension in which his presence held me, my situation was far from comfortable. Although there was a warm sun overhead, the water was as cold as ice, and my teeth began to chatter like castanets. I knew not how long the scene was to last. I well knew the vengeful disposition of the grizzly bear, and the untiring pertinacity with which he follows any one who may have roused his resentment. Fortunately, I had neither wounded nor molested him, and I was in hopes that my innocence in this respect might save me from a very protracted siege. I had no other hope of being rescued from my perilous situation.

He appeared to have made up his mind to wait until I should come out; though once or twice I thought he was about to swim towards me; for he halted upon the very edge, craned his head over the water, oscillating the forepart of his body, as if going to plunge in. After manoeuvring in this way for some seconds, he turned his side, and continued to pace along the bank.

What he thought of our relative situations, I cannot tell. A third party, in the position of a spectator, would have regarded the tableau as comic in the extreme. Up to my neck in the middle of the pond, with only my head appearing above the water, I must have presented a ludicrous spectacle; and now that I think of it, I cannot help smiling at the figure I must have cut in the eyes of the bear. I did not laugh at it then; I was too badly frightened for that. There was no laughter in me at that hour.

For a long while—full half-an-hour, I should judge—the bear remained near the edge of the pond. Now and again, he made short excursions out into the prairie; but always returned soon, and regarded me afresh, as though determined not to lose sight of me for any length of time. I was in hopes that he might stray round to the other side of the pond, and give me the chance of making a rush for the ravine; but no; he continued on that side where he had first appeared, as though he suspected my design.

I began to despair. I shivered. The pond must have been a spring, so chill were its waters. I shivered, but kept my place; I dared not move out of it. I even feared to agitate the water around me, lest by so doing I might excite my fierce enemy, and tempt his onset. I shivered, but stood still.

My patience was at length rewarded. The bear, making one of his short tours into the prairie, espied the carcass of the antelope. I saw that he had halted over something, though I could not tell what, for my eyes were below the level of the plain. Presently, his head was raised again, and in his jaws were the remains of the prong-horn. To my joy, I now perceived that he was dragging it towards the barranca, and in another minute he had disappeared with it behind the cliff.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TOUGHEST STRUGGLE OF MY LIFE.

I swam a few strokes, and then wading gently and without noise, I stood upon the sandy shore. With shivering frame and dripping garments, I stood, uncertain what course to pursue. I was upon the opposite side of the lake—I mean opposite to where I had entered it. I had chosen that side intentionally, lest the bear should suddenly return. He might deposit the carcass in his lair, and come back to look after me. It is a habit of these animals, when not pressed by immediate hunger, to bury their food or store it in their caves. Even the eating of the antelope would have been an affair of only a few minutes' time.

The bear might still return, more fierce that he had tasted blood.

I was filled with irresolution. Should I fly off to the plain beyond the reach of pursuit? I should have to return again for my horse and rifle. To take to the prairie on foot would be like going to sea without a boat; but, even had I been sure of reaching the settlements in safety without my horse, I could not think of such a thing. I loved my Moro too well to leave him behind me: I would have risked life itself rather than part with that noble creature. No; the idea of deserting him was not entertained for a moment.

But how was I to join him? The only path by which I could cross the barranca, had just been taken by the bear. He was no doubt still upon it, in the bottom of the ravine. To attempt passing over, would be to bring myself once more under the eyes of the fierce brute; and I should certainly become his victim.

Another idea suggested itself—to go up the barranca, and find another crossing, or else head it altogether, and come down upon the opposite side. That was clearly the best plan.

I was about starting forward to execute it, when, to my dismay, I again beheld the bear; this time, not upon the same side with myself, but upon the opposite one, where Moro was picketed! He was slowly climbing out of the ravine, and, when I first saw him, was dragging his huge body over the escarpment of the cliff. In a moment, he stood erect upon the open plain.

I was filled with a new consternation; I saw too surely that he was about to attack the horse!

The latter had already observed the bear's approach, and seemed to be fully aware of his danger. I had staked him at the distance of about four hundred yards from the barranca, and upon a lazo of about twenty in length. At sight of the bear, he had run out to the end of his trail-rope, and was snorting and plunging with affright.

This new dilemma arrested me, and I stood with anxious feelings to watch the result. I had no hope of being able to yield the slightest aid to my poor horse—at least none occurred to me at the moment.

The bear made directly towards him, and my heart throbbed wildly as I beheld the fierce brute almost within clawing distance. The horse sprang round, however, and galloped upon a circle of which the lazo was the radius. I knew, from the hard jerks he had already given to the rope, that there was no chance of its yielding and freeing him. No; it was a raw-hide lazo of the toughest thong. I knew its power, and I remembered how firmly I had driven home the picket-pin. This I had now cause to regret. Oh, what would I have given to have been able to draw the blade of my knife across that rope!

I continued to watch the struggle with a painful feeling of suspense. The horse still kept out of reach by galloping round the circumference of the circle, while the bear made his attacks by crossing its chords, or running in circles of lesser diameter. The whole scene bore a resemblance to an act at the Hippodrome, Moro being the steed, and the bear taking the part of the ring-master!

Once or twice, the rope circling round, and quite taut, caught upon the legs of the bear, and, after carrying him along with it for some distance, flung him over upon his back. This seemed to add to his rage, as, after rising each time, he ran after the horse with redoubled fury. I could have been amused at the singular spectacle, but that my mind was too painfully agitated about the result.

The scene continued for some minutes without much change in the relative position of the actors. I began to hope that the brute might be baffled after all, and finding the horse too nimble for him, would give over his attempts, particularly as I had noticed the latter

administer several kicks that might have discomfited any other assailant; but these only rendered the bear more savage and vengeful.

Just at this time the scene assumed a new phase, likely to bring about the *dénouement*. The rope had become more pressed against the bear; but this time, instead of trying to avoid it, he seized it in his teeth and paws. I thought at first he was going to cut it, and this was exactly what I wished for; but no—to my consternation I saw that he was crawling along it, constantly renewing his hold, and thus gradually and surely drawing nearer to his victim! The horse now screamed with terror!

I could bear the sight no longer. I remembered that I had left my rifle near the edge of the barranca, and some distance from the horse; I remembered, too, that after shooting the antelope, I had carefully reloaded it. I ran forward to the cliff, and dashed madly down its side; I climbed the opposite steep, and clutching the gun, rushed towards the scene of strife.

I was still in time; the bear had not yet reached his victim, though now within less than six feet of him.

I advanced within ten paces, and fired. As though my shot had cut the thong, it gave way at the moment, and the horse with a wild neigh sprang off into the prairie!

I had hit the bear, as I afterwards ascertained, but not in a vital part, and my bullet had no more effect upon him than if it had been a drop of snipe-shot. It was the strength of despair that had broken the rope, and set free the steed.

It was my turn now, for the bear, as soon as he perceived that the horse had escaped him, turned and sprang upon me, uttering, as he did so, a loud cry. I had no choice but fight. I had no time to reload. I struck the brute once with my clubbed rifle, and flinging the gun away, grasped the readier knife. With the strong keen blade—the knife was a bowie—I struck out before me; but the next moment, I felt myself grappled and held fast. The sharp claws tore up my flesh; one paw was gripped over my hips, another rested on my shoulder, while the white teeth gleamed before my eyes. My knife-arm was free; I had watched this when grappling, and with all the energy of despair, I plunged the keen blade between the ribs of my antagonist. I sought for the heart at every stab.

We rolled together to the ground, over and over again. The red blood covered us both. I saw it welling from the lips of the fierce monster, and I joyed to think that my knife reached his vitals. I was wild—I was mad—I was burning with a fierce vengeance—with anger, such as one might feel for a human foe!

Over and over the ground in the fierce struggle of life and death. 'Again I feel the terrible claws, the tearing teeth; again goes my blade up to the hilt. Gracious powers! how many lives has he? Will he never yield to the red steel? See the blood!—rivers of blood—the prairie is red—we roll in blood. I am sick at the sight—sick—I faint—'

CHAPTER XXIV.

OLD COMRADES.

I fancied myself in a future world, battling with some fearful demon. No; those forms I see around me are of the earth. I still live!

My wounds pain me. Some one is binding them up. His hand is rude; but the tender expression of his eye tells me that his heart is kind. Who is he? Whence came he?

I am still upon the wide prairie; I see that clearly enough. Where is my terrible antagonist? I remember our fierce fight—everything that occurred; but—I thought he had killed me!

I certainly *was* dead. But no; it cannot have been I still live!

I see above me the blue sky—around me the green plain. Near me are forms—the forms of men, and yonder I see horses!

Into whose hands have I fallen? Whoever they be they are friends; they must have rescued me from the gripe of the monster. But how? No one was in sight: how could they have arrived in time? I would ask, but have not strength.

The men are still bending over me. I observe one with large beard and brown bushy whiskers. There is another face, old and thin, and tanned to a copper colour. My eyes wander from one to the other; some distant recollections stir within me. Those faces—Now I see them but dimly—I see them no longer—

I had fainted, and was again insensible. Once more I became conscious, and this time felt stronger: I could better understand what was passing around me. I observed that the sun was going down; but a buffalo robe, suspended upon two upright saplings, guarded his rays from the spot where I lay. My serape was under me, and my head rested in my saddle, over which another robe had been laid. I lay upon my side, and the position gave me a commanding view of all that was passing. A fire was burning near, by which were two persons, one seated, the other standing; my eyes passed from one to the other, scanning each in turn.

The younger stood leaning on his rifle, looking into the fire. 'He was the type of a "mountain man," a trapper. He was full six feet in his moccasins, and of a build that suggested the idea of strength and Saxon ancestry. His arms were like young oaks; and his hand grasping the muzzle of his gun, appeared large, fleshless, and muscular. His cheek was broad and firm, and was partially covered with a bushy whisker, that met over the chin; while a beard of the same colour—dull brown—fringed the lips. The eye was gray, or bluish gray, small, well-set, and rarely wandering. The hair was light brown; and the complexion of the face, which had evidently once been blonde, was now nearly as dark as that of a half-breed. Sun-tan had produced this metamorphosis. The countenance was prepossessing: it might have been once handsome. Its expression was bold, but good-humoured, and bespoke a kind and generous nature.

The dress of this individual was the well-known costume of his class—a hunting-shirt of dressed deer-skin, smoked to the softness of a glove; leggings reaching to the hips, and fringed down the seams; moccasins of true Indian make, soled with buffalo hide (*purflèche*). The hunting-shirt was belted around the waist, but open above, so as to leave the throat and part of the breast uncovered; but over the breast could be seen the under-shirt, of finer material—the dressed skin of the young antelope, or the fawn of the fallow-deer. A short cape, part of the hunting-shirt, hung gracefully over the shoulders, ending in a deep fringe cut out of the buckskin itself. A similar fringe embellished the draping of the skirt. On the head was a racoon-cap—the face of the animal over the front, while the barred tail, like a plume, fell drooping over the left shoulder.

The accoutrements were a bullet-pouch, made from the undressed skin of a tiger-cat, ornamented with the head of the beautiful summer-duck. This hung under the right arm, suspended by a shoulder-strap; and attached, in a similar manner, was a huge crescent-shaped horn, upon which was carved many a strange souvenir. His arms consisted of a knife and pistol—both stuck in the waist-belt—and a long rifle, so straight that the line of the barrel seemed scarcely to deflect from that of the butt.

But little attention had been paid to ornament in either his dress, arms, or equipments; and yet there was a gracefulness in the hang of his tunic-like shirt, a stylishness about the fringing and bead-embroidery, and an air of jauntiness in the set of the 'coon-skin cap, that shewed the wearer was not altogether unmindful of his personal appearance. A small pouch or case, ornamented with stained porcupine quills, hung down upon his breast. This was the pipe-holder—no doubt a *gage d'amour* from some dark-eyed, dark-skinned damsel, like himself a denizen of the wilderness.

His companion was very different in appearance; unlike him—in almost every respect unlike anybody I had ever seen.

The whole appearance of this individual was odd and striking. He was seated on the opposite side of the fire, with his face partially turned towards me, and his head sunk down between a pair of long lank thighs. He looked more like the stump of a tree dressed in dirt-coloured buckskin than a human being; and had his arms not been in motion, he might have been mistaken for such an object. Both his arms and jaws were moving; the latter engaged in polishing a rib of meat which he had half roasted over the coals.

His dress—if dress it could be called—was simple as it was savage. It consisted of what might have once been a hunting-shirt, but which now looked more like a leathern bag with the bottom ripped open, and sleeves sewed into the sides. It was of a dirty-brown colour, wrinkled at the hollow of the arms, patched round the armpits, and greasy all over; it was fairly "caked" with dirt; there was no attempt at either ornament or fringe. There had been a cape, but this had evidently been drawn upon from time to time, for patches and other uses, until scarcely a vestige of it remained. The leggings and moccasins were on a par with the shirt, and seemed to have been manufactured out of the same hide. They, too, were dirt-brown, patched, wrinkled, and greasy. They did not meet each other, but left a piece of ankle bare, and that also was dirt-brown like the buckskin. There was no under-shirt, vest, or other garment to be seen, with the exception of a close-fitting cap, which had once been catskin; but the hair was all worn off, leaving a greasy, leathery-looking surface, that corresponded well with the other parts of the dress. Cap, shirt, leggings, and moccasins, looked as if they had never been stripped off since the day they were first tried on, and that might have been many a year ago. The shirt was open, displaying the naked breast and throat, and these, as well as the face, hands, and ankles, had been tanned by the sun and smoked by the fire to the hue of rusty copper. The whole man, clothes and all, looked as if he had been smoked on purpose.

His face bespoke a man of sixty, or thereabout; his features were sharp, and somewhat aquiline; and the small eyes were dark, quick, and piercing. His hair was black, and cut short; his complexion had been naturally brunette, though there was nothing of the Frenchman or Spaniard in his physiognomy. He was more likely of the black-Saxon breed.

As I looked at this man, I saw that there was a strangeness about him, independently of the oddness of his attire. There was something peculiar about his head—something *wanting*.

What was it that was wanting? It was his ears!

There is something awful in a man without his ears. It suggests some horrid drama—some terrible scene of cruel vengeance: it suggests the idea of crime committed and punishment inflicted.

I might have had such horrid imaginings, but that I chanced to know why those ears were wanting. I remembered the man who was sitting before me!

It seemed a dream, or, rather, the re-enactment of an old scene. Years before, I had seen that individual, and for the first time, in a situation very similar. My

eyes first rested upon him, seated as he was now, over a fire, roasting and eating. The attitude was the same; the *tout ensemble* in no respect different. There was the same greasy catskin-cap, the same scant leggings, the same brown buckskin covering over the lanky frame. Perhaps neither shirt nor leggings had been taken off since I last saw them. They appeared no dirtier, however; that was not possible. Nor was it possible, having once looked upon the wearer, ever to forget him. I remembered him at a glance—Reuben Rawlings, or 'Old Rube,' as he was more commonly called, one of the most celebrated of trappers. The younger man was 'Bill Garey,' another celebrity of the same profession, and old Rube's partner and constant companion.

My heart gladdened at the sight of these old acquaintances. I now knew I was with friends.

I was about to call out to them, when my eye wandering beyond, rested upon the group of horses, and what I saw startled me from my recumbent position. There was Rube's old, blind, bare-ribbed, high-boned, long-eared mare-mustang. Her lank grizzled body, naked tail, and mulish look, I remembered well. There, too, was the large powerful horse of Garey, and there was my own steed Moro picketed beside them! This was a joyful surprise to me, as he had galloped off after his escape from the bear, and I had felt anxious about recovering him; but it was not the sight of Moro that caused me to start with astonishment; it was at seeing another well-remembered animal—another horse. Was I mistaken? Was it an illusion? Were my eyes or my fancy again mocking me? No! It was a reality. There was the noble form, the graceful and symmetrical outlines, the smooth coat of silver white, the flowing tail, the upright jetty ears—all were before my eyes. It was he. *It was the white steed of the prairies!*

MORTALITY.

'And we shall be changed.'

Ye dainty mosses, lichens gray,
Laid cheek on cheek in tender fold,
Each with a soft smile day by day
Returning to the mould;

Brown leaves, that with aerial grace
Slip from the branch like birds a-wing,
Each leaving in the appointed place
Its bud of future spring;

If we, God's sentient creatures, knew
But half your faith in our decay,
We should not tremble as we do
When He calls clay to clay;

But with an equal patience sweet,
We should put off this mortal gear,
In whatsoever new form is meet,
Content to reappear;

Knowing each germ of life He gives
Must have in Him its source and rise;
Being that of His being lives
May change, but never dies.

Ye dead leaves, dropping soft and slow,
Ye mosses green, and lichens fair,
Go to your graves, as I will go,
For God is also there.

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MAJOR TRUEFITT ON THE TOO FINE.

REFINEMENT is a very good thing to a certain extent, but it ought not to be carried too far. Human nature we know to be a mixture: besides those intellectual and emotional parts which we cultivate and refine upon, it includes certain animal elements adapted for the rude physical circumstances in which it exists, and serving, indeed, as a needful basis for all the other constituents. In our refining processes, we run a risk of carrying this rough and hardy constituent out of its proper relations; thereby injuring it, making it sickly and silly, and so undermining the whole fabric. I say, then, we should not refine too much.

Let us take a grave analytic view of that pleasant creature of the civilised world—a *lady*. She lives chiefly in a well-furnished house. When she goes abroad, it is in a carriage. She walks little, she has no sort of work that gives exercise to the muscles; the winds of heaven are never allowed to visit her face too roughly. She is consequently a white, soft, slim creature, strikingly different from an average peasant-woman, or a domestic female servant. This elegant being, moreover, insists upon imposing various restraints and obstructions upon her person, with a view to reducing it to a certain ideal which has been conventionally approved of; thus sacrificing to an arbitrary principle of refinement, the healthy play of certain organs essential to the general wellbeing of the system. The consequence is, that she is unfitted for some of the most important functions imposed on her by destiny, breaks down under them, is perhaps cut short in her career, but more probably undergoes a life-long penance of what is called delicate health, useless for any good end in life, and a source of trouble and vexation to all connected with her. I trace all this—and every physiologist will bear me out in the conclusion—to over-refinement upon the material part of our nature. A thing formed roughly to bear a part in a rough process has been taken out of its element, and kept there till its constitutional force was lost. It sinks, of course, under the first shock it encounters. One must pity the unfortunate creature, as she is in a great measure the victim of ignorance and a false system; but I often feel how much condolence is also due to those relatives who have the interesting invalid to take care of, and how much better it would be for herself and others if she had kept nearer the appointed level of human nature, and so escaped a well-known class of evils.

When that sweetly engaging creature, a babe, falls into the keeping of a happy pair, how well it would be

for both parties if the parents would rightly consider what it is! Do, my dear friends, remember that it is only human. Angel as it seems, it is only a little animal—an animal with some fine potentialities dormant within it—but in the meantime, simply, frankly, and honestly, a little animal. Now, as such, it has a sphere of being, and calls for being kept in harmony with certain conditions round about it. It has a rough, hardy part to play, and rough, hardy organs to play it with. Let it remain rough and hardy to a fair extent, and so maintain its natural ability to play its appointed part. I believe it would be better for it to be a cottage-child, reared on pottage, and tumbling from morn to eve on a village-green, than a nurse-tended, pampered denizen of a palace, only allowed to take the air at stated hours in a perambulator, or in a brief dull walk. The problem is the simplest imaginable. Keep the creature in all respects on the level of human nature—the healthful average between the physical and the mental parts of our being—and all will be well. Make it too fine, and you lay for it the foundation of unnumbered dangers.

The great bulk of the men who are engaged in the professions and in the higher fields of mercantile life, are little aware of the dangers of their course. Called on to exercise the intellect chiefly, confined to the study and the counting-room, the physical part of their being gets but a restricted play. It has often occurred to me, in conversing with a studious friend, or an assiduous man of business, to ask whether he ever fully considered that there are such things going on in the world as the digging of ditches, the felling of trees, and the holding of ploughs. If they look abroad, they will see that such things are done—that certain men have the strength to do them, and that certain useful ends are thus attained. It appears, in short, that rough labour, vigorous muscular powers, and consequent good to the commonwealth, are all of them coherent parts of the scheme of Providence. Now, there may be individuals better adapted for hard work than others, or it may be convenient to assign the specially hard work to certain persons, while others undertake softer and more refined tasks. But there are no specific differences in human beings to adapt one to one kind of task, and another to another; there are no beings wholly muscle, or wholly brain. There is but one constitution for all, each example of which involves some proportion of every feature common to the rest. The men whose rôle it is, then, to use the intellect chiefly, have also a muscular system of some degree of force—not well fitted, perhaps, for ditch-digging, but still a muscular system forming an

essential part of their constitution, and requiring to be kept in harmony with the parts of the external world to which it is adapted. They must see to make some use of this clumsy and clogging machine, as they sometimes feel the body to be; otherwise they will have to lay their account with sundry hurtful consequences. If they have no real labour for their arms and their limbs, whereby a useful end may be served, they would do well to take up with some amateur kind, however purposeless. If they dislike digging a garden, let them take to bowling or cricket. Let them at least take rides or walks. Field-sports unfortunately involve an element of inhumanity; yet even field-sports are better than no sports at all. We sometimes wonder at the eagerness of fine gentlemen to get away from their dulcet city-life to a Highland moor or the banks of a Lapland river, there to go through a course of practice attended by most of the hardships of the peasant's lot; but I regard this appetency as in truth the voice of nature proclaiming that man has a physical system which needs exercise, in order that we may be wholly well and happy.

It was perhaps an internal voice of this kind which prompted some of the philosophers of the eighteenth century to propound the startling dogma, that the life of the savage was the only natural and right life. This it certainly is not; but the idea might nevertheless point to some obscure form of truth. The matter, as I apprehend it, is simply this: The ruder material part of our nature is not changed or extinguished by civilisation. It continues, in civilisation, to exist, and to prefer its claims for a suitable exercise and gratification; and these claims must be complied with, if we would maintain the whole fabric in *equilibrium* and in health.

There is a similar philosophy regarding our mental nature. It embraces a wonderful variety of powers, sentiments, and tendencies, applicable to an equally wonderful variety of circumstances and necessities, many of which are homely and inelegant, while others are the opposite. The mind of man, in short, has rough work appointed for it in this world, as well as fine; and it has been constituted accordingly, just as the body was formed for hewing trees as well as the carving of ivory-boxes. When we go too far in mental refinement, there arises a class of evils analogous to those which befall the too delicately treated person. Not merely do we become acutely sensitive to trifling vexations, and unfit to stand the serious shocks which from time to time occur to the most happily placed people, but we grow in selfishness. Everything which does not yield an immediate return of pleasure, is felt to be a *bore*—a peculiar word, the use of which may be considered as perhaps the best exponent of this system of over-refinement in a portion of society. Ceasing to relish simple pleasures, we get few real ones at all. Disdaining simple worth and mediocre attainments, we narrow the social circle in which we may be useful. Surely this our last estate is worse than the first. At the same time, it has never been found that over-refinement subdues any of the irregular passions of the human breast; it only gives them new directions, or teaches how they may be masked. Let us not be too eager to lay bare the moral interior of the man of extreme refinement. On the other hand, is it not universally found in the ordinary world, that there may be a perfect simplicity of life, making as near an approach to innocence as our nature is susceptible of, where refinement has not been carried beyond a medium degree?

I hope, my friends, that these few imperfect observations will not be considered as a declaration of war against refinement. I am a friend, not an enemy, to refinement, and delight to see men and women improving their taste and the style of their manners, when it is done to really good issues. Only let us take care

not to carry the process beyond a healthy point, for then we come in contact with evils worse than those we seek to avoid.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXV.—A QUEER CONVERSATION.

THE surprise, with the exertion I had made in raising myself, overcame me, and I fell back in a swoon. It was but a momentary dizziness, and in a short while I was again conscious. Meanwhile, the two men had approached, and having applied something cold to my temples, stood near me conversing: I heard every word.

'Durn the weemen!' (I recognised Rube's voice); 'thur allers a gittin a fellur into some scrape. Hyar's a putty pickle to be in, an all through a gurl. Durn the weemen! sez I.'

'We-ell,' drawlingly responded Garey, 'pre-haps he loves the gal. They sez she's mighty hansom. Love's a strong feelin, Rube.'

Although I had my eyes partially open, I could not see Rube, as he was standing behind the suspended robe; but a gurgling, clucking sound—somewhat like that made in pouring water from a bottle—reached my ears, and told me what effect Garey's remark had produced upon his companion.

'Cuss me, Bill!' the latter at length rejoined—'cuss me! ef yur ain't as durned a fool as the young fellow himself! Love's a strong feelin! He, he, he—ho, ho, hoo! Wal, I guess it must a be to make sich doctored fools o' reasonable men. As yit, it ain't fooled this child, I reck'n.'

'You never knewd what love wur, old hoss?'

'Thur yur off o' the trail, Bill-ee. I did once—yis; oncest I wur in love, plum to the toe-nails. But thet wur a gurl to git sweet on. Ye-es, thet she wur, an no mistake!'

This speech ended in a sigh that sounded like the blowing of a buffalo.

'Who wur the gal?' inquired Garey after a pause. 'White, or Injun?'

'Injun!' exclaimed Rube, in a contemptuous tone: 'no; I reck'n not, boyee. I don't say thet, for a w'y, an Injun ain't jest as good as a white, an more convaynient she are to git shet of when yur tired o' her. I've hed a good grist o' squaws in my time—befo dozen maybe, an maybe more. This I kin say, an no boatin neyther, thet I never sold a squaw yet for a plug o' bacca less than I gin for her; an on most o' 'em I made a clur profit. Thurfur, Billie, I don't object to an Injun fur a wife: but wives is one thing, an *sweethearts* is diff'rent, when it comes to thet. Now the gurl I'm a-talkin 'bout wur my sweetheart.'

'She wur a white gal, then?'

'Are allyblaster white? She wur white as the bleached skull o' a buffler; an sech har! 'Twur as red as the brush o' a kitfox. Eyes too! Ah, Billie, boy, them wur eyes to squint out o'! They wur as big as a buck's, an as soft as smoked fawn-skin. I never seed a pair o' eyes like hern!'

'What wur her name?'

'Her name wur Char'ty, an as near as I kin remember 'twur Holmes—Char'ty Holmes. Ye-es, thet wur the name. 'Twur upon Big-duck creek in the Tennessee bottom, the place whur this child chawed his fust hoe-cake. Let me see—it ur now more'n thirty year ago. I fust met the gurl at a candy-pullin; an I recollect well we wur put to eat taffy agin one another. We ate till our lips met; an thet the kessin—thet wur kessin, boyee. Char'ty's lips wur sweeter than the candy! We met oncest agin at a corn-shuckin, an arterwards at a blanket-trampin, an thur's whur the business wur done. I seed Char'ty

ankles as she wur a-trampin out the blankets, as white an smooth as peeled poplar. Arter thet turn, all up wi' Reuben Rawlings. I approached the gurl 'thout more ado; an sez I: "Char'ty," sez I, "I freeze to you;" an sez she: "Reuben, I cottons to you." So I immedieantly made up to the ole squire—thet ur Squire Holmes—an axed him for his darter. Durn the ole skunk! he refused to gin her to me!

'Jest then, thur kum a pedlar from Kinneticut, all kivered wi' fine broadcloth. He made love to Char'ty; an wud yur believe it, Bill? the gurl married him! Cuss the weemen! thur all alike.

'I met the pedlar shortly arter, an gin him sech a larrupin as laid him up for a month; but I hed to clur out for it, an I then tuk to the plains. I never seed Char'ty arterward, but I heerd o' her onces from a fellur I kim acroost on the Massoury. She wur a splendid critter; an if she ur still livin, she must hev a good glist o' young uns by this, for the fellur said she'd hed twine shortly arter she wur married, with *her as eyes jest like herself!* Wal, thur's no kalklatin on weemen, any how. Jest see what this young fellur's got by tryin to sarve 'em. Wagh!

Up to this moment I took no part in the conversation, ner had I indicated to either of the trappers that I was aware of their presence. Everything was enveloped in mystery. The presence of the white steed had sufficiently astonished me, and not less that of my old acquaintances, Rube and Garey. The whole scene was a puzzle; I was now equally at a loss to account for their being acquainted with the cause that had brought me there. That they were so, was evident from their conversation. Where could they have procured their information on this head? Neither of them had been at the rancheria, nor in the army anywhere; certainly not, else I should have heard of them. Indeed, either of them would have made himself known to me, as a strong friendship had formerly existed between us.

But they alone could give me an explanation, and, without further conjecture, I turned to them.

'Rube! Garey!' I said, holding out my hands.

'Hilloo! yur a-comin too, young fellur. The't's right; but thur now—lay still a bit—don't worrit yerself; y'll be stronger by 'n by.'

'Take a sup o' this,' said the other, with an air of rude kindness, at the same time holding out a small gourd, which I applied to my lips. It was *aguardiente* of El Paso, better known among the mountain-men as 'Paw-whisky.' The immediate effect of this strong, but not bad spirit, was to strengthen my nerves, and render me abler to converse.

'I see you recollects us, capt'n,' said Garey, apparently pleased at the recognition.

'Well, old comrades—well do I remember you.'

'We ain't forgot you neyther. Rube an I often talked about ye. We many a time wondered what hed become o' you. We heerd, of coorse, that you hed gone back to the settlements, an that you hed come into gobs o' property, an hed to change yur name to git it!'

'Durn the name!' interrupted Rube. 'I'd change mine any day for a plug o' Jeemes River bacca; that wud I sartint.'

'No, capt'n,' continued the younger trapper, without heeding Rube's interruption, 'we hedn't forgot you, neyther of us.'

'That we hedn't!' added Rube emphatically: 'forgot ye—forgot the young fellur as tuk ole Rube for a grizzly! He, he, he!—ho, ho, hoo! How Bill hyur did lart when I gin him the account o' that bishness in the cave. Bill, boy, I niver seed you lart so in all my life. Ole Rube tuk for a grizzly! He, he, he!—ho, ho, hoo!'

And the old trapper went off into a fit of laughing that occupied nearly a minute. At the end of it, he continued:

'Thet wur a kewrious bit o' dodgin—wa'nt it, young fellur? You saved my ole karkidge thet time, an I ain't a-gwine to forgit it; no, this child ain't.'

'I think you have repaid me; you have rescued me from the bear?'

'From one bar preehaps we did, but from t'other grizzly you reacoosed yerself; an, young fellur, you must a fit a putty consid'able bout afore the vamin't knocked under. The way you hev gin him the bowie ur a caution to snakes, I reck'n.'

'What? were there two bears?'

'Look thur! thur's a kuppel, ain't thur?'

The trapper pointed in the direction of the fire. Sure enough, the carcasses of two bears lay upon the ground, both skinned, and partially cut up!

'I fought with only one.'

'An thet wur enuf at a time, an a leetle more, I reck'n. 'Tain't many as lives to wag thur jaws arter a stan-up tussle wi' a grizzly.' Wagh! how you must have fit, to a rubbed out thet bar!'

'I killed the bear, then?'

'Thet you sartintly did, young fellur. When Bill an me kim on the groun, the bar wur as dead as pickled pork. We thort yur case wa'nt any better. Thur you lay a-huggin the bar, an the bar a-huggin you, as ef both on yur hed gone to sleep in a sort o' friendly way, like the babbies in the wood. But thur wur yur claret a kiverin the paraira for yurds round. Thur wa'nt as much blood in you as wud a gin a leech his breakfast.'

'The other bear?'

'She kum arterwards out o' the gully. Bill, he wur gone to look arter the white hoss. I wur sittin by you, jest hyur, when I seed the vamin't's snout pokin up. I knowd it wur the she-bar a-comin to see where ole Eph had strayed to. So I tuk up Targuta, an plummed the critter in the eye, an thet wur the cend o' her trampin.

'Now, lookee hyur, young fellur! I ain't no doctur, neyther's Bill, but I knows enough about wounds to be sartint thet you must lay still, an stop talkin. Yur mighty bad scratched, I tell ye, but yur not dangerous, only you've got no blood in yur body, an you must wait till it gathers agin. Take another suck out o' the gourd. Thur now, come, Billes! leave 'im alone. Le's go an hev a fresh tooth-full o' bar-meat.'

And so saying, the leathery figure moved off in the direction of the fire, followed by his younger companion.

Although I was anxious to have a further explanation about the other points that puzzled me—about the steed, the trappers' own presence, their knowledge of my wild hunt, and its antecedents—I knew it would be useless to question Old Rube any further after what he had said; I was compelled, therefore, to follow his advice, and remain quiet.

CHAPTER XXIV.

VOYS OF VENGEANCE.

I soon fell asleep again, and this time slept long and profoundly. It was after nightfall, in fact, near midnight, when I awoke. The air had grown chilly, but I found I had not been neglected; my serape was wrapped closely around me, and with a buffalo-robe, had sufficiently protected me from the cold while I slept. On awaking, I felt much better and stronger. I looked around for my companions. The fire had gone out—no doubt intentionally extinguished, lest its glare amid the darkness might attract the eye of some roving Indian. The night was a clear one, though moonless; but the heaven was spangled with its sparkling worlds, and the starlight enabled me to make out the forms of the two trappers and the group of browsing horses. Of the former, one only was asleep; the other sat upright, keeping guard over the camp. He was motionless

as a statue; but the small spark gleaming like a glowworm from the bowl of his tobacco-pipe, gave token of his wakefulness. Dim as the light was, I could distinguish the upright form to be that of the earless trapper. It was Garey who was sleeping.

I could have wished it otherwise. I was anxious to have some conversation with the younger of my companions; I was longing for an explanation, and I should have preferred addressing myself to Garey. My anxiety would not allow me to wait, and I turned towards Rube. He sat near me, and I spoke in a low tone, so as not to awake the sleeper.

'How came you to find me?'

'By follerin yur trail.'

'Oh, you followed me then! From the settlements?'

'Not so fur. Bill an me wur camped in the chapparil, an spied you a gallupin arter the white hoss, as ef all the devils wur arter you. I knowd yur at a glimp; so d'd Bill. Sez I: "Bill, thet ur the young fellur as tuk me for a grizzly up thur in the mountains," an the reckoleckshun o' the sark'mstance sot me a larfin till my ole ribs ached. "It ur the same," sez Bill. An jest then, we met a Mexikin who hed been yur guide, gallupin about in sarch o' you. He gin us a story 'bout some gurl thet hed sent you to catch the white hoss; some saynora with a dodrotted long name. "Durn the weemen!" sez I to Bill. Didn't I, Bill?'

To this interesting interrogatory, Garey, who was but half asleep, gave an assenting grunt.

'Wal,' continued Rube, 'seem thur wur a pettycoat in the case, I sez to Bill, sez I: "Thet young fellur ain't a-gwine to pull up till eyther he grups the hoss, or the hoss gits clur off." Now, I knowd you wur well mounted, but I knowd you wur arter the fastest critter on all these parairas; so I sez to Bill, sez I: "Billee, thur boun for a long gallup." Sez Bill: "Thet ur sartin." Wal! Bill an me tuk the idee in our heads, thet you mout git lost, for we seed the white hoss wur a makin for the big paraira. It ain't the biggest paraira in creashun, but it ur one of the wust to git strayed on. Yur greenhorns wur all gone back, so Bill an me catched up our critters, an as soon as we kud saddle 'em, put arter you. When we kumd out in the paraira, we seed no signs o' you, 'ceptin yur trail. Thet we follered up; but it wur night long afore we got half way hyur, an wur obleeged to halt till sunup.

'In the mornin, the trail wur nurly blind, on account o' the rain; an it tuk us a good spell afore we reached the gully. "Thur," sez Bill, "the hoss hes jumped in an hyur's the trail o' the young fellur leadin down the bank." Wal, we wur jest turnin to go down, when we seed yur own hoss a good ways off on the paraira, 'ithout saddle or bridle. We rid straight for him, an when we got closter, we seed somethin on the groun, right under the hoss's nose. Thet somethin turned out to be yurself an the grizzly, lyin in grups, as quiet as a kuppel o' sleepin 'possums. Yur hoss wur a squealin like a bag o' wild-cats, an at fust Bill an me thort you hed gone under. But upon a closter view, we seed you wur only a faintin, while the bar wur as dead as a buck. Of coorse we sot about doctorin you, to fotch you roun agin.'

'But the steed? the white steed?'

'Bill hyur grupped him in the gully. A leetle further down it's stopped up wi' big rocks. We knowd thet, for we'd been hyur afore. We knowd the hoss kudn't a got over the rocks, an Bill went arter an foun him, on a ledge whur he hed clomb out o' reech o' the flood; an then he lazooed the critter, an fotchd 'im up hyur. Now, young fellur, you hev the hul story.'

'An the hoss,' added Garey, rising from his recumbent position, 'he's yourn, capt'n. Ef you hadn't rid him down, I couldn't a roped him so easy. He's yourn, ef yu 'll accept him.'

'Thanks, thanks! not for the gift alone, but I may thank you for my life. But for you, I might never have left this spot. Thanks! old comrades, thanks!'

Every point was now cleared up. There was mystery no longer, though, from an expression which Garey had dropped, I still desired a word with him in private.

On further inquiry, I learned that the trappers were on their way to take part in the campaign. Some barbarous treatment they had experienced from Mexican soldiers at a frontier post, had rendered both of them inveterate foes to Mexico; and Rube declared he would never be contented until he had 'plugged a score of the yellur-hidden vamints.' The breaking out of the war gave them the opportunity they desired, and they were now on their way, from a distant part of prairie-land, to take a hand in it.

The vehemence of their hostility towards the Mexicans somewhat surprised me—as I knew it was a recent feeling with them—and I inquired more particularly into the nature of the ill-treatment they had received. They answered me by giving a detailed account of the affair. It had occurred at one of the Mexican frontier towns, where, upon a slight pretext, the trappers had been arrested and flogged, by order of the commanding officer of the post.

'Yes-a!' said Rube, the words hissing angrily through his teeth; 'yes-a, flogged!—a mountain-man flogged by a cussed monkey of a Mexikin! Ne'er a mind! ne'er a mind! By the 'tarnal!—an when I say thet, I swar it—this nigger don't leave Mexiko till he hes rubbed out a soger for every lash they gin him—as that's twenty!'

'Hyur's another, old hoss!' cried Garey, with equal earnestness of manner—'hyur's another that swar the same oath!'

'Yes, Billee, boy! I guess we 'll count some in a skrimmage. Thur's two a'ready! lookee thur, young fellur!'

As Rube said this, he held his rifle close to my eyes, pointing with his finger to a particular part of the stock. I saw two small notches freshly cut in the wood. I knew well enough what these notches meant; they were a registry of the deaths of two Mexicans, who had fallen by the hand or bullet of the trapper. They had not been the only victims of that unerring and deadly weapon. On the same piece of wood-work I could see long rows of similar *souvenirs*, apart from each other, only differing a little in shape. I knew something of the signification of these horrible hieroglyphics; I knew they were the history of a life fearfully spent—a life of red realities.

The sight was far from pleasant. I turned my eyes away, and remained silent.

'Mark me, young fellur!' continued Rube, who noticed that I was not gratified by the inspection; 'don't mistake Bill Garey an me for wild beasts; we ain't thet quite: we've been mighty riled, I reck'n; but fr all thet we ain't a-gwine to take revenge on weemen an childer, as Injuns do. No—weemen an childer don't count, nor men neyther, unless thur sogers. We've no spite agin the poor alaves o' Mexiko. They never did me nor Bill harm. We've been on one skurry, along wi' the Yutawa, down to the Del Nort settlements. Thur's whur I made them two nicks; but neyther Bill or me laid a finger on the weemen an childer. It wur bekaase the Injuns did, thet we left 'em. We're jest kum from thur. We want fair fight among Christyun whites; thet's why we're hyur. Now, young fellur!'

I was glad to hear Rube talk in this manner, and I so signified to him. Indianised as the old trapper was, with all his savageness, all his reckless indifference to ordinary emotions, I knew there was still a touch of humanity in his breast. Indeed, on more than one occasion, I had witnessed singular displays

of fine feeling on the part of Rube. Circumstanced as he was, he is not to be judged by the laws of civilised life.

'Your intention, then, is to join some corps of rangers, is it not?' I asked after a pause.

'I shed like it,' replied Garey: 'I shed like to join your company, cap'n; but Rube hyur won't consent to it.'

'No!' exclaimed the other with emphasis; 'I'll jine no kumpny. This niggur fights on his own hook. Yur see, young fellur, I hev been all my life a free mountanee-man, an don't understan sogerin, no how. I mout make some mistake, or I moutn't like some o' the regilashuns; thurfor I prefers fightin arter my own fashun. Bill an me kin take care o' ourselves, I reck'n. Kin we, Bill?—eh, boyee?'

'I guess so, old hoss,' replied Garey mildly; 'but for all that, Rube, I think it would be better to go at it in a reglar way—particularly as the cap'n hyur would make the sogerin part as easy as possible. Wudn't yur, cap'n?'

'The discipline of my corps is not very severe. We are *Rangers*, and our duties are different from those of regular soldiers'—

'It ur no use,' interrupted Rube; 'I must fight as I've allers fit, free to kum an free to go whur I please. I won't bind myself. I moutn't like it, an mout desart.'

'But by binding yourself,' suggested I, 'you draw pay and rations; whereas'—

'Durn pay an rashuns!' exclaimed the old trapper, striking the butt of his rifle upon the prairie. 'Durn pay an rashuns! Young fellur, I fights for revenge!'

This was said in an energetic and conclusive manner, and I urged my advice no further.

'Look hyur, cap!' continued the speaker in a more subdued tone. 'Though I ain't a-gwine to jine yur fellurs, yet thur ur a favor I wud axe from yur; an that is, to let me an Bill keep by you, or foller whur-iver you lead. I don't want to sponge for rashuns; we'll git thet ef thur's a head o' game in Mexiko, an ef thur ain't, why we kin eat a *Mexikin*. Can't we, Bill?—eh, boyee?'

Garey knew this was one of Rube's jokes, and laughingly assented; adding at the same time, that he would prefer eating any other 'sort o' varmint.'

'Ne'er a mind!' continued Rube; 'we ain't a-gwine to starve. So, young fellur, ef you agrees to our goin on them tarmz, yu'll heve a kuppel o' rifles near you thet won't miss fire—they won't.'

'Enough! You shall go and come as you please. I shall be glad to have you near me, without binding you to any term of service.'

'Hooray!—thet's the sort for us! Kum, Billee!—gie's another suck out o' yur gourd. Hyur's success to the Stars and Stripes! Hooray for Texas!'

CHAPTER XXVII.

A 'WEED'-PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

My recovery was rapid. My wounds, though deep, were not dangerous; they were only flesh-wounds, and closed rapidly under the cauterising influence of the *lechuguilla*. Rude as my doctors were, in the matter of such a malady, I could not have fallen into better hands. Both, during their lives of accident and exposure, had ample practice in the healing art; and I would have trusted either, in the curing of a rattlesnake's bite, or the tear of a grizzly bear's claw, in preference to the most accomplished surgeon. Old Rube, in particular, thoroughly understood the simple pharmacopœia of the prairies; and his application to my wounds of the sap of the *pita* plant, obtained among the rocks of the ravine, bespoke his skill. This plant, a *bromelia*, is of the same genus as the *Agave Americana*, and by travellers often confounded with the latter,

though quite a distinct plant from the *maguay* of cultivation. It grows in most parts of Mexico and South America, extending as far north as the latitude of 30°, and even further. There is no spot too arid or barren to give support to it. It is a true desert plant; and even on the naked rock, its curved and thorny blades may be seen radiating on all sides from the tall flower-stalk, that shoots upward like a signal-staff, to the height of twenty feet. As already observed, its uses are manifold: the fibre of its leaves can be manufactured into thread, cordage, and cloth; fences are constructed of the growing plant, and thatch of the blades when cut; its sap, distilled, furnishes the fiery but not unwholesome *mezcal*; and the large egg-shaped core or stem is eaten for food. Tribes of Indians—Lipans, Comanches, and Apaches—use it extensively as an article of diet. One branch of the great Apache nation are distinguished as '*Mezcaleros*' (eaters of the *mezcal*-plant). They bake it in ground-ovens of heated stones, along with the flesh of the wild-horse. It is firm when cooked, with a translucent appearance like candied fruits. I have eaten it; it is palatable—I might say delicious. The mastication of it is accompanied by a prinkling sensation upon the tongue, singular to one unaccustomed to it. It is a gift of nature to the desert regions, where it grows in greatest luxuriance, and where it serves the same purpose in the economy of the savage natives as the *ixias*, *mesembryanthemums*, and *zamas* (the Caffre bread), upon the arid karoo of Southern Africa.

One of the most esteemed qualities of this *bromelia* is the cauterising property of its juice, well known to the natives of the Mexican table-land, and to the Peruvians, where several species are found of like virtues. It will cause ordinary wounds to cicatrise in a few hours, and even 'ugly gashes' will yield to it in time.

My companions had full knowledge of its effects, and having extracted the sap from its large succulent leaves, and boiled it to the consistency of honey, they applied it to my wounds. This operation they from time to time repeated, and the scratches were healed in a period marvellously short. My strength, too, was soon restored. Garey with his gun catered for the cuisine, and the ruffed grouse, the prairie partridge, and roasted ribs of fresh venison, were dainties even to an invalid.

In three days I was strong enough to mount; and bidding adieu to our camping-ground, we set forth, taking with us our beautiful captive. He was still as wild as a deer; but we adopted precautions to prevent him from getting off. The trappers led him between them, secured to the saddles of both by a lazo.

We did not return in the direction of our old trail; my companions knew a shorter route, at least one upon which we should sooner reach water, and that is the most important consideration on a prairie-journey. We headed in a more westerly direction; in which, by keeping in a straight line, we should strike the Rio Grande some distance above the rancheria.

The sky was leaden-gray, the sun not being visible, and with no guide in the heavens, we knew that we might easily diverge from a direct course. To provide against this, my companions had recourse to a compass of their own invention. On taking our departure from camp, a sapling was stuck into the ground, and upon the top of this was adjusted a piece of bear's-skin, which, with the long hair upon it, could be distinguished at the distance of a mile or more. The direction having been determined upon, another wand, similarly garnished with a tuft of the bear's-skin, was set up several hundred yards distant from the first.

Turning our backs upon these signal-posts, we rode off with perfect confidence, glancing back at intervals to make sure we were keeping the track. So long as they remained in sight, and aligned with each other,

we could not otherwise than travel in a straight path. It was an ingenious contrivance, but it was not the first time I had been witness to the 'instincts' of my trapper-friends, and therefore I was not astonished.

When the black tufts were well-nigh hidden from view, a similar pair—the materials for which had been brought along—were erected, and these insured our direction for another stretch of a mile; then fresh saplings were planted; and so on, till we had passed over some six miles of the plain.

We now came in sight of timber right ahead of us, and apparently about five miles distant. Towards this we directed our course.

We reached the timber about noon, and found it to consist of black-jack and post-oak groves, with mezquite and wild-china trees interspersed, and here and there some taller trees of the honey-locust (*Gleditsia triacanthos*).

It was not a close forest, but a succession of groves, with openings between—avenues and grassy glades. There were many pleasant spots, and, faint with the ride, I would fain have chosen one of them for a resting-place; but there was no water, and without water we could not halt. A short distance further, and we should reach a stream—a small *arroyo*, an affluent of the Rio Grande. So promised my companions, and we rode onward.

After passing a mile or so through the timber-openings, we came out on the edge of a prairie of considerable extent. It was full three miles in diameter, and differed altogether from the plain we had left behind us. It was of the kind known in hunter phraseology as a 'weed-prairie'—that is, instead of having a grassy turf, its surface was covered with a thick growth of flowering-plants, as *helianthus*, *malvas*, *althæas*, *hibiscus*, and other tall annuals standing side by side, and frequently laced together by wild-pea vines and various species of convolvulus. Such a flower-prairie was the one now before us, but not a flower was in sight; they had all bloomed, faded, and fallen, perhaps unseen by human eye, and the withered stalks, burned by a hot sun, looked brown and forbidding. They cracked and broke at the slightest touch, shelling their seed-pods like rain upon the loose earth.

Instead of striking across this prairie, we skirted around its edge; and at no great distance, arrived on the banks of the arroyo which ran along one side.

We had made but a short march; but my companions, fearful that a longer ride might bring on fever, proposed to encamp there for the night, and finish our journey on the following day. Though I felt strong enough to have gone further, I made no objection to the proposal; and our horses were at once unsaddled and picketed near the banks of the arroyo.

The stream ran through a little bottom-valley covered with a sward of grass, and upon this we staked our steeds; but a better place offered for our camp upon the higher ground; and we chose a spot under the shade of a large locust-tree, upon the edge of the great wilderness of weeds. To this place we carried our saddles, bridles, and blankets, and having collected a quantity of dead branches, kindled our camp-fire. We had already quenched our thirst at the stream, but, although we were all three hungry enough, the dried flesh of the grizzly bear proved but a poor repast. The rivulet looked promising for fish. Garey carried both hooks and line in his 'possible sack,' and I proposed the angle.

The young trapper soon baited his hooks; and he and I, repairing to the stream, cast our lines, sat down, and waited for a nibble.

Fishing was not to Rube's taste. For a few minutes he stood watching us, but evidently with little interest, either in the sport, or what it might produce. Rube was not a fish-eater.

'Durn yur fish!' exclaimed he at length: 'I'd rather hev a hunk o' deer-meat than all the fish in Texas. I'll jest see ef I kin scare up somethin'; the place looks likely for deer—it do.'

So saying, the old trapper shouldered his long rifle, and stalking away up the bank, was soon out of sight.

Garey and I continued bobbing with but indifferent success. We had succeeded in drawing out a couple of cat-fish, not the most palatable of the finny tribe, when the crack of Rube's rifle sounded in our ears. It seemed to come from the weed-prairie, and we both ran up on the high bank to ascertain what success had attended the shot. Sure enough, Rube was out in the prairie, nearly half a mile distant from the camp. His head and shoulders were just visible above the tall stalks of the *helianthus*; and we could see, by his stooping at intervals, that he was bending over some game he had killed, skinning or cutting it up. The game we could not see, on account of the interposed stalks of the weeds.

'A deer, I reck'n,' remarked Garey. 'Buffle don't often o' late years stray so far to the south, though I've killed some on the Grande, higher up.'

Without other remark passing between us, we descended to the arroyo, and continued our fishing. We took it for granted that Rube did not require any aid, or he would have signaled to us. He would soon return with his game to the camp.

We had just discovered that silver-fish (a species of *hyodon*) were plentiful in the stream, and this attracted us back. We were desirous of taking some of them for our dinner, knowing them to be excellent eating, and far superior to the despised 'cat.'

Having changed our bait for some small pieces of gold-lace, which my uniform furnished, we succeeded in pulling several of these beautiful creatures out of the water; and were congratulating one another upon the delicious broil we should have, when our conversation was suddenly interrupted by a crackling noise, that caused both of us to turn our faces towards the prairie. The sight that met our eyes prompted us to spring simultaneously to our feet. Our horses already reared upon their lazeos—neighing with affright—and the wild screams of Rube's mustang mare were loud and continuous. There was no mystery about the cause; that was obvious at a glance. The wind had blown some sparks among the dry flower-stalks. The prairie was on fire!

Though startled at the first sight of the conflagration, for ourselves we had nothing to fear. The bottom on which we stood was a sward of short buffalo-grass; it was not likely to catch fire, and even if it did, we could easily escape from it. There is not much danger in a burning prairie where the grass is light and short; one can dash through the line of flames with no further injury than the singeing of his hair, or a little suffocation from smoke; but upon a plain covered with rank and thick vegetation, the case is very different. We therefore felt no apprehensions for ourselves, but we did for our companion; his situation filled us with alarm.

Was he still where we had last seen him? This was the first question we asked one another. If so, then his peril was great indeed; escape would be almost hopeless! We had observed him a full half mile out among the weeds. He was on foot too. To have attempted a retreat towards the opposite side of the prairie, would have been folly: it was three miles off. Even on horseback, the flames would have overtaken him! Mounted, or on foot, he could not have got out of the way through those tall stalks—laced as they were by pea-vines and other trailing plants—whose tough tangle would have hindered the progress of the strongest horse!

To have returned to the near side would be his only chance; but that would be in the very face of

the fire, and, unless he had started long before the flames broke out, it was evident that his retreat in that direction would be cut off. As already stated, the weeds were as dry as tinder; and the flames, impelled by gusts of wind, at intervals shot out their red tongues, licking up the withered stalks, coiling like serpents around them, and consuming them almost instantaneously.

Filled with forebodings, my companion and I rushed in the direction of the prairie.

When first noticed by us, the fire had extended but a few yards on each side of the locust-tree we had chosen for our camp. We were not opposite this point at the moment, having gone a little way down the arroyo; we ran, therefore, not towards the camp, but for the nearest point of high ground, in order to discover the situation of our friend. On reaching the high ground, about two hundred yards from the locust, we saw to our astonishment that the fire had already spread, and was now burning forward to the spot where we had climbed up! We had only a moment to glance outward, when the conflagration, hissing and crackling as it passed, rolled in front of us, and with its wall of flame shut off our view of the prairie.

But that glance had shewn us all, and filled our hearts with sorrow and dismay; it revealed the situation of the trapper—no longer a situation of peril, but, as we supposed, of certain death! He was still in the place where we had last seen him; he had evidently made no attempt to escape from it. Perhaps the knowledge that such an attempt must have failed, had hindered him from making it. The reflection that he might as well die where he stood, as be licked up by the flames in the act of fleeing from them, had bound him to the spot!

Oh! it was a dread sight to see that old man, hardened sinner that he was, about to be snatched into eternity! I remember his wild look, as the red flame, rolling between us, shut him from our sight! We had seen him but for a single instant: his head and shoulders were alone visible above the tall weeds. He made no sign either with voice or arm; but I fancied that even at that distance I could read his glance of despair.

Was there no hope? Could no exertion be made to rescue him? Could he do nothing for himself? Was there no chance of his being able to clear a circle round him, and burn off a space before the line of fire could come up? Such a ruse has often availed, but no—never in such ground as that! The weeds were too thick and tall—it could not be done—Garey said it could not be done.

There was no hope, then. *The trapper was lost!*

A FÊTE AT TZARSKO-SELO.

No one who has not tried it can conceive an idea of anything much more tiresome than St Petersburg in summer. Ennui is the prevailing sensation, and the all-expressive word by which to describe it. So soon did that terrible ennui seize upon us, and weigh down our spirits and depress even our bodily powers, that before we were settled here—that is to say, before we had given up our passports, and taken out our billet of residence—we were occupied only by the thought of getting away from this city of white houses and stately monotony.

It was a foolish thought, yet we acted upon it, and flew off to Tzarsko-Selo—which word means the seat, or village, of the czar—about twenty-five versts from the capital. A verst is three-quarters of an English mile; and as the railway brings the citizens there two or three times a day, it forms a very pleasant and favourite excursion, especially for strangers.

When the emperor is there, and in summer-time, the

difficulty of getting lodgings is extreme, and the price paid for them exorbitant. All the pretty wooden houses that form the village of the czar, are occupied by the followers of the court, or the officers and their families. We got a sufficiently wretched abode in the house of a man who had been an English boy till he was ten years old, but having then gone to sea in the service of Alexander I., he had grown into a personage very common in Russia, and very disagreeable in general, because it usually happens that the best qualities of the natives to whom they assimilate are not those which they adopt. We have met others, however, of this class to whom the observation would apply much more than it does to this old seaman, whose Russian wife, though married to an Englishman for more than thirty years, could not comprehend the least word of our language. How English blood can ever become so changed as to make an Englishman tolerate a Russian housewife, is rather mysterious. For my part, I will only venture to relate that, having discovered the double purpose to which the store-room was put, where were kept the butter, cheese, milk, preserves, and most other articles of daily consumption, I made a silent resolve never to eat a morsel of any similar things that I did not purchase and bring into our rooms myself.

Hardly were we located in our new abode than we left it in order to get into the park of Tzarsko-Selo. The hope of shade after the uniform glare of St Petersburg was reviving. We took a wrong direction, or rather wrong entrance, which, after a long circuit, suddenly led us into the midst of a quite unexpected scene.

We were ignorant that it was the festival of the fine regiment of guards whose white uniform and dark faces now appeared ranged in a line on the grass before us. It was the festival of their patron saint to whom the regiment is dedicated, and therefore a festival to them.

The spectacle was a curious and very striking one, not the less so for being also a surprising one to us. A picked body of men stood in line; I think there was not a quarter of an inch variation in the equality of their uncovered heads. They held their glittering helmets in their hands; and close before them stood a tall, fair, comely officer, in the prime of life, but with a look of care on his brow, an expression on his face that impressed one with the idea that he was employed in a service he disliked—serving against the grain, as we say. I looked at him with interest, for I thought that he did not like the service of Russia—that he would be glad to throw off the white uniform he wore—that he was perhaps a Pole, or one of the many fragmentary parts that willingly or unwillingly compose that mighty empire.

The whole green space was dotted over, and in the background thronged, with more splendid and varied uniforms, and many of the finest figures that could be seen were set off by more gorgeous equipments. None struck me as having the same expression as the officer who stood before the troops—an expression hard to describe, otherwise than that of distaste to the life he led. But a bell sounded; this officer took off his helmet, turned round, and accidentally cast his eye on me. I met that full blue eye direct, and almost exclaimed aloud: 'The emperor! the czar himself.'

What is there in an eye accustomed to power that makes itself felt? There were far more dashing uniforms, far more commanding figures present, but there was no eye that, when it looked full at you, had the same force, conveyed the same sense of power.

A gentleman who joined us, said he had not seen the czar for eighteen months, and would scarcely have known him, so much was his countenance and general appearance altered. The ruler of such an empire, and of such a one, too, when engaged in a miserable war,

must have known enough in these eighteen months to mark his brow with care, and his countenance with dissatisfaction. On turning round, and uncovering his head, as I have said, the Emperor Alexander II. walked with helmet in hand to a gay-looking little tent, in which an altar was placed, and from which now issued the exquisite voices of the priests and choir singing the appropriate service for a festival, which, like most Russian ones, was half religious, half military. He stood there while it lasted. Of the officers outside, I saw a few, a very few, bless themselves, and bow at stated times; but the generality paid no sort of attention to what was going on. The soldiers crossed themselves, and bowed their heads occasionally, and the movement, when made simultaneously, had a curious effect.

As soon as the service was over, and while the choir still sang, a green and gold covered priest, with long hair streaming to his waist behind, and long beard flowing down before, came half flying from the tent, so quickly did he move along, followed by his obedient master, the tzar of All the Russias. The priest bore in one hand a basin of holy-water, and carried the *asperge*—I must use a French term, not knowing the English one—in the other. He dipped this sort of brush or twig in the water, and flung it at each soldier's face. They stood this remarkably well, in only one or two instances winking the eyes as the water was jerked at them; their imperial master witnessing their behaviour as he walked along the line with the priest.

The whole was to us a novel and a remarkable scene: the sun shining full on the glittering helmets, which were held in an even line; the wild-looking priest, with his un-European air; and the mechanical-looking tzar, who seemed to inspect this performance of the blessing of the soldiers.

After it was over, the emperor very kindly walked down the group—a very small one—of spectators, in order to shew himself, or give them the opportunity of getting a military salute in return for their salutations. They drew back as he passed, but did not make any other demonstration of respect. For our parts, we bowed, as we do in England, very deeply, which obtained us not only a salute, but another cast from that lordly eye, which somehow sinks straight into the mind, and is not forgotten. What must have been such a one from that true type of an autocrat, the Emperor Nicholas, if that of the mild, benevolent-tempered Alexander is felt! It was not imagination that caused me to trace on that countenance the expression of a mind or disposition that would have naturally found its congenial sphere in other employments, or another sphere than these the duties of a position prescribed. I did not know whose countenance it was that I thus expounded, and I was told afterwards that it had greatly changed since the time when the Emperor Nicholas I. left to his son such a heritage of care as the crown of Russia must be to a thoughtful mind or a benevolent heart. After the troops were blessed, they were feasted in the palace court, and we went away. A day or two after, I began to think my physiognomical science had been at fault.

Harry and I were walking in the park, and admiring a splendid, perfectly white Newfoundland dog, and an equally pretty, in its degree, white Italian greyhound. An officer and lady approached: he wore the loose gray overcoat now prescribed to officers as well as soldiers, and a round red cloth cap, like what is called a smoking-cap, on his head; in his hand he held a half-consumed cigar. A tall lady, in a plain shawl and very plain straw-bonnet, by no means of a fashionable shape, since it did not merely cover the back of her head, leaned on his arm. They were chatting and smiling together. A more perfectly free-from-care couple one could not see. The white Newfoundland dog, with its tail like an immense ostrich plume,

attracted more of my notice: it was only in the act of passing that I met once more the full blue eye, and felt again whose it was, but felt it differently, for the face no longer seemed to say: 'Pity, as well as fear me.' Harry, who was a little behind, drew up and said: 'That lady smiled at me, and I never saw her before.'

'Do you not know who she is?'

'Not in the least.'

'That lady is the Empress of Russia—the tzarina.'

A lengthened O! and then a look of profound thought on Harry's face, followed the information. Could that careless, happy-looking man be the same we had seen so shortly before? It was the same; and in the different aspect perhaps a clue to the native character of the individual might be found. When I related this to a lady afterwards, she accounted for the former expression I had noticed by remarking that it was on that day he had received the new British minister, Lord Wodehouse, who had come to St Petersburg on the conclusion of the war. But surely this reception was more likely to remove than to increase the frown of care and dissatisfaction from the imperial brow.

The grounds of Tzarsko-Selo, though artificial, as everything here is, afford a delightful escape from St Petersburg. There is more than a chance of losing one's self, too, in them, an accident which can by no manner of means happen to you in that straight, clear, and conveniently built capital. An artistic gentleman, with something of an Irish mind, having the organ of disorder instead of that of order in his head, told me he could not enjoy Tzarsko because not a leaf was allowed to wither on the ground, and all the walks were swept and re swept all day long. Notwithstanding that this is a fact, I did enjoy it; although, having thoughtlessly carried in my hand a little broken flower, I found it excite the attention of two royal keepers, who gazed upon it most suspiciously.

In the evening, we took as our guide through the extensive and labyrinthine grounds a little serving-maid, whose cheerful, smiling face, and friendly, sociable manner had not the least affinity to our English notion of the Russian serf—the white slave; and indeed, abhorrent as the system is, our common notion of its subjects is a sort of serious caricature.

Gaiety is not a natural attribute of the Russian character, nor of the Russian countenance; on the contrary, even when smiling or laughing, there is, in the expression of the Russian peasants, who alone may now be considered as purely Russian, a something of gravity, or rather melancholy, which is generally indicative of feeling, although they are perhaps peculiarly exempt from that characteristic.

We found a band playing upon the terrace beside the palace, and a great many persons of all ranks walking there—the low and the high together. To this spot our Russian maid was most partial; but our object being a ramble through trees, and an escape from human beings, we contrived to draw her away from the promenade, although to her evident perplexity, as she seemed to think we must be acting under some misapprehension. It is surprising, however, how quickly intelligent these peasants are, and with how much comparative ease they will comprehend what might puzzle a higher order of English intellect. The only really stupid servant I met in Russia was a Pole; but even this Pole, I recollect, was surpassed in dulness by a German. What the Russian peasantry might be made of by cultivation, must be apparent to the strangers who see them in their present more than half-barbaric state.

Tzarsko-Selo is the principal, and, it appears, favourite summer palace of the tzars. The great Peter was its founder, and indulged here also in his

favourite fancy of tree-planting: the avenues of plane-trees are said to have been planted by his own hand. Everything Russian is, however, doomed to be at one time or other destroyed by fire; and so, though added to and adorned by Elizabeth and Catherine, the palace was re-edified by Alexander I., who re-dedicated the monuments which Catherine II. had erected to her favourites, to his brave comrades in arms.

Our host told us, as we walked in these most magnificent gardens, that each berry, or fruit the size of the top of his finger, which the tsar ate cost him 100 rubles (L.15) a year. They say that the bare expense of keeping the walks and gardens in the beautiful order in which they are constantly preserved, amounts to 100,000 rubles annually. It is consoling to know, that the old and invalid soldiers, whose only other portion would be beggary, after twenty-five years of compulsory and unpaid-for service, are the labourers and care-takers employed in this expensive work.

I thought our artist, having a taste for elegant disorder, rather exaggerated the reputed neatness of these grounds, and almost fabulous exactitude of their keepers. But it is true that the walks, trees, and water are just as much the objects of care as the rooms and furniture of the most precise Dutch house can be. No leaf dare rest on the ground, if it has the audacity to alight there; a withering flower must not shed its petals over its mother-earth; the poet dare not say to the last rose of summer in the garden of the tsar:

Thus kindly I'll scatter thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

Such an act would not be justified by any poetic licence at Tzarsko-Selo.

When we consider that the walks which are thus kept without speck or spot appearing, cleaned, brushed, it might be said dusted, from morning to night, would occupy a length of about 150 versets if united in one, it will give us some notion of Russian order and discipline. There is a staff of, I believe, 600 men employed in this work. The grounds are most agreeably diversified, and open pretty views from time to time; lying among the Duderhof Hills, they have the advantage, rare in Russia, of an elevated site. The edifices in them are fantastic; but where all is, or must be, artificial, a fantastic aspect is desirable. The interior of the palace is one scene of eastern splendour and singular variety. The amber chamber is the most famous: the vast quantity of amber with which the walls are covered was presented by Frederick the Great of Prussia to Catherine II.

We entered the Hermitage, which was re-edifying, the walls being gilded and painted elaborately; it is meant as a sort of family retreat with the privileged guests of the imperial court, like the long celebrated one of Catherine II. at St Petersburg: here also is the apparatus for placing and removing the royal meals without the appearance of servants, in the manner which so much delighted Peter I., but which is now used in large public institutions in his country.

The grounds are adorned with Chinese and other buildings, and a lake, on which are pleasure-boats for the amusement and nautical edification of the little dukes. There is also a model-farm at the extremity of the grounds, but we did not reach it. Our maiden guide had been trying to make me comprehend a long speech, and the fact that I did not understand her becoming at last indisputable, she proceeded to a mode of explanation equally incomprehensible. She picked up a small piece of stone, and shewed it to me, pointing at the same time in an opposite direction to that in which we were going. I imagined that the pebble, in her opinion, possessed some efficacy, and I took care to let her see that I put it safely into my pocket; whereupon she laughed, and said: 'No, no!' and taking

up another, touched it with her finger, and pointed in the same direction, throwing it away. We turned, and walked in that direction, and came to the stone fountain—a poetic one. It is called the Fountain of the Broken Pitcher, and is a poem in itself. There is the young girl mourning over her pitcher, which lies broken at her foot, with the water of the fountain pouring through its broken-off neck. It is fortunately not of plaster, and therefore this figure is one of the few things of the kind which do not look miserably dilapidated in this climate.

It was to shew me that there was a stone fountain to be seen, our guide had so symbolised her meaning. The water is an exquisite treat after the horrors of the Neva; and I remember some traveller having related that, in his time, the young daughters of Nicholas I. used to come here in the early morning, attended by a domestic carrying a glass, in order to drink from this fountain a draught perhaps as beneficial as those mineral ones which other lands produce.

It may be that these then young princesses have since thought of the young girl weeping at the stone Fountain of the Broken Pitcher. To how many, whose young hopes would have drawn long and deeply from this earth's fount, has the pitcher appeared to be broken precisely when it was filled!

A STRANGE FAMILY.

O mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good but strained from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence and medicine power;
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part,
Being tasted slays all senses with the heart.

Romeo and Juliet.

THERE was once a time when every one who paid attention to the forms of vegetable life which cover hill and dale with such profusion, acted solely under the belief that each plant contained a remedy for some particular disease. Although we can now afford to smile at the strange properties which these old herbalists consequently attributed to plants entirely undeserving of the honour: although we do not believe with Gerard that 'when the weasel is to fight with the serpent, she armeth herself by eating rue against his might,' or that 'rosemary giveth speech unto them that are possessed of the dumb palsy;' yet it is not the less true that there are groups of plants distinguished by powers as wonderful as the fables of the twilight of scientific knowledge. Some of these remind us of the awful phenomenon occasionally revealed to us in history, of a family pre-eminent in crime and cruelty, whose career is one dark story of lust and murder, and whose name survives in the hatred and abhorrence of posterity. Others, again, the friends and benefactors of mankind, have satisfied the hunger or quenched the thirst of grateful nations through all time. It is, however, to a family that comes under both these classes—one that at the same time is prolific in poisons, and supplies part of the daily food of millions—that we would at present direct the attention of those who feel an interest in the wonders of creation. And we doubt whether any division of the vegetable world could be selected which would be found more replete with interest.

Science has given to a well-defined class the name of *Solanaceæ*, or nightshade-worts, from the solanum or nightshade, one of its members; and it states, as a general characteristic, the energy of the narcotic principle residing in the juices of the roots, leaves, and fruits, though of course subject to modifications in each species. The only representatives of the *Solanaceæ* native to England, are poisonous in a fatal degree; but as they present no peculiarities in the mode of operation, it will be sufficient simply to name them as useful to the student in giving him an idea of the characteristics of the whole order. We find in our hedges and woods two nightshades (*Solanum*), one with purple, and the other with white flowers—the deadly nightshade or dwale (*Atropa Belladonna*), with dark purple bell-shaped flowers and shining black berries; and the henbane (*Hyoscamus niger*), with large blossoms of a dusky yellow, exquisitely pencilled with purple lines.

The first plant, however, over which we would wish to linger is one of the *atropas*, which has been rendered celebrated by the strange superstitions of which it has been the object. We allude to the mandrake (*Atropa mandragora*). This flower is indigenous on the shores of the Mediterranean; it presents to our view a tuft of dark shining leaves a foot long, and a flower of a dull white, veined delicately with violet, succeeded by a round ruddy fruit of a pleasant odour. But the remarkable part of the mandrake lies under ground. The root, which is often four or five feet long, is of a reddish colour, and, as it usually divides half-way down into two or three branches, sometimes assumes a singular likeness to the human body. The fruit of the plant was supposed to be useful in cases of barrenness. Allusion is made to this in the story of Jacob; and the same idea still prevails in Greece. In the middle ages, this vegetable mimicry of the human form gave rise to singular superstitions, no doubt increased by the highly coloured narratives of pilgrims and crusaders. By these accounts, a kind of animal life is attributed to the mandrake; shrieks of pain were elicited from it by violence; madness fell upon any who heard those weird cries; and certain death awaited the man bold enough to pull it by the roots. It was also pretended by the quacks who sold the roots, that they were charms against all mischief; and to enhance their value, they declared that they grew only under gibbets from the flesh of the criminals which fell thence to the ground. Shakspeare has availed himself with his wonted skill of some of these wild fancies:

And shrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.

And again:

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, as horrible to bear.

It is but justice, however, to the Elizabethan age to state, that Dr Turner wrote at some length to expose these errors, and stated that he had himself dug up roots without receiving harm or hearing any noises. Modern science recognises the mandrake as a dangerously narcotic plant; which is, however, useful as an anodyne, when administered with care by an experienced hand. The fruit is said to be exhilarating, and to be a favourite food of the Arabs.

When we consider the next plant to which we shall devote any space, we shall be struck by the wonderful provisions of an all-wise Creator for the sustenance of those dependent upon his bounty. Whoever looks cursorily at the potato (*Solanum tuberosum*),

and remarks its dark leaves, its dull lurid flowers, and its fetid smell, recalling to his mind the wild nightshade of our hedges, would at once pronounce that the herb was dangerous, and certainly unfit for food. His judgment would not deceive him, as the plant is really highly poisonous; and it is only under a modified form that a portion of it becomes so valuable as food as almost to rival the produce of the cereals. It is very generally supposed that the tuber, which we eat, is a deposit of fecula or nourishing matter in the fibres of the root; this, however, is a mistake, as it really is an underground branch in a changed and swollen state. We shall be convinced of this when we consider that the so-called eyes of the potato are true buds, which, upon the tuber being buried in the earth, in favourable conditions of warmth and moisture, are developed into branches; and this, indeed, is the familiar way in which the gardener propagates the plant. This very useful vegetable came originally from America, but it is uncertain from what part. It has been found growing wild on the mountains of Chili, and recently on the peaks of Mexico; but it was from Virginia that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced it into England. Its range of cultivation is very great, extending from Iceland to the tropics; it must be remembered, however, that in the latter regions it requires height of position, and flourishes only when about 10,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Nor is the potato the only member of this class that appears upon our table; although we can only name a few condiments and esculents of less importance. Such are the capsicum, which furnishes a piquant fruit familiar to us in the form of Cayenne-pepper; the tomato or love-apple (*Lycopersicon esculentum*), associated for ever with the imperishable memory of Mr Pickwick and the great marriage case; the egg-apple (*Solanum melongena*), the long purple fruit of which is daily seen in the markets of Paris, and forms a favourite dish of the Anglo-Indian.

Very different, however, from these tempting aids to the palate is the fruit of the apples of Sodom (*Solanum Sodomæum*), so famous for their fair outward show and their rotten core. This favourite of the poets grows abundantly on the desert shores of the Red Sea; it has rough, divided leaves, handsome purple flowers, and a smooth golden shining fruit, the flesh of which is at first firm and of a bitter taste, but afterwards decays into the dry, ash-like substance, which disappoints the expectant traveller.

We shall notice only one more member of this interesting family, the history of which furnishes us with one of the most extraordinary instances of the imitative faculty in man ever exhibited. Without entering into the vexed question of the effects of tobacco (*Nicotiana tabacum*) upon the habits and manners of an age, we may observe, that its adoption as an indulgence was in direct violation of the usual law of progress. The habit of smoking its leaves, instead of having first prevailed among civilised nations, and so extended to the more barbarous, has, on the contrary, been borrowed from the actual savage, and from thence ascended to the most exalted ranks of the most refined society. Great doubt rests upon its native country; but it is certain that the Americans first applied it in the way so well known now: they themselves called the plant *petun* and *yati*, but Europeans have adopted the name from their clay-pipes (*to-bacco*). It is a popular superstition that Sir W. Raleigh first introduced it into England; but Camden gives the palm of priority to a Mr Ralph Lane, while others contend for the claims of Sir F. Drake. It is well known what opposition it met with at the hands of governments, and how, nevertheless, in an incredibly short time it spread over the whole world.

This is but a glance at a truly strange vegetable

family; but to many of our readers it may be a suggestive one, and to many more it will recall the quaint but fine verses of Cowley:

If we could open and inbend our eye,
We all, like Moses, should espy,
E'en in a bush, the radiant Deity.

POPULAR PUPPETS.

THE mention of popular puppets will no doubt conjure up in all minds the image of a certain hook-nosed and crook-backed gentleman, who beats his wife, and kills his children, and everybody else who comes in his way, for the amusement of our street-population, and whose misdeeds are laughed at, not reprobated, probably because in the end he makes away with the very spirit of evil himself. But though friend Punch has ever played a prominent part among popular puppets, and has, indeed, in our country become nearly the sole representative of the race, it is not our intention to treat of any individual puppet, however great a favourite, but of the fortunes of the tribe in general.

Although, in a previous article on the subject of puppets, we have maintained that the history of these wooden actors presents three phases—the hieratic, the aristocratic, and the popular—it must not be supposed that these have been regularly successive: on the contrary, the various phases have imperceptibly melted into each other, and most probably in modern Europe the popular character of puppets was never at any period entirely absorbed in the ecclesiastical; and the fairs, and villages, and public streets of the middle ages have had their humble and profane puppet-shows descended in direct line from those of the ancients, and entirely distinct from the ecclesiastical exhibitions mentioned in our previous article. However, eschewing all deep antiquarian research on the subject, we shall rest contented with taking up their history at a later period, when mysteries and miracle-plays, as a general rule expelled from the churches, were taken up by various brotherhoods; and the *motion-man*, with his theatre on his back, and his wooden actors in a bag, traversed the country from one end to the other, representing in every parish, at all seasons, and at a very small cost, the subjects performed by the living actors, at stated seasons, and in large cities only; and also reproducing in miniature the pageants and May-games which at certain periods of the year formed the delight of the people.

Through these latter—in which the heroes of the popular ballads always played a conspicuous part—Robin Hood, Maid Marion, Little John, and all the personages belonging to that cycle, were introduced on the puppet-stage in England; as also the giants Gog and Magog, and the hobbyhorses, which, in spite of the people's affection for them, were suppressed towards the middle of the reign of Elizabeth as 'damnable relics of paganism;' and the Moorish, or *Morric-dancers*, as the popular pronunciation would have it, who from the earliest times performed in the pageants, and who took so firm a hold on the popular taste, that Hawkins tells us, in his history of music, that but very shortly previous to the period at which he was writing, a Moor, dancing a saraband, was an obligatory personage in every puppet-show. It was probably out of deference for this taste that Punch and Judy danced a saraband in the ark, in the puppet-show of the Creation, followed by the Deluge, mentioned in

the *Tailler*, as having been considered very instructive for young people; for puppets have never been afraid of anachronisms, and ever since his appearance in the country, Mr Punch has indeed mixed himself up with every event of antediluvian as well as postdiluvian history, thus shewing his own belief in the very ancient origin ascribed to him by the learned.

When, in the middle of the fifteenth century, the acting brotherhoods began to intermix their miracle-plays, which were the precursors of the historic drama, with moralities, which may in like manner be said to have been the forerunners of modern comedy, the puppet-players at once adopted the innovation—no difficult matter for them, who, with the conjuring powers of a knife and a piece of stick, could at any given moment swell the number of their troop to any amount required; and thus Perverse Doctrine, Pride, Gluttony, Vanity, Humility, and Piety, and all the other vices and virtues, which were personified and played their parts in the moralities, had their antetypes in the puppet-shows—public opinion singling out, in anticipation of friend Punch, the Old Vice, or Old Iniquity, a standing character in the moralities, as its prime favourite. Again, when about a century later, the great revolution in dramatic literature took place, which substituted for the moralities, masks and interludes, until then in fashion, tragedy and comedy under their modern form, the repertory of the motions, as puppet-shows were then still called, underwent the changes of the day, without, however, entirely abandoning their ancient favourites. In the new *genre*, also, the wooden actors seem to have approved themselves no mean rivals of the living ones; for various writings of this and subsequent periods contain bitter complaints against the puppet-players, for poaching in the preserves of the legitimate drama, even the stately muse of tragedy being made to stalk their mimic stage.

But let it not be supposed that at this period puppets were still exclusively houseless vagrants, strolling from village to village, and from fair to fair, without a local habitation of their own, and giving their performances in the open air. Far from it. They were now installed in permanent theatres, not only in the most populous localities of the city of London, but in many provincial towns. The puppet-theatres of Holborn Bridge and Fleet Street were in high repute during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and those of Eltham and Brentford were so renowned, that they drew crowds of visitors even from the capital; while on the other side, grave provincials came up to London, more especially to visit the puppet-shows. These last were indeed so generally accounted one of the most agreeable recreations of the gentry, that Phantaste, in Ben Jonson's comedy of *Cynthia's Revels*, mentions them as among the greatest pleasures a woman in any condition of life could desire to enjoy. Even as late as 1712, Arbuthnot includes the love of puppet-shows among the characteristic traits of the Londoners; and a writer in No. 377 of the *Spectator* bears similar testimony to the prevalent taste, when, in making a list of places where people are likely to come by a violent death, and enumerating the accidents that have occurred there, he mentions 'Lysander smothered to death at a puppet-show.'

The puppet-shows referred to in this latter case, were no doubt those of a certain Mr Powell, who, having attained a great reputation at Bath, had removed to London, and established a theatre in Covent Garden, where Punch and Judy, in company with Dr Faustus, according to the *Tailler*, threw into the shade the new Italian opera in the Haymarket, and drew away the most fashionable part of its audience—Mr Punch in particular proving, in the eyes of the fair sex, a most dangerous rival to the Italian singer Nicolini. Alas! poor Punch! how is he fallen from

his high estate! What fashionable belle ever casts a glance at him now, when his shrill tones announce his presence at the corner of some street, where his audience is generally composed of ragged urchins and idle nurse-maids, though now and then a witty statesman or a humorous man of letters may stop and enjoy a laugh against all the rules of conventionality!

The exact date of Punch's arrival in England is probably difficult to ascertain, as the learned differ on the subject, some saying that he came in with William of Orange by way of the Hague, others maintaining that he arrived here long before, direct from Italy. At all events, Italian puppets were already known in England under Henry VII.; and Chalmers, in his account of the early English stage, quotes a letter from the privy council of 14th July 1578, addressed to the lord mayor of London, authorising him to allow some Italians to exhibit their 'strange motions' in the city. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, French puppets also were established in London. Indeed, there seems in those days to have been as great an interchange among nations of these wooden artists, as there is in the present day of their living prototypes; for English puppets visited France, and Germany was at one time not only inundated with English, French, Italian, and even Dutch and Spanish actors, but the foreign puppets followed in the wake of these, to the great detriment of the wooden performers of indigenous growth, of which there had always been a goodly supply. Italy, the native land, it may be said, of modern puppetry, must, indeed, at a very early period have sent her puppet-players abroad, for at the commencement of the seventeenth century, already, all the *titereros*—as they are there called—of Spain were Italians, and so likewise were the *bonifratres*, as the itinerant puppet-show men of Portugal are called; retaining in this name a smack of their ecclesiastical origin, which is further evinced in the monkish dress they almost invariably use there as well as in Spain. Italian exhibitors of puppets have even been met with in Siberia and among the Cossacks of the Don. So great, however, has ever been the affinity between the spirit of puppets and that of the nations among whom they have taken up their abode, that the foreign nationality of their exhibitors has never prevented puppet-shows from being thoroughly national wherever they have appeared. Thus, we find that at the period we have alluded to in Spain, as well as subsequently, when all Spanish cities also had their regularly established puppet-theatres, the subjects represented were not Italian, but thoroughly Spanish, and Pulcinella, though naturalised under the name and title of Don Cristoval Pulichinella, was thrown completely into the shade by the personages borrowed from the popular ballads of Spain, such as Moorish and Christian knights, giants and sorcerers, hermits and saints, the conquerors of Mexico and Peru, and the truly national bull-fights. Even when treating classical subjects, it seems that Spanish puppets know how to infuse into them the national spirit. A French traveller in Spain in 1808, tells of having been present at Valencia at a puppet representation of the death of Seneca, who having been a native of Cordova, had a right to appear on so national a theatre. In the puppet-show, as in history, the famous philosopher was represented as being put to death by order of Nero, by having the veins of his arms opened while in a warm bath. The streams of blood which were made to flow from his arms by means of red ribbons, are said to have given universal satisfaction; but what most delighted the pious subjects of his most Catholic majesty, was to see the heathen philosopher carried up to heaven in the midst of fireworks, and to hear him pronounce there a recantation of his pagan errors, and a declaration of Christian faith in the orthodox form.

In like manner, in Germany puppets adapted themselves to the metaphysical and cosmopolitan tendencies of the national mind. But the place held by puppets in the theatrical history of Germany has been so peculiar and so important, that it merits more than the passing notice we should here be able to give it; and therefore we shall pass at once from Germany to France. Need we say that France, the home of light-hearted gaiety, wit, and parody, excelled at all times in puppet-shows; for the progress made in this, as in all other arts, is in proportion to the encouragement given, and the appreciation met with. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, Paris had already its permanently established puppet-theatres; and in 1649, Polichinelle—who, by the by, a French authority declares, is not an offshoot of the Italian race of that name, but a native of the country, in fact, nothing less than a modified type of the popular Bérnaïsa, the galliard Henri IV.—in 1649, we say, Polichinelle had already attained to a degree of popularity that caused his name to be adopted by writers of political pasquinades against Cardinal Mazarin, and authorised them to place in his mouth such a vaunt as this: 'I may maintain, without vanity, Messire Jules, that I have always been more welcome to the people, and in higher consideration with them, than you; for how often have I not with my own ears heard them say: "Let us go and see Polichinelle;" but who has ever heard any of the people say: "Let us go and see Mazarin!"'

Brioché, the famous tooth-extractor and puppet-showman, mentioned in a previous article, and master of this very popular Polichinelle, is the first exhibitor of puppets in France whose name has been handed down to posterity. No doubt he was worthy of this distinction, for it seems that it was the witty sayings prompted by him that gained for his wooden dependant such great popularity. The public favour was, however, for a long time divided between Brioché's monkey Fagotin and Polichinelle; but Fagotin ultimately fell in a duel with a certain M. Cyrano de Bergerac, who mistook the disguised monkey for a lackey making a face at him, and against whom Fagotin valiantly drew his sword when attacked—a fact that made him even more renowned in death than he had been in life. No doubt, Fagotin had many successors; for up to late in the eighteenth century a monkey was as necessary an appendage to a puppet-show as a dog is in the present day; but with the exception of one, belonging to a certain Nicolet, and which has been celebrated in verse by M. de Bouffier, we know of none that has rivalled the fame of Brioché's Fagotin. After Brioché's death, the direction of his puppet-theatre devolved upon his son, who maintained its high reputation in spite of the numerous competitors which arose in course of time; and among which, not the least formidable was the so-called Theatre of the Pigmies, opened in the Marais du Temple in 1676. These pigmies—who from the puppet point of view ought rather to have been called broddignags—were, according to the programme of their director, La Grille, 'what has never been seen before: human figures, four feet high, richly dressed, in very great numbers, who perform on a vast theatre pieces in five acts, interspersed with music, ballets, flying-machines, and changes of scenery, and who declaim, walk, and gesticulate like living persons, without being held suspended.' But though La Grille took good care not to call his performances operas, the fact of their being so could not be concealed; and however much he might appeal to the wooden qualities of his actors, they were nevertheless legally adjudged to have trespassed on the privileges of the regular opera, and sentenced to cease their warblings.

The greatest triumphs achieved by Parisian puppets were won between the years 1701 and 1793, during

great part of which period they furnished parodies of all the productions of the French Opera, the Italian Theatre, the Théâtre Français, and the Opéra Comique, very often giving evidence in these of great literary acumen, and delicate yet telling irony; while they carried on a constant war with the *entrepreneurs* of those establishments, who, jealous of their success, sought to place all kinds of difficulties in their way. The repertory of the puppet-theatres was not, however, limited even to the wide field of parody which the regular theatres opened to them: they drew within their witty sphere every event, political or social, that occupied the public for the time being, and counted among their literary contributors Le Sage and other distinguished wits and literati of the day. But though allowed a liberty of speech far beyond any tolerated in living actors, puppets in France seem at last to have been placed under the same censorship that weighed upon the legitimate drama; and to this may perhaps be attributed the degeneracy which began to manifest itself in the puppet-shows at the commencement of the last half of the eighteenth century, when wit, parody, and satire were superseded by mere mechanical surprises and *pièces à grand spectacle*. The taste of the public seems, however, to have kept pace with this degeneracy; for the number of puppet-theatres in Paris went on augmenting up to the close of the century, and in 1793, large puppets, under the name of Pantagions, and which were also exhibited in London, again made their appearance. Among the transformations for which these puppets were more especially famous, we have seen one mentioned in which the different limbs of a barrister were gradually detached, and transformed into so many clients—a trick which we have no doubt would be frequently repeated off the stage, were not the secret lost. These same Pantagions performed in the Théâtre de la République a grand pantomime, entitled *Les Métamorphoses de Marlborough*. What these were, we do not know, but they may have been ugly enough.

Puppets outlived the storms of the Revolution in France, but not without bearing their share in its vicissitudes; for we learn from one of Camille Desmoulins' papers in *Le Vieux Cordelier*, that Polichinelle was guillotined during the Reign of Terror—a fact that makes us fear that he had been giving himself aristocratic airs. Indeed, how can it be wondered at that he should, when we consider the high patronage which he and his fellows had enjoyed for centuries in France. In the present day, however, the puppets of France are reduced, like their compeers in England, to seek the suffrages of the sovereign people; and we are bound to state, that the great development attained by puppet-theatricals in England, Germany, and France at various periods, was in a great measure owing to the persecution, and, in the case of England, the actual interdict under which the regular drama and its votaries laboured at these periods; and that as soon as the latter were relieved from the heavy burdens and strong prejudices that militated against them, puppets sank into comparative insignificance.

In Italy, however, whether owing to its being the indigenous soil of modern puppets, or to the fact that an arbitrary censorship still weighs upon the regular theatres there, puppets are to this day in as flourishing a condition as they ever were at former periods in France, England, or Germany. Not a city but has one or more puppet-theatres, visited by all classes of society, and where you are not only enlivened by the wit and humour which have fled from the more regular establishments, but where the lovers of opera and ballet may feast their ears upon the master-works of Rossini, Bellini, and Verdi, and their eyes upon wooden Englishes and Rosinis, whose pirouettes and *entrechats* surpass anything ever accomplished by human legs; and who, when bouquets are showered upon them, put

their little hands upon their hearts, and bow themselves out as gracefully as any of their flesh-and-blood rivals.

TALK UNDER THE STUARTS.

MONSIEUR GABRIEL DUGRES, of Saumur, 'teacher of the French tongue in the most illustrious and most famous university of Oxford,' published, in the year 1639, a hand-book of travel-talk for the benefit of Mr Hyde, Mr Hampden, or any other gentleman who might meditate performing the 'grande tour.' It consists of a series of dialogues, written not without a certain quaint humour, and containing much information as to the manners and customs of the day. It is on this account we select portions of the talk that have no special reference to the grand tour. The title of the book is *Dialogi Gallico-Anglico-Latini*, and it is dedicated to the Prince of Wales. A few years afterwards, it may have formed the pocket-companion of that 'sacred twig of the most holy tree that has ever flourished in this happy isle,' as he is styled by the author, who little foresaw how useful a knowledge of the French tongue would prove to the 'sacred twig,' and how well acquainted it was destined to become with the happy isle's hereditary foe.

In the first dialogue, we are introduced to 'a scholler, his land lord, and a teacher of the French tongue.'

The scholar commences: 'I desire much—I am very desirous. I have a great minde to lerne to speake French, English, Spanish, Italian, High-Dutch, Greek, Hebrew.' Not that he is likely to be such a *héllo lingua*, but the opportunity is a good one for teaching names.

The landlord informs the teacher that 'an outlandish gentleman' wishes to see him. The professor visits the 'scholler,' and they come to terms at once.

Scholar. What doe you take a moneth?

Master. Ten shillings a moneth.

'How many times a weeke will you teach me?'

'Once a day.'

'How long will you tarry with me?'

'An houre at a time.'

'What time of the day will you come? I would gladly bestow the morning upon my more serious studies.'

'I will come, then, after supper.'

'I thinke that time somewhat unseasonable,' &c.

Certainly any scholar of the present day would say so, but our meal-times have altered as much as tutors' charges.

The sixth dialogue is headed: 'Complements betweene him that inviteth and him that is invited before they sit at the table. The entertaining of one at table, and the complements they doe use in it.'

The 'complements' consist in refusing to take the place of honour till the host exclaims: 'Sir, the dinner is spoyled, the meat grows cold; sit downe, I pray you, for we doe the company wrong.' Then come depreciations of the dinner on the part of the giver, and the opposite on the part of the receiver; and we next observe that Englishmen were in the habit of asking for a cushion to sit upon, as appears by the exclamation of the host: 'I doe wonder very much that you English gentlemen can not sit without a cushion, and, nevertheless, run poste upon saddles as hard as iron.' The 'English gentleman' explains, that on horseback they are taking exercise, but on the chair they are sitting still, and so are afraid of catching cold. In the *Hand-book of Travel-talk* for 1856, there is no mention made of chair-cushions. Englishmen have grown hardy, and learned to dispense with such effeminacies.

Here is something curious about knives:

'Have you no knife?'

'I have forgot mine at home.'

'I doe renounce unto that gentility, for one looses many good bits for want of a knife.'

'Sweet heart, friend, can you lend me a knife? I will give it you back againe when I have done with it.'

'Here is one at your service, but it does not cut very well, and it is not very cleane.'

'It is good enough, I thank you.'

The conversation then turns upon carving.

'I am a poore carver.'

'It is your modestie that makes you say so: we know you Frenchmen excell in that art. . . . In England, we leave that to women, if they be in the company; for as they sit in the upper end, so doe we give them the honour to let them take the paines to cut, and serve the meates; which is the cause that it is a rare thing to finde men which can cut and carve foule.'

'That is very true in families, but you have no women in your colleges, which keep you from learning to carve.'

'There needs no great cunning to carve a penie part, or a penie-halfe-penie part. As for Plato his men, they are as seldome seen there as the eclipse of the moone.'

The carving commences, and calls forth the following remarks:

'Fie, fie, you must not tare the meat so with your hands, and touch it with your fingers. Take that little fork, and touch nothing at all with your fingers, or at least touch but the bit which you will eat, for you might offend and distast the others in handling the meat so slovingly.'

'It is not good to use so much ceremonie among schollers.'

'I doe confesse it: but it is good to use himselfe betimes to be polite, to handsomenesse and neatnesse.'

Next comes a specimen of the conversation of the day:

'I can not take my meales as a dumb beast, which does nothing but chew and swallow downe without saying a single word.'

'Would you have the beasts to speak?'

'It is good for a Carthusian, or for an hermite that is shut up to say nothing when he dines. I would have my tongue to ply as well as my teeth.'

'Does it not work well enough when it tasteth the meates?'

'I do not meane it so. This hare is drier than a stone. I think that this goose is one of those which did awake the watch of the Capitolum, when as our Gauls went neare to take it; for it is harder than wood. Peradventure it is that which was in the arke of Noah.'

The tide of learning is stopped by a last lesson in good-manners:

'Dip the crust in the sauce, the gravie.'

'You have a good cook; but he has not spared for pepper; for it is so extreemly peppered that it burns my tongue.'

After eating follows drinking. 'Manner of drinking one to another: the sorts of wine. . . . Talkes ordinarily used in drinking, and in taverns,' &c.

'Come on; fill me some wine quickly. . . . This glasse is not cleane. . . . Rub it with water and salt, that it may be cleare and cleane. . . . Oh, sir! what doe you doe? You have not drunke all. You must empty the glasse. Turne it adowne, that I may see if there be anything left. . . . So they drinke in the palatinat, that there is not a drop left with which a fly might quench its thirst.'

'To whom have you drunke?'

'I have drunke to that gentleman.'

'Who has seene you drunke? You must drinke one againe.'

'The French freedome is to be condemned in this, for it giveth every one leave to drinke as he thinketh good, at his discretion.'

'To whom shall we drinke now?'

'Let us drinke to this gentleman, his mistresse health.'

'Let us rather drinke to yours, for mine does not deserve that one should drink to her.'

'Why? Are you out of her favour?'

'No; but it is for some other reason.'

'You will not confesse. Come on, sir, to her that possesseth this gentleman's heart. To that faire Angel of Love, and that miracle of Beauty. To the most eminent over all those that are of the female kind.'

'Sir, you give her titles undeserved by her.'

'On the contrary, they are far below her merit: the admiration whereof must teach me some new language, to praise it according to its worth; or else, I must be content to reverence it with an humble silence, having no language able to expresse it.' And so forth.

Next comes some information about wines:

'Will you drinke a cuppe of sack. Vous plait il de boire un coup de vin d'Espagne; in the Latin, poculum vini Hispanici. . . . It tasteth wonderous well. It is a cup of dainty wine. We drinke none so good in tavernes.'

'It is because they spoyle it. They doe sophisticate it, and mingle it in tavernes. Goe, and draw a pinte of Muscaden.'

'Halfe a pinte will be enough; or a quartern of a pinte.'

'What say you? We must drinke, carrousee, like Templars, like sponges. . . . I am almost drunke. I thinke that you will foxe; I begin to see double.'

'It is because that glasse is made of the metall of which are made the spectacles that multiply every-thing.'

'You must need lead me home by the armes, as a young bride.' So ends the dinner.

'Shall we rise from the table?'

'We must drink the cup of charity, as they say.'

'Sir, you forget to put up your knife. If it please you, I will teach you a way that you shall never faile to put it up. You must alwaies drink a cup after you have put it up, and so you shall never forget to put it up.'

'Sir, please you to take a pipe of tobacco?'

'Fie, what doe you speak to me of? I wonder much that you will take that stinking smoak, that poisoned weed.'

'Ah, sir, you are much deceived. . . . It is the most soveraigne and physical herb in the world.'

Having acquired the French tongue, the scholar sets out on his travels. Crossing the Channel was a service of danger then.

'The whirle-winds, tempests, and stormes are very dangerous. The pyrates and robbers upon the sea are no lesse dangerous,' he is told. Nothing daunted, he proceeds to strike a bargain with a skipper.

'What shall I give you to carry me over into France?'

'Halfe a pistoll—10s.'

'It is too much; I will give you foure francs—8s.'

'Sir, I will not carrie you over under a hundred sols, or five francs, an angell, or 10s.'

'Well, then, I will give you what you aske me.'

'Provide yourself with victuals before you goe upon the sea.'

'The going over is not long, as I believe?'

'It is but of halfe a day, if you goe from Dover to Calais; or of one day and of a night if you goe to take land, to aboard at Deepes.'

The ship saile and becomes becalmed. 'The sea is very calm; still wee doe not goe forward. We should need to have some rowers; but we have no oares, and we know not how to row.'

'I feare, lest after this calmenesse of the sea, wee have some sea storme, which may cast us upon some rock, or upon some sandie banck, and so our shippe may suffer shipwrack.'

After a while we find the travellers approaching the land, where they are carried ashore on the backs of the boatmen.

'Why do you not carry us to land in your boat?'

'It is not the custome.'

'I see well that this is a plot to get money. What must you have?'

'A card *ecu* a man.'

'Half is enough, or five sous.'

Arriving at the hotel, they are greeted with, 'Gentlemen, will you be pleased to come this way?'

Excuse me if I goe afore you; it is to shew you the way; on which the traveller makes a memorandum in his pocket-book: 'Servants are very courteous in this country.' He changes his money, and receives information as to the value of French coins. 'There is a denier, which is not worth halfe of one of your farthings; a double, which is worth two deniers; a liard, which is worth a double, and a denier. There be now but few liards in one pece. A Carolus is worth 10 deniers; a sol, 12 deniers; 5 French sols make even 6 English pence. . . . A golden crowne is worth ten shillings; we call them also crownes at the Sunne. A pistole is worth 20 shillings, &c. I thinke that this pistole is not good: where is the touchstone? Rubbe it a little upon your hayre, or upon your shooes, and if it be red, it is a signe that it is naughty.' The tourist visits Rouen, and is astonished at the condition of French horses. 'Good Lord, how leane they be! You starve them. There is neither hay in the rack, nor oats in the manger. They will not be able to carry us three steps of the way.' Experience confirms his opinion. 'My armes are bruised, lamed, with the very beating of my horse. Hee will not goe neither fir rod nor spur.' Fatigue sends him early to bed.

'Heare you, is there nobody but I that lieth in this chamber?'

'There is a very honest gentleman that is to lie in it.'

'Does you know him very well?'

'Not very well.'

'How doe you know, then, that he is an honest man?'

'He looketh like one.'

'Treat him to come to bed quickly,' &c. 'I have not slept well to-night. The fleas have tormented me so extremely, that I could by no means sleep.'

From Rouen he goes to Paris. 'I doo intend to stay two or three weeks in Paris, to see the town, and the kings court; then I will goe to Orleans, for it is better and cheaper living there. From Orleans I will goe down by water in a boote as far as Saumur. And by the way, I will goe to the castles and the townes of Blois, Amboise, Tours.'

At Saumur he takes up his quarters, and is charged 'ten French crownes a moneth, three pound for diet, chamber, and washing.' He expostulates: 'It is much—it is fifteen shillings a week. We are very well in Oxford for nine or tenne shillings a weeke.'

'That may be true: but you must consider that we pay here a great deale more taxations than they doe in England. Moreover, you drinke alwaies wine here at your meales, whereas in Englande they give you but beere.'

During his stay at Saumur, the tourist probably perfects himself in the language, for we hear no more of his travels. He learns all that is necessary for a gentleman to know. We find him at one time acquiring the art 'of dancing the cinque paze; of making a leg after the fashion to dance with the musick; and learning the reproof of his dancing-master: 'Stand upright with your body, and when you dance, stretch not so your breeches out.' At one time he is fencing, or having his beard cut 'with a pick-devant, shave all the hairs to the skin, and leave but a little epiggle, &c. This is as well as can be. My beard is cut well enough, but only here is a haire that goes over the other.'

At length he departs. And it were well if every English traveller of the present day deserved to be thus apostrophised by his host: 'Sir, I thanke you most humbly. Truly we have reason to remember you in your absence, for you have carried yourself so honestly towards us, that we should be injurious to your name if we should not honour it with a perpetuall remembrance.'

COPYING BY LIGHT.

WE have to propose to our readers, especially our fair ones, a scientific amusement of an elegant and inexpensive kind. We would teach them to make copies of pictures, engravings, maps, music, &c., by means of light, and according to a process which costs hardly anything beyond the price of the paper.

1. Having fixed upon the object to be copied, take a sheet of good paper, and spread a solution upon one side of it composed of 60 grains of blue-stone or sulphate of copper, 80 grains of bichromate of potass, and 8 ounces of water. This composition should be spread upon the paper by means of a glass rod; or if you do not happen to have such a thing, any smooth phial will do as well.

Paper prepared with this solution is of a beautiful yellow colour; when dry, it is fit for use, and should be used as soon as convenient, for when kept long, it loses its sensibility. Place the prepared side of this paper against or upon the face of the picture to be copied, and allow the back of the picture to be exposed to the light; and in the course of a quarter of an hour, if it is a bright sunny day, you shall see—what you shall see. If the weather is dark and cloudy, you will have longer to wait, perhaps not less than half an hour; but having allowed it to remain exposed to the light for this time, if you take it into a room partly darkened, or with the blind drawn down, a very clear *negative yellow* picture will appear on the prepared paper. You must now pour a few drops of nitrate of silver solution on it, of the strength of half a dram to two ounces of water, and spread this quickly over by means of your phial or glass rod, and instantaneously a very beautiful and vivid red picture will make its appearance.

The back of the picture, however, having been exposed to the light, while the face was pressed against the prepared side of the paper, the objects copied will be formed in a contrary direction to that in the original, so that the part of the original picture situated at its right side will appear on the left side of the copy, and *vice versé*. This might be no great matter, as regards some pictures, but it is obvious that by such a process neither maps nor music could be copied. When necessary, however, as in the case of maps and music, the original may be exposed to the light, and the prepared paper pressed to the back, which would give the true position. But it is always desirable, when the subject admits of it, and more especially in the case of a thick engraving or picture, for its *face* to be pressed against the prepared paper, as in that case the copy is produced much sharper and more distinct than the other way.

To keep the picture well pressed against the prepared paper, a heavy piece of glass may be placed on the top, as the rays of light will not be at all lessened in their intensity by this arrangement.

These photographic pictures may be fixed by washing well in pure water, and when dry, a gloss may be given by spreading a little gum-water over the surface. So much for the process, and now for the cost. 60 grains of sulphate of copper, and 80 of bichromate of potass—the first solution—have hardly an appreciable pecuniary value, and indeed the chemist you deal with would not think of charging anything for so small a quantity of these substances; yet this solution will

be sufficient to take more than 200 copies. The second solution—half a dram of nitrate of silver—at four shillings per ounce, costs threepence, which, added to two ounces of water, and a few drops spread over the yellow negative picture, will be sufficient for between 50 and 100 pictures. As we have hinted, therefore, the expense of this elegant and useful amusement is, in reality, if we except the paper—which is cheap enough, you know—next to nothing at all. We may add, that the picture to be copied need not be taken out of the book, if it is in one: it is only necessary to place the prepared paper underneath its face, while the piece of glass laid upon its back will keep open the book, and allow access to the light.

II. *Another process.*—Make a solution composed of half a dram of nitrate of silver to two ounces of water, and spread a few drops of this solution over a sheet of paper by means of a glass phial. When dried in the dark, it is fit for use. Proceed precisely as in the above process, to copy the picture; and after being left exposed to the light for about five to fifteen minutes, according to the thickness of the picture, a negative picture will be found on the prepared paper, having the light part of the original dark, and the dark parts light. It now becomes the question how to turn this negative picture into a positive one, and this is effected in the following way: After the negative has been well washed in pure water, and fixed by passing it two or three times through a solution of common salt, it is ready, when dry, to print from. Prepare your sheet of paper in the same way as the other, and when dry, press its prepared side against the negative picture; then allow the back of the negative to be exposed to the light, and in a few minutes you will have obtained a fine positive picture, which can be fixed by passing it through a solution of common salt.

III. *Process for copying positive collodion portraits from glass on paper.*—Make a solution composed of half a dram of nitrate of silver to one and a half ounces of water, and spread a few drops of this solution, by means of a glass phial or rod, over a sheet of paper, which must then be put in a dark place till dry, when it is fit for use. The portrait or picture to be copied need not be taken out, but the back of the *passee-partout* merely opened. Sometimes liquid jet is employed for backing collodion pictures, but more commonly cotton velvet. If velvet, it can be removed, and a piece of the prepared paper, sufficient to cover the portrait, substituted, taking care that its prepared side be pressed against the collodion side of the portrait. Having done this, the face of the *passee-partout* may be exposed to the light, and in a few seconds the prepared paper at the back of the portrait will be seen to darken. When sufficiently dark, the *passee-partout* may be removed from the light, and the prepared paper taken off, when it will be seen to present a positive copy of the picture on the glass. To fix these impressions, just pass them once through a solution of common salt, and wash in pure water.

The expense of this process is hardly appreciable, since from 200 to 300 copies may be produced by half a dram of nitrate of silver, in one and a half or two ounces of water, the cost only threepence; two or three drops of which are sufficient for an ordinary sized portrait.

GLOSS FOR A HORSE'S COAT.

Lately going to the country to spend a few weeks with a friend of mine, I drove a very handsome horse, and a good one, but was always annoyed about his coat; it was more like a lot of bristles than a horse's smooth skin, and all the grooming he could get 'wouldn't do it no good.' My friend, who is a great horse-breeder and fancier, made me try giving him a few raw carrots every day to eat

out of my hand, betting me a basket of wine that he would have a good smooth coat in, three weeks; and he was right, for I lost my wine—all but three bottles, which I drank myself—but got in return a beautiful, sleek, glossy coat for my horse, which I would not change for a dozen baskets, and all from eating a few raw carrots daily. He tells me it is infallible. If you think your readers would profit by it, you may publish this suggestion in that valuable *Spirit* of yours.—*American paper.*

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.

PARTING FOR AUSTRALIA.

HERE, sitting by the fire,
I aspire, love, I aspire—
Not to that 'other world' of your fond dreams,
But one as high and higher,
Compared to which your real, unreal seems.

Together as to-night,
In the light, love, in the light
Of our completed joy we see no shade;
And from our hope's reached height
All things are possible and level made.

So do we sit and view
Clear as true, love, clear as true,
That wondrous valley over southern seas,
Where in a country new
Your hands make for me a sweet nest of ease.

Where I, your poor tired bird—
(Nothing stirred? Love, nothing stirred?)
May fold her wings and be no more distressed:
And troubles may be heard
Like outside winds at night, which deepen rest.

Where in green pastures wide
We'll abide, love, we'll abide,
And keep content our patriarchal flocks;
See leaping at our side
Our little brown-faced shepherds of the rocks.

Ah, tale that's easy told!—
(Hold my hand, love, tighter hold:)
What if this face of mine—you think it fair—
If it should ne'er grow old?
Nor matron cap cover this maiden hair?

What if this silver ring
(Loose it clings, love, yet does cling)
Should ne'er be changed for any other?—nay,
This very hand I fling
About your neck, should—Hush! To-day's to-day;

To-morrow is—ah, Whose?—
You'll not lose, love, you'll not lose
This hand I gave, if never a wife's hand
For tender household use,
Led by yours fearless into a far, far-land.

Kiss me, and do not grieve:
I believe, love, I believe
That He who holds the measure of our days,
And did thus strangely weave
Our opposite lives together—to His praise!

He never will divide
Us so wide, love, us so wide:
But will, whatever chances, safely shew
That those in Him allied
In life or death are nearer than they know.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'How old is Mr Thackeray?' 'Who won the Derby in 1850?' 'What is a *fiat* in bankruptcy?' 'When did the Tipton Slasher fight his first mill, and who with?' 'Was Sir Robert Peel the premier ever a cotton-spinner, or was it his father, the first Sir Robert?' 'When did Mr Macready leave the stage?' 'In what year was Greenacre hanged?' 'Who could sing highest, Madame Catalani or Jenny Lind?' 'Is Mr Disraeli, or was he ever, a Jew?'

We have pondered much on these questions, contained in the *Weekly Luminary*, and read by fifty or a hundred thousand of the shopkeepers and work-people of London. Did these questions ever reach the sanctum of the editor, there to be read, ruminated over, investigated, and answered? If really sent, did they arise out of bets, or from a curiosity thirsting for all kinds of useful and useless knowledge? We have a theory that the truth comprises a portion of all these suppositions; but the reader will, perchance, not be sorry to accompany us in a ramble among the journals, to see how far, and under how many varieties of aspect, these odd questions and answers, notes and queries, present themselves; and we leave him quite at liberty to form his own judgment on the matter.

In the old days of the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, there can be no sort of doubt that 'Lesbia' and 'Will Hopeless,' and 'Monimia' and 'Sophronia,' were brain-products of the Addison and Steeles; and that the pretended letters from these correspondents were simply pegs whereon to hang pleasant essays. The great value of those effusions, apart from the delightful English in which they are written, consists in the picture they present of the state of society in the days of Anne and George I. In our own day, reading has penetrated to a lower stratum in society, though still not low enough; and we have no sort of doubt that, whether the 'answers' belong to actual 'questions' or not, there are tens of thousands of persons who would be glad of an opportunity for solving knotty doubts through the medium of the newspapers. The desultory and accidental accumulation of knowledge—new, or true, or both, or neither—by persons too much engaged with the bread-and-butter question to devote regular hours to study—plays no small part in forming the minds of those around us; and the weekly 'answers' thus become important, even if the querist be no more important than Mrs Harris herself. We say 'weekly,' for it is the weeklies that mostly do this work. There are ~~an~~ ^{two} crotchety almanacs that give algebraical and geometrical problems in each number, to be

answered by ingenious correspondents twelve months afterwards; but these lie quite out of our path. Nor do the majestic quarterlies come under notice: they scorn such small tactics as question and answer, being addressed to readers of education and high tone of taste and thought. The monthlies, too, though neither so few nor so 'far between' as the quarterlies, come pretty nearly under the same category in this matter. As for the dailies, who could expect queries and answers in papers so overwhelmed with business? Every issue is in itself a bundle of new facts, ready to be eagerly devoured by the world; and the editors have neither time nor space, inclination nor necessity, for groping into small answers on small subjects. Many of the weeklies, too, keep equally aloof. Some, of small circulation and high price, reach the hands of readers who would not care for such food; while a few others, of large circulation and low price, such as the reader has now before him, are almost wholly filled with matter original and paid for, and apportioned by the editor in conformity with a pre-arranged system, neither needing nor admitting the question-and-answer machinery.

Exceptions thus made, there remain a large number of weekly periodicals in London, and doubtless in other places, addicted to the fashion now under notice. The knowledge-box of Mr Editor is aided by the brains of other persons, briefless barristers included; and even if the questions be not really sent—well, no matter; the wisdom of the answer is just as good. Who knows but that many a blue bag in Westminster Hall, filled with nothing but flatulency, could, if it had the gift of speech, tell of its master earning a crust by answering legal questions in weekly newspapers, or by fashioning answers to imaginary questions? The journals devoted to special subjects—law, medicine, war, religion, music, theatricals, the fine arts, commerce, racing, hunting, the ring (not connubial)—have, as a matter of course, or are supposed by the readers to have, in their editorial sanctum, the wherewithal to solve problems on those specialties. We must except from any companionship with this large group of journals that delight of all bookworms, *Notes and Queries*, with its pages crammed full of facts for which we might hopelessly search elsewhere, and authenticated in so many cases by the real names of the writers.

Let us summon into court one week's budget, and look at it; and let us begin with a journal devoted to military and naval affairs. A question appears to have been asked touching the privileges of the much-favoured military staff, for Mr Editor says: 'There is nothing unusual in the medical officer's requiring the staff and their families to attend at his quarters; if

they are incapable of doing so, of course it is the surgeon's duty to attend on them.' The great beard-question is thus treated: 'A general officer can of course order the beard to be taken off: the moustache is allowed by regulation.' 'Cold Without and Damp Within' receives the following response to a complaint about camp-arrangements: 'Yes; you are not the only sufferer at the Colchester camp: the drainage is bad, or there would not be so many pools of water surrounding you.' A poor lieutenant, who finds it a tight matter to live like a gentleman on his pay, illustrates a query and a complaint by what he doubtless regards as satire steeped in poetry:

'Your services are very great,
Of them I'll take a note;
But can you serve the ministry?
Pray, have you got a vote?
An extra shilling still you ask,
But surely you should know
A Whig ne'er gave away a thing
Without a *quid pro quo*.'

Here is a journal devoted to the civil service. It tells a real or seeming correspondent—'The essential thing in applying to a minister or patron, is to know what to ask for—what place is meant or likely to become vacant. Unless you can specify the berth you aspire to, you will be put off with a vague promise, assured that your name has been put on the list of applicants, and there will be the end of it.' Nothing more likely, we would add. A man of humble mind, having the lowliest office in the customs department in his thoughts, is told: 'The candidate for a tide-waitership must be under twenty-five years of age; the examination prescribed is—writing from dictation, arithmetic in the first four rules, with the different weights and measures.' Next turns up a legal journal, in which the questions and answers are not on those matters of law which a lawyer may be supposed to know by heart, but on such professional points as the following: 'How can an attorney become a notary-public; what fees are there, and to whom payable?' Turn we next to a medical journal, where not only are there queries affecting diplomas, medical colleges, hospital lectures, surgical cures, pharmaceutical preparations, and medical apparatus; but practitioners seek to increase their knowledge by asking questions of each other. Thus, one medical man writes: 'Would any of your readers have the kindness to inform me where I can find an account of *Rodent ulcer*, or what are the important distinctions between it and *Epithelioma*? I have a case at present, which, so far as I can tell from the description I have consulted, appears to be one of rodent.' Very likely he will get an answer next week in the same journal.

Next, our eye lights upon a journal connected with mining affairs, and with the whereabouts of lodes, seams, veins, beds, strata, cross-courses, adits, and shafts. Mr Editor throws cold water on a querist who consults him about coal and collieries in Canada. Another correspondent is informed that 'The relations between landowners and mining-companies differ in different counties; that in Cornwall the ground is leased generally for twenty-one years; and that the rent paid is a royalty or percentage, varying from one-twentieth to one-eighth of all the produce raised.' Another journal, a luminary on railway matters, anxious to shew that railways are the great fact of the age, encourages or invents all kinds of queries thereupon, and allows correspondent A to answer correspondent B thus: 'As an instance of the value of railways, I have had a sack of potatoes up a hundred miles from the country at a cost of conveyance, including delivery at my door near London, of 1s. 9d.; by which, at about half-price, I have obtained better potatoes than I can get in London.' A third among

these useful, practical, commercial, manufacturing journals, draws out the following bit of boiler-wisdom: 'I have seen a boiler kept very clean by arranging a mud-collector in the form of a very large inverted funnel at the end furthest from the furnace, the funnel having a blow-off pipe at the bottom.'

The religious journals are not without their queries and answers, pertaining to matters consistent with the characters of the several works. Sometimes the *odum theologicum* peeps out, in the form of a query intended to poke fun at, or imply censure upon, a rival sect. Thus, a correspondent tells Mr Editor that, being at the house of a Conference friend, he found that smoking was in full operation, and that a barrel tobacco-bore bore the inscription, 'Conference Smoking Mixture'. Whereupon he asks: 'Can any of your readers throw light on this little Conference stranger? I thought it might perhaps be a sort of indulgence which that august body had thought fit to bestow on candidates for the ministry, who, prior to being admitted, have to abjure the use of tobacco: a sort of privileged exempted weed, intended for the use only of those in the ministry.' The editor, in all human probability, would not be disinclined to find or make an answer to this real or sham query, containing the usual amount of sarcasm on those who do not belong to 'our party'.

The sporting newspapers are especially rich in this kind of unpaid-for information. So many facts have a living interest in the minds of sporting-men—horse-racing, steeple-chasing, hunting, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, prize-fighting, yachting, boat-racing, crick, bowls, wrestling, quoits, golf, foot-running, pedestrianism, fishing, jumping, billiards, bagatelle, chess, draughts, backgammon, whist—games and sports indoors and out, with money-gambling and without—that they are, or these newspapers assume that they are, ever desirous of obtaining trustworthy information, especially on the laws or rules by which each sport is governed. The editor is always supposed to be 'up' in every part of his subject. Here, in the example now before us, a querist is told that 'Whatever the sire or dam of a fighting-dog may be, no male for that purpose can, with any approach to certainty, count upon the game or punishing qualities of the whelp.' Another is informed, 'A horse may have twisted forelegs, fleshy feet, thrushes or corns, may be fretful and awkward in his slow paces—and yet be a brilliant hunter over a country.' Were these really queries, by real querists?

But of all these answers to correspondents, the most ample, curious, and important are those found in the Sunday, or rather Saturday, newspapers that circulate among the middle and working classes. There are several of these, the sale of which ranges from 50,000 to 150,000 copies per week. All the coffee-shops, eating-houses, and public-houses in London—for it is of London and its journals we chiefly speak—take in one or more of these journals; and as a newspaper of large size can now be purchased for twopenny, copies in great number find their way to the homes of tradesmen and working-men. Small shopkeepers as well as working-men greatly relish the bits of information given in these papers under the heading 'Answers to Correspondents.' Whether there are really any such correspondents, and how many if any, and if none, how much a column the author is paid for his answers, are secrets buried in the tremendous breast of the editor. At anyrate, if no queries are put, they might be put, and they justify the answers hypothetically if not *bona fide*. Let the reader look over our shoulder at the following curious medley: 'Fieschi's attempt on the life of Louis Philippe was made in 1835.' 'Bismuth is a metal.' 'The bayonet takes its name from Bayonne, where it was invented.' All these appear as if answers to direct questions. In the next example, a correspondent and Mr Editor agree in taking to task a distinguished

writer for a *lapse* in composition: 'Is the following correct in its grammatical construction? "Before Maggy could open the door, Mr Pancks, opening it from without, stood without a hat, with his bare head in the wildest confusion, looking at Clennam and Little Dorrit over her shoulder."' To which query Mr Editor replies, that Charles Dickens is at fault; the proper construction being, 'looking over her shoulder at Clennam and Little Dorrit.' Plain matter of fact then appears: 'Brighton chain-pier is 1184 feet long.' Then a bit of commerce: 'The amount of bills of exchange in circulation at one time, in the ordinary state of public credit, is L.140,000,000.' Then a confession of editorial ignorance on a matter pertaining to balloon novelties: 'We cannot name any person who would be likely to speculate in a balloon-steering apparatus.' Here follows a sensible reply to a supposed question on which publishers—more shame to them—are not seldom on a blunder-track: 'Bi-monthly strictly means *every two months*, but the phrase is frequently used for *fortnightly*.' And now we encounter a piece of information, professedly an answer to a question put by some *Paterfamilias* anxious for the economical education of his children: 'Take up your quarters near Tonbridge Wells. There are free grammar-schools there, with sixteen exhibitions of L.100 each to the universities, two of L.75, one of L.20, and six of L.16. All boys are considered foundationers whose parents or guardians live within ten miles of Tonbridge.' By a startling jump, without any preparation whatever, we come to the very delicate subject of a lady's age: 'Madame Vestris was fifty-nine years of age at the time of her death.' Some *Thespis* or *Thalia*, presumably yearning to follow the footsteps of the *Faucits* or *Nisbetts*, or perhaps the *Rachels* or *Ristoris*, is told: 'You must work hard, and serve an apprenticeship in the provinces, to be capable of keeping a good position on the London stage.'

So curious and practically serviceable are many of the answers given, whether to real questions or not, that an industrious compiler has lately brought into a compact volume several thousand such, from a dozen or more of the London periodicals, based on a principle of selection in which the useful rather than the merely entertaining is studied. Especially is the collection rich in legal lore, matters relating to debts, bills, notices, contracts, apprentices, and so forth. The questions and answers relating to *wives* are not the least curious, nor, it must be added, the least mournful, as indicative of thoughts or troubles in which the welfare of women has a share. 'How can a wife, deserted by her husband, enforce claim for support?' 'Is not a wife, who refuses to maintain her children, punishable as a vagrant?' 'Has a wife, who deserts her husband, any right to her children or to her husband's property?' 'When is a wife's evidence against her husband admissible?' 'Can the wife of a convict marry?' 'If a husband deserts his wife, and she remains ignorant of his whereabouts for seven years, can she legally marry again?' It must in justice be stated, that the queries relating to husbands are nearly as numerous as those affecting wives.

The most amusing, unquestionably, of these communications bear relation to the tender passion and its important affairs. Some of the journals, of small price and large circulation, profess to give ready admission to queries and expressions of sentiment from swains and maidens, on love, courtship, marriage, flirtation, bridal etiquette, and the like, and as readily give answers or advice. *Clara* is informed: 'We think our correspondent has been acting very imprudently. A young lady should wait to be sought; she seldom gains much in esteem or admiration by taking the initiative in love-affairs. It may please the fancy of a man for a day or two to be courted by a pretty girl; but cool reflection will in due time suggest that

she may possibly be as charming to some other favoured swain as to himself.' *Eveline de Courcy* (these supposititious young damsels mightily affect fine names) is told that she 'must just follow her own feelings; we cannot prescribe rules for the treatment of other persons' acquaintances. If you want to get thoroughly rid of them, cut them; if you want to keep them at a distance, be cool to them: they will understand you.' Who 'they' are, is a mystery known only to Clara and the editor. *Edwin* is advised: 'Don't be too hasty; you know not what changes may take place in your mind and circumstances within a year or two. Make no long engagements with young ladies; neither they nor you are to be trusted.' Edwin is probably not yet quite eighteen. Was it love, or delicate sensibility, or Byronic moodiness, or sublimity in an all-round collar—was the querist a lady or a gentleman, to draw forth the following editorial response?—'We have passed through many a dream of thought, like our correspondent, and found comfort and sorrow mixed up in all. Life is a compound of the bitter and the sweet, and the one seems necessary to correct the tendencies of the other. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil is the Tree of Life.' Which profound aphorism we will leave to work its due results on the mind of the reader.

GLIMPSES OF AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

THE STRUGGLE IN KANSAS.

THE election of a delegate to congress, from the territory of Kansas, in November 1854, was followed, as has been said, by dire events. The free settlers were indignant at the unauthorised voting of pro-slavery men from Missouri, and the Missourians endeavoured by acts of outrage to intimidate and expel the settlers. Violence, however, had not yet attained its climax. The great struggle was to take place on the 30th of March 1855, when the inhabitants were to choose a legislature. Preparatory to this event, Governor Reeder caused a census to be taken of the population, which was found to consist of 8501 souls. This number included the unenfranchised part of the community, 242 slaves and 151 free negroes; those entitled to vote amounting to 2905.

As the great day approached, parties of Missourians entered the territory, and planted themselves at every polling-place, with the avowed design of voting for candidates who would make Kansas a slave state. As many as 5000 of these desperadoes, equipped with arms, and bringing tents and provisions, thus took their ground, resolved to commit a grossly illegal act, by representing themselves as actual inhabitants of the territory. As there is not usually any register of voters in the States, where elections are often a kind of scramble—the very sheriffs, on such occasions, lending themselves to party purposes—it is not difficult for bands of resolute individuals to carry everything as they please. Even in the city of New York, at the last election, as is stated by the local press, parties of rowdies floated from polling-place to polling-place, and cast votes at them all, in order to return their favourite candidate. How much more easily could such infamous proceedings go on in the wildernesses of Kansas!

Well, the election takes place. Notwithstanding threats of personal violence, the settlers came pretty freely forward; but of what avail against the host of intruders? On examination, it was found that the number of legal voters was 1310, and of illegal voters, 4908. With the exception of two, all the members returned were pro-slavery men, and a number of them were residents in Missouri. It being the duty of the governor to receive the returns, and grant certificates to enable members to assume office, Reeder, after, as

is alleged, investigating each case, set aside the election in seven disputed districts, thus creating two vacancies in the council and nine in the house of representatives. He issued a certificate, besides, to one member of council and one member of the house, not the individuals whom the judges of the election had returned. To all the remainder, consisting of eleven councilmen, and seventeen representatives, he granted certificates. On his ordering a new election to be held on the 24th of May for filling up the vacancies, the pro-slavery party broke into a storm of indignation. They declared that no special election was valid under the organic law; they resolved to disown the authority of the present one, and vowed vengeance against Reeder and all who adhered to him. Without waiting for the new election, the governor, in April, issued his proclamation, summoning the legislature to meet at Pawnee City—a congeries of tents and deals about a hundred miles from the frontier—on the 2d of July.

At the May election, there was little disturbance, and the free-soilers had almost everything their own way; the result being the return of a number of new members, to whom the governor granted certificates. There were now, as we may say, double returns, some apparently valid, others the reverse. No proceedings, however, were founded on this point till the assembling of the two houses, when, on the third day of the session, a committee made a report respecting disputed elections. Not to go into tiresome minutiae, the result of the inquiry was, to deprive of his seat one of the members whom the governor had certified in March, and to turn out six members certified under the election in May—the effect of the whole being to restore affairs to nearly that position in which they had been placed by the outrageous intrusion of the Missourians in March. Reeder, it may be presumed, had now an opportunity of repudiating a legislature so vitiated by its own act, but, as previously hinted, though a man of good intentions, he was scarcely fitted for controlling the wild democracy over whom he was called to rule. One of the earliest projects started in the house of representatives was the removal of the seat of legislature to Shawnee Mission, near the borders of Missouri; and a bill to this effect was sent to the governor, who, on the 6th of July, returned it with a message declining to sanction the proposed change. His reason was, that the legislature had transcended its authority in adopting this particular measure; but in making this communication, he distinctly recognised the council and house of representatives as constituting the legislature of the territory of Kansas. As may be supposed, the legislative body paid no attention to the governor's objections, and accordingly removed, on the 16th of July, to a school-house at Shawnee Mission. Still, the governor by messages respecting bills continued to recognise the authority of the legislature, although at the same time, on the 21st of July, he declared that, by the act of removal, the two houses were dissolved, and henceforth he suspended all intercourse with them. We are conscious that these are dry details, but being gathered chiefly from a report of congress respecting the struggle in Kansas, and freed from party exaggerations, they throw a useful light over what has become a question of deep interest connected with the progress of slavery. Up to the point we have reached, the Missouri intruders were clearly in the wrong; the denunciations in their newspapers and speeches at the public meetings were atrocious—language which we could not possibly transfer to these pages. But unfortunately, Reeder, in whose hands was the destiny of Kansas, compromised freedom. His recognition of the corrupt legislature on the 21st of July, was a grave blunder; for in a legal point of view (as we humbly assume), no subsequent repudiation of that body could deprive it of an authority he had already acknowledged. The

false position taken by Reeder was greedily seized hold of by his antagonists, who, as an explanation of his conduct, alleged that his preference for Pawnee arose from the fact of his having town-lots to dispose of in that quarter. Whatever truth may be in the scandal circulated on the occasion, there can be no doubt, if we are to believe Phillips, that Shawnee was a much more agreeable place of meeting than Pawnee. 'At the Mission, the legislature were at home; that is, they were nearly so. It was only one mile from the Missouri line, and four miles from Westport. Hacks left the Mission every evening, on the adjournment, taking the members to Westport, and brought them back in the morning. And such splendid junketings and racketings these fellows had! A due supply of whisky was brought in bottles and jugs each morning, in order to keep the legislature in spirits during the long summer days.'

Having set to work, the *Bogus* legislature, as this body is usually designated, speedily produced a code of laws connected with 'slave property,' such as the world has not seen for many a day. The following are a few of the penalties: To any person concerned in raising an insurrection among slaves, or free coloured persons—death. To any person who shall entice, decoy, or carry away any slave from the territory—death, or imprisonment for ten years with hard labour. To any person who shall entice or persuade a slave to escape from his master—imprisonment for ten years with hard labour. To any person resisting an officer who attempts to arrest an escaped slave—imprisonment with hard labour for two years. The following sections are too good to abridge:

'If any person print, write, introduce into, or circulate, or cause to be brought into, written, printed, or circulated, or shall knowingly aid or assist in bringing into, printing, publishing, or circulating within this territory, any book, paper, pamphlet, magazine, handbill, or circular containing any statements, arguments, opinions, sentiment, doctrine, advice, or innuendo calculated to produce a disorderly, dangerous, or rebellious disaffection among the slaves of the territory, or to induce such slaves to escape from the service of their masters, or to resist their authority, he shall be guilty of felony, and be punished by imprisonment at hard labour for a term not less than five years. If any free person, by speaking or writing, assert or maintain that persons have not the right to hold slaves in this territory, or shall introduce into this territory, print, publish, write, circulate, or cause to be introduced into the territory, written, printed, published, and circulated in this territory any book, paper, magazine, pamphlet, or circular, containing any denial of the right of persons to hold slaves in this territory, such person shall be deemed guilty of felony, and punished by imprisonment at hard labour for a term of not less than two years. No person who is conscientiously opposed to holding slaves, or who does not admit the right to hold slaves in this territory, shall sit as a juror on the trial of any prosecution for any violation of any of the sections of this act.' This extraordinary code was subscribed by J. H. Stringfellow as Speaker of the house, and Thomas Johnson (the Rev. Tom), President of the council.

The bills passed by the *Bogus* legislature being, as a matter of form, submitted to Reeder for his sanction, he transmitted a message in reply, stating that his opinion remained unchanged respecting the illegality of that body, but that independently of this fact, he had received official intimation that his functions as governor were withdrawn. The latter part of this reply was probably anticipated; for the legislature had memorialised the president to remove the governor from office; nor can we feel any surprise at his dismissal. Will it be credited—his message just

alluded to (August 16) was still addressed 'To the honourable the members of the council and house of representatives of the territory of Kansas'—an acknowledgment of their authority at variance with his repeated declarations, and greatly calculated to complicate the whole question. Amidst these difficulties, the Bogus legislature obtained an opinion from Judge Lecompte, to the effect, that the bills passed would receive the force of law without the signature of the governor, and so they appear to have actually come into operation.

Reader, who now withdrew into private life, was replaced by Governor Shannon, who was declared to be 'sound on the goose'—that is, in favour of slavery in the territory—and who, in general character, was no improvement on his predecessor. Indignant at being subjected to laws which they believed to rest on no proper authority, and exposed to personal sufferings from the Missourians, the citizens of Kansas spent the summer of 1855 in a state of extreme agitation. The proper means for redress lay in a calm appeal to congress. They did memorialise that body on the subject of their grievances; and ultimately a committee inquired into and reported on the subject at voluminous length. Without, however, waiting for the action of the supreme government, the citizens of Kansas held mass-meetings denunciatory of their oppressors, and went the extreme length of appointing a governor, C. Robinson, to 'occupy the executive chair of the new state of Kansas.' Under this official took place an entirely new organisation of the territory—alleged by the parties concerned to be exactly in terms of the constitution, but considered by the supreme government as totally irregular and inadmissible. The people in the several districts elected delegates, with perfect seriousness, to constitute a convention, or rival body to the Bogus legislature; and on the meeting of the assembly on the 19th of September at Topeka, a message was delivered from 'Governor Robinson,' which would have done no discredit to the resident of the United States.

Looking at the acts and resolutions of the Topeka convention, it was decidedly the better legislature of the two. Considering the nature of its materials, and the circumstances calling it into existence, one cannot but feel amazed at the cool and business-like way in which it set aside the whole proceedings of the Bogus assembly, drew up a constitution, organised committees on education and other affairs, and appointed an executive for the territory. None but an American, however, can do justice to its character. 'This constitutional convention,' says Phillips, 'was by far the most respectable body of men in point of talent, that was convened in Kansas; indeed, it would have compared favourably with legislative bodies anywhere. Talent, and the weak vanity which aposes it, were there; no virtue, and a more plastic school of morality; strictness, and number-one-ism; outside influence, and lobby; sober, staid, business habits, brandy, temperance, whisky, prayers by the chaplain, profanity, and oyster-suppers. It lacked none of the great essentials.' Taken all in all, it was an honourable body, with the usual sprinkling of skilful politicians, who knew how to indoctrinate an infant community with the principles of party manœuvring.

There were now two rival parliaments in Kansas, each thundering forth laws; but of what use are all the laws in the world, if there is nobody to execute them? Even in despotic countries, it is the people who control the people. The Bogus legislature of Kansas was an exotic, the governor an exotic, and the judges and sheriffs exotics: the people repudiated the whole concern, and defied them. There being, properly speaking, neither law nor government, and outrages being of

daily occurrence, the settlers got up secret military organisations, the chief of these being called the Kansas Legion—a kind of *Vehmgericht*, holding mysterious meetings, and the members of which recognised each other by peculiar signs. To counteract these movements, and aid the Bogus legislature, the pro-slavery men held what they called a 'Law and Order Convention' at Leavenworth on the 14th of November; and of this professed auxiliary of the constituted authorities, Governor Shannon was appointed president. From this period may be dated the condition of anarchy in Kansas. At all points, there was open defiance between the two parties. Of the fights, slaughterings, burning of houses, destruction and stealing of property, and personal outrages of every kind, we are fortunately spared from giving any account, as ample details of the atrocities committed by the border ruffians have been made widely known, and more particularly as that greatest atrocity of all, the burning and sacking of the city of Lawrence, in May 1856, must be fresh in every one's recollection. By Mrs Robinson, wife of Governor Robinson, who was carried away a prisoner, a circumstantial and graphic account of the troubles in Kansas has been given to the world.

In July 1856, the Topeka convention was brought to a termination by order of Colonel Sumner, at the head of a troop of dragoons, despatched by the supreme government to suppress the insurrections in the territory. With the interruption of the free-state convention, the seizure of some prisoners, and the occupancy of Kansas by the federal forces, the territory was substantially handed over to the Missourians. How far the president was justified in sending an army into Kansas, has been matter of much angry discussion; his proceedings in this respect, while ostensibly designed to keep the peace, had the effect of vindicating the conduct of the Missourian intruders, and leaving the actual settlers helpless. The subject, it will be recollected, brought congress to a dead-lock at the end of August 1856, when an appropriation for the army required to be voted. On this occasion, the members of the House of Representatives from the free states had it in their power to stop the supplies, and thus withdraw the army from Kansas. This grand chance of historical renown was not embraced. By a majority of 101 to 98, the vote for appropriation was ultimately carried—21 members from free states swelling the majority.

Under Governor Geary, Kansas has latterly been tranquil, and things may be said to be mending. But the laws of the Bogus legislature, which impose and bolster up slavery, remain in force, and whether they will be abolished by local or federal authority, is uncertain. Practically, Kansas is a slave territory, and will to all appearance be a slave state. Some New York newspapers, we observe, are recommending free-state emigrants to proceed to the territory, which presents cheap and fertile lands for settlement; and, considering the mighty stake at issue, we are not surprised that fresh attempts should be made to pour in an independent class of settlers. He would ill understand the nature of the struggle in Kansas, who supposed it to relate solely to the freedom of that territory. No doubt, that was the great and proximate object; but when we say that by making Kansas free, slavery would be checked in its north-western flank, and receive a severe blow throughout its whole system, the character of that desperate life-and-death struggle, which we have faintly portrayed, will perhaps be better understood. That the Americans, to whom this is no local squabble, but a thing of national concern, will sit down quietly with matters as they are, we cannot believe. Indeed, their reputation as a people may be said to be perilled on the result of the question; and we are hardly going beyond the truth in saying, that the world waits with

some interest to learn the issue. Possibly, some one on whom has dropped the mantle of Henry Clay, may propose a new Compromise!

In judging of past events in this unhappy territory, a sense of impartiality obliges us to say that all parties were in the wrong. Congress committed in the first place a grievous wrong, by instituting squatter sovereignty in direct opposition to the Missouri Compromise. Pierce seems to have done wrong throughout, in his invariable leaning to the pro-slavery party, and so encouraging their aggressions. Then, as regards the two local parties, wrong was met with wrong, illegality by illegality. The intrusions of the border ruffians were in every point of view iniquitous; but the free-soil settlers, though grossly insulted and oppressed, did surely wrong in inaugurating an illegitimate legislative convention, and in trying to support their plans by secret military organisations. As for Reeder, the central figure in the group of wrong-doers, he, by his incorrigible folly, rendered confusion worse confounded—a fine instance of what mischief may be done by good easy men, when placed in circumstances demanding vigour of character. For all these complications of wrong, of which no one can yet see the end, the more peaceful and honestly disposed immigrants to Kansas paid a heavy penalty. Their sufferings were acute, their losses ruinous. Of the deplorable condition to which their agricultural operations were reduced, we could advance no more convincing proof than that which above all things shocks the sensibility of an American—*white* women were seen labouring in the fields!

W. C.

THE FIRST RAGGED SCHOOL.

THE Scotch pique themselves a little on having taken the first step in this movement, and have good reason for the self-gratulation. No doubt, so far as the British Isles are concerned, the first of these institutions originated in the north; but few of us are perhaps aware that, in the little town of Weimar, 'where,' as Professor Blackie hath it, 'fair Peace her bloodless victories tells,' such an institution flourished seven-and-thirty years ago.

The life of Frederick Perthes, which has been lately translated, has presented to the English public a picture of German life—a picture of a good man's mind, and of domestic happiness such as has been seldom seen; and among the various subjects of interest treated of in these volumes, public and private, secular and theological, the chapter on the first Ragged School and its founder is one of the most attractive. One thing very notable is, that John Falk, to whom the honour is due of having been the first in this good work, was not a man of any great intellectual power—a large heart, a disinterested, warm, unselfish nature, united with complete devotion to the one object, insured success; though in his literary undertakings he had previously been a butt for the ridicule of his learned countrymen. Falk was a native of West Prussia, and had come to reside in Weimar, when his compassion was excited by the number of children left destitute by the battles of Jena, Lützen, and Leipzig, which had left them fatherless, and who now wandered, like wild beasts of the forest, in the neighbourhood of those scenes of horror. These young savages were the wreck of Napoleon's armies—dark-eyed boys from southern France and sunny Italy, besides a multitude from all the tribes of Germany. Of these, Falk collected more than 800, and took them into his own house, and resolved to devote his life to the task of reclaiming them, and giving them the blessings of education and an honest calling. To do so, besides his own devotion and energy, large funds were necessary; and part of his unpopularity may well be ascribed, not only to his eccentricities,

his riding his hobby very hard, but to his being a bold and untiring beggar—a bore, in short—the burden of his song being always 'give, give.' Having himself given his soul and body to the work of saving souls, he could not understand any one being lukewarm in such a cause, or stinting either their labour or their substance. Falk wisely said, speaking of the abuses of the time, 'nor will matters be mended so long as men regard preaching and the hearing of preaching as a Christian act, whereas Christian action is itself the true sermon.' He acted up to this principle, and night and day gave himself to the work. He had much to disappoint, but still more to encourage him, and was determined never to see difficulties. When his house was sold by the proprietor, he naturally found no one very willing to receive him and his 800 children into another: he therefore resolved to build, and to do the whole by the hands of his children; 'so that,' as he said, 'every tile in the roof, every nail in the walls, every lock on the doors, every chair and every table in the rooms, shall be a witness to their industry.'

To any one familiar with our Ragged Schools, the following description, given by Perthes, of the first Ragged School, which he visited in 1822, is very significant: 'About fifty journeymen and apprentices, all of them former inmates of the Ragged Hospital, were working at the new building as masons and carpenters. They were served by boys still in the institution: horrid, cannibal-like faces they all had, with the red of the desert unmistakably imprinted on their foreheads. In the expression of many, however, there were traces of a new life; and Falk says it is a real pleasure to see how the claws and the shaggy tufts gradually fall off.'

Falk's work and life-labour was crowned with great success. No doubt, many of his protégés returned to their wild ways, still a much larger number grew up sober and industrious citizens; and many a thriving artisan, in his happy and peaceful home, blessed the memory of his benefactor, who had taught him the first lesson of rectitude and self-respect. Also that has taken place of which he was himself so confident—the idea which possessed him has spread throughout Christian Europe; and though the name of the whimsical John Falk is seldom heard, the desire of his heart is accomplished. Wherever there is want and misery, there also there is a door open for the children of the destitute to learn the great lesson how to live for the world and for the next. And in our days, Industrial Schools have noble lords for their managers, and dainty ladies for their patrons.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—RUBE ROASTED ALIVE.

DOOMED beyond doubt—doomed to quick, awful, certain death was the earless trapper. In five minutes more he must perish. The wall of flame, moving faster than charging cavalry, would soon envelop him, and surer than the carbine's volley or the ke sabre-cut was the death borne forward by that hissing crackling cohort of fire. Here and there, tall jets shooting suddenly upward, stalked far in advance the main line—fiery giants, with red arms stretched forth, as if eager to grasp their victim. Ahead their hot breath was upon him; another minute, and he must perish!

In a sort of stupor we stood, Garey and I, watching the advance of the flames. Neither of us uttered word: painful emotions prevented speech. Both of hearts were beating audibly. Mine was bitter

wring; but I knew that of my companion was enduring the very acme of anguish. I glanced upward to his face: his eye was fixed, and looked steadfastly in one direction—as though it would pierce the sheet of flame, that rolled further and further from where we stood, and nearer to the fatal spot. The expression of that eye was fearful to behold; it was a look of concentrated agony. A single tear had escaped from it, and was rolling down the rude weather-bronzed cheek, little used to such bedewing. The broad chest was heaving in short quick spasms, and it was evident the man was struggling with his breath. He was listening through all this intensity of gaze—listening for the death-shriek of his old comrade—his bosom-friend!

Not long was the suspense; though there was no shriek, no cry of human voice, to indicate the crisis. If any arose, it was not heard by us. It could not have been; it would have been drowned amid the roar of the flames, and the crackling of the hollow culms, whose pent-up gases, set free by the fire, sounded like the continuous rolling of musketry. No death-cry fell upon our ears; but, for all that, we were satisfied that the drama had reached its dénouement: the unfortunate trapper was roasted alive!

Already the flames had passed over the spot where we had last seen him—far beyond—leaving the ground charred and black behind them. Though the smoke hindered our view of the plain, we knew that the climax had passed: the hapless victim had succumbed; and it remained only to look for his bones among the smouldering ashes.

Up to this moment, Garey had stood in a fixed attitude, silent and rigid as a statue. It was not hope that had held him thus spell-bound; he had entertained no such feeling from the first: it was rather a paralysis produced by despair. Now that the crisis was over, and he felt certain that his comrade had perished, his muscles, so long held in tension, suddenly relaxed—his arms fell loosely to his sides—the tears chased each other over his cheeks—his head reclined forward, and in a hoarse, husky voice he exclaimed:

'O! he's rubbed out, rubbed out! We've seed the last o' poor Old Rube!'

My sorrow, though perhaps not so keen as that of my companion, was nevertheless sufficiently painful. I knew the careless trapper well—had been his associate under strange circumstances—amid scenes of danger that draw men's hearts more closely together than any phrases of flattery or compliment. More than once had I seen him tried in the hour of peril; and I knew that, notwithstanding the wildness and eccentricity of his character—of his crimes, I might add—his heart, ill directed by early education, ill guided by after-association, was still rife with many virtues. Many proofs of this could I recall; and I confess that a feeling akin to friendship had grown up between myself and this singular man.

Between Garey and Rube the ties were still stronger. Long and inseparable companionship—years of participation in a life of hardships and perils—like thoughts and habitudes—though perhaps dispositions, age, and characters were a good deal unlike—all had combined to unite the two in a firm bond of friendship. To use their own expressive phrase, they '*froze*' to each other. No wonder then that the look, with which the young trapper regarded that black plain, was one of indescribable anguish.

To his mournful speech, I made no reply. What could I have said? I could not offer consolation. I was weeping as well as he: my silence was but an assent to his sad soliloquy.

After a moment he continued, his voice still tremulous with sorrow: 'Come, comrade! It are no use our cryin like a kuppel o' squaws.' With his large finger he dashed the tears aside, as if ashamed of having shed them. 'It are all over now. Let's look arter his bones—that is, if thar's anythin left o' 'em—and gie 'em Christyun burial. Come!'

We caught our horses, and mounting, rode off over the burnt ground. The hoofs of the animals tossed up the smouldering ashes, the hot red cinders causing them to prance. The smoke pained our eyes, and prevented us from seeing far ahead; but we guided ourselves, as well as we could, towards the point where we had last seen the trapper, and where we expected to find his remains.

On nearing the spot, our eyes fell upon a dark mass that lay upon the plain: it was much larger than the body of a man. We could not make out what it was, until within a few feet of it, and even then it was difficult to recognise it as the carcass of a buffalo—though such in reality it was. It was the game which the trapper had killed. It rested as it had fallen—as these animals usually fall—upon the breast, with legs widely spread, and humped shoulders upward. We could perceive that the unfortunate man had nearly finished skinning it—for the hide, parted along the spine, had been removed from the back and sides, and with the fleshy side turned outward, was hanging to the ground, so as to conceal the lower half of the carcass. The whole surface was burnt to the colour of charcoal.

But where were the remains of the hunter? They were nowhere to be seen near the spot. The smoke had cleared away sufficiently to enable us to observe the ground for several hundred yards around us. An object of small dimensions could have been distinguished upon the now bare surface; but none was seen. Yes! a mass lay beside the carcass, which drew our attention for a moment; but on riding up to it we perceived that it was the stomach and intestines of the buffalo, black and half broiled.

Where were the bones of Rube? Had he run away from the spot, and perished elsewhere?

We glanced towards the fire still raging on the distant plain. But no: it was not probable he had gone thence. By the last look we had obtained of him, it did not appear that he was making any effort to escape, and he could scarcely have gone a hundred yards before the flames swept over the spot. How then? Were his bones entirely consumed—calcined—reduced to ashes? The lean, withered, and dried-up body of the old mountain-man favoured such a supposition; and we began seriously to entertain it—for in no other way could we account for the total absence of all remains!

For some moments we sat in our saddles under the influence of strange emotions, but without exchanging a word. We scanned the black surface round and round. The smoke no longer hindered our view of the ground. In the weed-prairies there is no grassy turf; and the dry herbageous stems of the annuals had burned out, with the rapidity of blazing flax, so that nothing now remained to cause a smoke. The fire was red or dead in an instant. We could see clear enough all that lay over the ground, but nothing like the remains of a human being!

'No,' said Garey, with a long-drawn sigh. 'Poor Old Rube! The cussed thing has burned him to ashes—bones an all! Thur ain't as much o' im left as 'ud fill a tabacca-pipe!'

'What! thur ain't!' replied a voice that caused both of us to start in our saddles, as if it had been Rube's ghost that addressed us—'thur ain't!' repeated the voice, as though it came out of the ground beneath our feet. 'Thur's enough o' Ole Rube left to fill the stummuk o' this hyur bufler; an by the

jumpin' Geehosopah, a tight fit it ur! Wagh! I'm nigh suffocated! Gie's yur claws, Bill, an pull me out o' this hyur trap!'

To our astonishment the pendent hide of the buffalo was raised by an invisible hand; and underneath appeared, protruding through a hole in the side of the huge carcass, the unmistakable physiognomy of the earless trapper!

There was something so ludicrous in the apparition, that the sight of it, combined with the joyful reaction of our feelings, sent both Garey and myself into convulsions of laughter. The young trapper lay back in the saddle to give freer play to his lungs; and his loud cachinnations, varied at intervals by savage yells, caused our horses to dance about as if they dreaded an onslaught of Indians!

At first, I could detect a significant smile at the angles formed by Rube's thin lips; but this disappeared as the laughter continued too long for his patience.

'Cuss yur larkin!' cried he at length. 'Kum, Billee, boy! Lay holt hyur, an gi' me a help, or I must wriggle out o' meself. The durned hole ain't es big es twur when I krep in. Durn it, man, make haste! I'm better'n half-baked!'

Garey now leaped from his horse, and taking hold of his comrade by the 'claws,' drew him out of his singular hiding-place. But the appearance of the old trapper, as he stood erect—red, reeking, and greasy—was so supremely ludicrous, that both Garey and I were forced into a fresh fit of laughter, which lasted for several minutes.

Rube, once released from his uncomfortable situation, paid not the slightest attention to our mirth; but stooping down, drew out his long rifle—from where he had secured it under the hanging skin—and after having examined the piece, to see that no harm had come to it, he laid it gently across the horns of the bull. Then taking the 'bowie' from his belt, he quietly proceeded with the skinning of the buffalo, as if nothing had happened to interrupt the operation.

Meanwhile Garey and I had laughed ourselves hoarse, and, moreover, were brimful of curiosity to know the particulars of Rube's adventure. For some time he fought shy of our queries, and pretended to be 'miffed' at the manner in which we had welcomed him to life again. It was all pretence, however, as Garey well knew; and the latter having thrust into his comrade's hand the gourd, still containing a small drop of *aguardiente*, soon conciliated him; and after a little more coaxing, he condescended to give us the details of his curious escapade. Thus ran his narration:

'Ee wur both o' yur mighty green to think thet arter fightin' grizzly bar an Injun for nigh forty yeern on these hyur parairas, I wur a gwine to be rubbed out by a spunk o' fire like thet. Preehaps 'twur nat'ral enough for the young fellur hyur to take me for a *greenhorn*, seen as he oncest tuk me for a *grizzly*. He, he, he—ho, ho, hoo! I say it wur, an ur nat'ral enough for him to a thort so; but *you* mout a knowd better—you, Bill Garey, seen as ee oughter knowd me.

'Wal!' continued Rube, after another 'suck' at the gourd, 'when I seed the weeds afire, I knowd it wa'n't no use makin' tracks. Preehaps if I'd a spied the thing when the bleeze fust broke out, I mout a run for it, an mout a hed time; but I wur busy skinnin' this hyur beest wi' my head clost down to the karkidge, an thurfor hedn't see nuthin' till I heern the cracklin', an in coorse thur wa'n't the ghost o' a chance to git clur then. I seed thet at the fust glimp.

'I ain't a gwine to say I wa'n't skeart; I wur skeart, an bad skeart too. I thort for a spell, I wur boun to go under. Jest then I sot my eyes upon the buffler. I hed got the critter 'bout half-skinned, as ee see; an the idee kim inter my head, I mout crawl somehow under, an pull the hide over me. I tried thet plan fust; but I kudnt git kivered to my saterfaction, an I gin it up.

A better idee then kim uppermost, an thet wur to clur out the anymal's inside, an thur *caché*. I reck'n I wa'n't long in cuttin' out a wheen o' the buffler's ribs, an tearin' out the guts; an I wa'n't long neyther in squeezin' my karkidge, feet fo'most, through the hole. I hedn't need to a been long; it wur a close shave an a tight fit, it wur. Jest as I hed got my head 'bout half through, the bleeze kim swizzin' round, an nearly singed the ears off o' me. He, he, he—ho, ho, hoo!'

Garey and I joined in the laugh, at what we both knew to be one of Old Rube's favourite jokes; but Rube himself chuckled so long, that we became impatient to hear the end of his adventure.

'Well!' interrupted Garey, 'consarn your old akin! what next?'

'Wagh!' continued the trapper, 'the way thet bleeze did kum wur a caution to snakes. It roared an screeched, an yowled an hissed, an the weeds crackled like a million o' wagon-whups! I wur like to be spificated wi' the smoke, but I contriv to pull down the flap o' hide, an thet gin me some relief, though I wur well-nigh choked afore I got the thing fixed. So thur I lay till I heern you fellurs palaverin' about a 'bacca-pipe, and thurfor I knowd the hul thing wur over. Wagh!'

And with this exclamation Rube ended his narration, and once more betook himself to the butchering of the already half-roasted buffalo.

Garey and I lent a hand; and having cut out the hump-ribs and other titbits, we returned to the camp. What with broiled hyodons, roast ribs, tongue, and marrow-bones, we had no reason for that night to be dissatisfied with the hospitality of the prairies.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MESA.

After a breakfast of buffalo-flesh, seasoned with splendid appetites, and washed down by a cup of cold water from the arroyo, we 'saddled up,' and headed for a high *butte*, just visible over the plain. My companions knew the landmark well. It lay directly in our route. We should pass near its base, and a ride of ten miles further would bring us to the end of our journey; indeed, the eminence was within sight of the rancheria. From the roof of the alcalde's house, I had frequently noticed it. In clear weather only was it visible, outlined against the horizon, in a north-westerly direction from the village.

Struck with the singularity of this prairie-mound, I had projected a visit to it; but circumstances had prevented me from carrying out my intention. I was now to have the pleasure of a nearer acquaintance with it.

I have called it singular. Most isolated hills are conical, dome-shaped, or ridge-like; this one differed from the usual configuration—hence its singularity. It presented the appearance of a huge box set upon the prairie, not unlike that rare formation, the 'cofre,' which crowns the summit of the mountain Peroté. Its sides in the distance appeared perfectly vertical, and its top horizontal as the plain on which it rested.

As we drew nearer, I could perceive by the dark parapet-like band along its crest that it was covered with a growth of timber. This was the more readily observed from contrast with the perpendicular sides, which were almost of a snowy whiteness, on account of the gypsum, chalk, or milky quartz of which the rock was composed. The most peculiar feature of the mound was perhaps its apparently regular form—a perfect parallelopipedon. But it was striking in other respects. Its sides glistened fantastically under the rays of the sun, as though it were studded with windows of glass. This, however, was easily accounted for; and I knew that the sparkling effect was produced by plates of mica or selenite that entered into the

composition of the rock. I had seen whole mountains that presented a similar appearance. More than one such exists in the great American Saïra, in whose glittering cliffs, viewed from afar, may be found the origin of that wild chimera, the *mountain of gold*.

Although neither a mountain of gold nor silver, the mound in question was an object of rare interest. A very enchanted castle did it appear, and it was difficult to assign its formation to nature alone. Human agency, one could not help fancying, must have had something to do in piling up a structure so regular and compact. But he who has travelled over much of the earth's surface will have met with many 'freaks' of nature, exhibiting like appearance of design, in her world of inorganic matter. It was, in fact, one of those formations of which many are met with in the plateaux-lands of America, known in Spanish phraseology as *mesas*. This name is given to them in allusion to the flat table-like tops, which distinguish them from other elevated summits. Sometimes one of these mesas is found hundreds of miles from any similar eminence; more frequently a number of them stand near each other, like truncated cones—the summits of all being on the same level, and often covered with a vegetation differing materially from that of the surrounding plains. Geologists have affirmed that these table-tops are the ancient level of the plains themselves; and that all around, and intervening between them, has either sunk or submitted to the degradation of water! It is a vague explanation, and scarcely satisfies the speculative mind. The *mesa* of Mexico is still a geological puzzle.

As we approached this singular object, I could not help regarding it with a degree of curiosity. I had seen mesa heights before—in the 'mauvaise terre,' upon the Missouri, in the Navajo country west of the Rocky Mountains, and along the edges of the 'Llano Estacado,' which of itself is a vast mesa. The mound before us was peculiar, from its very regular form, and the sparkling sheen of its cliffs. Its complete isolation, moreover, added to the effect—for no other eminence appeared in sight. The low hills that bordered the Rio Grande could barely be distinguished in the distance.

On getting nearer to it, its character became somewhat altered; the square box-like form appeared less regular, and it was then perceived that the parallelopipedon was not perfect. Slight ledges could be traced traversing the face of its cliffs, and here and there the rectangular lines were broken to the eye. Nature, after all, had not been so exact in her architecture. Yet, with every deduction, it was a singular structure to look upon, not the less so that its summit was inaccessible to human foot. A precipice fifty yards sheer fronted outward on all sides; no one had ever scaled this precipice—so alleged my companions, who were well acquainted with the locality.

We had approached within less than a mile of its base; our conversation had dropped—at least so far as I was concerned; my thoughts were occupied with the mound, and my eyes wandered over its outlines. I was endeavouring to make out the character of the vegetation which seemed to flourish luxuriantly on its summit. The dark foliage was evidently that of some species of acicular trees, perhaps the common red cedar (*Juniperus Virginiana*); but there were others of lighter hue—in all likelihood *piñons*, the pines with edible cones, peculiar to this region. I noticed, also, growing upon the very edge of the cliff, yuccas and aloes, whose radiating blades, stretching out, curved gracefully over the white rock. Forms of cactus, too, were apparent, and several plants of the great *pitahaya* rose high above the cliff, like gigantic candelabra, strange objects in such a situation.

My companions seemed to have no eyes for these rare vegetable beauties; I could hear them at intervals

engaged in conversation; but the subject had no reference to the scene, and I paid little attention to what they were saying.

All at once I was startled by the voice of Garey, giving utterance to the emphatic announcement:

'Injuns, by —!'

'Indians!—where?'

The interrogation escaped my lips. It was half involuntary, and needed no reply. Garey's glance guided me; and, following its direction, I observed a string of horsemen just debouching from behind the mesa, and spurring forward upon the plain.

Both my companions had drawn bridle, and halted. I followed their example; and all three of us sat in our saddles, scanning this sudden apparition of mounted men. A dozen had now cleared themselves from behind the mesa, and were riding towards us.

We were yet nearly a mile from them; and at that distance it is difficult to distinguish a white man from an Indian—I should rather say impossible. Even at half the distance, the oldest prairie-men are sometimes puzzled. The garments are often not very dissimilar, and sun-bronze and dust confound the complexions. Although Garey, at first sight of them, had pronounced the horsemen to be Indians—the most probable supposition under the circumstances—it was but a random conjecture, and for some time we remained in doubt.

'If they're Injuns,' suggested Garey, 'they're Comanche.'

'An if thur Kimanch,' added Rube, with ominous emphasis, 'we've got to fight. If thur Kimanch, thur on the war-trail, an thur'll be mischief in 'em. Wagh! Look to yur flints an primin!'

Rube's counsel was instantly followed. Necessity quickened our precautions. All of us well knew, that, should the approaching horsemen turn out to be Comanches, we had no alternative but fight.

This warlike nation occupies the whole western area of Texas, ranging from the Rio Grande on the south, to the Arkansas on the north. They are to-day, with their kindred tribes, the most powerful Indian alliance on the continent. They affect the ownership of all prairie-land, styling themselves its 'lords,' though their sovereignty towards the north is successfully disputed by the Pawnees, Sioux, Blackfeet, and others as warlike as they. From the earliest times, they have been the *fiend* of the Texan settler; and a detailed account of their forays and pillaging expeditions would fill a score of volumes. But from these they have not gone back unscathed. The reprisals have outnumbered the assaults, and the rifle of the border-ranger has done its work of vengeance. In Mexico they have found less puissant defenders of the hearth and home; and upon the north-eastern provinces of that unhappy country, the Comanches have been for the last half-century in the habit of making an annual foray of war and plunder. In fact, this has become the better part of their subsistence, as they usually return from their rieving expeditions laden with spoil, and carrying with them vast droves of horses, mules, horned cattle, and *captive women*. For a short time, these dusky freebooters were at peace with the Anglo-American colonists of Texas. It was but a temporary armistice, brought about by Houston; but Lamar's administration, of a less pacific character, succeeded, and the settlers were again embroiled with the Indians. War to the knife was declared and carried on; red and white killed each other on sight. When two men met upon the prairie, the colour of the skin determined the relations between them! If they differed in this, they were enemies without parley, and to kill the other was the first thought of each. The *lex talionis* was the custom of the hour.

If the rancour could possibly have been augmented, an incident had just transpired calculated to have that effect. A band of Comanche warriors had offered their

services to the commander-in-chief of the American army! They held the following language:

'Let us fight on your side. We have no quarrel with you. You are warriors: we know it, and respect you. We fight against the cowardly Mexicans, who robbed us of our country. We fight for Moctezuma!'

These words, uttered along the whole northern frontier of Mexico, are full of strange import.

The American commander prudently declined the Comanche alliance; and the result was the bitter triangular war in which, as already noticed, we were now engaged.

If, then, the approaching horsemen were Indians of the Comanche tribe, Rube's forecast was correct; we had 'got to fight.'

With this understanding, we lost no time in putting ourselves in an attitude of defence. Hastily dismounting, and sheltering our bodies behind those of our horses, we awaited the approach of the band.

CHAPTER XXX.

GUERRILLEROS.

The manoeuvre had occupied only a few seconds of time, and the horsemen were yet distant. They had thrown themselves into a formation, and were riding 'by twos!'

This movement took us by surprise. The tactics were not Indian: Comanches never march in double file. The horsemen could not be Indians. Who, then?

A sudden hope crossed my mind, that it might be a party of my own people, out in search of me. 'By twos' was our favourite and habitual order of march. But no; the long lances and streaming pennons at once dissipated the hope: there was not a lance in the American army. They could not be 'rangers.'

Comanches on the war-trail would have been armed with the lance, but clearly they were not Comanches.

'Wagh!' exclaimed Rube, after eyeing them intently. 'Ef thur Injuns, I'm a nigger! Ef thur Injuns, they've got beards an sombrayras, an thet ain't Injun sign nohow. No!' he added, raising his voice, 'thur a gang o' yellur-bellied Mexikins! thet's what they ur.'

All three of us had arrived simultaneously at the same conviction. The horsemen were Mexicans.

It was no great source of rejoicing to know this; and the knowledge produced no change in our defensive attitude. We well knew that a band of Mexicans, armed as these were, could not be other than a hostile party, and bitter too in their hostility. For several weeks past, the *petite guerre* had been waged with dire vengeance. The neutral ground had been the scene of reprisals, and terrible retaliations. On one side, wagon-trains had been attacked and captured, harmless teamsters murdered, or mutilated whilst still alive. I saw one with his arms cut off by the elbow-joints, his heart taken out, and thrust between his teeth! He was dead; but another whom I saw still lived, with the cross deeply gashed upon his breast, upon his brow, on the soles of his feet, and the palms of his hands—a horrid spectacle to look upon!

On the other side, ranchos were ransacked and ruined, villages given to the flames, and men on mere suspicion shot down upon the spot or hanged upon the nearest tree! Such a character had the war assumed; and under these circumstances, we knew that the approaching horsemen were our deadly foes.

Beyond a doubt, it was either a scouting-party of Mexican lancers, a *guerrilla*, or a band of robbers. During the war, the two last were nearly synonymous, and the first not unfrequently partook of the character of both.

One thing that puzzled us—what could any of the

three be doing in that quarter? The neutral ground—the scene of *guerrilla* operations—lay between the two armies; and we were now far remote from it; in fact, altogether away from the settlements. What could have brought lancers, guerrilleros, or robbers, out upon the plains? There was no game in that quarter for any of these gentry—neither an American force to be attacked, nor a traveller to be plundered! My own troop was the out-picket in this direction, and it was full ten miles off. The only thing likely to be met with near the mesa was a war-party of Comanches, and we knew the Mexicans well enough to be convinced that, whether soldiers or freebooters, they were not in search of that.

Such reflections, made in double-quick time, occurred to us as we scanned the advancing troop.

Up to this moment, they had ridden directly towards us, and were now nearly in a line between us and the mesa. On getting within about half a mile of our position, they turned sharply toward the west, and rode as if to make round to our rear! This manoeuvre of course placed us upon their flank; and now, outlined against the sky, we could distinctly trace their forms and note their habiliments and armour. Nearly all wore broad-brimmed sombreros, with jacket, sash, and calzoneros. They carried lances, lazoos, and carbines or *escopettes*. We could distinguish sabres and *machetes*—the universal weapon of the Mexican ranchero. They could not be drilled troops. Their costumes, as well as a certain irregularity in their manoeuvring, forbade this supposition. Their lances, moreover, were borne in all sorts of ways—some couched, some resting in the stirrup and held correctly, while others were carried over the shoulder like a firelock! No, they could not be a troop of regulars. They were either *guerrilleros* or true *salteadores*.

After riding nearly a half-circle round—still keeping at the same distance—the troop suddenly made front towards us, and halted.

We had been puzzled by their going round; we could not divine their object in so doing. It could not be to cut off our retreat. The timber in the back direction was miles off. Had it been near enough, we should certainly have retreated to it long before; but we knew it was too distant. Rube and his old mare would have been overtaken by our well-mounted enemies, long ere we could have gained the woods; we knew this, and therefore did not think of making the attempt. On the other side was the mesa, which, by their late movement, had been left open to us. It was but a half-mile off, and perhaps, by making a dash, we might have reached it; but not a tree grew near it—except those on its summit—and its rocky wall apparently offered no advantage to us, any more than the open plain. The enemy seemed to be aware of this, else they would not have ridden round, and thus left the way clear.

Until the moment of their halt, therefore, we remained ignorant of their motive in moving to our rear; then it was explained. Their object was evident to all of us: they had halted between us and the sun!

It was a cunning manoeuvre, worthy of a war-party of Indians, and told us we had no common enemy to deal with. By approaching us from that direction, they would have a decided advantage: our aim would be spoiled by the sun—now low down upon the horizon, and gleaming right in our eyes. My companions were wroth at the trick that had been thus played so adroitly; though we could not have hindered it even if forewarned.

We were allowed but little time to reflect upon the matter; we saw by the movements of the horsemen that they were preparing to charge. One who appeared to be the leader, mounted upon a larger horse than any of the rest, was addressing them. He rode along the line speaking in a loud tone, and gesticulating

violently; he was answered with *vivas*, which we could plainly hear. Every moment, we looked to see them gallop forward.

We knew there was no alternative but fight or surrender, though not one of us entertained an idea of the latter; for myself, I should as soon have thought of turning my pistol to my own head. My uniform, tattered as it was, would easily reveal my character to the enemy; and, if captured, I knew I should be hung, or perhaps, in the absence of trees, shot down upon the spot. My comrades had reasons for knowing that *their* shrift would be equally short: neither thought for a moment of tamely yielding.

'No!' emphatically pronounced Rube, 'this child don't giv in, till he's rubbed out, he don't! Tarnation odds too!' he added, looking toward the troop; 'twelve agin three o' us. Durn the odds! I've got clur o' wuss scrapes than 't looks yit, and so've you, Bill Garey—hain't we, boyee? Durn the odds! let 'em kum on!'

'Ay,' responded Garey, without the slightest show of excitement, 'they'd better not come too near 'thout tellin thar business. I see one saddle that I'll empy the minnit they pass you weed.' And the speaker indicated a bunch of the *artemisia* plant that grew some two hundred paces off in the direction of the horsemen.

The reckless talk of the old trapper, with the contrasted cool bearing of his younger companion, had fixed my nerves fully. At the first sight of so many adversaries, I was not without some misgivings—in fact, I felt fear. Such odds against us—four to one—was fair cause for apprehension. But it was not my first fight against large odds, both Indian and Mexican; and on that account, I regarded it the less seriously.

Notwithstanding the superiority of our enemy in numbers, I knew we were not so unequal. Unless shot down by the first volley of their carbines and scoppettes, each of our three rifles was sure of its man. I had confidence in my own weapon, and a still more perfect reliance on those of my comrades. They were men that never missed—men who never fired a random shot—never drew trigger till their aim was sure. I felt certain, therefore, that should the horsemen charge upon us, only *nine* of the twelve would ever come within pistol-shot, and for that distance we were well prepared. I carried in my belt a six-chambered revolver, one of Colt's best; Garey had another—a present I had made him many years before—and Rube was armed with a pair of stout single barrels, like enough to do good service.

'Seventeen shots! wi' our bowies to fall back upon!' cried Garey triumphantly, as we finished a hasty survey of our arms.

As yet the enemy did not advance; notwithstanding their *vivas* and ejaculations, they appeared to hesitate about charging. Their leader, and another—a lieutenant, perhaps—were still seen riding along their line, as if animating them by further speech, and giving them orders how to act.

Meanwhile, we had not been idle; we had *formed square* to receive the charge! You may smile, but such was in reality the case. We had formed square—with our horses! There were four of them, for the wild horse counted one. Garey, who rode like a Comanche, had broken him at our last camp, and he was now perfectly tractable. The shake of a lazo rendered him docile as a lamb.

The four were tied head to head, and croup to croup, and each formed one side of the square. They could not have broken it even under a charge of cavalry; bridles must be untied or cut, and lazoes set loose, before that *formation* could be destroyed!

Within stood we, fronting our foes—the large horse of Garey forming our barricade—our heads and feet alone visible to the enemy.

Thus did we await their onsets.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE PARLEY.

Another chorus of *vivas* announced that the guerrilla chief had finished his oration, and that the attack was about to be made. We saw him, with one or two others, advance in front of the line, and head towards us, evidently intending to lead the charge.

'Now!' muttered Rube, in a sharp quick tone, 'guns ready, boys! no waste shots, d' yur hear? Lead counts hyur—it do. See! By the jumpin Geehosopha, thur a waine to ride right down! Let 'em kum on, and be —! Thur's one o' 'em won't git this fur—I mout say two—I mout say three i'deed. Durn the glint o' thet sun! Billes!' he continued, addressing Garey, 'ee'll shoot fust; yur gun's furrest carry. Plug the big un on the clay-bank hoss. This child's for No. 2 on the gray mustang. An, young fellur! ee'll jest pick off thet niggur on the roan. I know yur wild-cat to the bone, but keep yur eye skinned an yur naves steady, d' yur hear?'

'Yes, yes!' I hurriedly answered, though at the time steadiness of nerves was easier promised than practised. My heart was heaving in quick pulsations at the near prospect of the terrible drama about to be enacted.

At this moment the 'Forward' fell upon our ears, and with the wild notes of the bugle came the words:

'*Andela! anda! Dios y Guadalupe!*'

In an instant, the troop was in motion, and pressed forward, galloping to the charge.

They had not made many stretches before their line became broken, several of the swiftest or most courageous forging ahead of the others.

'The three fo'most!' cried Rube, in the same sharp tone—'the three fo'most! Thet'll fotch 'em up wi' a roun turn, or this child's mistaken. Now, boyees! mind yur eyes! Steady! Stea-dy—stea-dy!'

All at once, Rube's muttered cautions, slowly drawled out, were changed to an exclamation that betokened surprise, followed by a long low whistle of the same import! The cause was clear. The guerrilleros had got within three hundred yards of us, still going at a gallop, but we could perceive that their pace slackened as they advanced; already it was more of an amble, than the forward dash of an earnest charge. It was evident they had no stomach for the business—now that they were near enough to see the shining barrels and black hollow tubes of our levelled rifles.

Garey was waiting till the foremost should pass the *artemisia*-bush; for by that he had long since calculated the point-blank range of his rifle. Another moment, and its crack would have been heard; but the horseman, as if warned by instinct, seemed to divine the exact limit of danger. Before reaching the bush, his heart failed him, and in a wavering, irresolute manner, he drew bridle, and halted! The others, nothing loath, followed his example, until the whole troop had pulled up within less than three hundred yards of the muzzles of our guns!

'Cowed, by —!' shouted Rube with a derisive laugh. 'Hulloo!' continued he, raising his voice still louder, and addressing the halted line: 'what do ee want anyhow?'

Whether Rube's comical interrogatory was understood or not, it elicited a reply:

'*Amigos! somos amigos!*' (We are friends!) shouted back the leader of the band.

'Friends, be durned!' exclaimed the trapper, who knew enough of Spanish to understand the significance of *amigos*. 'Nice friends you! Wag! D' yur think to bamfoozle us thet-away? Keep yur distance now!' continued he, raising his rifle in a threatening manner, as a movement was perceptible among the

horsemen. 'Keep yur distance, or, by the tarnal airthquake! I'll plug the fust o' ye thet rides within reach. Durn sich friends as you!'

The leader now conversed in a low tone with his lieutenant. Some new design seemed to have been devised between them—and after a while, the former again addressed us; speaking as before in Spanish.

'We are friends!' said he: 'we mean you no harm. To prove it, I will order my men to fall back upon the prairie, while my lieutenant, unarmed, will meet one of you on the neutral ground. Surely, you can have no objection to that?'

'And why such an arrangement?' inquired Garey, who spoke Spanish fluently. 'We want nothing of you. What do you want from us, with all this durn'd fuss?'

'I have business with you,' replied the Mexican; 'and you, sir, in particular. I have something to say to you I don't wish others to hear.'

As he said this, the speaker turned his head, and nodded significantly towards his own following. He was candid with them at least.

This unexpected dialogue took all three of us by surprise. What could the man want with Garey? The latter knew nothing of him—had never, as he declared, 'sot eyes on the niggur before;' although at such a distance—with the sun in his face, and the Mexican's sombrero slouched as it was—Garey might be mistaken. It might be some one whom he had met, though he could not recall him to mind.

After a short consultation, we agreed that Garey should accept the proposal. No evil could result from it—none that we could think of. Garey could easily get back, before any attack could be made upon him, and Rube and I should still be ready to protect him with our pieces. If they meditated treachery, we could not perceive the advantage they were to gain from the proceeding.

The 'parley' therefore was accepted, and the conditions arranged with due caution on our part. The horsemen—with the exception of the leader and his lieutenant—were to ride back to the distance of half a mile; the leader was to remain where he was; and half-way between him and us, Garey and the lieutenant were to meet, both of them on foot and unarmed.

At an order from their chief, the guerrilleros fell back. The lieutenant dismounted, laid his lance along the ground, unbuckled his sabre, drew the pistols from his belt, and placing them beside the lance, advanced towards the appointed spot.

Garey had likewise disarmed himself; and leaving his weapons in charge of Rube and myself, stepped forth to meet the Mexican. In another minute, the two stood face to face, and the 'parley' began.

It was of short duration. The speaking, which appeared to be principally done by the Mexican, was carried on in a low tone; and Rube and I saw that he pointed frequently in our direction, as if we were the subject of his discourse! We observed that his harangue was suddenly interrupted by Garey, who, turning round at the same instant, cried out to us in English:

'Hilloo, Rube! what do yer think the skunk wants?'

'How shed I know?' replied Rube. 'What do 'e want?'

'Why, he wants'—Garey's voice rose, louder with indignation—'he wants us to give up the *ranger-captain*; an sez, if we do, you an me can go free. Ha, ha, ha!' and the young trapper ended his announcement with a scornful laugh.

Simultaneous with Garey's laugh, I could hear Rube utter a low whistle, and the words 'thet's how the stick floats;' and, then raising his voice, he called out:

'An what answer hev you gin him, Billee?'

'I hain't answered him yet,' was the prompt reply; 'but hyar's the answer!'

I saw Garey's arm raised, with his huge fist clenched; I saw it descend like a trip-hammer upon the face of the Mexican, who with the blow fell heavily to the earth!

WHY DO I WEAR A HAT?

I AM a reasonable man, and I wish to know—quite out of course it may be, and without having an appointment, but nevertheless I wish to know—'Why I wear a hat.' Having years ago decided in my own mind that I do not wear it for its utility, certainly not for its beauty, and emphatically not from choice, I simply wish to discover, if possible, *why* I wear it. Why am I, a respectable citizen, a devoted husband, a disinterested adviser, and a kind friend—as the world will discover, when it is too late, from my tombstone—why am I condemned during life to this severe penal servitude, and deprived even of the ameliorating condition—in which light I should look upon a wide-awake—of a ticket-of-leave? A ticket-of-leave! Why, if, in the mistaken supposition that I am beyond the immediate influence of Printing-house Square, I perambulate the streets of a continental city in any head-tire less excruciating than this, the *Times* dedicates its leading columns to a denunciation of the atrocity; whilst if, similarly attired, I attempt the streets of our own metropolis, the derisive vulgarity of misguided youth unweariedly pursues me. Why, I ask, on the authority of an independent elector, and one having a stake in the country, why is this?—What is a hat? Apart from its being the gross caricature of an inverted flower-pot, and the most perfect conception of ugliness possible, is it possessed of some subtle and mysterious quality, of which I am unhappily ignorant, but which to the educated eye presents it as an object of beauty and symmetry? Is it—as the universal sympathy of the nineteenth century would almost persuade me—in any way connected with the steam-engine, or the printing-press, or trial by jury, or habeas corpus, or parliamentary reform, or, in fact, the British constitution? Is the wearing of it insisted upon, under the severest penalties, by any particular act of parliament, and, though I know it not, one of the most material constituents of our national prosperity?

Influenced by the prevailing weakness of the age, I should be more reconciled to it could I discover any precedent for the custom, or that it had the sanction of antiquity to recommend it; but I cannot. My ancestors, however preposterous they may have been in the fashion of their boots, however capricious in the cut of their trunk-hose and doublets, or however eccentric in their conceptions of periwig, were never, that I can discover, guilty of wearing anything so monstrous as a modern hat. Even my remote ancestors, the ancient Britons, though particular to a fault in the illustration of their stomachs, and somewhat savage, I must confess, in many respects, were never so lost to everything human as this. I am not even aware that any of our national statues are accommodated with this article of costume.

In the days subsequent to those of my illuminated ancestors, I find that although hats were worn, they were generally of a fanciful and picturesque construction, as witness what Stubbs in the year 1585 says on the subject: 'Sometimes,' he says, 'they use them sharpe on the crowne, peaking up like the spire or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yarde above the crowne of their hedges, some more, some less, as please the phantasies of their inconstante mindes. Othersome be flatt and broad on the crowne, like the battlements of

house. Another sorte have rounde crownes, sometimes with one kinde of bande, sometimes with another; now black, now white, now russeed, now redde, now green, now yellow, now this, now that, never content with one colour or fashion two daies on end. And as the fashions be rare and strange, so is the stuffe whereof their hattes are made divers also; for some be silke, some of velvet, some of taffetic, some of arset, some of wool, and, which is most curious, some of certaine kinde of fine haire; these they call bever hattes, of xx., xxx., or xl. sh. price.'

Now, so strong are my individual feelings upon the subject, that I conscientiously declare I would rather wear a sarsnet hat a quarter of a yard high, with a yellow riband round it, as my respectable progenitors, at the authority of Stubbs, did 200 years ago, than be attired in the glossiest, lightest, most flexible, and best ventilated gossamer of the present day; and this although I commenced this paper by stating—and I stick to it—that I am a reasonable man! My great-grandfather, who flourished 150 years ago, wore a three-cornered cocked-hat, and looked like a gentleman. If he were to meet the present writer staggering under a head-dress of this period, he would kick him—and very properly—for disgracing the family: as the custom was in his day, he would probably swear at him too!

But putting my immediate ancestors out of the question, can we for a moment imagine anything heroic, anything noble or worthy of historical record, to be associated with the idea of a hat? What would be the fate, for example, of our ideal portrait of the Great Napoleon, as he stands with folded arms on a rocky promontory of his island-prison, gazing over the great Atlantic waste, to where—the theatre of all his glory, the centre of all his fading hopes—'La Belle France,' lies far away, and lost to him, in the distance? What would become of this portrait, I say, were a modern artist substituted for the immortal *chapeau* of that immortal man? Simply and fatally, that, by virtue of the change, we should recognise in the person of the great commander, a possible Smith, a probable Brown, a hypothetical Jones, a supposititious Robinson, brooding, it might be, over the flatness of cotton, or the tightness of the money-market.

Let the most enthusiastic admirer of Cromwell once place a hat upon the head of that remarkable man, and he becomes a huge, fat, vulgar, frouzy brewer instantly. So deeply am I impressed with the terrible effects arising from this article of dress, that I fear the rapid expanse of forehead, the colossal brow of the immortal Shakespeare himself, would not be proof against so vile a covering—so terrible a leveller is a hat.

That the fact of its existence would have altered the current of history in the case of the tyrant Gessler, so that the toxophilistic proficiency of William Tell would have been known only to his friends, I have little doubt, so utterly absurd would it have been to anticipate obedience to a—hat!

If it be true that no man can be a hero to his valet, how infinitely more certain is it that no man can be a hero in a hat!

But I feel that it is quite impossible to furnish even the most concise epitome of my hatred to hats within the limits of a column. If I ever do—and I confess I sometimes do—yearn for the faculty of authorship, it is primarily that I may devote three volumes of the most brilliant writing to a denunciation of this most atrocious slavery, so that my name may go down to posterity—in conjunction with that of Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe—as one of the greatest reformers of my age.

Pending the publication of this—I may say prophetically—celebrated work, I will, for present purposes, call upon all true-hearted Britons, as they value liberty, and never, never, never will be slaves, to shake off this

vile yoke, and assert their native dignity—in night-caps, if necessary—or, as the only alternative, to furnish me with a satisfactory reason *why* I wear a hat.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE first month of the new year has been marked by a fair amount of activity: publishers of good books say they 'mustn't complain'; philosophers are all but unanimous in thinking they have made a good start; and artists are worked up to different degrees of enthusiasm by the exhibition—at last—of some of Turner's pictures in Marlborough House, and by the fact, that government is building a gallery to receive the valuable collection of paintings offered to the nation by Mr Sheepshanks. This gallery forms part of the erections in which the Department of Science and Art is now lodged at South Kensington, with space enough for museums and offices, and all the appliances needful for its national task—art-education. While in these respects the department is acknowledged to be effective, opinions are very much at variance as to its locality—one party declares it to be too far west; another maintains that fifty years hence it will be central. At anyrate, it is too far west at present to be used as a means of study and reference by working-people, most of whom dwell in the east, and would naturally be unwilling to lose half their day in the walk from Spitalfields to Kensington and back. Meanwhile the tendency to migrate westward appears to grow stronger. The Royal Society are busy removing their library from the Strand to Burlington House; a commission is considering the question as to site for a new National Gallery; and everything foretokens that the east will be left still further behind than at present.

The Privy Council of Education are about to establish a museum in the same quarter for educational purposes. It will comprise the several objects and materials exhibited by the Society of Arts in St Martin's Hall in 1854, with plans and models of schools, of fittings and apparatus, desks, seats, books, &c., &c. This is a most praiseworthy project, and we hope it will be properly appreciated and resorted to by those engaged in the work of education in all parts of the kingdom.—We have satisfactory information from Woolwich as to what can be done by real study and honest examinations: the officers of engineers who obtained their commissions by passing their examination successfully, though looked coldly on at first as interlopers, and regarded as 'persons,' have proved themselves remarkably apt and able in their duties, and in their persevering endeavours to master all the details. Some have already suggested improvements in engineering appliances; and there seems good reason to believe, that henceforth officers thoroughly acquainted with their profession will be the rule, and not the exception.—And attention has been called to the fact, that in knowledge of another sort—namely, of living Eastern languages—England is more backward than she ought to be; and measures are to be taken to insure that our military and civil officers, from Constantinople to Canton, shall be able to confer with the natives without the medium—too often a fatal one—of an interpreter. In the present state of affairs in Persia and China, this question becomes of much importance.—A proposal has been made which promises well for another sort of education: to establish Industrial Schools, each of which shall comprise a 'training family'—girls to be entered and instructed, during good-behaviour, in all that appertains to domestic economy and household duties. Will it not be a surprise if we have troops of young women skilled in the neglected accomplishments of roasting mutton, boiling potatoes, and making a shirt!

The Society of Arts announce that their Ninth Exhibition of Inventions will open on the 23d of March: another opportunity for the usefully ingenious to demonstrate their capabilities. Among the papers read at the evening meetings of the society, one on the Natural Resources of British Honduras by the colonial Chief-justice Temple, made known many new particulars concerning the colony as to climate and productions, from which we gather that scarcity of mahogany is not to be feared for a long time to come.

Talking about Honduras reminds us of a new yam, as it is called, which has been sent from Mexico to the Académie at Paris. It is of prodigious size—2 mètres 51 centimètres long, 89 centimètres circumference, and weighs 86 kilogrammes. Some of the academicians say it is rather a rhizome than a root; not a yam, but a hitherto undetermined vegetable, perhaps a *dioscorea*—a question to be settled by botanists. In Mexico, as we are informed, it is not at all uncommon for the roots to grow to a length of four mètres. They are a palatable article of food, notwithstanding their size.

Mr Palliser's project for exploring the Saskatchewan and the passes of the Rocky Mountains, is recommended by the Geographical Society. If we are to purge our towns and counties of rogues and desperadoes by transporting them to Vancouver's Island, a practicable route across the continent of America to the north-west becomes a desideratum. And among the subjects brought forward at recent meetings of the Society are—the desirability of constructing a railway from the north-west coast to Hudson's Bay—a scheme for an exploration of the Orinoco, and on the progress of the North Australian exploring expedition. The last published volume of the Society's *Journal* contains numerous interesting papers: Markham, On the Sources of the Purus; Cadell, On the Navigation of the Murray; Bollaert, On Coal in Chile, &c. And as regards Africa, Dr Livingstone's discoveries are to be followed up, and another expedition is to be sent to penetrate the interior up the Quorra and Tchadda. Apropos of Dr Livingstone: Edinburgh acknowledges his merits by conferring on him the freedom of the city; Glasgow has offered this honour; and in London a testimonial, set on foot by an animated public meeting at the Mansion-house, is growing into a solid subscription. In a testimonial so well deserved, all classes may cheerfully unite.

The Hakluyt Society are continuing their useful publications, chiefly of early voyages and travels never before published, reprints of old editions; and in this way a series of works, hitherto inaccessible, is brought within reach of the scientific reader. *Russia at the Close of the Sixteenth Century* is the title of the last; and among volumes forthcoming we find, *India in the Fifteenth Century*, and, translated by Admiral Smyth, *The Travels of Girolamo Benzoni, in America, in 1542-56*. A subscription of a guinea a year entitles the members to all the works published.—Notice has at times been taken of specimens of graphic or hieroglyphic writing brought from Mexico, of a date subsequent to the Spanish conquest: Mr Squier has read a paper thereupon before the Royal Society of Literature, in which he shews that these specimens are writings prepared by the earliest Spanish missionaries to impart a knowledge of the Christian faith to the Mexicans.—And while on the subject of books, we may mention here a work in two volumes, published at Paris by M. E. Bonnemère—*Histoire des Paysans*, in which the author, tracing the history of the peasantry, shews how the growth of political liberty has gradually ameliorated their condition, and how certain remarkable epochs form, as it were, a measure of their advance. The period embraced is from 1200 to 1850; but in the introduction, the history is carried back to the fiftieth year before the present era.

Since the publication of Professor J. D. Forber's theory of the phenomena of glaciers, a notion had prevailed that the question was settled; but Messrs Tyndall and Huxley, in a paper read before the Royal Society, illustrated by ingenious experiments, make it evident that there is much to be said on the question from another point of view. Demurring to the viscous theory of glacier motion, they shew that the same effects are producible by another and a different cause—a mechanical one. The operation of this is favoured by a certain plasticity of the ice, by reason of which it takes readily new forms under great pressure, as was demonstrated by experiment. A sphere of ice was compressed into a perfect lens; a small flat slab into a half-circle; and from a hemispherical mass, a complete basin was produced—all retaining their shape solid enough to be freely handled, till they melted away in the warmth of the room. Dr Tyndall was led to the views, here sketched in merest outline, by his researches into the origin of slaty cleavage; and having confirmed them by a visit to the Alps of Switzerland and the Tyrol, he has, conjointly with Mr Huxley, submitted them to the judgment of scientific men in the way above mentioned, and by a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution.

A paper 'On Some of the Products of the Destructive Distillation of Boghead Coal,' by Mr Williams of Glasgow, read also before the Royal Society, is interesting as affording another instance of the advantages derived by industry from refined science. The products in the present case are numerous, and such as will become available in the useful arts, similarly with benzole, paraffine, &c. After the reading of the paper, the president of the Chemical Society mentioned, as an example of the progress made in researches of the kind under notice, that aniline—a compound of the benzole series—which a short time since could only be obtained in what was considered a large quantity—a few ounces at a time—is now obtained at the rate of thirty-five gallons a day, and used in the dyeing of silk. New applications of benzole are also discovered, some of them available in domestic economy. It is preferable, as we hear, to turpentine for cleansing silk and woollen from spots of grease.

We noticed in a recent *Month*, improvements in the manufacture of sugar on the great beet-root farms in Picardy, and we now call attention to the operations carried on at Messrs Dray & Co.'s beet-root farm at Farningham, near Dartford, Kent. Large quantities of the root are grown, subjected to distillation, and afterwards used to fatten sheep and cattle. To three-quarters of a ton of beets, which are sliced lengthwise by machinery in an hour, 800 gallons of wort prepared by maceration of beets to start with, are poured on, a quart of sulphuric acid is added, and at the end of twenty-four hours, the slices are ready for distillation. Placed in iron cylinders divided into compartments, each compartment is drawn upon successively, so that there is a continuous flow of spirit until the end of the process. The spirit is said to resemble small-still whisky; and under proper treatment, becomes what is called a neutral spirit, useful for many industrial purposes. So much success has attended the manufacture of beet-root spirit in the district around St Quentin and Valenciennes, that 17,000 bullocks and 140,000 sheep are now fattened annually, where the number used to be 11,000 of the one and 70,000 of the other; and more corn is grown because of the increased supply of manure. It remains to be seen whether the like prosperity will attend the endeavours in Kent.

There is talk of a limited liability company to work Dr Normandy's patent process for distilling fresh aerated water from sea-water; to be applied, we presume, in places where natural fresh water is not to be had. The efficiency of the process was tested at

Heligoland, as government had an apparatus fixed to supply the German Legion when camped on the islet.—A communication addressed to the Académie at Paris shews oxygenated water to have a remarkable curative effect in cases of cholera—a fact said to be confirmatory of the evidence that absence of ozone from the atmosphere is a cause of cholera. The oxygenated water makes up the deficiency.—Messrs Schroeder and Dusch make it apparent that meat may be kept fresh for a long time in filtered air. The filtration is effected by very simple means—namely, panels of cotton wadding to the safe or closet in which the meat is hung. Would not this method of delaying putrefaction come within the conditions prescribed by the Society of Arts in their last prize-list? Butchers' meat has risen to so extremely high a price in Paris, that there has been some talk of the imperial government undertaking to sell preserved fresh meat at a reasonable rate.

The inquiry for fibrous and oil-producing plants for manufacturing purposes, continues: Chief-justice Temple says we are as yet very imperfectly acquainted with the oleaginous products of Honduras, and Dr Royle repeats his testimony in favour of India as an exhaustless field of vegetable fibre. This leads us to notice an improvement in the flax-trade—Macbride's scutching-machine—which cleans more than 500 pounds of fibre in ten hours, and when driven to the utmost, will turn out 900 pounds in the same space of time. Compared with hand-labour, there is a gain of more than half in favour of the machine—at least, so say the initiated.—The United States government is sending an expedition to different places within the tropics to collect cuttings of sugar-cane, to renew the exhausted stocks in the southern states.—A bronze halfpenny, the first coinage in that metal, has just been struck for circulation in Nova Scotia.—Austria is about to send out her first naval exploring expedition round the world: Dr Scherzer of Vienna to be chief naturalist.—Clifford's plan of lowering boats from ships under-way, or steamers at full speed, continues to bear the severest tests; as shewn by a recent trial, in presence of the port-admiral and other authorities, at Portsmouth, it is equally available with a light skiff or a heavy boat. It is a mechanical contrivance which every ship-owner should at once adopt.—An American invention, patented by Mr Reader, has been submitted to the Admiralty and the leading scientific societies. It is a 'Mariner's Time Compass,' which he describes as 'a combination of a universal dial and chronometer, constructed to take any horizontal bearing in any latitude, at any hour of the day. It is also intended to solve practically those problems which can be solved by an armillary sphere, or by spherical trigonometry—and to supply the place of the magnetic needle.' To describe the instrument without a diagram, would not be easy; in few words, it has a brass ring, a dial and compass working on gimbals; and wire standards which throw a shadow. 'For taking a horizontal bearing in any latitude,' says Mr Reader, 'let the hour be what it may, it is only necessary to bring the hand, with its two upright wire-standards, to the true apparent time: the instrument then being turned till the hand points to the sun, gives the course. This hand is provided with a lens fixed in the centre, which takes the place of the gnomon of the universal dial, and is carried round by the chronometer once in twenty-four hours—the focus from which being thrown on the equatorial circle, gives the true time.' The instrument will also shew the apparent time—the altitude and latitude—the course and longitude by night when the moon is visible or the planets—and by proper adjustment, the figures 12 and 12 on the dial may be made to stand true north and south, and thus shew the error or variation of the compass-needle. Although these particulars will

be best understood by mariners, we are glad to assist in making generally known an instrument which is likely to be of real use in navigation. It has been tried in the Collins line of mail-steamers and on board other vessels with favourable results.

M. Porro, whose name we have more than once mentioned in connection with physical science, has invented a telescope which is as compact and portable as an eye-glass, and is found to be admirably adapted for cavalry officers and others who have to reconnoitre the distance from horseback. It consists of three prisms, of which one forms the object-glass, the second the eye-piece, and the third gives the image its true position. The cost is somewhat high, 150 francs, which is occasioned by the fact, that if the prisms are out of plane by ever so small an amount, they have to be rejected.—Dr Bagot, thinking it of importance that more should be known of what goes on in the upper strata of the atmosphere, has exhibited to the Royal Dublin Society an instrument which he calls a nepheloscope for measuring the movement of the highest clouds.—A patent has been taken out to render wood fire-proof: the process is to steep the planks in a solution of phosphate of ammonia, and subject them afterwards to heat.—The Damascus Steel Manufacturing Company have patented a method for converting wrought iron into cast steel.—A remarkable discovery of iron ore has been made at Seend, Wiltshire, near the borders of the New Forest. It is a ferruginous sandstone, containing in some instances fifty per cent. of iron. Already, about 5000 tons have been dug out, and sent to Wales to be smelted.

Mr Mayall's new material for photographic pictures, noticed some time ago, appears now to be improved to as near perfection as may well be. The glare of a metallic plate is objectionable in photography, and paper, though free from glare, is also objectionable from its absorption of the middle tints, owing to its fibrous nature. By a combination of sulphate of barytes with albumen, Mr Mayall produces a substance resembling ivory, which gives the surface required, and capability of finish. On this, middle tints and distances come out in perfection, and a portrait can be made ready in a couple of days. The progress made in photography during the past twelvemonth may be seen to admiration in the Photographic Society's Exhibition now open in Fall Mall.

We may just mention here a case of poisoning in food, the publicity of which may do some service. It occurred near Edinburgh in 1856—the great poisoning year—and we see it stated at length in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal* for May. The case we refer to is that of Mr H. Stephens, author of the well-known work, the *Book of the Farm*. One day in March, Mr Stephens ate for his dinner a broiled American partridge, which had been purchased from a poulterer. This bird, though called a partridge, resembles a grouse, and is the ruffed grouse of the United States (*Bonasia Umbellus*). Shortly after dinner, Mr Stephens felt exceedingly uneasy; it seemed as if his whole person was under an oppressive weight. This was followed by loss of sight, and a sensation of intense cold. Then he felt an inclination to vomit, and immediately afterwards dropped almost senseless on the floor. A medical practitioner who was sent for, pronounced Mr Stephens to be poisoned; and to restore action to the feeble system, administered brandy. Some repeated doses of warm water and brandy produced vomiting. Put to bed, Mr Stephens was kept warm by hot-water bottles and other means. Next day, he began to recover, and finally got well. On examination, it was found that the partridge, as is not uncommon with this imported American bird, was in a poisonous condition. The animal is believed to feed on plants of a deleterious kind; and if kept long, the poison from the food in the crop permeates the flesh.

GREEK, ROMAN, AND NEGRO LONGEVITY.

Zeno is stated to have lived 102 years; Democritus, 104; Pyrrho, 90; Diogenes, 90; Hippocrates, 99; Plato, 82; Isocrates, 98; Gorgias, the master of Isocrates, 107. But for the cup of hemlock, and the sword of the Roman soldier, the 70 years of Socrates, and the 75 years of Archimedes, might well have reached the same high class of longevities. The old age of Sophocles, 90 years, is associated with the touching anecdote of his recitation of verses from the *Oedipus Coloneus*, in proof of his then sanity of mind. The lofty lyric genius of Pindar was not lost to his country until he had reached 84 years. Simonides wore his elegiac laurels to the age of 90. . . . The census instituted by Vespasian furnishes some results as to longevity singular enough to suggest doubts of their entire accuracy. The instances given by Pliny are taken exclusively from the region between the Apennines and the Po; and upon the record of this census—which he himself calls *res confessa*—he enumerates 54 persons who had reached the age of 100, 14 of 110 years, 2 of 125, 4 of 130, 4 of 135, and 3 of 140 years. In the single town of Valcutium, near Placentia, he mentions 6 persons of 110, 4 of 120, 1 of 150 years. These round numbers are somewhat suspicious as to the reality of the ages in question; and the whole statement, derived from a district by no means noted for its salubrity, is so much in excess of any similar record in other countries, that we cannot but hesitate in admitting it. . . . In 1840, when the population of the United States was about 17 millions, of which 2½ millions in round numbers were negroes, the census gave 791 as the number of whites above 100; while of slaves, the number of those above 100 is registered as 1333, of free negroes, as 647. In 1855, we find from the census, that 43 persons died in the United States above 100; the oldest white male at 110, the oldest white female, 109; the oldest negro man, 130, the oldest negro woman, 120, both slaves. From Professor Tucker's analysis of the American census from 1790 to 1840, published a year ago, we derive the strange result, if true, that the chances of living above 100 are 13 times as great among slaves, and 40 times as great in free negroes, as in the white population of the country.—*Edin. Review*.

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

This bridge, which we need hardly say crosses the St Lawrence a short way above Montreal, will be one of the grand wonders of the wonders of the world. It was commenced in July 1854, and is under contract to be completed in 1860. The total estimated cost was originally about 7,000,000 dollars; but recently the plans have been amended so as to reduce it to a little over 6,000,000 dollars. The extreme length of the bridge, including the abutment at each side, will be 7000 feet, or rather more than a mile and a quarter. There will be twenty-six piers of solid masonry supporting the iron superstructure of the bridge. The centre span will be 350 feet, and the other spans each 242 feet wide. The height of the centre of the bridge is to be 60 feet above the level of the water. The weight of iron in the tubes will be 8000 tons, and the contents of the masonry, 30,000,000 cubic feet, when the whole structure is finished. The famous Britannia Tubular Suspension Bridge crossing the Menai Strait, and now one of the curiosities of the world, will scarcely be a circumstance to it. Including the embankments at each side, the total length of the bridge from river bank to river bank will be 10,274 feet, or nearly two miles. The abutment of the bridge at which the landing from the steamers was made, is nearly completed. It consists of an immense mass of masonry, of such apparent strength as to strike the beholder with the impression that it is capable of resisting any possible amount of pressure by the heavy piles of ice that come down the St Lawrence. Experience alone, however, can fully test its capabilities in this respect. Nine piers of the bridge are now completed, but as yet unconnected by any roadway. They present a plain surface on the two sides and lower end; the side facing the current being of a wedge shape, in order to break and turn aside the blocks of ice, to provide against whose destructive power has been the great engineering difficulty of the enterprise.—*Newspaper Correspondent*.

THE ANGELS.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE GERMAN.

Now list while I tell thee, my darling child,
How lovely and fair are the angels mild!
They have radiant faces more purely bright
Than the heavens and earth in soft spring light;
They have eyes so blue, and serenely fair,
And eternal flowers in their golden hair,
And their flashing wings which to thee would seem
Of silvery moonshine, a dazzling beam,
The angels wave so stately and light,
From rosy morn till the dewy night.

Now list while I tell thee, my darling child,
How softly and light soar the angels mild!
As lightly as flutters from heaven the snow,
As soft as o'er earth the pale moonbeams glow,
As light as the mist in silver wreath curls,
As soft as the bud into blossom unfurls,
As lightly as leaflet is borne from the tree,
As soft as the lightfall o'er land and o'er sea,
Thus lightly and softly, my darling child,
On pinion of air soar the angels mild!

Now list while I tell thee, my darling child,
Where dwell the angels so lovely and mild!
Where the voice of the poor is heard in need,
There haste the angels with manna to feed;
Where o'er her sick babe the young mother weeps,
Bright angels flock nigh, and the little one sleeps;
Where the worn and weary faint and fear,
Where trembles a soul, where falls a tear,
There swiftly speed, my darling child,
On ministering wing the angels mild!

And wouldst thou, my child, the angels view?
That on this earth thou canst not do;
But if holy and pure thou livest here,
A beauteous angel will ever be near;
And in that hour when realms of light
Refulgent, dawn o'er the dimming sight,
Thou'lt see them then, as they beckon aloft,
Expand thy budding wings so soft!
And lo! in Elysium, my darling child,
Thou wilt be triumphant an angel mild! L. M.

RUSKIN TURNETH ROUND ON TURNER.

The moment he tried to idealise, and introduced principles for the sake of display, they led him into error proportioned exactly to the extent of effort. painting, at this period, of an English town, or a Whig hill, was magnificent and faultless; but all his ideal mythology, romance, and composition in general, were more or less wrong. He erred through all, and by reason of all—his great discoveries. He erred in colour; because, not content with discerning the brilliancy of nature, he tried to enhance that brilliancy by every species of colour accessory, until colour was killed by colour, and the blue skies and snowy mountains, which would have been loved by themselves, were confused and vulgarised by the red dresses and white complexions of the foreground figures. He erred in refinement, because, not content with the natural tenderness of tender things, he strove to idealise the strongest things into gentleness, until his architecture became transparent, and his ground ghostly; and he erred finally, and chiefly, in quantity, because, in his enthusiastic conception of the fulness of nature, he did not allow for the narrowness of the human heart; he saw, indeed, that there were no limits to creation, but forgot that there were limits to reception: he thus spoiled his most careful works by very richness of invention they contained, and concentrated the materials of twenty noble pictures into a single failure.—*Ruskin's Notes on the Turner Gallery at Marlborough House*.

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RELIGION, LOVE, AND MARRIAGE IN ITALY.

ONE day so closely resembles another in the general course of existence in the provincial towns of Central and Southern Italy, that it would be difficult, with any regard to truth, to throw much more diversity into the description of twelve months than of twelve hours; the only variation of any importance being connected with the seasons when the Opera is open, for which the majority of the population retain the absorbing attachment that grave thinkers, like the good and enlightened Ganganelli, so far back as a century ago, lamented as the bane of the inhabitants of the Marche. On this, however, as on a variety of other matters, his successors held different opinions down to Clement XIV.; and by their encouragement to the taste for theatrical performances, fostered the levity which that pontiff in his correspondence so much deplores—well content to see the eagerness, the interest, the hopes which in other countries men are *taught* it is more fitting to bestow on questions of science, politics, and religion, centre among their own subjects on the *villi* of a prima donna, or the legs of a *ballerina*.

That which, perhaps, out of a hundred other traits, most forcibly attracted my notice, as evincing the most striking contrast to English manners—for be it remembered, I never set up for a cosmopolite, but, conscious of my inherent insularities, measure everything by the gauge of English opinion and English custom—was the complete absence, in their familiar conversation, of all allusion to a topic which, more or less, for better or for worse, is always a predominant one with us.

It was some time before I could assure myself that the silence connected with religion, in all save its most material forms—such as just saying: 'I am going to mass'; or, 'How tiresome! to-morrow is a vigil, and we must eat *maigre*!'—did not arise from reserve at the presence of a heretic; but at length I was convinced that there was no design in this avoidance of topics which, in England, you can scarcely take up a magazine, or a fashionable novel, or pay a morning visit, or go twenty miles in a railway, without encountering. Instead of interweaving their conversation with phrases akin to those which, either from piety, habit, or, alas! from cant, are so frequently upon the lips of English people, the Italians seemed anxious to shut aside whatever tended to awaken such unpleasant considerations as the uncertainty of life or a preparation for eternity; casting all their cares in this last particular—when they considered it worth caring for—into the hands of priests, with a confidence it was marvellous to witness.

Never, certainly, judging them as a totality, was there a set of people who 'thought less about thinking, or felt less about feeling;' who went through life less troubled with self-questionings of what they lived for, or whether they lived well; or who, dissatisfied and listless as they might be in their present condition, manifested less inclination to dwell upon the hopes and prospects of futurity. Yet, although thus opposed to any serious reference to sacred things, they resemble the French in the levity with which they will introduce them on the most unseasonable occasions, without any apparent consciousness of impropriety. Nay, there was thought to be nothing profane in a *tableau-vivant*, which I heard them talking of, as having recently taken place at the house of one of the noble ladies of the society; the subject—a Descent from the Cross, or the Entombment, I know not which—impersonated from an ancient picture. Suffice it to say, that our Saviour was represented by a remarkably handsome young student from Bologna, whose style of features and long brown hair resembled the type which all painters have more or less followed in their pictures of Christ; and that the Magdalen was the lady of the house, a Florentine contessa, whose Rubens-like colouring and billowy golden hair had first suggested her fitness to sustain a part, for which her detractors, of course, added she was also in other respects well qualified.

The sentiments I expressed at this exhibition evidently caused surprise, as, in fact, was invariably the case at the manifestation of any religious tendency on my part. I think I have before mentioned that Protestant amongst these worthy people was but a polite term for Atheist; as in the case of the Marchesa Silvia, when I offered her one of our prayer-books, the superstitious shrink from being enlightened upon our tenets; while to the unbelieving, they are a matter of profound indifference, respecting which they never dream of asking information. And under these two heads, with but rare exceptions, and a vast and increasing preponderance to the side of infidelity, it is no want of charity to say that the population of the Pontifical States may be classified.

Second only to the avoidance of all serious subjects, that which most struck me was their complete indifference to literature, even in its simplest form. Unknown to them is the veneration we cherish for the popular authors of the day, our familiar reference to their works, our adoption of their sayings. During childhood, they have no story-books to fill their minds with images which, converted into pleasant memories in advancing life, it is like letting sunshine upon the soul to muse over. Their ripening years see them

with the same void; for, however it may be objected that a nation possessing Dante and Tasso, Filicaja and Alfieri, Monti and Leopardi, should never be taxed with the barrenness of its literature, I reply that I am here speaking of the requirements of the generality of the masses, for whose capacity such authors range too high. The only attempts to supply this deficiency which the present time has witnessed, or rather, it should be said, the jealous surveillance over the press has permitted, have been half-a-dozen historical novels from the pens of Azeglio, Manzoni, Guerrazzi, and one or two others. But as yet the experiment has failed: you may say of the Italians as of a backward child, 'they do not love their book!' Reading is looked upon as inseparable from study; as a monopoly in the hands of a gifted few; and the most hopeless part of the case is, that they are not sensible of their deficiency, nor lament the deprivation! Were scores of what we consider unexceptionable works for youth, to be spread before Italian parents and preceptors—tales, travels, and biographies—they would not bid the rising generation fall to and read. 'Let them alone,' they would say; 'the boys must attend to their education: reading for mere amusement will distract their thoughts.' As for girls, the refusal would be still more decided, for they could be expected to gather only pernicious notions about seeing the world, or independence, or choosing for themselves in marriage, from the perusal!

I talked this over one day, not long before my return to Ancona, with the Marchesa Gentilina, who was sufficiently free from prejudice to listen quietly to some of my remarks, and sometimes even to acquiesce in their justice. But on this last point she was not amenable to my reasoning.

'It is all very well, *carina*; in England, I daresay, it may answer. But your women are of a different temperament, and society is differently constituted. As long as parents have the right, as with us, of disposing of their daughters in the manner they think best suited for their eventual benefit, the less they learn beforehand of the tender passion, the better. There are reforms enough wanted amongst our political abuses, without seeking to introduce innovations into private life. The whole system must be changed, or else girls had better be left in their present ignorance and simplicity.'

'But, marchesa—— This from you, who are such an advocate of progress?'

'*Cosa volete?* I do not think the warm hearts of our daughters of the south could read as phlegmatically as Englishwomen those tales in which love and courtship are ever, must ever, be predominant.'

'And if they could thereby learn to form a more exalted idea of what we tax you Italians as regarding in too common-place a light? If they were led to look upon marriage less as a worldly transaction than as a solemn compact, not to be lightly entered into, but to be lovingly and faithfully observed?'

'If, if, my dear Utopist! If, instead of all these fine results, you gave them glimpses of a liberty and privileges they could never know, and so ended by making them miserable? Take my own case for an example. I was sixteen. I had never left the convent for nine years; I was always dressed in cotton prints, of the simplest make and description, and thick leather shoes, with great soles, that clattered as I walked along the mouldy old corridors, or ran about

with the other pupils in the formal alleys of the garden, of which the four frowning walls had so long constituted our horizon. My pursuits and acquirements had varied but little from what they were when I entered the convent; and to give you in one word the summary of the infantine guilelessness in which the *educande* were presumed to exist, I had never seen the reflection of my own face except by stealth, in a little bit of looking-glass about the size of a visiting-card, which I had coaxed my old nurse to bring me in one of her visits, and that we smuggled through the grating of the *parlatojo* concealed between two slices of cake!

'I knew this was to go on till a *partito* was arranged for me, for my parents did not like it to be said they had an unmarried daughter at home upon their hands; besides, many men prefer a bride fresh from the seclusion of the convent, and in those days especially; this was the strict etiquette. I had seen my eldest sister discontented and fretting till she was nearly twenty before the welcome *sposo* could be found, and I had no inclination to be incarcerated so long, though hope, and certain furtive glances at my mirror, kept encouraging me to look for a speedier deliverance.

'At last, one Easter Sunday—how well I remember it!—I was summoned to the *parlatojo*, and there, on the outer side of the grating, stood a group of my relations: my father and mother, my sister and her husband, and one or two of my aunts. I was so flurried at the sight of so many people, and so taken up with looking at the gay new Easter dresses of my visitors—my sister, I recollect, had an immense sort of high-crowned hat, with prodigious feathers, as was the fashion then, which excited my intense admiration and envy—that I had not time to bestow much notice upon a little dried-up old man who had come in with them, and who kept taking huge pinches of snuff and talking in a low tone with my father. My mother, on her side, was engaged in whispering to the Mother-Superior, and from her gestures, seemed in a very good humour; while the rest of the party drew off my attention by cramming me with sweetmeats they had brought for my Easter present.

'The next day but one, I was again sent for, and with downcast eyes, but a bounding heart, presented myself at the grating. There I found my mother, as before, in deep conversation with the superior, who, on my bending to kiss her hand, according to custom, saluted me on both cheeks with an unusual demonstration of tenderness.

'Well, Gentilina," said my mother, "I suppose you begin to wish to come out into the world a little?'

'I knew my mother so slightly, seldom seeing her more than once a month, that I stood in great awe of her; so I dropped a deep courtesy, and faltered: "*Sì, signora*;" but I warrant you I understood it all, and already saw myself in a hat and feathers even more voluminous than my sister's!

"The Madre Superiore does not give you a bad character, I am glad to find."

"*Ah davvero!*" was the commentary upon this, "the contessina has always shewn the happiest dispositions. At one time, indeed, I hoped, I fancied, that such rare virtues would have been consecrated to the glory of our Blessed Lady, and the benefit of our order; but since the will of Heaven and of her parents call her from me, I can only pray that in the splendour and

enjoyments that await her, she will not forget her who for nine years has filled a mother's place." And at the conclusion of this harangue, I was again embraced with unspeakable fervour.

"In my impatience to hear more, I scarcely received these marks of affection with fitting humility; while forgetting all my lessons of deportment, I opened my eyes to their fullest extent, and fixed them on my mother.

"Ha, ha! Gentilina," she said laughing, "I see you guess something at last! Yes, my child, I will keep you no longer in suspense. Your father and I, ever since your sister's marriage, have never ceased endeavouring to find a suitable match for you. The task was difficult. You are young, very young, Gentilina; and we could not intrust our child to inexperienced hands. It was necessary that your husband should be of an age to counterbalance your extreme youth. On no other condition could we consent to remove you from this so much earlier than your sister. But at last a *sposo* whom your parents, your family, the Madre Superiore herself, think most suitable, has been selected for you; and"—

"But I waited to hear no more. The glorious vista of theatres, jewels, carriages, diversions, which we all knew lay beyond those dreary convent-walls, suddenly disclosing itself before me, attainable through that cabalistic word matrimony, was too much for my remaining composure; and clapping my hands wildly, I exclaimed: "*Mamma mia—mamma mia*, is it possible? Am I going to be married? Oh, what joy, what happiness!" and then checking my transports, I said earnestly: "Tell me, mamma, shall I have as many fine dresses as Camilla?"

"I declare to you, signorina, that the name of my destined husband was but a secondary consideration; and when they told me he was rich and noble—the same individual who had come to the grating on the previous Sunday to satisfy his curiosity respecting me—I acquiesced without repugnance, ugly, shrivelled, aged as he was, in the selection of my parents. Knowing nothing of the world, having scarcely seen a man except our confessor, the convent gardener, and my father, I went to the altar eight days afterwards without a tear!—This sounds very horrible to you, I daresay; she resumed, after a short pause, in which, notwithstanding her careless manner, I saw some painful memories had been awakened; "but let me ask you—had my head been filled with notions of fascinating youths, as handsome as my Alessandro when I first remember him, kneeling at my feet, and saying: "*Gentilina*, I adore you!"—should I not have added a vast amount of misery to what, Heaven knows, was already in store for me—in resisting a fate which was inevitable, or whose only alternative would have been the cloister? No, no; since our domestic code is thus constituted, and as long as parents retain such arbitrary sway, let girls be left in happy ignorance that they have so much as a heart to give away! If they are to be married, they will then not dream of any opposition; if, on the contrary, as in the case of my poor sister-in-law, a suitable match has not been attainable, why, they will not, like her, be full of romantic ideas gathered from their books: and so, instead of wearying their family with their blighted hopes, will take the veil, and retire contentedly to a convent, limiting their notions of happiness to standing high in the good graces of the father-confessor, or the preparation of confectionary and cakes."

"If I believed you to the letter, marchesa, you would have me conclude that all the women of the Roman States are, or should be, totally uncultivated."

"Before marriage, I meant, remember that! Afterwards, all is changed. A woman of intelligence soon gets wearied of the frivolities she has been brought up to prize so highly, and will eagerly seek to instruct

her mind. Study will then be her greatest pastime and her greatest safeguard."

I knew she alluded to her own experiences, but I could not forbear pressing the subject: "And for those who have no refined understanding to cultivate, no desire to study, and yet have learned too late they have a heart which they were not taught must be given with their hand—what safeguard is there for those, marchesa?"

"*Per Bacco!*" she cried, shrugging her shoulders, "that is the husband's affair; nobody else need meddle with it! You see, my dear," she added, laughing at my dissatisfied air, "we are a long way off from the state of things you would desire to bring us to; and if you would wish for any reformation in this as well as in any of our other abuses, you must request your friends the English ministers, next time we try to shake them off, not to lure us on by sympathy and approbation, and then abandon us to worse than our former condition."

Subsequently, I ascertained that the marchesa did not advance any more than the opinions generally held by her country-people upon this subject; although there seems a strange inconsistency in persons ever disposed to rail at the defects of their internal policy, upholding these *rococo* ideas, alleging in their justification that the impulsive Italian character in youth is unsuited to the liberty conceded at so early an age to Englishwomen.

A lady I conversed with upon this system, some time afterwards in Ancona, supposed to have had a liberal education, having been brought up in Northern Italy under her mother's roof, told me that, although she did not marry till twenty, she had not previously been allowed to peruse any work of fiction, excepting one after she was betrothed, and that was *Paul and Virginia*! For which restriction, it may be parenthetically remarked, she fully indemnified herself in the sequel, being of a studious turn, by devouring all the French novels she could lay her hands upon.

Indeed, I could multiply anecdote upon anecdote to corroborate these statements; but I must reserve a little space to speak of the cultivation of the fine arts, which, judging by the limited patronage and still scantier remuneration accorded to their professors, would seem to be considered by many as dangerous as reading to a maiden's peace of mind. Of late years, however, music enters much more frequently into their programme of education. Though not yet introduced into the native convents, it is taught at the *Sacré Cœur* at Loretto, and in many private families, happily as yet with more discrimination than in England—the absence of voice or ear being considered insurmountable disqualifications. The art, especially in its vocal department, can boast, even in so remote a corner of Italy, of instructors superior to any procurable in England, except at those rates which some parents complacently mention as if to set a higher value on their daughters' acquirements. Blessings on the Italians in this respect, for they have no purse-pride! If you admire a lady's singing—and it is no rarity to hear streams of melody poured from those full rounded throats, such as would electrify a London drawing-room—some member of her family will not immediately inform you that she learned from the first masters at two guineas a lesson; that no expense was spared, and so forth. They do not understand John Bull's delight at framing all he does in rich gilding, and can enjoy the fine singing of their countrywomen notwithstanding that, in Ancona at least, instruction from no mean professor was attainable at two *pauls* (tenpence) a lesson.

The music-master who taught my cousins was director of the opera, composed and understood music thoroughly, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to his profession: to these recommendations he added a

very handsome exterior, great attention to his dress, gentlemanly and respectful bearing, and, nevertheless, gave twelve lessons, of an hour each, for a sum equivalent to ten shillings, and thought himself lucky too, to get pupils at that rate!

Painting, the twin-sister of music, does not enjoy the same amount of popularity. In a country, of which the churches and palaces teem with evidences of the estimation in which it was held scarcely two centuries ago, I saw only one instance, that of Volunnia's miniatures, where even, in its humblest branches, it was studied by one of the higher ranks. It is cast as a reproach upon the modern Italians that they can no longer furnish good painters; but the censure is more applicable to those who do not care to foster the talent so often doomed to languish in the ungenial atmosphere of poverty and neglect. The young artist, whose only pupils in Ancona were those furnished by my uncle's family, had studied several years in Rome, Florence, and Venice; had distinguished himself in his academical career, was full of enthusiasm and feeling, and yet so little encouragement did he receive in his native city, that it was difficult for him to earn his bread. It is almost superfluous to add, that he was as poor as any painter need be. He had one coat for all seasons; never ate but once a day, besides a cup of coffee at six in the morning, which he procured at a caffè, no fire being lighted so early at his mother's, where he lived; and had a starved, hungry look, like a lean greyhound, with large hollow eyes, and an attempt at an artistic beard. Poor fellow! his story presents so perfect an illustration of a new phase of Italian life, that I must not be considered too discursive if I conclude this paper with an account of it.

He had known my uncle's family for years, and considered himself under obligations to them, so that a little of the old Roman patron and client system was kept up in their intercourse; a respectful affection on his side, and a kindly interest in his welfare on theirs. His knowledge of art was really wonderful. As a boy, he had drawn his first inspirations from Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican, and worshipped him almost as a divinity; then ascending a step higher in *purista* principles, he devoted himself to the study of that branch of the Florentine school of which 'il beato Angelico da Fiesole' is the chief; and to hear him descant on his purity of outline and grace of composition, was in itself a lecture on design. A timely removal to Venice luckily saved him from the exaggerations into which all votaries of any peculiar style, however excellent in itself, must inevitably fall; on which, in fact, he was fast verging, as two or three pictures he had in his possession, painted while the impressions of Florence were still predominant, of ashen-hued saints, with marble-like draperies, abundantly testified: and leaving his legitimate admiration for the Beato Angelico unsubdued, yet sent him back, at the conclusion of his studies, glowing with rapture for Titian and Paolo Veronese. From the great works of the former, he had made a number of sketches and spirited copies; while he thought—as what young artist does not think—that he had discovered his peculiar secret of colouring, detailed to us, as he held forth triumphantly upon his flesh-tints and *impasto*. In addition to all these artistic disquisitions, he used, while we were taking our lessons, to give us all the political news, or rather the whispers which were stealthily in circulation, and often repeated that ours was the only house in which it was safe to express an opinion.

Then he would tell us a great deal about the crying evils of his country, much to the purport of what I have already stated; the ignorance of the women, the idleness of the nobles, the extortion and injustice of the government, and the insolence of the Austrians

who supported it—all being related in beautiful and poetic Italian; for he spoke his own language with great refinement, although he did not spell it correctly.

And yet, notwithstanding these constant discussions and conversations, never was he known to pass the limits of deference tacitly laid down, never once to venture on the verge of familiarity: years of intercourse, resumed at intervals since his boyhood, made no difference. He never came to the house but as a teacher; and at the end of each lesson, he always bowed with the same ceremonious respect, and backed out of the room with the same '*servo umilissimo*' as if he had been a mere stranger.

I wish I could detail some of the stories we heard from him—little romances in themselves, and admirably illustrative of the quick feelings and exaggerated sensibility of the Italian temperament, allowed more room for development in the *mezzo cello* than in the strict etiquette of the nobility. How a young cousin, becoming desperately in love with a young man she had only seen from an opposite window, pined rapidly away; and on hearing he was already affianced, insisted on taking the veil in a convent of a very strict order: how his own sister, a very beautiful girl, nearly broke her heart from the cruelty exercised by her mother-in-law, who tried to sow discord between her and her husband, opened all the letters she received from her parents, took away all her best clothes, and distributed them among her own daughters—in fact, behaved like a *suocera* in all the acceptation of the term. But nothing interested us so much as his own history, in which he at last made us the recipients of the misery and uncertainty that were destined to be inseparable from his existence. We had observed that for some weeks he looked more than ordinarily wo-begone, scarcely spoke, and his unbrushed hair stood erect with an air of distraction it was pitiable to witness. The usual inquiries about England, the lectures upon art, the pæans to Raphael, were all at an end, and our lessons were becoming very stupid, common-place affairs, when, one day, as he was cutting a crayon, he suddenly laid it down, and said falteringly: 'Signorine, will you excuse my temerity, if, knowing all your benevolent interest in me, I tell you what makes me so ill. I have fallen in love.'

'Indeed!' we exclaimed; 'tell us all about it. Where is the lady?—how long has it been going on?—when will the *sposalizio* take place?'

'Alas!' he replied, 'what can I say? I have never spoken to her; it is two months since I first saw her; it was one evening outside the gates: she was with her mother. I beheld that modest ingenuous face, and my fate was decided. Miserable was I born, miserable have I always been, but never so miserable as now.'

'Wherefore?' I inquired, with a perplexed expression.

'Because I have no means of maintaining her—not even a few hundred dollars of my own: therefore it is of no use attempting to make the acquaintance of her family, or presenting myself as a suitor. O signorine! I have suffered so long, my secret was wearing me to the grave.'

'But you have an *avvenire*—a future, at least,' said my cousin Lucy, who, under all her sedateness, was rather of an enthusiastic turn.

'Ah,' answered he, shaking his head, 'that is easy to say, for you English: we poor Italians have no future; we never can rise; we are but fools to dream of it.'

'Then do you not mean even to try to improve your fortunes, so as one day to be able to marry?'

'Heaven knows whether I do not try,' was the rueful response; 'but the days for art in Italy are gone by. You are witness, ladies, to the patronage accorded to me here. What have I to look back upon

since I established myself in Ancona? One or two commissions from convents for the apotheosis of some new saint—a few portraits—at such rare intervals, and on such hard terms, that I verily believe if I were a house-painter, I should succeed better than with my aspirations to be an historical one."

"Yet why despair?" I persisted; "why not obtain an introduction to the family of the fair *incognita*, explain your views, and if they hold out any hopes of your ultimately being accepted, you will work away with redoubled energy. You might go and paint signs in California." (That was all the rage just then.)

"The signorina is laughing at me, I see, but it would not be right according to our ideas. She had better know nothing of me; her peace of mind might be disturbed. Those friends whom I have consulted, tell me I ought even to avoid passing her when she is out walking, or going to look at her at mass. Her character is evidently so full of sensibility, that it would be easy to destroy her happiness."

"How can you be so sure of all this, if you have never spoken to her?"

"I see it all perfectly in her face," he answered with a determined belief in his own powers of observation, which no ridicule or reasoning could shake. His romantic passion amused us all excessively, and as he evidently liked to talk of it, the disclosure having been once made, we were in future kept fully informed of all his tortures, fears, and despondency; but fancied that an attachment, hopeless and baseless as this, could not be of long duration. Contrary, however, to what we anticipated, he became more and more in love; he looked every day thinner, his hair more wiry, his eyes unnaturally brilliant and deeper sunk.

One morning—a real wintry morning, one of the few we ever saw—he came in, livid and trembling, with a wildness in his appearance that was startling. He did not leave his hat in the hall, as was his custom, but entered with it in his hand, and making a few steps forward, paused abruptly, and said in a hoarse voice:

"The signorine will excuse me if I pray them to dispense me from my attendance for a few days. I am going into the country—yes, into the country!"

When an Italian goes into the country at such a season of the year, he must be in a desperate plight, and we anxiously demanded the reason of this rash step.

"Signorine, I am mad—I am jealous! Yesterday, I was looking up furtively at her window; another man was standing in the street near me; I fancied I had seen him there before: still a suspicion never crossed my brain, when the window opened, and she looked out. Never had she deigned to do this for me. As I live, her eyes rested upon him! All the furies seized me; I rushed to the house of my friend, my best friend, the *Avvocato D—*. I raved, I tore my hair, I imprecated curses upon her. He took me by the arm. "To-morrow, you must go into the country," he said; "I will accompany you." Yes, signorine, with twelve inches of snow upon the ground, I go into the country!"

And into the country he went, and from the country he returned in two or three weeks' time unrecovered; although convinced that his jealousy was groundless, the national specific had failed in this case. Then I fear we did him harm, for on the 'nothing venture, nothing have' principle, we counselled him to embody his hopes, prospects, and honest determinations, in a letter to be submitted to the young lady's family, belonging like his own to the middle classes, though more affluent in their circumstances.

Taking an injudicious *mezzo termine*, he humbly presented this epistle to the fair *Dulcinea* herself, as she was coming one day out of church under the care of some aunt or elderly female relation.

Haughtily flinging it on the ground, the damsel

indignantly said: "I do not know how to read letters of this description," and passed on. Her virtue and discretion increased his admiration, while the repulse almost broke his heart. He never made any further attempt to press his suit, but moped and pined away perceptibly; in fact, he was dying of mortification and grief—so common an occurrence in this part of Italy, that they have a distinct name for the affection, and call it *passione*.

At this juncture, some friends of his who had emigrated to Tunis, in the recent troubles of Italy, wrote to recommend his joining them there; and urged on by the representations of all who were interested in his welfare—his desperate condition sanctioning so desperate a step as foreign travel was usually looked upon—encouraged especially by ourselves, with our restless, enterprising British notions, he embarked in a small trading-vessel, almost reduced to a skeleton.

Months, nay, years have passed since then, and it seemed as if all clue to the poor young painter were completely lost, when, by a strange coincidence, I received a letter from him at the very moment when the ink was still wet upon the page where I had been relating his ill-starred attachment: I wish I could transcribe the whole of this letter, I wish it could be laid tangibly before my readers—so clumsily, squarely folded, with its coarse red seal, stamped with some copper coin very probably, its stiff handwriting and deficient orthography; and its contents, so simple, so poetical, so unassuming, of which a few extracts, to give the continuation of his vicissitudes, can furnish but a very imperfect idea.

After relating the failure of the hopes with which he had landed at Tunis, he says, that resolved to leave no path that might lead to independence unexplored, he even set his beloved art comparatively aside, and had betaken himself to whatever honest employment he might find. Entering the service of the Pacha of Tripoli, he had been sent as a mineralogist—"for amongst the Turks," he naively remarks, "one may do anything—far into the interior, amongst men and manners completely different from our own, to explore a mine reported to be of silver, but which, with my usual ill-luck, turned out of very inferior iron." Then encouraged by the pacha's promises, he accompanied him to Constantinople, where, finding to his cost that he must put no faith in princes, he turned to his painting again. But the city was swarming with Italian refugees, artists among the rest, all contending for the bare means of subsistence; so, after a few months of painful struggles, he went back to Africa, and entered into some trading speculations. Neither in this new career was he successful. Perhaps he worked with a sinking heart, for the tidings reached him that the young girl so faithfully loved was about to be married; and 'what imbibed this announcement, was learning that the character of her future husband offered but slender prospects for her happiness.' His little ventures failed; his resources were exhausted; and he was under the necessity of returning to his native country. There he found strange reverses had suddenly befallen her whom he had schooled himself to look upon as irrevocably lost. Her parents were both dead; the marriage had been broken off; and from comparative affluence, she was so reduced, as, jointly with a widowed sister, to have opened a day-school for little girls.

"I saw her then," he goes on, "under the pressure of sorrow. I found her in the words of Petrarch, *più bella, ma meno altera*; and yet, even at that moment, my cruel destiny prevented me from saying: "I am here to comfort and sustain you!"

Once more he went forth, hoping against hope, with the aim of establishing himself as a portrait-painter and drawing-master at —, on the shores of the Mediterranean, whither many English families annually

resort; and the object of his letter was modestly and unaffectedly to request that if I knew any of my country-people intending to winter there, I would recommend him to their notice.

I felt very sad to perceive how he overrated the *signorina forestiera's* influence, and the extent of her acquaintance; or else in his simplicity imagining that to be English is synonymous with belonging to a vast brotherhood, giving and demanding the hand of fellowship on every side. I wish it were thus in this instance at least, for the first use I should make of this blissful state of fraternity, would be to claim patronage and encouragement for the poor artist, whose history then could soon be pleasantly wound up like orthodox story-books, in these words, 'and so they were married, and lived very happily all the rest of their days.'

THE WEATHER AND THE PARKS.

THIS is the time, as an eminent Whitechapel individual once observed to me in confidence, 'when vicious indulgence prevails, and everybody puts both hands into his own coat-pockets,' so that one may walk 'on the C side of Regent Street'—he was accustomed to speak of the metropolis in relation to its police distribution—'from morn to eve without getting a chance at snuff-box or pocket-handkerchief.' It is dusky enough for my friend's purposes, too, even at noonday; the sun is blood-red, and the atmosphere so heavy, that the smoke can't rise, but forms 'an under roof of doleful gray' all over London. Snow is in the streets inches deep; and the driver of your four-wheeled cab insists in vain that his mare is quite strong enough for the work, and contents herself with a footspace only because she's 'artful.' The pavement is masked with ice, and old gentlemen in quiet squares about Paddington, sally out with red slippers over their shoes, and poles with pikes in them, like superannuated banditti. Upon all sides, in crowded pathways, are heard such ejaculations as these: 'Mercy me!' 'Good gracious!' 'Well, I never!' 'Take care, Marianne!' Stout females for the most part come down in a sitting posture, and are obliged to employ the assistance of the civil force to re-erect them; stout males, who are always expecting it, and whose attention is never distracted by shop-windows, generally manage to fall upon all-fours. Great streams of people are always setting from or towards Hyde Park; they throng the paths, and loom across the fog like funeral processions. The sheep that were white last week, are now turned black, the trees are black, and the marble arch is coaly by contrast with the snow. At the eastern end of the Serpentine, the poor frozen-out water-fowl are huddled together, as in expectation of attacking cure. Little children who have come to stare, and not to give, are attacked by justly indignant swans, which insist upon getting satisfaction out of their mottled arms; and the military, which is a life-guardsmen attached to the nurse, is obliged to be called in to their help. A great troop of these horse-soldiers is passing in the distance; and their red plumes and cuirass, and black chargers, make a fine pageant upon the snow, and a pleasant music in the clear frosty air. This is at nine o'clock; but between seven and eight in the morning, the ice is broken on the south side for the bathers, of whom, to-day, there are no less than five—two of them gray-headed Polar bears from the Arctic Ocean, and three younger persons, probably religious fanatics. A few skaters are skimming, swallow-like, in their vicinity, and a Humane Society's man is standing by with a savage expression of countenance, and a harpoon, as though they were whales.

As the crowd increases, the professional gentlemen who have invested their capital in skates and a chair, increase likewise, and are prepared to let the former out at sixpence per pair per hour—a deposit of five shillings being required as a guarantee for their return. Under the chair is sometimes a bottle of brandy, to be used medicinally in keeping up the courage of the patient; and even after that restorative, he will often insist upon the proprietor's accompanying him a little way upon the ice until he 'feels his legs,' which he accomplishes, to all appearance, by stretching out his arms like a baby, and catching at the air. A skate-lender, with whom I spoke upon the smallness of the deposit, assured me that he had never lost but two pair in a long experience, and those under very peculiar circumstances.

'A gentleman came to me,' said he, 'some few years ago, to have a couple of hours of it, who said he had nothing about him under a five-pound note. He was so perfect a gentleman, so slap-up, so kiddy, that I said: "Well, I'll trust you." He was affable and pleasant as could be while I was putting on the irons, but he kept his eye about him all the time, as though he was expecting somebody he didn't want to see.

"I wish it was Sunday, my man," says he.

"Why so, sir?" says I.

"Why, because—Here, let me go," says he; "hang the strap;" and in a moment he'd pulled me down the bank, and broke away from me like a harrow from a bow. A great big chap with a hook nose caught hold of me as I let go, but just missed nabbing the 'tother one.

"I'm a bailiff," says he, "and I want that man."

"Are you?" says I, "and do you?" says I, "for I ain't fond of that sort nobow."

"Yes," says the gentleman, who had fastened his strap by this time, and came skimming up quite close to us under the bank; "he's a bailiff, he is, and a very nice bailiff too—ain't you, Solomons?" I'm sorry to be obliged to go so much faster than you with these here skates on, and so to be deprived of your valuable company. By bye, Solly;" and off he went again, backwards, for he was a real good skater.

"Let me have a pair," says the bailiff presently, who was getting awfully riled.

"Certainly," says I; "but I should like to see the five shillings first, for your friend has not left a farthing with me."

"He hasn't got a farthing," says the bailiff, grim enough. "Now, Mr Halphonso Cavendish 'Oward, let us see who is the fastest;" and off went the Jew after his game at a pace that was a caution to engines.

"Look out!" hollers I; "Look out!" heechoes the people; and the next moment, there they was, hare and greyhound, twisting and turning, and overshooting one another in a manner putty to behold. Moses was the better man on the irons, out and out; and the other, finding his-self beat, stood out for the part marked *Dangerous*, with the Humane Societies a-hollering at him from both sides, and him not caring one icicle. It was sink or swim with the gent, you see, all ways; and the bailiff—that I will say—stuck to him like a man. 'The ice quivered and cracked whenever they came together; and three times the Jew's hand was upon his collar, and three times he got away; when all of a sudden Mr 'Oward starts off as hard as he can go for the bridge, trusting to his speed to take him over the rotten ice before it had time to give—and he did it too. He came right on to the place in front of the Skating Club yonder, and they do say he was as pale as ashes with the fright; but he got safe away anyhow—with my pair of skates.'

'Ah, then,' said I, after this long narration, 'I suppose the Jew thought twice about following him under the bridge?'

'No; he put the steam up, and tried it on too; but there he went in—he did.'

'Bless me!' said I, 'it must have been very hard to have rescued him from such a position?'

'It was hard, I believe you, sir; and the man was drowned—and that's how I lost my second pair of skates.'

Those who bring these implements with them are a still finer sight than the hirers. They sit down in the snow on the other side of the pathways, and occupy themselves for about half an hour in the most miserable manner. Blue-nosed, red-handed, numb, they then hobble into the throng very cautiously, and seizing the most good-natured-looking person's arm, request, as a personal favour, that he will 'see them in.' With this assistance, a steep bank has to be descended, from which the skater must necessarily start rectangularly, at the rate of eleven miles an hour, into the midst of a vortex of people darting everywhere at twice that velocity. Whenever the ice gives way with one person, it gives way with more; for immediately upon an accident happening, skaters and sliders, and even people who have not ventured upon the ice before, all crowd round the unfortunate object, and embarrass him with gratuitous advice. Some of these go in; and then the Humane Society come, and some of these go in; and ladders, and trucks with barrels upon them, and ropes, and double Esquimaux sledges, are obliged to be put in requisition to save them. When the breakage is pretty near the bank, the chief danger arises from an excited public, who snatch down the fourteen-foot poles with hooks at the end of them, which hang from the neighbouring trees, and proceed to rescue their fellow-creature out of four or five feet of water, without paying the least attention to where the hooks may run into him. When a hole is once made, it soon becomes popular as a place to tumble in; some skaters can't stop themselves very easily; others, principally gentlemen in government offices, cannot be convinced that the line they have always been accustomed to take is not the very best one still, and only find out their error when it is too late. Then it is a grand sight to behold the immersed bodies running as hard as they can go, with water spouting from them as from a housemaid's mop, to the Society's lying-in establishment, for brandy and blanket.

The view on either side from the top of the bridge is very singular: the banks are so thronged with walkers that you can't see ground; the drive is as crowded with carriages as in the height of summer, and the surface of the ice is covered with a sort of shifting kaleidoscope of people at full speed—with the exception of a few soldiers, however, and of still fewer of the softer sex in gay attire. These are but a blank lot, and resemble, perhaps, as much as anything—what I found to be the accepted similitude upon the bridge—a heap of spiders in a quart-bottle. I am not sure but that those who slide have the better fun, and, at all events, they seem to enjoy themselves more than the skaters. That long, swift gliding line of theirs, which never ends, comprised of such unequal materials—the steady, stout, old gentleman with muffetees, who is caught round the waist and carried on by other people every time; the youth who travels backwards with the same facility as forwards; the unhappy aspirant who will turn round sideways, and is instantly swept from the slide; and the *artiste*, who skims along upon one leg, and snaps his fingers all the time as though they were castanets—forms a pleasant type, it seems to me, of human life.

But by very far the best of this entertainment, and the one which sent me home delighted beyond all things with the weather and the parks, was this: A cheerful-looking lady of middle age, well dressed and seasonably, accompanied by her little foot-page, was sliding as merrily as any: she took but a short, dumpy run

from the bank, to be sure, and was not the express-engine by any means; but the faithful Johnny was ever behind her, like an affectionate tender; and placing his hands on either side her waist, impelled his mistress to the goal, with safety and celerity, every time. She seemed to me an infinitely more sensible person than the frozen dowagers who were circling round the park in their shut-up carriages, and whose footmen were congealing behind them; but I doubt not, in the opinion of society, that the persevering old lady-slider was mad.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WORK OF LAW-REFORM.

Law-reform is now, and has been for some time past, the fashion of the day, and a favourite popular theme; for not only do lawyers write and talk about it, but persons also, unfortunately, who are entirely ignorant of the law or its practice. The principles of this latter class of law-reformers, so largely represented both in the press and the House of Commons, are—that lawyers should be done away with altogether; that all the law of the land should be carried in a pocket-volume; and that it should be so plain and simple that a child might expound it. In a word, the question of law-reform is usually taken up either for the purpose of gaining notoriety, or for professional ends, or as a stepping-stone to office.

Law-reform is to be the business of the present session, and, as in the last, much is promised; but let us hope that, unlike the last, the promises may be fulfilled. The reason why so little is done is, that too much is attempted at once, and that there are too many reformers in the House. There is now no party: everybody sets up for himself, and each wishes to have reforms after his own fashion, refusing to give precedence to any other; and thus time is wasted in individual quarrels and struggles for priority, and little or nothing is done.

Since 1852, changes have been incessant, both in law and equity; some good has been accomplished; and technicalities have almost, if not altogether, disappeared. A lawyer may now hope to see the beginning and end of several Chancery suits in the course of his professional career, and the expense of such suits has been considerably diminished. Great reforms have taken place, likewise, in the practice of the courts of law; and in 1854 an equitable jurisdiction was given to these courts, although this as yet has not been productive of so much good as was expected. In the same year, and by the same act of parliament, it was ordained that a judge, having the consent of the parties concerned, may hear causes without the intervention of a jury; and this greatly expedites business at the sittings for Middlesex, where it is sometimes difficult to get a sufficient number of jurymen. In 1855, the celebrated 'Limited Liability Act' was passed, notwithstanding considerable opposition. The argument against it is stated by a great commercial authority, Mr Edmund Phillips, in a pamphlet on the subject, published last year: 'The injustice of Limited Liability Companies,' says he, 'must be apparent when it is considered that this act will empower a number of individuals to embark in business in opposition to the regular merchant or trader; but that the risk of the stronger body is not nearly so great or vital as the risk of the poorer individual; for if the merchant or trader fail—which he is most likely to do, in consequence of the reckless trading of the opposite company—he and his family are, by the bankruptcy laws, stripped of every earthly thing which they possess, even to their very beds; but if the company fail, its members are not liable to

be called upon to pay one shilling more from their private properties than they have thought proper to embark in the concern; and this is, in fact, only the idle money they can afford to lose, and scarcely care for. To extend this Limited Liability Act a little further, would be to declare that no one need pay his debts unless he thinks proper, and which ought to be the rider to the act to be consistent or fair. This Limited Liability Bill ought, therefore, to be called "An Act for the better enabling Adventurers to interfere with and ruin Established Traders, *without risk to themselves*." On the other hand, it may be said that the individual trader has an immediate control over and supervision of his affairs which the member of a joint-stock company has not. We must express our own feeling, that it would be a great pity if the principle of limited liability, under fair restrictions, should fail, as it certainly contains a bud of high promise for the working-classes of this country, in offering inducements to saving, and counteracting so far the tendency to reckless expenditure on vicious indulgence.

The statute most affecting the mercantile community passed last session, is the mercantile Law Amendment Act—the principal clauses of which provide that bills of exchange must be accepted in writing, and signed by the acceptor or his agent; and that a guarantee no longer requires a consideration for making it to appear in the writing. Alterations are likewise made in the limitations of actions, &c. The chief object of the bill, when brought into parliament, was to abolish the seventeenth section of the statute of frauds, which requires all contracts for the sale of goods or merchandise above the value of £10 to be in writing, or a part of the goods to be accepted, or a part of the price to be paid, before an action could be brought on the contract. The mercantile world, however, seemed to be afraid that if this clause were repealed, they would be saddled with contracts which were never made. They forgot that the clause would not have prevented them from entering into a written contract when they chose. In Scotland, there is no law requiring such contracts to be in writing; and in England, in practice, by far the greater number of mercantile contracts are merely verbal.

Last session, a bill was brought in by the solicitor-general to abolish those abominations, the ecclesiastical courts; but on account of there being so many reformers, each wanting to have the act framed according to his own fancy, it was lost. There is, however, another attempt—the sixteenth, it is said—to be made to accomplish the same object during the present session.

Another good measure lost last session was the bill for amending the law of divorce. The law of divorce is a disgrace and reproach to the country. As the law now stands, the outraged husband cannot obtain a divorce unless he first publicly parades his wife's shame and his own dishonour, and gets the verdict of a jury and damages for the injury. What can be more monstrous than this! Again, the expense of obtaining a divorce is so heavy as to preclude all but the most wealthy from resorting to it. Lord Brougham, in a letter to Lord Radnor, after some severe strictures on the law of divorce, says: 'It would really be a libel upon parliament to suppose that a much longer time can elapse before the law shall be freed from the shameful defect now so generally and so justly complained of.'

A bill is to be brought in during the present session for the purpose of bringing breaches of trust within the reach of the criminal law. This ought to be, for morally there is no difference between unlawfully taking the property of another, and appropriating the same property when lawfully in your charge. In

Scotland, the offence is punished criminally; but in England there is no remedy beyond a civil suit against this species of robbery. It generally happens that the trustee who has committed the fraud becomes either bankrupt or insolvent, or else flies the country; a civil suit, therefore, is out of the question; and those whom he has brought to ruin, and who are generally minors, have no remedy. But provision should be made for remunerating trustees for their time and trouble, else who will take upon themselves this onerous and irksome duty?

The law of partnership, too, is to be amended during the present session—the difficulties attending the familiar affix '& Co.,' are to be removed by a compulsory registration of partnerships. The objection to the affix '& Co.' is felt thus: a firm trade and incur debts under the style, for example, of 'John Smith & Co.' A creditor wants to recover his debt against all the partners; but as he does not know who they are, he sues John Smith alone—that is, if the bankrupt does not object, which the law allows him to do; and as it often happens that the partner ostensibly put forward has nothing to lose, the real debtors escape, and the creditor is duped.

The law of bankruptcy, it is said, is also to be the subject of amendment, and, it is needless to remark, that no branch of our laws more requires it. Amongst other amendments, one to amalgamate the law of bankruptcy and insolvency should be made; there is no ground for having them distinct, so as to require separate courts and judges.

The attorney-general, Sir Richard Bethel, has promised, and no doubt intends to keep his promise, to bring in a bill to do away with deeds of conveyance on the transfer of real property; and he proposes to assimilate the transfer of this description of property to the transfer of stock in the funds, or of property in ships. This scheme seems anything but practicable, and the difficulties attending it are manifold. How are the interests of mortgagees, or persons interested under marriage-settlements, to be protected? Again, how is the property to be identified?—for real property, with rights of way over it, rents issuing out of it, and many other peculiarities, is not described so easily as so much stock. There are many other difficulties which it would seem impossible effectively to overcome.

Let us hope, however, that during the present session, legal reform may be carried on in a proper spirit, and that the evils complained of may be removed.

GOOD NEWS OF THE NATIONAL HEALTH.

One of our public functionaries has a habit of taking stock once a quarter, in anticipation of his annual summing-up. His report for the last quarter of 1856 is now before us, and we find it begin with so very satisfactory a piece of information, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of aiding its publicity. It is—that not only in the last quarter, but during the whole four quarters of 1856, 'the health of the population of England and Wales was better than it was in any of the previous ten years.' A fact like this, given forth by the registrar-general, will no doubt be read with satisfaction everywhere. Notwithstanding the consequences of a costly war, double income-tax, and some other difficulties, we are in good health, better than at any time since 1846. So we have something to be thankful for, after all.

'The effects of sanitary measures,' says the registrar, 'are becoming apparent, although they are only partially carried out within limited areas.' From 1846 to 1855, the average of deaths was 23 in 1000; from 1855 to 1856, it fell to less than 21 in 1000. The conclusion drawn from these figures 'is decisive.'

The state of better health is shewn, moreover, in the

consequences: the births in 1856 were beyond the average. The number for the year was 657,704, the highest ever registered in England, and exceeding by 22,581 the number in 1855. One county only, Westmoreland, shews a decrease; the increase in some of the others is attributed to the return of men from the war.

The same influence is observable also in the marriage returns, taking only the summer quarter. In Devonshire and Hampshire, particularly in the districts near Portsmouth, the increase in the number of marriages is considerable. Ships came home from the Black Sea and the Baltic, the crews were paid off, and Jack, having his pockets full of money, and nothing better to do, got married. But apart from the discharge of sailors, the registrar tells us there is an increase of marriages in every division of the kingdom from which he derives his returns. In Kent, the increase was greater than in Lancashire or Yorkshire; in Norfolk, the chief increase was in Norwich; and in nine counties—namely, Sussex, Wilts, Dorset, Gloucester, Salop, Rutland, Derby, Cheshire, and Northumberland—the number of marriages was less than in the corresponding quarter of 1855.

The number of deaths for the year amounts to 391,369. It was 426,242 in 1855, and 437,905 in 1854—thus shewing a remarkable improvement for 1856. We are better off, notwithstanding all our grumbling. And seeing that in the last quarter there were 157,615 births and 96,521 deaths, there remains a real increase to the population of 61,094; and taking the whole year, the increase was 266,355. To quote the registrar's words: 'The natural increase of population in the United Kingdom was probably at the rate of 1000 a day.' It would seem that nature is in haste to make up the losses occasioned by the war.

Recurring to last quarter, we are told that 39,063 persons emigrated in the three months, whereof 19,211 were English, 15,467 Irish, 2406 Scotch—the remainder 'foreigners,' and undescribed. It is something new to find the Irish outnumbered by the English; and that while 5987 embarked for the United States, 13,198 sailed for Australia. The number of English emigrants for the year 1856 was more than 70,000.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXII.—A DEAD SHOT.

THE unexpected closing of the conference elicited an angry shout from the Mexican horsemen; and, without waiting for orders, they galloped up to their chief. Halting at long-range, they fired their carbines and scoppettes; but their bullets cut the grass far in front of us, and one or two that hurtled past, were wide of the mark.

The lieutenant, who had been only stunned, soon recovered his legs, but not his temper. His wrath overbalanced his prudence, else the moment he found his feet, he would have made the best of his way to his horse and comrades. Instead of doing so, he turned full front towards us, raised his arm in the air, shook his clenched hand in a menacing manner, accompanying the action with a torrent of defiant speech. Of what he said, we understood but the concluding phrase, and that was the bitter and blasphemous *carajo!* that hissed through his teeth with the energetic aspiration of rage and revenge.

That oath was the last word he ever uttered; his parting breath scarcely carried it from his lips, ere he ceased to live. I heard the fierce word, and almost

simultaneously, the crack of a rifle, fired close to my ear. I saw the dust puff out from the embroidered spencer of the Mexican, and directly over his heart; I saw his hand pass rapidly to the spot, and the next moment he fell forward upon his face!

Without a groan, without a struggle, he lay as he had fallen, spread, dead, and motionless upon the prairie!

'Thur, durn yur carako!' cried a voice at my shoulder; 'ee won't *bid* for me agin, ee skunk—thet ee won't!'

I needed no explanation, though I turned involuntarily to the speaker. Of course, it was Rube. His rifle was smoking at the muzzle, and he was proceeding to reload it.

'Wa-hoo—woop!' continued he, uttering his wild war-cry; 'thet shortens thur count, I reck'n. Another nick for Targuts! Gi' me *her* for a gun. Wagh! a long pull it wur for the ole weepun; an the glint in my eyes too! The niggur riled me, or I wudn't a risked it. Hold yur hosses, boys!' he continued in a more earnest tone: 'don't fire till I'm loaded—for yur lives, don't!'

'All right, Rube!' cried Garey, who hastily passing under the belly of his horse, had re-entered the square, and once more handled his rifle. 'All right, old boy! Ne'er a fear! we'll wait for ye.'

Somewhat to our surprise, Rube was allowed ample time to reload, and our three barrels once more protruded over the shoulders of Garey's horse. Our animals still held their respective positions. Three of them were too well used to such scenes, to be startled by the detonation of a rifle; and the fourth, fastened as he was, kept his place perforce.

I say, to our surprise, we were allowed time to get into our old vantage-ground; for we had expected an immediate charge from the guerrilla.

Vengeance for the death of their comrade would give them courage enough for that; so thought we; but we were mistaken, as their ire only vented itself in fierce yells, violent gestures, and loud cries.

They had clustered around their chief without order or formation. They seemed to pay but slight regard to his authority. Some appeared urging him to lead them on! Some came galloping nearer, and fired their carbines; others shook their lances in a threatening manner; but one and all were careful to keep outside that perilous circle, whose circumference marked the range of our rifles. They seemed even less inclined for close quarters than ever; the fate of their comrade had awed them.

The dead man lay about half-way between them and us, glittering in his picturesque habiliments. They were weaker by his loss, for not only had he been one of their leaders, but one of their best men. They saw he was dead, though none had dared to approach him. They knew the Texan rifle of old—these spangled heroes; they saw, moreover, that we were armed with revolvers, and the fame of this terrible weapon had been already carried beyond the frontier of the Rio Grande.

Notwithstanding all that, men of our race, under similar circumstances, would have charged without hesitation. So, too, would men of theirs, three centuries ago.

Perhaps in that band was an Alvarado, a Sandoval, a Diaz, or De Soto! only in name. O Cortez! and

you *conquistadores*! could you behold your degenerate descendants!

And yet not all of them were cowards; some, I dare say, were brave enough, for there *are* brave men among the Mexicans. A few were evidently willing to make the attack, but they wanted combination—they wanted a leader: he who acted as such appeared to be endowed with more discretion than valour.

Meanwhile, we kept our eyes fixed upon them, listening to their varied cries, and closely watching their movements. In perfect coolness, we regarded them—at least so much can I say for my comrades. Though life or death rested upon the issue, both were as cool at that moment as if they had been only observing the movements of a gang of buffaloes! There was no sign of trepidation—hardly a symptom of excitement visible in the countenance of either. Now and then, a half-muttered ejaculation, a rapid exchange of thought, relating to some fresh movement of the enemy, alone told that both were alive to the peril of the situation.

I cannot affirm that I shared with them this extreme and perfect *sang froid*; though upon my nerves, less indifferent to danger, their example had its effect, and inspired me with courage sufficient for the occasion. Besides, I drew confidence from another source. In case of defeat, I had a resource unshared by my companions—perhaps unthought of by them. Trusting to the matchless speed of my horse, as a last resort, I might possibly escape. I could have ridden off at that moment without fear of being overtaken, but the craven thought was not entertained for an instant. By my honour, no! I should have accepted death upon the spot rather than desert the brave men who stood by my side. To *them* I was indebted for my life. 'Twas for *me* that theirs were now in peril; and from the first moment I had determined to stand by them to the end, and sell my blood at its dearest. In the event of both falling before me, it would then be time to think of flight.

Even this contingency had the effect of strengthening my courage, and at that moment I viewed the vengeful foe with a coolness and freedom from fear that now, in the retrospect, surprises me.

During the interval of inaction that followed, I was cool enough to reflect upon the demand which the guerrilla leader had made—the surrender of my person. Why was I singled out? We were all enemies alike—all Americans or Texans—on Mexican soil, and armed for strife. Why did they want *me* alone? Was it because I was superior in rank to my companions? But how knew they this?—how knew they I was a 'ranger captain?' Ha! they must have known it before; they must have come out specially in search of me!

A light flashed suddenly into my mind—a suspicion strong almost as certainty. But for the sun glancing in my eyes, I might have earlier obtained an explanation of the mystery. I drew down the visor of my forage-cap, stretching it to its full extent; I increased the shade with my flattened palms, and from under them strained my eyes upon the leader of the band. Already his voice, while in conversation with Garey, had aroused a faint recollection within me. I had heard that voice only once, but I thought I remembered it. Guided by my suspicion, I now scrutinised more closely the face of the man. Fortunately, it was turned towards me, and despite the dazzling of the sunbeam, despite the slouched sombrero, I recognised the dark features of Rafael Ijura! In that glance I comprehended the situation. He it was who wanted the 'ranger captain!'

There was doubt no longer. My suspicion was a certainty; but with the next throb of my heart rose another, a thousand times more painful—a suspicion of—

With an effort, I stifled my emotions; a movement was perceptible among the guerrilleros; the moment of action had arrived!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A RUNNING-SHOT.

Though our enemy was once more in motion, we no longer anticipated a direct attack; the time for that had passed. The fate of their comrade had evidently checked their ardour, and too much shouting and bravado had cooled, rather than heightened, their enthusiasm. We could tell by their manœuvring that some new mode of assault had been planned, and was about to be practised.

'Cowardly skunks!' muttered Rube; 'they hain't the pluck to charge us! Who ever heerd o' fair fight in a Mexikin? Wagh! Thur arter some trick, be continued, in a more serious tone. 'What do 'ee think it be, Billee?'

'I'm thinkin, old boy,' replied Garey, whose keen gray eye had been for some time fixed on the movements of the guerrilla—'I'm thinkin thar a goin to gallup roun, an try a shot at us Injun fashion.'

'Yur right,' assented Rube; 'thet's thur game! Scalp me ef 'taint! Look yander!—thur they go!'

The horsemen were no longer in line, nor formed in any fashion. Irregularly grouped, they exhibited a 'clump' upon the prairie, some standing still, others in motion. As Rube uttered the last words, one of them was seen to shoot out from the main body, spurring his steed into a gallop as he parted from the crowd.

One might have fancied he was about to ride off from the ground: but no; that was not his intention. When he had made half-a-dozen stretches over the plain, he guided his horse into a curve, evidently with the design of riding around us.

As soon as he had gained some score of yards from the troop, a second horseman followed, repeating the manœuvre; and then another and another, until five of the band, thus deployed, galloped round us in circles. The remaining six kept their ground.

We observed that the five had left their lances behind them, and carried only their carbines.

We were not astonished at this: we divined the intention of our enemies. They were about to practise an old prairie-tactic—a stratagem of the horse-Indians, with which all three of us were familiar.

We might have been more apprehensive about the result had it been really Indians who were going to practise the manœuvre—since in an attack of this kind, the bow, with its many missiles in a minute is far more dangerous than either carbine or rifle. But the fact that our assailants understood the stratagem, told us we were opposed to men who had seen Indian-fight—no doubt, the pick men of the frontier—and to defend ourselves would require all the courage and cunning we possessed.

It did not surprise us that only a portion of the band galloped out to effect the surround; there was design in that, and we knew it. The five who had been detached were to wheel round us in circles, dash at intervals within range, fire their carbines, kill some of our horses, keep us distracted, and, if possible, draw the fire of our rifles. This purpose effected, the other six—who had already approached as near as was safe for them—would charge forward, empty their guns, and then use their lazoos with effect.

Of this last weapon my companions had more dread than of all the others carried by our foes. They had reason. They knew that our rifles once empty, the lazo could be used beyond pistol-range; and by such men, with far surer aim than either carbine or escopette!

We were allowed but scant time to entertain these

doubts, fears, and conjectures, or to communicate them to one another. They passed before us like the lightning's flash: the quicker that they were old thoughts—things familiar from experience. We were conscious that the stratagem of our enemy had increased the peril of our situation; but we thought not yet of yielding to despair.

In an instant we had altered our relative positions. The three of us no longer fronted in one direction, but stood back to back—each to guard the third of the circle before his face. Thus stood we, rifles in hand.

The five horsemen were not slow in the execution of their manœuvre. Once or twice they galloped round us in a wide circle; and then following a spiral curve, drew nearer and nearer. When within carbine range, each fired his piece; and, retreating outward upon the main body, hastily exchanged his empty gun for one that was loaded, and galloped back as before.

In the first volley, most of their bullets, discharged at random, had passed over our heads. We heard them hissing in the air high above us. One, however, had been better aimed, and struck Rube's mare in the hip, causing the old mustang to squeal and kick violently. It did but little damage, though it was an earnest of what we might expect; and it was with increased apprehension that we saw the horsemen come back on their circling career.

You will wonder why we did not return their fire? Our guns carried as far as theirs. Why did we not use them, while the horsemen were within range? Not one of the three of us thought of drawing a trigger! You will wonder at this? It requires explanation.

Know, then, that the five men who galloped round us were five of the best horsemen in the world—no doubt the picked riders of the band. Not in Arabia, not in the hippodromes of Paris or London, could they have found their superiors—perhaps not their equals, for these men literally lived in the saddle. Each, as he approached the dangerous circle covered by our rifles, disappeared behind the body of his horse. A boot and hand over the hollow of the deep saddle-tree, perhaps a hand grasping the wither-lock of the horse, were all of the rider that could be seen. Presently a face might be observed, suddenly veiled by a puff of smoke from the carbine, and then ducked instantly out of sight. Perhaps the barrel of the piece might be noticed glancing along the horse's counter, while the stream of fire pouring forth, told that the rider had taken aim under the throat of his steed, the latter all the while going at full gallop.

During these manœuvres, sharp shots as my comrades were, and fair marksman as I was myself, there was no instant when we could have hit any one of the five horsemen. It would have been easier to have brought down a bird upon the wing. Their horses we might have killed or crippled, but that would not have repaid us for the risk of an empty rifle. We dared not waste a bullet on the horses. This, then, was our reason for reserving our fire.

Do not fancy from this my prolixity of explanation, that we were so slow in comprehending all this. No, we understood our situation well enough; we knew that to discharge our pieces—even though a horse should fall to every shot—was just what the enemy desired. That was the main point of their ruse; but we were too well used to the wiles of Indian warfare to be beguiled by so shallow an artifice. Words of caution passed between us, and we stood to our guns with as much patience as we could command.

It was tempting enough—provoking, I should rather say—that to be fired at, without the chance of returning it; and my companions, notwithstanding their habitual coolness, chafed angrily under the infliction.

Once more the five horsemen came galloping around us, and discharged their pieces as before; but this

time with more effect. A bullet struck Garey in the shoulder, tearing away a patch of his hunting-shirt, and drawing the blood; while another went whizzing past the cheek of Old Rube, creasing his catskin cap!

'Hooray!' shouted the latter, clapping his hand over the place where the lead had wounded him. 'Close enough thet wur! Cuss me, ef't hain't carried away one o' my ears!'

And the old trapper accompanied the remark with a wild, reckless laugh. The rent of the bullet, and the blood upon Garey's shoulder, now fell under his eye, and suddenly changing countenance, he exclaimed:

'By the tarnal! yur hit, Bill? Speak, boyee!'

'It's nothin,' promptly replied Garey—'nothin; only a grease. I don't feel it.'

'Yur sure?'

'Sartin sure.'

'By the livin catamount!' exclaimed Rube, in a serious tone, 'we can't stan this no longer. What's to be done, Billee? Think, boy!'

'We must make a burst for it,' replied Garey; 'it's our only chance.'

'Tur no use,' said Rube, with a doubtful shake of the head. 'The young fellur mout git clur; but for you 'n me thur's not the shaddy o' a chance. They'd catch up wi' the ole mar in the flappin o' a beaver's tail, an yur hoss ain't none o' the sooplest. Tur no use.'

'I tell you it are, Rube,' replied Garey impatiently. 'You mount the white hoss—he's fast enough—an let the mar slide; or you take mine, an I'll back whitey. We mayent get clar altogether; but we'll string the niggers out on the parairy, an take them one arter another. It's better than stannin hyar to be shot down like buffler in a penn. What do you think, capt'n?' added he, addressing himself to me.

Just then an idea had occurred to me. 'Why not gallop to the cliff?' I inquired, looking toward the mesa: 'they can't surround us there? With our backs to the rock, and our horses in front of us, we may defy the rabble. We might easily reach it by a dash'—

'Scalp me! ef the young fellur ain't right,' cried Rube, interrupting my speech. 'It's the very idee, plum center!'

'It are!' echoed Garey—'it are! We hain't a second to lose; they'll be round us again in a squall's jump. Look yonder!'

This conversation had occupied but a few seconds of time. It occurred just after the five horsemen had the second time emptied their guns, and galloped back to exchange them. Before they could return to deliver a third fire, our determination was taken, and we had hastily undone the fastenings of our horses, and were ready to mount. This we accomplished so quietly, that it was evident the enemy had not perceived us, and therefore entertained no suspicion of our design; hence the road towards the mesa was still perfectly open to us. In another minute, however, the five riders would have been circling around us, and that would have naturally altered our situation.

'Hurry, Rube!' cried Garey—'hurry, man, and le's be off!'

'Keep cool, Billee,' rejoined Rube, who was adjusting the bridle of Garey's horse. 'Plenty o' time, I tell ee; they ain't a comin yit. Ho-woo! ole gal!' he continued, addressing himself to the mare—'ho-woo! we're a gwine to leave you ahint a bit, but I reck'n yu'll turn up agin. They won't eat ye, anyhow; so don't be skeart about thet, ole gal! Now, Billee, I'm ready.'

It was time, for the riders were again spurring forward to surround us.

Without waiting to observe further, we all three leaped simultaneously on horseback; and, plying the spur deeply, shot off in a direct line for the mesa.

A glance behind shewed us the guerrilleros—the whole band coming in full tilt after us, while their cries sounded in our ears. To our satisfaction, we saw we had gained ground upon them—our sudden start having taken them by surprise, and produced in their ranks a momentary hesitation. We had no fear of being able to reach the mesa before they could overtake us.

For my own part, I could soon have ridden out of sight altogether; so could Garey, mounted on the white steed, that, with only a raw-hide halter, was behaving splendidly. It was Garey's own horse, a strong but slow brute, that delayed us; he was ridden by Rube; and it was well the chase was not to be a long one, else our pursuers would have easily overhauled him. Garey and I kept by his side.

'Don't be afeerd, Rube!' shouted Garey, in a tone of encouragement; 'we ain't a goin to leave you—we'll stick thegither!'

'Yes,' added I, in the excitement of the moment, 'we live or die together!'

'Hooray, young fellur!' cried Rube, in a burst of wild gratitude—'hooray for you! I know yur the stuff, an won't leave me ahint, though I gin you the slip onces—when you mistuk me for the grizzly. He, he, hoo! But then, you see twur no use o' my stickin to you—ne'er a bit o' good. Wagh! them niggurs ur gettin nigher!'

We were riding directly for the middle of the mesa, whose cliff, like a vast wall, rose up from the level plain. We headed for its central part, as though we expected some gate to open in the rock and give us shelter!

Shouts of astonishment could be heard mingling with the hoof-strokes. Some of the expressions we heard distinctly. 'Whither go they?' '*Yaya!* do they intend to ride up the cliff?' '*Carrambo! van en la trampa!*' (Good! they are going into the trap!)

Shouts of exultation followed, as they saw us thus voluntarily placing ourselves in a position from which retreat appeared impossible.

They had been apprehensive, on our first galloping off, that we might be mounted on swift horses, and meditated escaping by speed; but on discovering that this was not our intention, cries of joyful import were heard; and as we approached the cliff, we saw them deploying behind us, with the design of hemming us in. It was just the movement we had anticipated, and the very thing we wished them to do.

We galloped up close to the rocky wall before drawing bridle; then, suddenly flinging ourselves to the ground, we placed our backs to the cliff, drew our horses in front of us, and holding the bridles in our teeth, raised our rifles towards the foe. Once more the three shining tubes were levelled, promising certain death to the first who should approach within range.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

RUBE'S CHARGER.

Our attitude of defence, thus suddenly assumed, produced a quick effect upon our pursuers, who pulled up simultaneously on the prairie. Some who had been foremost, and who fancied they had ridden too near, wheeled round and galloped back.

'Wagh!' ejaculated Rube; 'jest look at 'em! they've tuk care to put plenty o' paraira atween our guns an thur cowardly karkidges. Wagh!'

We at once perceived the advantage of our new position. We could all three shew front wherever the enemy threatened. There was no longer any danger of their practising the surround. The half-circle behind us was covered by the mesa, and that could not be scaled. We had only to guard the semicircle in front—in fact, less than a semicircle, for we now perceived that the place was *embayed*, a sort of

re-entering angle formed by two oblique faces of the cliff. The walls that flanked it extended three hundred yards on either side, so that no cover commanded our position. For defence, we could not have chosen a better situation; gallop round as they might, the guerrilleros would always find us with our teeth towards them! We saw our advantage at a glance.

Neither were our enemies slow to perceive it, and their exulting shouts changed to exclamations that betokened their disappointment.

Almost as suddenly, their tone again changed, and cries of triumph once more rose along their line.

We looked forth to discover the cause. To our dismay, we perceived a reinforcement just joining them! Five fresh horsemen were riding up, evidently a portion of the band. They appeared to have come from behind the mesa—from the direction of the rancheria—though, as we galloped forward, we had not observed them: the mound had concealed them from our view. Notwithstanding this accession to their strength, their courage did not appear to give by it.

Almost on the instant that their new allies arrived upon the ground, the troop filed off by twos, and deployed across the mouth of the little bay in which we had taken shelter. The movement was soon completed, and six pair of them were now ranged before us at equal distances from each other. The remaining three—Ijorra and two others—kept their places directly in front of us. In one of the latter I recognised a ruffian whom I had frequently noticed at the rancheria. He was a man of large size, and what is rare among Mexicans, red-haired; but I believe he was a *Vizcaino*. He was familiarly known by the sobriquet of *El Zorro* (the Fox), probably on account of the hue of his hair; and I had heard from good authority—that of the *alcalde himself!*—that this fellow was neither more nor less than a *salteado*. Indeed, *El Zorro* made little secret of his calling. The brigand of Mexico is usually well known to his countrymen. During his intervals of leisure, he appears in the populous town, walks boldly through the streets, and freely mingles in society. Such was *El Zorro*, one of the right-hand men of Ijorra.

The design of our enemy was now manifest: they had no intention of making an immediate attack upon us; they saw that our retreat was impossible, and had resolved to hold us in siege, perhaps till thirst and hunger should force us to surrender.

Their calculation was founded on probability. Their valour was weak, their cunning was strong and subtle.

Rube was now greatly 'out of sorts.' When he saw the guerrilleros 'fixing' themselves in the manner described, he seemed to regret that we had taken our stand there.

'We're hyur!' he exclaimed peevishly, 'an how we to git clur agin? Scalp me, Bill! ef we hed better a fit 'em on the paraira, afore we gits we wi' hunger. Wagh! I kud eat a griakin now, an good chunk o' a one. Ay, smoke away!' (some of the Mexicans had lighted their cigars, and were coughing and puffing at them)—'smoke away, durn yur! yur yellow skinned skunks! I'll make some o' ye smoke a mornin, or my name ain't Rube Rawlins. Gi's a o' bacca, Bill; maybe it'll take the edge off o' yur stummuk. Wagh! I feel as holler about the kids as my ole mar—Geehosopha! See the mar!'

The emphatic utterance of the last words caused Garey and myself to look towards the speaker, and then in the direction in which he pointed. A scout came before our eyes, that, spite the depression of the spirits, caused both of us to break into loud laughter.

The 'ole mar,' that for many long years had carried Rube over the mountains and prairies, was a creature that scarce yielded to himself in peculiarity.

She was a lank, bare-ribbed, high-boned animal, long-eared like all of her race, for she belonged to the race of Rosinante. The long ears caused her to look foolish, and at a distance she might have been mistaken for a mixed breed; but it was not so—she was a true mustang, and, spite of her degenerate look, a pure Andalusian. She seemed to have been, at an earlier period of her life, of that dun yellowish colour known as 'clay bank'—a common hue among Mexican horses; but time and scars had metamorphosed her, and gray hairs predominated, particularly about the head and neck. These parts were covered with a dirty grizzle of mixed colour. She was badly wind-broken, and at stated intervals, of several minutes each, her back, from the spasmodic action of the lungs, heaved up with a jerk, as though she was trying to kick, and couldn't. Her body was as thin as a rail, and her head habitually carried below the level of her shoulders; but there was something in the twinkle of her solitary eye—for she had but one—that told you she had no intention of giving up for a long time to come. As Rube often alleged, 'she was game to the backbone.'

Such was the 'ole mar,' and it was to her that our attention was now so suddenly called.

Having parted from her on the prairie, in the wild gallop that followed, we had thought no more of the creature, not caring—that is, Garey and myself—what became of her. Rube, however, was far from sharing our indifference as to her fate. He would almost as soon have parted with one of his 'claws' as that same faithful companion, and we had heard him expressing his hopes that no harm would come to her.

Of course, we had concluded that she would either be shot or lazed by one of the guerrilleros. It appeared, however, that this was not to be her fate just then. Resolving not to be parted from her master so easily, she had galloped after us. Being slow, she soon fell behind, and for a while was mixed up with the horses of the guerrilleros. Of course the men had noticed her, but seeing that she was a worthless brute, had not deigned to make a capture of her.

In due time she fell into the rear of the whole troop; but even that did not turn her from her original intention, and at the moment of Rube's exclamation, she was just breaking through the line of deployment on her way to join him. From the manner in which her nose was held as she ran, she appeared to be trailing him by the scent.

Seeing her pass, one of the guerrilleros dashed after to capture her; perhaps because there was an old grudge with some of Rube's traps buckled upon it. Mare, saddle, and all, were scarcely worth the fling of a lazo, and so the man appeared to think; for instead of using his lazo, he rode forward with the intention of seizing the mare by the bridle.

The feat proved not so easy of accomplishment. As the fellow bent down to grasp the rein, the old mare started one of her wild squeals, slewed her hind-quarters about, and raising her heels high in air, delivered them right upon the ribs of the Mexican. The heavy 'thud' was heard by all of us; and the man tumbled from his saddle, and fell to the ground—to all appearance badly hurt, and most probably with a pair of broken ribs.

The squeal of the mare was echoed by a shrill laugh from the throat of her delighted master; and not until she had galloped up to him, did he cease to make the rocks ring with his wild cachinnations.

'Wa-hoo—woop! yur thur, ole gal!' he shouted as the animal halted before him. 'You gin 'im a sock-bellower—you did. Yeeup! ole blueskin! yur welkum back! an ye've foteched my saddle too! Hooray! Ain't she a beauty, Bill? She's wuth her weight in beaver-plew. Wag! that 'ee ur, ole beeswax! Kum byur this away—thur now!'

And the speaker proceeded, after some more

apostrophising, to draw the animal closer up to the cliff, placing her body as an additional barricade in front of his own.

Our involuntary mirth was of short duration; it was interrupted by an object that filled our hearts with new apprehension.

THREE CHAPTERS OUT OF MY LIFE.

WRITTEN BY UWAROWSKIJ OF YAKUTSK, FOR THE NOBLE LORD OTTO NIKOLAJEWITSCH.

[This is a translation from the only written specimen of the Yakut language, which, though spoken throughout a large portion of the Russian dominions, has hitherto remained entirely oral. The above-named Uwarowski—a *bona-fide* personage—states, in the introduction to his work, that he undertook the task of reducing this, his native tongue, to letters, at the request, and with the assistance, of his patron Nikolajewitsch. The odd mixture of simplicity and shrewdness evidenced therein, throws a curious light upon the modes of life and thought in a region so far removed from European civilisation.]

CHAPTER I.

ON the left bank of the river Lena, one hundred *kos* from the town of Yakutsk, and near the Arctic Sea, is, or rather was—for it exists no longer—a place called Shigansk. Here lived my father, who was commander of the district; and here I was born.

I remember little or nothing of Shigansk, for my father returned to Yakutsk when I was scarcely five years old. One summer morning, however, I can recall distinctly, when I was almost frightened to death at the sight of a terrible man, who stood at the entrance of the house with a loaded gun in his hand. He had been placed there on guard, lest his companions, by mistake, should take our property. He was, in fact, one of a gang of fourteen or fifteen escaped convicts. They had fled from that part of Okhotsk where the salt is prepared, plundering on their way the goods of many merchants; and had gone down the Aldan to the Lena, and so come by boats to Shigansk. Arriving there at night, they found the soldiers and Cossacks asleep; so they bound them hand and foot, and made them dead-drunk; after which they put them into the prison, and locked the door; then, dividing themselves into several parties, the marauders proceeded to plunder the whole town.

On the same day, about the time when the milking of the cows begins—between nine and ten o'clock—they all assembled in our house, having finished sacking the place. I remember as well as if it were only yesterday, how these savage men without nostrils, and with blue stains upon their faces—they were branded criminals—stood warming themselves before the fire, the blood of those whom they had murdered yet steaming from them. My father and mother were standing by; they had quickly overcome their terror, like sensible people, only too thankful for their safety so far.

I remember how the robber-captain took me upon his knee, and gave me sweet things as I sat there crying. He was a Georgian by birth, a man of enormous stature; he had all kinds of weapons hanging to his girdle, and wore scarlet leggings ornamented with silver down the seams. He and his band ate an enormous breakfast; and about mid-day, taking their rich booty with them, they sailed away down the Lena.

It is impossible to describe the lamentations of our neighbours. There were about thirty families in the town; and at night, when they returned from the forest, to which they had fled, they found their houses ransacked—in a word, cleared out from top to bottom.

During the same summer—but I do not remember

how many months later—the soldiers and Cossacks who had come from Yakutsk, overtook the robbers seventy kōs from Shigansk, and after a fierce resistance, killed nearly every man of them: but the stolen property was never recovered.

Shigansk is wanting in every beauty and variety which can charm the eye. The character of the country is this: a slip of land between two mountains, surrounded by a wood so thick that a dog would not find room to push his nose into it; besides which, as soon as you have gone about ten steps, you sink up to the knees in soft rotten mould. The following are the only kinds of berries to be found in it: bilberries, black bilberries, red currants, and hips and haws.

The winter lasts for eight months; and during that time, people never take off their warm clothing. Two months are expended between spring and autumn; and thus, out of the whole year, only two months remain for the poor summer. In winter, the snow falls higher than the house-tops; the wind blows fiercely, so that it is impossible to keep upon your feet. The cold freezes your very breath; and during two of the winter months, the eye of man never looks upon the sun.

To speak the truth, if my will had been consulted in the matter, I would by no means have chosen Shigansk for my birthplace. Its inhabitants are Tungousses, and they number from four to five hundred. These people live by the chase, wading through the sea of snow round about Shigansk to a distance of more than two hundred kōs.

The animals they hunt are the wild reindeer, the black fox, the sable, the fox with the dark-coloured throat, the red fox, white fox, squirrel, ermine, black bear, and white polar bear. Fossil mammoth tusks are likewise eagerly sought by them. No country is without some kind of beauty; you may find it even in Shigansk during the two summer months, when the sun never sets. Nor is any land without its peculiar plenty. Thus, the rivers about Shigansk are swarming with delicious fish: salmo nelma (a kind of salmon trout), bleak, sturgeon, sterlet, tschir (a kind of salmon), muksun, omul, salmo lavaretus, and countless more. All these are spoiled and wasted; first, for want of salt, and then through a country usage. The Tungouse digs a hole, about a fathom in depth, near the place where he has taken his fish. He covers the sides of it with bark, and spreads bark also over the bottom. Then, after having cleaned and taken out the bones of his fish, he presses them down into the pit, filling it as full as possible. They lie here until they are blue and putrid, and then become a favourite food of the Tungousses. I must confess, that in my childhood I ate it with great relish, and would eat it even now, if I had any.

On the day of my departure from Shigansk, I took, according to the custom of the time, a bladder full of earth from my birthplace, in order that, when I suffered from the home-sickness, I might mix it with water, and drink it. However, fortunately, I have never felt this disorder, and so have never been obliged to fill my stomach with black earth. From that time until now, I have not once entered Shigansk. God only knows whether I shall ever again see the place of my birth.

Two kōs and a half to the north of Yakutsk there is a place called Killām. Here my father and mother had built a pretty Russian house, in which they lived before they went to Shigansk. Close to them, but in a separate house, lived my mother's parents. At that time, I had never seen a broad field or an open plain; I had seen only the bright foliage of the water-hemlock, spreading over a wider surface than the eye can travel, or growing for miles and miles by the river-side; or else rocks and hills covered from base to summit with thick impenetrable woods. I had never heard the

lark's song, or the voice of a singing-bird; I had listened only to the cries of the raven and crow, and now and then to the piping of bull-finches. The only grass I had ever seen was the scentless reed-grass. You may imagine, therefore, how great was my astonishment when I reached Killām. An open meadow more than a kōs in breadth, and several kōs in length met my eyes; the air above me trembled with green glittering, that was even like the surface of the water. The variety of the flowers, and their great number, gave to the land the appearance of being overspread by a green or yellow garment. Here as there were thick groves of larch and birch. A rapid stream flowed through the middle of the meadow and towards the bright sands of a broad river, bordered with black and precipitous banks. Thick rich meadow grass grew on the further side of the river, and on the plain the scythes of hundreds of mowers glittered in the sunshine. Horses and cattle without number were grazing on the broad expanse of the meadow, feeding nothing, and wandering about at will. Five or six mud-plastered Yakut cottages, and some large white shining conical summer *yourtes*, stood out as if in picture. The windows of these *yourtes*, of mica or glass, shone like jewels in the distance, from our house which stood boldly out on a considerable elevation above the plain.

No sooner were we settled at Killām, than misfortune fell upon us. My father had never known a day of illness until he was in his seventy-second year; the one day at dinner-time, he fell senseless upon the bench; and before an hour had passed, he gave up his soul to God. My mother's sorrow was beyond all bounds; and indeed it could not well be otherwise, for she had lost the husband with whom she had lived upwards of forty years in the most perfect harmony. After my father's burial, my mother found herself in very straitened circumstances. There were left remaining to the amount of 800 or 900 roubles, which was then accounted a large sum. They had lived in Shigansk for nine years, and found on their return to Killām but a very small number of the cattle which had been left there; the greater part of them had been lost through the mismanagement of strange hands, and the house had stood empty so long, that it was going to ruin.

The time was approaching when I must manage to get a little learning: for this purpose, it was necessary that we should live in the town; but we had no house there. All these things together troubled my mother greatly; but, nevertheless, they did not draw her attention from business. And now, do not blame me for saying a few words about this good mother. She could neither read nor write, and yet she was a woman of considerable talent. She had the most remarkable memory I ever heard of; she remembered everything that had happened from the time she was four years old, and she never forgot a single thing that she had heard from that time until she was seventy. She would tell you without a moment's hesitation, the day on which every festival in the year fell; she knew all about the governors who had lived a hundred years ago; and if she had calculated the addition or division of ever so large a sum of money, she would tell you the result without a fault. People who had forgotten any circumstance or event, constantly came to her to settle their disputes. She knew the national traditions, fables, songs, and riddles—indeed everything, down to needle-work.

She was a very godly woman: to the day of her death, she had never spoken an untrue word, neither had any hungry man ever left her house without being filled. In consequence of this, she was respected as a good woman, and one who had an unfeigned love of truth. Whoever had deceived her, was ashamed to acknowledge his guilt, and whoever had gratified

by any good deed or any service, considered himself fortunate from that day.

No one dies with the dead; the living feels with the living. So, after my mother had got over her first grief, she began to put the house in order, and then during the five years in which we lived at Killām, she occupied herself in restoring the cattle to their original number.

Our life at Killām was a very dull one. During five months in the year, the cold was so great that we could not get out. In the morning, my grandfather taught me to read and write; in the evening, I used to read the Holy Scriptures to my mother, or she would instruct me to love God, to honour the emperor, to care for the poor, to be compassionate, to do no wrong to any man. In short, she endeavoured to train me to that course of action which the word of God says it is our duty to follow. And in consequence of my great love to my mother, and of my natural disposition, I listened with reverence to every word she said.

About this time, we became acquainted with many of the inhabitants of Yakutsk, who afterwards loved me as their own child, and whom I loved with my whole heart. It was thus that I learned their language thoroughly, and made myself acquainted with their mode of life and thought. I also listened eagerly to all their tales, songs, riddles, and traditions; went gladly to their festivals, wedding-feasts, and national assemblies, and took part in the games which they celebrate in summer. It was thus I learned to excel in all their sports. I was renowned as a good shot, either with the gun or the Yakut bow, and received much praise for the manner in which I would mount a wild-horse, and make it fly like the wind across the broad plain. By certain signs about a horse, I could speak with decision as to its strength, speed, spirit, and temper; and at the very first sight of horned cattle, I could tell their value.

During the summer months, the lakes of this region abound with different kinds of water-fowl; in the woods and forests, hares, black-cock, partridges, and the hazel-hen, are very plentiful.

The geese, ducks, swans, cranes, storks, and different kinds of small birds make so much noise, that in spring when the ice breaks up, and in winter when their young are fledged, and they fly away to warmer lands, it is impossible to get any sleep for them.

I suppose there are few men who have killed so many birds as I have from my eleventh or twelfth year upwards. I had such a love of sport, that a journey of three days without sleep was no exertion, or I never knew what it was to feel weary. In autumn, when waiting for dawn, I have often slept on the damp earth, the trunk of a tree for my pillow, and without any extra covering, while the wind blew, and rain and snow were falling. Or when fishing, I have often waded the whole night in cold water on the banks where the nets were set out.

In later years, it has been very useful to me thus to have been early accustomed to exercise and exertion. In this manner, time passed on, but at length it became necessary for us to reside in the town; so my mother had our house at Killām taken down, and removed to Yakutsk, where it was again erected in a good position which she herself had chosen.

In my sixteenth year, I obtained a situation as one of the Imperial Corps of Writers in the Upper Court of Yakutsk. A man of the name of N— N— was at the head of this office. He was of low origin, and knew very little of the present style of writing, and yet he was looked upon as indispensable; and whilst he enjoyed such good-fortune, he would scarcely give other men a few kopeks for their labour. By his command, we sat daily, and wrote without intermission nine hours, from early morning until mid-day, and eight hours from mid-day until night, making

altogether seventeen hours. For this labour, we were paid one or two copper roubles* a month.

After being in this situation for about two years, I became senior clerk of my table; and in the third and fourth years, the direction of six tables was given to me. Besides this, I was, shortly after, appointed private secretary to the governor. About ten persons were appointed to help me in the discharge of all these onerous duties: one-half of them consisted of young children, who were placed under me for instruction; the other half were confirmed drunkards. In consequence of this, there was no end to my work, and I had to labour for twenty hours a day. My salary at this time was five copper roubles a month. The love of my superiors, the esteem of all men, and, above all, my mother's joy, gave me strength; moreover, I had the consciousness that my labour was not in vain.

My mother had buried twelve children, and also her beloved husband, and now she lived but for me. Just as I was thus rejoicing her heart, and at the time when she should have rested from her labour, she was attacked by a terrible and fatal disease, which increased from day to day, and confined her to her bed for two whole years. During all this time, I never allowed any one else to wait upon her for a single night; I gave her medicine and food, moved her in bed from side to side, did everything for her with my own hands, and slept in a chair by her bedside. Very frequently I passed a sleepless night, and then went to the office.

At last her strength began to diminish visibly. I was with her for nine whole days and nights before her death, and during that time I never once left her side, and never closed my eyes in sleep. Her parting words to me during these nine days were many, very many. The night before her death she said: 'Do not stay in the town of Yakutsk; it is full of envious Russians. The Yakuts love you, and will always love you: this will give birth to envy, which, taking root, will grow until you are obliged to defend every word you say, until your freedom is fettered, and you are brought to misery. Sell your house, therefore, and your goods, and go to Russia; there you will see the glorious emperor, and then your fortune will be made. You will be left all lonely under the sun; but you know my heart. Do not wander away from the good path; and then, whatever misfortune may befall you, you will be happy. Forget not to help your fellow-men, for all men are of one family, and have one Father in heaven. In the morning, I shall die: when the sun rises, send for the priest, and call together my relations and friends.'

On the following morning, so soon as the day began to break, I sent for the priest. My mother confessed her sins, received the Lord's Supper, and took leave of all the friends who had by that time assembled at my summons. Then she embraced me, and I felt her cold dying breath on my shoulder. After a few moments, all who were present said, with one voice: 'She is dead!' It was so. As she lay there on her bed, she never looked like a dying person; not one feature of her countenance had changed, and there was no difference between her death and the light sleep of one who is weary. We watched her countenance without the least fear; there was a smile of joy upon it, as if the dear mother were made glad by the sight of a seat prepared for her in that bright region where the great God dwells, and as if the soul that was purged from sin rejoiced to quit the worn-out body. This was the way in which she died.

Good mother! Of all the days that thou didst live here under the sun, not one passed without care: thine was no easy life; thy happiness consisted solely in good

* The copper or paper rouble, or rouble banco, is a quotation of fees according to an obsolete coinage, like those we make in guineas; the copper rouble is two-sevenths the value of the standard or silver rouble, which is worth from 3s. 6d. to 3s. 8d.

deeds. For these thy good deeds thou wilt be made happy now. With my mother, I lost my only joy on earth. I have neither brothers nor sisters, nor have I ever married; so that from that time until now there has been no one to mourn over my dark days or to rejoice at my good-fortune. I am a stranger to all men, and I enter every house as a guest. There was now nothing of any interest left for me in Yakutsk.

It is true the governor loved me as his own son. I was at the head of his office, and far from allowing me to go to another town, he would not let me leave him for a single hour. But he died; and so soon as he was dead, I went to Irkutsk, having first sold my house and property, and paid the debts which had been owing since my father's death. Here I obtained a situation in the governor's office, and lived in peace for a year and a half. My salary was eighty roubles a month, and I had no other duties and cares than the light ones of writing.

FEVER-POISONS.

[On the subject of scarlet fever, which has been lately making extraordinary havoc among old and young, the following useful observations occur in a small tract intended for popular dissemination by Mr R. Fairman, surgeon, Biggar.]

AFTER referring to the value of thorough ventilation, light, and cleanliness, in order to disinfect clothes and apartments from the invisible air-poison exhaled from the sick, the author proceeds:—It is important to know regarding infection, that when not destroyed or dispersed in the sick-room, it attaches itself and adheres with great tenacity to all articles of furniture—chairs, tables, drawers, &c., nestling in their innumerable pores; and unless these articles be scrubbed with a solution of chloride of lime, or exposed to a strong heat, or a free current of air for several hours, it may again become evolved, *more virulently than at first*, after the lapse of many weeks. But it chiefly adheres to cotton and woollen materials. The patient's body-clothes and blankets become saturated with it, like a sponge with water. And in airing these materials, a mere passing breeze is not always sufficient to carry it away. A genteel country family lately related to me that a few years ago they had occasion to reside some time in Edinburgh; while there, one of the domestics became affected with fever of a peculiar type. After her recovery, the bed-clothes—as was thought—were sufficiently aired, packed up, and conveyed home along with the family. Through some inadvertence, they remained for four months thus folded up; after which, being required for use, they were opened out and washed. Within a week, the person who washed them became attacked with the same type of fever, though none was prevailing in the district at the time; so that infection thus imprisoned in a blanket, or anywhere else, and not exposed to any current of air, seems not only quite indestructible, but, while thus confined, probably grows in virulence every day. Thus the infection of plague—which is just a form of typhus fever—has been packed up in a bale of cotton, and after being conveyed many hundred miles, struck with instant death the person who unloosed it. The following curious and dreadful incident, related by Dr Parr of Exeter, shewing how plague was once disseminated in an English town, we extract from Macaulay's *Dictionary of Medicine*: "The last plague which infested the town in which we now write," says Dr Parr, "arose from a traveller remarking to his companion, that in a former journey he had the plague in the room where they sat. 'In that corner,' said he, 'was a cupboard where the bandages were kept; it is now plastered, but they are probably there still.' He took the poker, broke down the plastering, and found them. *The disease was soon disseminated, and extensively fatal.*"

The next point requiring notice is, that one man may convey infection to another, while he himself escapes the disease. Some years ago, I received a message from a much esteemed and worthy minister, requesting a visit to two of his children. On arriving, I found them ill with scarlatina;

and as they had both become suddenly affected at the *same hour* the previous evening, it was evident that he had simultaneously imbibed the poisonous dose. But a question arose: Where could they possibly get infected for they had ever been carefully tended by their mother, come in contact with nobody but members of the family, and no fever of any description was prevailing for several miles around. At length the father remembered that about a week before he had visited a little girl under scarlatina in an adjoining parish; had, in the act of engaging in religious conversation, sat by her bed, taken her by the hand, rubbed his clothes on the bed-clothes of the patient in a word, had quite unconsciously done everything likely to saturate his own clothes with infection; after which the night being cold, he wrapped his great-coat first around him—thus inadvertently preventing its dispersion—mounted his horse, and trotted home at a rapid pace. Reaching home, he threw off his great-coat, drew in his chair to a comfortable fire, and as any fond parent would be apt to do, forthwith got both of the children perched upon his knee, little dreaming of the poisonous presence of his father's love was unconsciously bestowing. That this mode of communicating the disease was evident to the process of exact calculation; for the infection of scarlatina lurks in the blood about five days before the fever sets in itself; and on calculating five days back from the onset of the fever, we were brought exactly to the time of the incident occurred.

If two pieces of cloth of the same material, the one black, and the other white, were, in equal circumstances and for the same length of time, exposed to infection, the black cloth would be far sooner saturated with it than the other. We have here something analogous to the well-known law about the absorption of heat. Dark objects absorb heat more powerfully than light ones, so do they also more readily absorb infection, of all kinds of smells. Hence the mere fumigation of churches and wynds in epidemic seasons is not enough; they afterwards very properly whitewashed. Hence also the wholesomeness of light as well as air in the dwelling of the poor, and of all those measures of cleanliness and comfort which the whitening-brush is able to impart. The haunts of infection realise those conditions with which childish fancy clothes the haunts of spectres. Dark, cheerless are its favourite dens. The "bleering ingle, the clean hearth-stone," it seems to shun; but lurks in the gloomy hovel, fattens on its dirt, and in the crevices of its smoked and dingy walls finds those congenial nestling-places which it cannot find in plastered, whitewashed, smooth, and shining walls of cleanliness. Its fittest emblem is that mysterious and deadly nightshade, which loves the darkness more than the light, and luxuriates less abundantly in sunlight than in gloom.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

THE loved are never lonely: round them still
The air is rife with spiritual essences,
Whose hauntings—as about sweet flowers the bees—
Pay musical obeisance, and fulfil
Fond tasks and welcome, though invisible.—
Nor are the loving lonely: like far seas
Where man is not, yet living things the breeze
And pregnant wave inhabit, they have shed
Deep in their hearts, how'er remote from life,
Images of the absent and the dead,
And therefore know not loneliness! Alas
For him who loves not, is not loved—the strife
Of aimless action only his! To pass
O'er Earth, like frivolous words forgotten soon as said

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THE SPAN OF LIFE.

THE fashion is to moralise on the speedy metamorphosis of the muling and puking child into the lean and slippered pantaloon. The swift and merciless approach of death, kicking at the door of cottage and palace with impartial foot, and interrupting alike the plans of the governed and the governor, the ignoramus and the scholar, is often dwelt upon with something like affectionate pathos, not unfrequently in a tone of querulous reflection. Mr Growler, a very worthy and practical gentleman, embodies his sentiments somewhat in this fashion: 'Threescore years and ten are equivalent to forty and odd years of self-consciousness, representing my twenty and odd years of activity. When this short period has elapsed, the spring of life has run itself completely down. If native centrifugal energy keep the machine moving yet a little while, it jerks and creaks like a rusty fly-wheel.' A plaintive statistician perchance adds, that the term of life mentioned by the psalmist, and adopted by Mr Growler, is considerably over the average derived from the tables of mortality. The poets, with grand parade of metaphor and trope, flourish of mournful trumpets, and wailing of Æolian lyres, follow in the wake of the same idea; and so sentimental humanity makes capital of the evanescence of life. It may be worth while to inquire how far this reflection is philosophically correct and practically useful.

Things temporal must ever shrink into nothingness in the presence of things eternal. The solemn voice of religion warns us of the infinite expanse lying beyond finite time, and of the infinite possibilities folded in the breast of the future. Yet we may reasonably question, whether the grave import of this warning would be lessened to contemplative minds though the span of mundane existence were lengthened to five hundred years. Let us imagine such an order of things to exist, and that our friend Mr Growler has reached his grand climacteric of four hundred years, and is engaged in meditation on the fleeting nature of sublunary things. Is it not likely that the decline of life would appear to him precipitous and sudden, and the slopes of memory terribly foreshortened in the mental review? Without much strain upon the fancy, we may suppose that Methuselah in his green old age sometimes mourned over the premature decease of a contemporary cut-off in the flower of youth at the age of fifteen score years, after a lingering illness of rather more than a century. Whatever the given term of human life might be, the boundless margin of darkness lying around it, and the doubtful eventualities of

pestilence and disease, would still render needful the illumination and solace of religious faith.

In actual life, we do not find men much impressed with the brief duration of their probable career. The jubilant spirit of youth, and the calm strength of manhood, are tempered by the uncertainty rather than the brevity of existence; and trustfulness so moderates even this sense of uncertainty, that it does not interfere, in healthy minds, with the steady and laborious pursuits of earthly aims, although it is sufficient to furnish food for reflection, and stimulate to a holier purpose. The Supreme Will has thus ordained with beneficent intention, for history teaches us that the assurance or strong probability of untimely dissolution operating on large communities of men, is the reverse of beneficial to their moral and religious nature. The plague of Athens in the classic era, and that which desolated the cities of Europe in the middle ages, afford this lesson. In the pages of Thucydides and Boccaccio, is ample proof that the result of such a feeling is moral disorganisation and reckless despair. The wisdom of faith becomes supplanted by the shallow philosophy—'Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.' But in a normal state, such a presentiment does not predominate. The child regards life as of vague, indefinite extent; youth is confident of a sufficient career; and the patriarch, reposing on his honours, and receiving the reverence of a new generation, still hopes to add more years to the winter of his age. The uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death, operate, independently of the rapid efflux of time, to teach humility to the human heart.

Strictly speaking, however, life is incommensurable with length of days and the flight of seasons. We do not sail over life's solemn main with the uniform velocity of an astronomical rotation. If the log be thrown over from time to time into the current of life, we shall observe great variation in the number of knots per hour that we make; and in order to determine the space traversed, we must calculate the rate of progress as well as the duration of the voyage. How much of our course do we pass over in half an hour? It may be, we float but lazily upon the sluggish waters; it may be, we bound along before the breeze of passion. Half an hour waiting for the train, half an hour in the society of a brilliant woman, half an hour on the eve of battle, half an hour with a guilty conscience, half an hour with the reward of virtue, half an hour with half a hundred other thoughts, persons, and things, cannot be reckoned as equal elements of what we call our life. We might as well estimate quantity of electricity by the duration of the lightning's flash, or the cubical contents of ocean by the beating of the

surge. Days are but the ripples of the sea of life, and years its long heaving swells.

The astronomical clock does not mark the epochs of existence, else why should we 'count the gray barbarian less than the Christian child.' The truth is, time is no more a correct measure of life than of light, heat, or magnetism. It measures the duration of an external phenomenon with reference to other phenomena also external, but not with reference to subjective feeling. Neither the quantity nor quality of our vitality can be estimated by the lapse of time. Life can only be rightly measured, in quantity, by the succession and number of ideas; in quality and intensity, by their nature and degree. Estimated by this rule, which of them shall we say has lived the most—Milton or Methuselah, Newton or Old Parr, Shakspeare or Jenkins, Alexander von Humboldt or the eldest of the last list of centenarians recorded by the *Blankshire Chronicle*? A modern writer has remarked on the immense amount of thought that soft pulpy mass we call the brain can secrete before its functions cease. Fancy how many folio volumes, double-columned, and in diamond type, would be filled, were we to note down—which Heaven forbid!—the rank and file of ideas, good strong lusty notions, too, that have passed through the cranium of John Smith for the last twenty years! We wish some savant, of an arithmetical turn, would calculate the number of years which would glide away in a persevering endeavour to catalogue, according to the concise method, the thoughts of an average octogenarian. The letter A of such an inventory would outrival its renowned namesake of the British Museum. All the labours of Hercules would be light as a lady's crochet-work, compared with the enormous enterprise. It is the boast of sanitary reformers, and not without justice, that the average duration of human life in this country has been augmented of late years by better air, food, dwellings, and apparel. We may fairly congratulate ourselves on the fact, although the work of amelioration is as yet only half accomplished. The genius of disease, avoiding the light of science, skulks in our lanes and alleys, and, with God's help, shall be ultimately caught in a *cul de sac*, and restrained with the bounds of His divine authority. We ought to be thankful for what has been achieved; but, at the same time, not disguise from ourselves that the earthly sum of human life is enhanced infinitely more by better mental culture, ready access to hoarded wisdom, rapid and facile interchange of thought, than by the addition of a few uncertain and weary years to the lease of existence. Sanitary improvements supply, as it were, oil to the wheels of life and polish to their centres, or remove obstacles to their free motion, and the wear and tear of the material are thereby diminished; whereas improved culture may be likened to improved machinery. It is the spiritual power-loom by which ideas are fabricated and multiplied with wonderful speed and at inconsiderable cost, while a comely and tasteful pattern is woven into the web of life for the raiment of the soul.

'Art is long, and life is fleeting.' True, Mr Poet, and yet what a spacious edifice of art, science, and learning may be raised in this fleeting life! The mantle of his ancestors does not yet hang too loosely on the stalwart limbs of Prince Posterity. Genius in its hot youth is still able to foray beyond the frontiers of actual knowledge, and bring in spoils from the darkness. The vast amount of good or evil that a short-lived, evanescent mortal can achieve before he passes away, is a continual testimony against grumbling and discontent about the trivial duration of our pilgrimage. Those whose hours are cast away and bear no fruit, will certainly find the term allotted to them brief enough; but if any man labour with a true heart and high purpose, he will

generally find, whatever may be his vocation, ample opportunity to accomplish the beneficent ends of his being. Only prodigal and thriftless servants need be reminded how few are the hours of day that remain to them ere the night cometh. If we use a wise economy, thirty years of good energetic action are no mean appanage. There is space enough, Heaven knows, for all industriously 'working in the walls of Time' to build for the indwelling of virtue a temple of good works, or, for its charnel-house, a pyramid of hideous iniquity. What matters it if life be but for a moment, when that moment can contain so much? Why, when a spirit has passed behind the curtain, do we inquire how many years did he wear his mortal coil? Let our question rather be, how much or how little did he live? After all, the heroes of history, thinkers and doers, are not remarkable for longevity. There is no time to waste, but plenty of time to labour, so let every man proceed cheerily on his journey of life, 'without hurry, without rest.'

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXV.—EL ZORRO.

THE new object of dread was a large gun, which had been brought upon the ground by one of those lately arrived. In all probability, it belonged to El Zorro, as it was in his hands we first observed it. It appeared to be a long musket, or elephant-gun, such as the 'roers' in use among South African hunters. Whatever sort of weapon it was, we soon found to our annoyance that it pitched an ounce of lead nearly twice as far as any of our rifles, and with sufficient precision to make it probable that, before the sun had set, El Zorro would be able to pick off our horses, and perhaps ourselves, in detail. It would be half an hour before darkness could screen us with its friendly shelter, and he had already commenced practice. His first shot had been fired. The bullet struck the cliff close to my own head, scattering the fragments of gypsum rock about my ears, and then fell, flattened like a Spanish dollar, at my feet.

The report was far louder than that of either carbine or escopette; and an ejaculation from Rube, as he saw the effect of the shot, followed by his usual ominous whistle, told that the old trapper was not disposed to make light of this new piece of ordnance. Neither was Gary. His look testified to what all three of us were thinking—which was, that this mode of attack was likely to put us in a more awkward dilemma than we had yet been placed in. El Zorro might shoot us down at his leisure. With our rifles, we could neither answer his fire, nor silence it. Our peril was obvious.

The saltador had delivered his first shot 'off hand,' for we had seen him level the piece. Perhaps it was fortunate for us he had not taken aim over a 'lean,' but fortune from that source was not going to favour us any farther; for we now observed Ijurra stick two lances obliquely in the ground, so as to cross each other at a proper height, thus forming as perfect a rest as marksman could have desired.

As soon as the gun was reloaded, El Zorro knelt behind the lances, placed his barrel in the fork, and once more took aim.

I felt satisfied he was aiming at me, or my horse. Indeed, the direction of the long dark tube would have told me so; but I saw Ijurra directing him, and that made me sure of it. I had little fear for myself.

was sheltered sufficiently, but I trembled for the brave horse that shielded me.

I waited with anxious heart. I saw the blaze of the priming as it puffed upward; the red flame projected from the muzzle, and simultaneously I felt the shock of the heavy bullet striking upon my horse. Splinters of wood flew about my face; they were fragments of the saddle-tree. The ball had passed through the pommel, but my noble steed was untouched! It was a close shot, however—too close to allow of rejoicing, so long as others of the like were to follow.

I was getting as 'riled' as Rube himself, when, all at once, a significant shout from the old trapper drew my attention from El Zorro and his gun. Rube was on my right, and I saw that he was pointing along the bottom of the cliff to some object in that direction. I could not see what it was, as his horses were in the way; but the next moment I observed him hurrying them along the cliff, at the same time calling to Garey and myself to follow.

I lost no time in putting my horse in motion, and Garey as hastily trotted after.

We had not advanced many paces before we comprehended the strange behaviour of our companion.

Scarcely twenty yards from where we had first halted, a large rock rested upon the plain. It was a fragment that had fallen from the cliff, and was now lying several feet from its base; it was of such size, and in such a position, that there was ample space behind it to shelter both men and horses—room for us all!

We were only astonished we had not observed it sooner; but this was not to be wondered at, for its colour corresponded exactly with that of the cliff, and it was difficult, even at twenty yards' distance, to distinguish it from the latter. Besides, our eyes, from the moment of our halting, had been turned in another direction.

We did not stay to give words to our surprise; but hurrying our horses along with us, with joyful exclamations we glided behind the rock.

It was not an echo of our joy, but a cry of disappointed rage, that pealed along the line of the guerrilla. They saw at once that their long gun would no longer avail them, and both Ijurra and his marksman were now seen dancing over the ground like madmen. El Zorro's *métier* was at an end.

A more perfect 'harbour of refuge' could not have been found in all prairie-land. As Garey alleged, it 'beat tree-timber all hollow!' A little fortress, in fact, in which we might defy even twice the number of our assailants—unless, indeed, they should wax desperately brave, and try us hand to hand.

Our sudden disappearance had created a new sensation in their ranks. From their shouts, we could tell that some of them regarded it with feelings of wonder—perhaps with emotions of a still stronger kind. We could hear the exclamations '*Carrai!*' '*Carrambo!*' with the phrase '*los demonios!*' passing from mouth to mouth. Indeed, from the position which they occupied, it must have appeared to them that we had gone into the cliff! The separation of the rock from the wall behind it was not perceptible from the plain, else we should have perceived it as we rode forward.

If our enemies knew of this outlying boulder, it was strange they had left the way open to so safe a retreat—strange, since it did not correspond with the cunning they had otherwise given proofs of—and yet stranger they should be ignorant of its existence. Most of them were natives of this frontier, and must have frequently visited the mesa, which was one of the 'lions' of the district. Perhaps they had never troubled their thoughts about it. There is no people who take less interest in the rare features of their beautiful country than the Mexicans. Nature charms

them not. A Mexican dwelling with a garden around it is a rarity—a lawn or a shrubbery is never seen; but indeed nature has bounteously supplied them with all these. They dwell amidst scenes of picturesque beauty; they gaze over green savannas—down into deep barrancas—up to the snow-crowned summits of mighty mountains—without experiencing one emotion of the sublime. A tortured bull, a steel-galved cock, Roman candles, and the Chinese wheel, are to them the sights of superior interest, and furnish them with all their petty emotions. So is it with nations, as with men who have passed the age of their strength, and reached the period of senility and second childhood.

But there was another, and perhaps a better, reason why none of our adversaries should be intimate with the locality. As my companions alleged, the spot was a favourite halting-place of the Comanches—they have an eye for the picturesque—but perhaps the existence of a spring that was near had more to do in guiding the preference of these 'lords of the prairies.' The mesa, therefore, had for years been dangerous ground, and little trodden by the idle curious. Possibly not one of the heroes we saw before us had for years ventured so far out upon the plains.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A PLAN OF ESCAPE.

If our enemies were awed by our sudden disappearance, it was soon robbed of its mysterious character. Our faces, and the dark barrels of our rifles, visible around the edges of the white rock, must have dispelled all ideas of the supernatural. Having hastily disposed of our horses, we had placed ourselves thus—in case of a charge being made—though of this we had no longer any great apprehension; and still less as we watched the movements of our adversaries.

El Zorro continued for some time to fire his big gun—the bullets of which we could dodge as easily as if they had been turnips hurled at us—and the leaden missiles fell harmlessly at our feet. Seeing this, the saltador at length ceased firing, and with another, rode off in the direction of the settlements, no doubt on some errand.

One pair of eyes was sufficient to watch the movements of the besiegers. Garey undertook this duty, leaving Rube and myself free to think over some plan of escape.

That we were not to be attacked was now certain. We had the choice, then, of two alternatives—either to keep the position we were in till thirst should force us to surrender, or attack *them*, and by a bold *coup* cut our way through their line. As to the former, we well knew that thirst would soon compel us to yield. Hunger we dreaded not. We had our knives, and before us a plentiful stock of that food on which the prairie wanderer often sustains life. 'Horse-beef' we had all eaten, and could do so again; but for the sister-appetite—thirst—we had made no provision. Our gourd-canteens were empty—had been empty for hours—we were actually pushing for the *mesa spring* when the enemy first came in sight. We were then athirst; but the excitement of the skirmish, with the play of passion incident thereto, had augmented the appetite, and already were we a prey to its keenest pangs. We mumbled as we talked, for each of us was chewing the leaden bullet. Thirst, then, we dreaded even more than our armed enemy.

The other alternative was a desperate one—now more desperate than ever, from the increased number of our foes. To cut our way through them had no other signification than to fight the whole party hand to hand; and we regretted we had not done so when only eleven were opposed to us.

A little reflection, however, convinced us that we were

in a yet better position. We could make the attempt in the darkness. Night would favour us to some extent. Could we succeed by a bold dash in breaking through their deployed line, we might escape under the friendly cover of darkness, and the confusion consequent upon the *mêlée*.

There was probability in this. The boldest was clearly the wisest course we could pursue. Desperate it appeared. One or other of us might fall, but it offered the only hope that any of us might get free, for we knew that to surrender was to be shot—perhaps worse—tortured.

We had but faint hopes of a rescue; so faint, we scarcely entertained them. I knew that my friends, the rangers, would be in search of me. Wheatley and Holingsworth would not give me up without making an effort for my recovery; but then the search would be made in a different direction—that in which I had gone, and which lay many miles from the route by the mesa. Even had they thought of sending to the mound, the search must have been already made, and the party returned from it. Too long time had elapsed to make any calculation on a chance like this. The hope was not worth holding, and we held it not.

For some time, Rube and I thought in combination, canvassing the details of the plan that had offered. After a while, we stood apart, and each pursued the train of his own reflections.

I declare that in that hour I had more painful thoughts than those that sprung from the peril of my situation; this I solemnly declare.

I have already said, that when I first recognised the leader of the guerrilla, I experienced an unpleasant suspicion. Since then, I had not time to dwell upon it—self-preservation engrossing all my thoughts. Now, that I found more leisure for reflection, the dread doubt returned in full strength, and I bitterly pondered upon it. Need I name the subject of my wretched reflections? Isolina de Vargas!

Knew *she* of this? Knew she that Ijurra was the chief of a guerrilla? Her cousin—share of the same roof—she could scarcely be ignorant of it! Who set him on our trail? Oh, bitter thought! was the hunt of the wild-horse a *ruse*—a scheme—to separate me from my command, and thus render it an easier prey to the Mexican guerrilleros? Perhaps my straggling followers were by this cut off? Perhaps the post had been attacked by a large body of the enemy—captured? I was not only to lose life, but had already lost my honour. I, the proud captain of a boasted troop, to be thus entrapped by artifice—the artifice of a woman!

My heart, overwhelmed with such bitter fancies, stayed not to reason.

Presently followed a calmer interval, and I began to discuss the probability of my suspicions. What motive could she have to plot my destruction? Surely not from any feeling of love for her country, and hatred towards its enemies? From all I had learned, no such sentiment existed in her mind, but rather an opposite one—a truer patriotism. She was a woman of sufficient aim and intellect to have a feeling one way or the other; but had I not good grounds for believing her a friend to our cause; a foe to the tyrants we would conquer? If otherwise, I was the victim of profound deception and unparalleled hypocrisy!

Perhaps, however, her feeling was personal, not national. Was I alone the object of her hatred? Had I done sought by word or deed to call forth her antagonism—to deserve such cruel vengeance? If so, I was sadly ignorant of the fact. If she hated me, she hated one who loved her, with his whole soul absorbed in the passion. But no, I could not think that I was an object of hatred to her. Why should she hate me? How could she?

I could think of but one motive why she should make herself instrumental in the accomplishment of my ruin. It was explicable only on the presumption that she was attached to Ijurra—that Rafael Ijurra was the lord of her heart. If so, he could easily bend it to his will—for this is but the sequence of the other—could influence her to whatever act.

As for Ijurra, there was motive enough for his hostility, even to the seeking of my life. The insult put upon him at our first meeting—the knowledge that I loved her—for I was certain he knew it—with the additional fact that I was an enemy—one of the invaders—of his country. These were sufficient motives, though, doubtless, the two first far outweighed the other: with Rafael Ijurra, revenge and jealousy were stronger passions than patriotism.

Then came consolation—thoughts of brighter hue. In the face of all was the fact, that *the white steed had been found*, and captured! There stood the beautiful creature before my eyes. There was no deception in that—there could be none—no scheme could have contrived a contingency so remarkable.

Ijurra might easily have known of the expedition without *her* agency. Its result he would have learned from the returned vaqueros. He had time enough then to collect his band, and set after me. Perhaps he even knew not that he was a leader of guerrilleros! I had heard that his movements were shrouded in mystery—that mystery which covers the designs of the adventurer. He had served in the school of Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna—fit master of deception. Isolina might be innocent even of the knowledge of his acts.

I re-read Isolina's letter, weighing every word. Strange epistle, but natural to the spirit that had dictated it. In its pages I could trace no evidence of treason. No; Isolina was loyal—she was true!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ELIJAH QUACKENBOSCH.

While these reflections were passing through my mind, I was standing, or rather leaning, with my back against the boulder, and my face towards the wall of the mesa. Directly in front of me was a recess or indentation in the cliff, carried groove-like upward, and deepening as it approached the summit. It was a slight gorge or furrow, evidently formed by the attrition of water, and probably the conduit of the rain that fell upon the table surface of the mound.

Though the cliffs on each side were perfectly vertical, the gorge had a considerable inclination; and the instant my eyes rested upon it, it occurred to me that the precipice at this point could be scaled!

Up to this moment, I had not thought of such a thing; for I had been under the impression—from what my companions had told me—that the summit of the mesa was inaccessible.

Rousing myself to more energetic observation, I scrutinised the cliff from base to summit; and more I regarded it, the stronger grew my conviction that, without great difficulty, an active climber might reach the top. There were knob-like protuberances on the rock that would serve as footholds, and here and there, small bushes of the trailing cedar hung out from the seams, that would materially assist any one making the ascent.

While scanning these peculiarities, I was startled by observing several abrasions on the face of the rock. These marks appeared quite fresh, and evidently made by some other agency than that of the elements.

After a short examination, I became convinced that they were marks made by a human foot—the scuffs of a strong-soled shoe. Beyond a doubt, *the cliff had been scaled!*

My first impulse was to communicate the discovery to my companions; but I forbore for a while—in order to satisfy myself that the person who had made this daring attempt had actually succeeded in reaching the summit.

Twilight was on, and I could get only an indistinct view of the gorge at its upper part, but I saw enough to convince me that the attempt had been successful.

What bold fellow had ventured this? and with what object? were the questions I naturally asked myself.

Vague recollections were stirring within me; presently they grew more distinct, and all at once I was able to answer both the interrogatories I had put. I knew the man who had climbed that cliff. I only wondered I had not thought of him before!

Among the many odd characters in the piebald band, of which I had the honour to be chief, not the least odd was one who answered to the euphonious name of 'Elijah Quackenboss.' He was a mixture of Yankee and German, originating somewhere in the mountains of Pennsylvania. He had been a schoolmaster among his native hills—had picked up some little book-learning; but what rendered him more interesting to me was the fact that he was a botanist. Not a very scientific one, it is true; but in whatever way obtained, he possessed a respectable knowledge of *flora* and *sylvæ*, and evinced an aptitude for the study not inferior to Linnæus himself. The more surprising was this, that such inclinations are somewhat rare among Americans—but Quackenboss no doubt drew his instincts from his Teutonic ancestry.

If his intellectual disposition was odd, not less so was his physical. His person was tall, crooked, and lanky; and none of those members that should have been counterparts of each other seemed exactly to match. His arms were odd ones—his limbs were unlike; and all four looked as if they had met by accident, and could not agree upon anything. His eyes were no better mated, and never consented to look in the same direction; but with the right one, Elijah Quackenboss could 'sight' a rifle, and drive in the nail at a hundred yards' distance.

From his odd habits, his companions—the rangers—regarded him as hardly 'square;' but this idea was partially derived from seeing him engaged in his botanical researches—an occupation that to them appeared simply absurd. They knew, however, that 'Dutch Lige'—such was his sobriquet—could shoot 'plum center;' and notwithstanding his quiet demeanour, had proved himself 'good stuff at the bottom;' and this shielded him from the ridicule he would otherwise have experienced at their hands.

Than Quackenboss, a more ardent student of botany I never saw. No labour retarded him in the pursuit. No matter how wearied with drill or other duties, the moment the hours became his own, he would be off in search of rare plants, wandering far from camp, and at times placing himself in situations of extreme danger. Since his arrival on Texan ground, he had devoted much attention to the study of the *cactaceæ*, and now having reached Mexico, the home of these singular endogens, he might be said to have gone cactus-mad. Every day his researches disclosed to him new forms of cactus or cereus, and it was in connection with one of these that he was now recalled to my memory. I remembered his having told me—for a similarity of tastes frequently brought us into conversation—of his having discovered, but a few days before, a new and singular species of *mamillaria*. He had found it growing upon a *prairie mound* which he had climbed for the purpose of exploring its botany, adding at the same time that he had observed the species only upon the top of this mound, and nowhere else in the surrounding country.

This mound was our mesa. It had been climbed by Elijah Quackenboss!

If he, awkward animal that he was, had been able to scale the height, why could not we?

This was my reflection; and without staying to consider what advantage we should derive from such a proceeding, I communicated the discovery to my companions.

Both appeared delighted; and after a short scrutiny declared the path practicable. Garey believed he could easily go up; and Rube in his terse way said, that his 'jeints wa'n't so stiff yit;' only a month ago he had 'clomb a wuss-lukin bluff than it.'

But now the reflection occurred, to what purpose should we make the ascent? We could not escape in that way! There was no chance of our being able to descend upon the other side, for there the cliff was impracticable. The behaviour of the guerrilleros had given proof of this. Some time before, Ijurra, with another, had gone to the rear of the mound, evidently to reconnoitre it, in hopes of being able to assail us from behind. But they had returned, and their gestures betokened their disappointment.

Why, then, should we ascend, if we could not also descend on the opposite side? True, upon the summit we should be perfectly safe from an attack of the guerrilla, but not from *thirst*, and this was the enemy we now dreaded. Water would not be found on the top of the mesa. It could not better our situation to go there; on the contrary, we should be in a worse 'fix' than ever. So said Garey. Where we were, we had our horses—a spare one to eat when that became necessary, and the others to aid us in our attempt to escape. Should we climb the cliff, these must be left behind. From the top was less than fifty yards, and our rifles would still cover them from the clutch of our enemies, but to what advantage? Like ourselves, they must in time fall before thirst and hunger.

The gleam of hope died within us, as suddenly as it had sprung up.

It could in nowise serve us to scale the cliff: we were better in our present position; we could hold that so long as thirst would allow us. We could not do more within the granite walls of an impregnable fortress.

This was the conclusion at which Garey and I had simultaneously arrived.

Rube had not yet expressed himself. The old man was standing with both hands clutching his long rifle, the butt of which rested upon the ground. He held the piece near the muzzle, partially leaning upon it, while he appeared gazing intently into the barrel. This was one of his 'ways' when endeavouring to unravel a knotty question; and Garey and I, knowing this peculiarity on the part of the old trapper, remained silent—leaving him to the free development of his 'instincts.'

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RUBE'S PLAN.

For several minutes, Rube preserved his meditative attitude, without uttering a word or making the slightest motion. At length, a low but cheerful whistle escaped his lips, and at the same time his body became erect.

'Eh? what is 't, old boy?' inquired Garey, who understood the signal, and knew that the whistle denoted some discovery.

Rube's reply was the interrogatory: 'How long's yur trail-rope, Bill?'

'It are twenty yards—good mizyure,' answered Garey.

'An yurs, young fellur?'

'About the same length—perhaps a yard or two more.'

'Good!' ejaculated the questioner, with a satisfied look. 'We'll fool them niggers yit—we will!'

'Hoora for you, old boy! you've hit on some plan, hain't you?' This was Garey's interrogatory.

'Sartintly, I hez.'

'Let's have it then, kummarade,' said Garey, seeing that Rube had relapsed into silence; 'thar ain't much time to think o' things'—

'Plenty o' time, Billee! Don't be so durned impatient, boy! Thur's gobs o' time. I'll stake my ole mar agin the young fellur's black hoss, that we'll be out o' this scrape afore sunup. Geehosopha! how thu'll cuss when they finds the trap empy. He, he, he—ho, ho, hoo!'

And the old sinner continued to laugh for some seconds, as coolly and cheerfully as if no enemy was within a thousand miles of the spot.

Garey and I were chafing with impatience, but we knew that our comrade was in one of his queer moods, and it was no use attempting to push him faster than he was disposed to go.

When his chuckling fit was ended, he assumed a more serious air, and once more appeared to busy himself with the calculation of some problem. He spoke in soliloquy.

'Twenty yurds o' Bill's,' muttered he, 'an twenty o' the young fellur's, ur forty; an myen—it ur sixteen yurds—make the hul fifty an six; ye-es, fifty-six preezactly. Then thur's the knots to kum off o' thet, though fornest 'em thur's bridles. Waghl! thur's rope aplenty, an enough over, to string up half a score o' them yellor-bellies, ef iver I gits holton 'em. An won't I? Waghl!'

During this arithmetical process, Rube, instead of gazing any longer into the barrel of his rifle, had kept his eyes wandering up and down the cliff. Before he had ceased talking, both Garey and myself had divined his plan, but we refrained from telling him so. To have anticipated the old trapper in his disclosure would have been a mortal offence.

We waited for him to make it known.

'Now, boyees!' said he at length, 'hyur's how we'll git clur. Fust an fo'must, we'll crawl up yander, soon's it gits dark enough to kiver us. Seconds, we'll toat our trail-ropes along wi' us. Thuds, we'll jine the three thegither, an ef thet ain't long enough, a kuppel o' bridles'll help out. Fo'th, we'll tie the eend o' the rope to a saplin up thur on top, an then slide down the bluff on t'other side, do ee see? Fift, oncest down on the paraira, we'll put straight for the settlements. Sixt an lastest, when we gits thur, we'll gather a wheen o' the young fellur's rangers, take a bee-line back to the mound, an gie these hyur niggers sech a lambayatin as they hain't hed since the war begun. Now?'

'Now' meant, what think you of the plan? Mentally, both Garey and I had already approved of it, and we promptly signified our approval. It really promised well. Should we succeed in carrying out the details without being detected, it was probable enough that within a few hours we might be safe in the plazza of the rancheria, and quenching our thirst at its crystal well.

The anticipated pleasure filled us with fresh energy; and we instantly set about putting everything in readiness. One watched, while the other two worked. Our lazoes were knotted together, and the four horses fastened head to head with their bridles, and secured so as to keep them behind the boulder. This done, we awaited the falling of night.

Would it be a dark night? About this we now felt anxious. It was already closing down, and gave promise of favouring us: a layer of lead-coloured clouds covered the sky, and we knew there could be no moon before midnight.

Rube, who boasted he could read weather-sign like a 'salt-sea sailor,' scrutinised the sky.

'Wal, old hoss!' interrogated Garey, 'what do ye think o't? Will it be dark, eh?'

'Black as a bar!' muttered Rube in reply; and then, as if not satisfied with the simile, he added: 'Black as the inside o' a buffler bull's belly on a burnt paraira!'

The old trapper laughed heartily at the ludicrous conceit, and Garey and I could not refrain from joining in the laugh. The guerrilleros must have heard us; they must have deemed us mad!

Rube's prognostication proved correct: the night came down dark and lowering. The leaden layer broke up into black cumulus clouds, that slowly careered across the canopy of the sky. A storm portended; and already some big drops, that shot vertically downward, could be heard plashing heavily upon our saddles. All this was to our satisfaction; but at that moment a flash of lightning illumined the whole arch of the heavens, lighting the prairie as with a thousand torches. It was none of the pale lavender-coloured light, seen in northern climes, but a brilliant blaze, that appeared to pervade all space, and almost rivalled the brightness of day.

Its sudden and unexpected appearance filled us with dismay: we recognised in it an obstacle to our designs.

'Durn the tarnal thing!' exclaimed Rube peevishly. 'It ur wuss than a moon, durn it!'

'Is it goin to be the quick-forky, or the long-blazey?' inquired Garey, with a reference to two distinct modes in which, upon these southern prairies, the electric fluid exhibits itself.

In the former, the flashes are quick and short-lived, and the intervals of darkness also of short duration. Bolts pierce the clouds in straight, lance-like shafts, or forking and zigzag, followed by thunder in loud unequal bursts, and dashes of intermittent rain.

The other is very distinct from this; there are no shafts or bolts, but a steady blaze which fills the whole firmament with a white quivering light, lasting many seconds of time, and followed by long intervals of amorphous darkness. Such lightning is rarely accompanied by thunder, and rain is not always its concomitant, though it was this sort we now witnessed, and rain-drops were falling.

'Quick-forky!' echoed Rube, in reply to his comrade's interrogatory; 'no—dod rot it! not so bad as thet. It ur the blazey. Thur's no thunder, dont'ee see? Wal! we must grope our way up atween the glimps.'

I understood why Rube preferred the 'blazey'; the long intervals of darkness between the flashes might enable us to carry out our plan.

He had scarcely finished speaking, when the lightning gleamed a second time, and the prairie was lit up like a theatre during the grand scene in a spectacle. We could see the guerrilleros standing by their horses, in cordon across the plain; we could distinguish their arms and equipments—even the buttons upon their jackets! With their faces rendered ghastly under the glare, and their bodies magnified to gigantic proportions, they presented to our eyes a wild and spectral appearance.

With the flash there was no thunder—neither the close quick clap, nor the distant rumble. There was perfect silence, which rendered the scene more awfully impressive.

'All right!' muttered Rube, as he saw that the besiegers still kept their places. 'We must jest grope our way up atween the glimps; but fust let 'em see we're still hyur.'

We protruded our faces and rifles around the rock, and in this position awaited another flash.

It came, bright as before: the enemy could not fail to have noticed us.

Our programme was already prepared: Garey was

to ascend first, and take up the rope. He only waited for the termination of another blaze. One end of the lazo was fastened round his waist, and the rope hung down behind him.

When the light gleamed again, he was ready; and the moment it went out, he glided forward to the cliff, and commenced his ascent.

O, for a long interval of darkness!

THE THEORY OF BRIGHTON.

It is a custom among everyday folk to regard a 'theory' as something vague, mystical, intangible, cloudy, evanescent, unpractical, useless—something with which a crazy philosopher amuses himself, despite the pitying contempt of all sober, sensible people. The philosophers, however, understand the word differently; they regard a theory as a method of explanation, a process of reasoning, whereby facts are to be intelligibly associated with, and elucidated by, a particular principle. Thus, there is a theory of the moon, a theory of rent, a theory of equations; and there may legitimately be a theory of roasting or boiling, of tailoring or hair-dressing—not a string of incoherent vagaries, but a consistent and persistent chain of links between facts and a principle which is to explain them. Taken in this sense, then, we ask the reader to join us in an inquiry, whether or not there can be a theory of Brighton.

Is it as a place facing the sunny south, breathed upon by warm winds when other places are bleak and chilly?—is it on account of 'the blue, the fresh, the ever free,' sparkling and dancing in the sunlight?—is it because of the magnificent esplanade or cliff-road stretching for nearly three miles parallel with the shore?—is it for the bathing-machines and the water-nymphs; or for the pebbles and Brighton diamonds; or for the downs on which the Amazons do amble and canter?—is it on account of these, or any of these, that Brighton has a theory? All of them have somewhat to do with the matter; but we wish to draw the reader into an admission that the truth lies yet a little deeper.

Our theory of Brighton, then, is, that this favourite watering-place is a *suburb of London*. It is on this principle or proposition that we build the philosophy of the whole matter.

Everybody knows that Brighton was once Brighthelmstone, a little fishing-village 'under the cliff,' or on the tract of beach under the present chain-pier. Raging winds from various quarters frequently disturbed and destroyed the rickety tenements of the fishermen; and currents driving from the west constantly accumulated heaps of shingle on the beach. Indeed, so exposed was the place, that Defoe, writing in 1724, said: 'Brighthelmstone is a poor fishing-town, old built, and on the very edge of the sea, which is very unkind to this town, and, by its continual encroachments, has so gained upon it, that in a little time more the inhabitants might reasonably expect it will eat up the whole town; about a hundred houses having been devoured within a few years past.'

It was about the middle of the same century that Dr Richard Russell began to talk and write concerning the salubrity of Brighthelmstone, and the availability of the spot to those who needed the healing agency of sea-water. Slowly and by degrees did invalids act upon this advice; but the first decided start for the little old place was when, in 1782, the 'finest gentleman in Europe' made its acquaintance. The Prince of Wales, afterwards Prince Regent, and then King George IV., from that year made Brighthelmstone his summer and autumn residence, during a long series of years. To duly accommodate the prince, a 'Marine Pavilion' was commenced in 1784, becoming the nucleus of all that fashion has done for the place in

the subsequent seventy years. The Pavilion at first consisted of a circular building, with a lofty dome resting on pillars, and a range of apartments on each side; but to complete the design, wings were added to the Steyne front in 1802; and other additions were subsequently made. When finished, it became the most singular-looking building, perhaps, in England; fantastic and irregular, and belonging to any kind of architecture that the spectator might please to name. Domes, minarets, pinnacles, turrets, and arches stand thickly clustered—a sort of hybrid among Chinese, Hindoo, Turkish, Alhambraic, and Russian architecture, which drew forth sarcastic comments from many a quarter.

When the lustre of princedom thus began to dazzle, Brighthelmstone hastened to tidy itself, to lop off excrescences, to deck itself with new ornaments—in fact, to become Brighton. Until 1793, the open space called the Steyne was a piece of common land, whereon fishermen were wont to repair their boats and dry their nets; but gentility forbade the continuance of such rude work on such a spot. It was by degrees enclosed with railings, planted with trees and shrubs, and bounded east and west by private houses of substantial character. At a later day, a statue of the presiding genius of the place, George IV., from the chisel of Chantrey, was erected on one part of the Steyne; and still more recently, another part was decked with a 'Victoria Fountain' of very ornate appearance. Brighton now became ambitious; it put forth claims to be a watering-place and port available for steam-vessels. There was no convenient landing-place; and it was thought that if a pier were carried out into deep water, steamers, as well as smaller craft, might be accommodated. They were days in which suspension-bridges were regarded as wonders of mechanical construction; consequently, Captain Brown's 'chain-pier at Brighton,' finished in 1823 at a cost of L.30,000, was long a subject of pride and admiration to the townsmen, and, it may be added, still longer a source of loss to the shareholders; for it suffered in many gales, and has not sufficed to attract steamers to an exposed and very shoal beach. In more recent times, it has been little other than a lounge and promenade for visitors.

Passing over all those matters which can be learned from any guide-book, and which need not occupy space or attention here, we come at once to this point—that the theory of Brighton does not rest on royal favour. George the Magnificent passed away; and during William's reign, the Pavilion was in a doubtful state, scarcely certain of its own position. When Victoria became queen, and hastened from one to another of her palaces to see which she liked best, she quickly decided against Brighton; a water-side palace, shut out from the sea by intervening houses, and with no windows to look out upon anything worth looking at; a town in which she could not walk to the cliff or the beach without being surrounded by a gaping crowd—these things did not please a young girl who had ever been fond of scenes of natural beauty. The maiden-queen of 1837 refused to make the pavilion one of her residences; and the matron-queen of 1856 keeps equally aloof from the place. There is not a pleasure-town in the kingdom from which the sovereign more completely holds aback; and so evidently was this abandonment a settled thing, that the crown has sold the Pavilion to the corporation for L.53,000, to be used henceforth for holding concerts, assemblies, fêtes, &c.

No, the sunshine of royalty does not afford the explanation; we must go back to our suburban theory. In the stage-coach days, when the Pavilion had not yet lost all chance of remaining a royal palace, Brighton was a pleasure-town for the high-born and wealthy. The distance from London, covered by a briak six hours' drive, was the shortest to any point

on the sea-side, and was enlivened by a breezy passage over the downs. Brighton was, however, an expensive place for the middle-classes, who rather took the packets down the river to Gravesend and Margate. Meanwhile, the townsmen, mindful of the requirements of aristocratic folk, did their best to supply Brighton with all the needful accommodation. They built a sea-wall along the east cliff, 60 feet high by 18 feet thick at the base, to resist the ravages of the sea, and form a basis for one of the finest carriage-drives in the kingdom; and profitably was the sum of £100,000 thus laid out. They built a Marine Parade, or succession of fine terraces, eastward of the Steyne; and still beyond this a group of magnificent houses called Kemp Town. They stretched the sea-front in like manner westward, until it met the once distant village of Hove; and then overpassed it with the now growing Cliftonville. And this long sea-line of nearly three miles is marked by such an array of squares, crescents, and terraces, as no other sea-side town in the British dominions can equal. They—that is, the townsmen—did all that townsmen could do to provide the lazy luxuries for sea-side pleasure-seekers—baths, bathing-machines, club-houses, news-rooms, bazaars, music-rooms, a theatre, an assembly-room, a race-course, regattas, and so forth. Under the influence of these various attractions, Brighton grew amazingly. In 1801, its population was only 7337; these numbers augmented to 12,012 in 1811, to 24,429 in 1821, and to 40,634 in 1831.

Then came the railway-days, which frightened the builders of the splendid mansions and terraces. A fear was entertained that the cheapening and facilitating of access to Brighton would drive away the noble lords and right honourables, by attracting those of humbler rank and smaller means. If Brighton had been a hundred miles distant from the metropolis instead of fifty, it would be hard to say what effect the railway might have wrought; but it is just because fifty miles is a suburban distance, measured by railway standard, that Brighton has assumed a character to which, perhaps, there is no parallel in Europe, in a town of 50,000 or 60,000 inhabitants.

Let us see how this is. During the busy season, there are twelve or fourteen trains per day from London to Brighton, and about an equal number in opposite directions. The road being direct, and the locomotive service good, the time of transit has been gradually lessened, until it averages little more than an hour and a half. Any Londoner can go and enjoy a day's pleasure, or transact a day's business, at Brighton, and return to the metropolis on the same day. Any Brighton resident can make London the scene of his daily business, and return to Brighton in the evening. The lady of fashion and fortune, without employing her own horses and carriages on a turnpike road, could leave London after a drawing-room at the palace, and reach Brighton to dinner, if so disposed. Her noble spouse might, at a pinch, leave Brighton after dinner, by the nine o'clock evening express, and be in time to vote in the House at eleven; or, reversing the order of things, he might make a three hours' speech in the House early in the evening, and yet be in Brighton to supper. A banker in Lombard Street, or a dealer in tapes and silks in Cheapside, might breakfast in Brighton, start by rail at a quarter to nine, and reach London Bridge station by ten, ready for business. Now, let us remember this—that many of the omnibuses at the outskirts of the metropolis take an equal space of time to reach the Bank. Let the denizens of Kilburn, of Notting-hill, of Kensington, say whether they reach their city premises in quicker time than this Brighton morning express would enable its passengers to do. Active men measure their movements by time rather than by space; they care nothing about the miles; they only look to the

cabalistic Bradshaw symbols, 8-45—10-0; they jump in, and leave the locomotive to do the rest.

But it may be said—though the rail thus virtually extinguishes four-fifths of the space, it does nevertheless involve the expenditure of a larger sum of money. This is true, yet not so true as to disturb the man of easy means. The company has been shrewd enough, too, to see the value of a liberal policy. There are season-tickets, and tickets available for two or three days, and daily tickets, and excursion tickets on two days in the week—there are many ways of angling for the fish successfully, because the fish are very willing to be caught. There is a whole body of philosophy in the advertisement so familiar to all eyes: 'Eight hours at the sea-side.' It goes to the root of the matter at once. A town *must* be in the suburbs if we can go thither after breakfast, spend eight hours, and then return betimes in the evening. It brings the sea-water and the sea-breeze almost to our doors; and the whole social machinery of the day is as easily managed as if the distance were five miles instead of fifty.

Let not this be regarded as a baseless estimate—a mere attempt to say something smart at the expense of verity. Changes which go on gradually around us are scarcely measured at their proper value, until we steadily pass our thoughts over an intervening period, and compare (say) 1856 with 1836, or any other definite date. Doing this in reference to the subject of locomotion to and from the metropolis; and bearing correctly in mind the kinds, and cost, and times of travelling before the railway era—it will, we think, be admitted that places forty or fifty miles distant from the metropolis, are, both for social and for commercial purposes, virtually as near as the suburban villages were before that era commenced.

And this is what we mean by designating Brighton a suburb of the metropolis. That town is the nearest point at which the sea can be reached; it has many of the elements of a pleasure-town, of a health-seeking town; and yet you can travel from that town to London more quickly than you can traverse the 'huge wen' from one extremity to another. Nor do we, in saying this, wish to shew homage to that particular town alone. Brighton must, from its geographical position, continue to be the nearest sea-side place to London; but the principle we are endeavouring to elucidate is supported by a multitude of other places—wherever, in fact, cheap railway rides bring a pleasant spot within an hour or two's distance from the metropolis. At Southend and Gravesend, at Erith and Greenhithe, at Lewisham and Sydenham, at Mitcham and Epsom, at Wimbledon, Richmond, Kew, Windsor, Sunning-hill, Boxhill, Chertsey, Hampton, Harrow, Hornsey, Waltham, Epping—at places so numerous that this column would scarcely contain their names—the principle in question is working out its results day by day, and every day yet more and more. *Ten millions* passengers depart from and arrive at the London Bridge Railway terminus alone, annually—being those who are carried on the various lines belonging to the South-Eastern and the South Coast Companies. If to these be added the millions presented by the terminal at Fenchurch Street, Shoreditch, King's Cross, Euston Square, Paddington, and Waterloo Road, some idea may be formed of the daily outgoings and incomings of this vast mass of human beings. Nor would it be just to omit mention of the river-steamers as contributing towards the same general result. Let those who are concerned in the matter determine whether there be commercial wisdom in carrying passengers from London to Margate for 1s. 6d.; all we have to do here, in connection with the present argument, is to know that such has been the case during the past summer, and that 2000 Londoners have on some days made this voyage. And what is yet more wonderful, perhaps, is the maintenance of a fall

number of steamers to the very places where the railway accommodation is so complete. During the past summer, there have been nearly twenty steamers between London and Greenwich, making perhaps sixty voyages daily in each direction; and yet the railway trains have also been nearly sixty in number each way. Different companies ran trains to Woolwich, on two railways, one nearly thirty times, and the other nearly sixty times per day, in each direction; in addition to a number of steam-voyages nearly equal to those to Greenwich. Gravesend was supplied with twelve trains per day by one company, and eleven by another, besides several steamers. Up the river, too, the steam-traffic has augmented the accommodation to places served by railways, as well as other places not so served, by the several piers at Vauxhall, Nine Elms, Fimlico, Chelsea, Battersea, Wandsworth, Putney, Hammersmith, Kew, &c.

Theory or no theory, this suburban question is of the highest importance to the wellbeing of the metropolis. Boards of Works and Boards of Health may do what they can, and may do much more than has yet been done; but all their labours would fail to preserve or increase the healthiness of London, if the railways had not furnished to the moving mass facilities for getting away to the green fields and the blue sea. Whether for a day or for a season, it is good to do this; thus the benefit applies, in the end, to all classes but the extreme poor—and they must be poor indeed who, in these cheap days, cannot afford an occasional inhaling of fresh air in the belt of country, fifty miles radius, which now constitutes the suburbs of this huge metropolis.

Perhaps the reader will now admit that there may be such a thing as a theory of Brighton—and that the theory is, that Brighton is one of the suburbs of London.

THREE CHAPTERS OUT OF MY LIFE.

CHAPTER II.

Just at the time when I was about to go to Russia, there came from thence a Mr M—, who had been appointed governor of Yakutsk. When he heard that I was well acquainted with the language and manners of the Yakuts, he sought me out, and made my acquaintance. Although I had very little desire to return, I went back with him to Yakutsk, and this simply because I had the welfare of the Yakuts at heart, and also because I could not fail to remark the strength and vigour of intellect of this new official: at the same time, I had a foreboding that my return would bring forth nothing but trouble and misfortune. The result will shew how correct was this apprehension.

To the south-east of Yakutsk, and at a distance from it of more than 100 kōs, is a tract of land called Udskoi, celebrated as a hunting district. The circumference of Udskoi is about 500 kōs; it is bounded on the east by the Sea of Okhotsk; on the south, by China; and on the north and west, by Nertschinsk, Oekmink, and Changangy. The province of Yakutsk is so inordinately large, that this district is looked upon as a remote and desert land; through the whole extent of it there are not more than four or five hundred nomadic Tungouses; yet these, on account of their riches and peculiar condition of life, should not be passed over in silence.

At the time of which I speak, a great number of Yakuts and Russians were in the habit of journeying hither, in order to buy furs from the Tungouses, which they could do at a very moderate rate; and they left their own goods in exchange, for which they charged monstrous prices. This gave rise to so much fraud and oppression, that the inhabitants of Udskoi were almost ruined; and other difficulties added to this,

rendered it necessary to send an overseer to Udskoi. I was chosen to fill this situation.

For two months before my departure, I had a great number of documents to write; and this work, together with the preparation for my journey, was only the commencement of the endless trouble that awaited me for the space of a year and a half on my distant travels.

My outfit consisted of three changes of winter-clothing, four changes of summer-clothing, tea, sugar, dried Russian biscuits, ment-pies, guns, gunpowder, and lead, a little rum and spirits, and also meat, and Yakut and Russian butter. All these were packed in leathern bags, each containing two and a half puds (a pud weighs forty-six pounds), or else in wooden chests: after they had been safely covered, so that no water could penetrate the packages, they were bound round with leathern thongs, and divided into so many horse-loads, each load consisting of not more than six puds.

Although it was the month of February, the severity of winter had not begun to diminish. According to an instrument (Reaumur's thermometer) with which the Russians measure the degree of cold, it was below thirty when I left the town of Yakutsk, with the two Cossacks who accompanied me. We travelled as far as Amga—a distance of thirty kōs—in sledges drawn by horses. At Amga we packed our luggage on the backs of seven horses, mounted three ourselves, and, accompanied by two guides, proceeded on our journey. The horses were all fat, and consequently full of spirit, so that they would not proceed quietly with their burdens. For this reason, and because we did not wish to overheat them on the first day, we halted at a place not distant more than three kōs (thirty versts) from Amga, where we determined to pass the night.

The guides, first of all, unloaded the horses; they then shovelled away the snow, till they came to the hard ground, when they began searching for dry wood. So soon as this was found, and a fire kindled, they filled the tea-kettle and another larger kettle with snow, in order to get water for cooking; and after we had been thoroughly warmed by the tea, they set to work to prepare a place for the night. To begin, they made a heap of small twigs and branches; over this the saddle-cloths were spread, and on the top of all came a bed of bear-skins. After consuming the supper which was prepared for us, we clothed ourselves warmly for the night, and went to bed; the boots, stockings, and gloves which we had taken off, being completely wet, were buried in deep snow, to draw out the moisture. At break of day we rose, and took our clothes out of the snow, where they had been better dried than they would have been in the house, and hastily dressing ourselves, proceeded to wash with snow, shivering all the time. We made tea with snow-water, and then went on our way. In this manner we continued our journey until the snow had melted.

Here I must remark that one of the greatest hardships of a winter-journey is the undressing one's self and going to bed in the freezing cold; and yet the getting up in the morning, throwing off the thick warm covering, and washing with snow, is fiftyfold more intolerable, and that man must have a frame of iron who can endure it without injury to his health.

I never drink strong exciting liquors, and consequently know nothing of their value to other men, but I believe it would be impossible to maintain life on such journeys if it were not for tea. I am not now taking the Yakuts and Tungouses into consideration, for with these people, who are born and bred on the snow, it is a customary thing to travel for two or three days without any food at all.

After journeying four days, we reached the shore of the great river Aldan, opposite that part where to the right the Utchur flows into it. Here we halted

at the hut of a Tungouse, who told us that, from the entrance of the Utchur to the place whither we had to travel—an expanse of ten *kös*—the snow had fallen to a depth of seven spans,* and that it would be impossible to make our way through it. This intelligence caused us great embarrassment, for we had no instructions to alter our course, and that was the only way of avoiding the snow. Had we done so, we should also have been obliged to go round a distance of twenty *kös*, and for want of fodder, must have given up our horses, and taken reindeer. The loads, too, must have been made smaller for the reindeer, but it was impossible to divide them, as we had no more packing-cases or bags to put them into. Consequently, we resolved to proceed along the river Utchur; and during the two days which we remained in the Yurte, we busied ourselves making snow-shoes. The two horses which were not loaded, we tied up for two whole days without fodder, and on the third we crossed over the Aldan. No sooner had we set foot upon the ice of the Utchur, than the depth of snow began to impede the pace of our horses.

A guide on snow-shoes went first, leading the two unloaded horses; these plunged forwards so that their entire weight was thrown on the hind-legs, and thus they broke through the hard crust that covered the snow. Our horses were tied together, and followed in single file, keeping in the beaten track of those that preceded them.

We travelled in this manner from early morning until night, but with the greatest exertion could not accomplish more than one *kö*. We were therefore ten days travelling over the ten *kös*, where the snow lay so deep. During this time, we scarcely ever mounted our horses, for, in consequence of the difficulty they had in keeping their feet or getting on through the snow, it was almost impossible to sit firm in the saddle. Walking, however, produced an insupportable weariness, and for this reason, we, for the most part, laid aside our snow-shoes, and went on foot.

Both banks of the river Utchur consist of perpendicular rocks. At the foot of these rocks there are here and there small ledges above steep, black, crumbling precipices. It is impossible for a heavily laden horse to mount these precipices; so, when we had decided on halting at any place for the night, we used to throw the packages on the snow which covered the ice of the Utchur, and lead one horse after another up the precipice. We then turned them loose to scrape their fodder from under the snow. Sometimes they could not scrape away the deep snow of the forest, and then they ate the twigs and young branches of the willow and birch.

We had scarcely overcome the difficulty which the snow had presented, when a new hindrance appeared. The severity of the cold had forced water out of the rocky banks of the Utchur; it flowed into the river under the ice, which was heaved up by it until it cracked and burst—although twelve or thirteen spans thick—and the water streamed over the surface; so that our horses had to wade up to their knees in water. In some places, this water had frozen over the first ice, and made our way as slippery as glass. It was impossible for unshod horses or reindeer to keep their feet on it; so two of the guides went forward, and made notches in it with their knives and hatchets, and we followed after them on foot. In other places, when we were near the black crumbling precipices, we carried away the dry earth or sand in baskets, and scattered it over the surface of the ice. Nevertheless, every now and then it so happened that there were spaces where no sand was strewn, and no notches had been made; here our sixteen or seventeen horses would slip and fall, the girths break, and the packsaddles and all the

baggage be thrown on the ice. The greater part of the day was often taken up in repairing these accidents.

In the course of our journey, we came to some very wonderful mountains. The severity of the winter's cold had forced water from the summits, which was now flowing down the whole side of the mountains and over the glittering ice which covered them. At sunset, when the rays of the cloudless spring sun fell upon these rocks, they seemed like a many-coloured rainbow, or as if set with flaming jewels. At the foot, there was always standing water, which did not freeze.

There is a river of the name of Agna which falls into the Utchur on its left side. Travellers turn to the right, and journey along this river.

It was in the month of April that we reached the Agna; and as we went our way along, we suddenly saw in the distance a black moving form on the bank. At first we took it to be an animal; but, drawing nearer, saw that it was a Tungouse, who sat there weeping. After he had stood up and greeted us in his own fashion, he told us his pitiful tale, as follows:

'When I went into the forest yesterday, I found in many parts of it traces of a herd of wild reindeer; so I went back to my family rejoicing greatly at my good-fortune. I cleaned my gun, and put it in good order. Afterwards, I rested a little, and towards midnight, just when the half-melted surface of the snow is again frozen over, I put on my snow-shoes, and led my dog to the place where I had seen the tracks of the reindeer. I waited here two hours for the dawn to break, and smoked my pipe; then, as soon as the footprints of the reindeer were visible in the morning twilight, I let my dog loose, and followed him, running in my snow-shoes. In this manner I kept up with him for more than a *kö*, leaping from rock to rock, and springing over stream after stream. At length blood from the feet of the reindeer began to be visible on the fresh frozen snow: and from their faltering pace, it was evident that they were tired out; then I heard the continuous barking of my dog, and knew that I should come up to them in time. But suddenly the bark of my dog was changed to a howl of agony. I started, and my heart beat as though it would have burst. I redoubled my speed, and saw before me, at the distance of two gunshots, two small black scraps lying on the snow covered with blood. Just at the moment that my dog had come up with a large herd of reindeer, and had driven them into a small brook, where he was keeping them until I came up, by barking and running round and round them—two hungry wolves leaped down the steep side of a rock, and seizing him, one by the head, the other by the body, with one grip tore him in two. The reindeer had escaped, and were all scattered hither and thither.

'My poor dog was seven years old. He first went hunting with me as a puppy of six months old; and for six years he has never let me know a hungry day. I have been offered five reindeer for him, but would not have parted with him for ten. Yesterday I was rich; now, I am the poorest of men. I know not how I dare shew myself to my family; wife and children expect the dog, to stroke and kiss him, and their tears will make my heart bleed anew.'

I could not help the poor man; so after I had tried to console him with a few kind words—that what is past will not return, and that which is empty cannot be filled again, and that hope in God is surer than anything else—I went on my way.

We travelled forward, leaving the Agna behind us. In our way there stood a high mountain, difficult of ascent, which we had to pass over; and on the other side of it lay the Utchur. When we were within two *kös* of the mountain, we met many travellers journeying together; and they told us that the snow lay upon it thirteen spans deep, so that it was quite impassable. However, when we had reached it, our people got

* The span of the thumb and middle-finger.

together about ten horses and ten reindeer from these ravers, and then unloading, proceeded to lead them up the steep side of the mountain, thus breaking through the crust of snow. They themselves were furnished with snow-shoes.

On the following morning, we all, with great difficulty, passed over the mountain.

On the 1st of May, we arrived at the yearly market of Udsokoi. At this place of general resort, I collected the yasak, and fulfilled other imperial commissions; then, after resting the horses, which were completely worn out, on the 1st of June we started for Udsokoi, taking with us the ten reindeer which we had bought.

The distance from the place of meeting on the Uchur to Udsokoi is about fifty kōs, but on account of the difficulty of the road, it is reckoned at seventy. The traveller passes from one stream to another, from one river to the next, and climbs mountain after mountain. As it was the rainy season, we had to make the horses and reindeer swim across the rivers; many of them were crossed by the help of a flat-bottomed boat which we built. The ground we passed over was covered with sharp-pointed stones, or else consisted ofathomless mud-holes, never dry.

If once a horse fall into the mud, it can scarcely get out again alone. Our seventeen horses, with their packs, fell in one and all. The guides, wading up to their waists in mud, dragged off the baggage, and piled it up in a dry place; then they made right anything that was broken by the plunging of the horses in the mud; and when these had got out, they were loaded anew. Perhaps they had scarcely gone on for twenty yards, when they would fall in a second time, and the guides had all their trouble over again.

Once, as I was standing up to the waist in mud, holding up the heads of three horses which had fallen in, lest they should sink and be suffocated, a fourth, which could not keep its footing, fell in near me. His head was under two or three times only, but he was dead before any one perceived it. These difficulties were increased by the frightful heat of the sun, and by such myriads of flies, that we could not breathe for them. They swarmed about us especially during meal-time; and no sooner was anything poured into a cup, than they fell in and filled it, even in the moment that you were lifting it to your mouth.

I must give the Yakut guides the well-merited praise of encountering all difficulties without shewing the least ill-temper or dissatisfaction; and yet they do their work for a small sum of money, which does not half repay them for their trouble. And here, in passing, I must make a few remarks on the qualities of these guides. After one of them has completely exhausted his strength during the day by struggling with all kinds of difficulties—mud, water, the heat of the sun, mosquitoes, wasps, and gadflies—he sets to work at midnight to mend his own clothes, and any of the harness that may be broken. By the time this is completed, the horses are cool; he then ties their legs together, and turns them loose to graze; but every half-hour he goes out to see that they are not caught in the bushes, or devoured by any wild beast, so that he never has more than two hours' sleep out of the whole twenty-four.

After we had travelled about ten kōs beyond the Uchur, we came to a mountain of the name of Dschugdschur, or the great mountain, which we had been long expecting to reach. It is called the girdle or backbone of the country, because it runs through the whole length of Siberia, reaching over an extent of many thousand kōs without a single break, until it reaches the ice of the Arctic Ocean, where it slopes down to the level of the sea, and terminates.

We reached the foot of this mountain-chain just after mid-day, so we halted for the remainder of the day and through the night, that our horses might have

time to rest. On the following morning, before sunrise, the horses were saddled in a new fashion, one of the girths being fastened across the breast, and the other round the body, close to the forelegs. In the meantime, we prepared to ascend the mountain on foot. The horses followed, one after another, treading warily and cautiously, so that not one of them was caught in a thicket, or slipped into a crevice of the rock, or a hollow filled with water. If they had made a single false step, they would have fallen down a frightful abyss, and been crushed so that no bone would have been left unbroken.

After thirteen or fourteen hours spent in the ascent, we found that we had reached the summit of the mountain. Here it was quite cool, and there were no flies and wasps to torment us. We halted two hours, by which time we were nearly frozen with cold. Seen from this point, all the mountains which had previously appeared of a very respectable height, looked like low insignificant hills; and the many broad rivers which have their source in these Dschugdschur mountains, were flowing down the sides in narrow glittering silver threads.

On a wet day, when the rain-clouds hover in the air like fog, they are torn asunder by the summits of the Dschugdschur, and the separate masses float about like porridge of meal and bark. Any one standing on the peak which breaks the clouds, may see how a dew-drop or rain-drop falls on the sharp edge of a stone that lies beneath it; how it is divided into parts, and trickles a scarcely visible droplet down either side. Hence the thought arises, how the drops that trickle down to the east are followed and overtaken by others, until they flow on in a hairbreadth line, and so grow into a murmuring brook, gradually increasing and mingling with other brooklets—the murmuring brook becomes a rushing stream, and at length a mighty river, which loses itself in the boundless, never-frozen Pacific Ocean. Here it is tossed about through countless ages, mixing with the waters of every known sea.

The remainder of the drops of which I speak, take a different direction, and in like manner flow westward to increase the stream of that great river the Lena. Journeying along the course of it, you come to the Arctic Ocean. Here it becomes ice, and forms a barrier which no human thought and no human power can overcome.

A R A R A A V I S.

In the city of Damascus—that ancient city whence came Eleazer, the faithful servant of Abraham—that city of narrow streets and riderless donkeys—that eastern paradise, where hours glide about like ghouls under cover of their hideous veils, and keep all their sweetness and beauty for the especial behoof of Blue Beards—that grand resort of straw-hatted travellers with fabulous wealth in gold—even there, O reader, once upon a time, there dwelt a Turk! That, I grant, was nothing uncommon; but then this Turk possessed a slave, which is also no uncommon circumstance, and this slave was outwardly black—so black, that his shadow always left a dark mark upon the wall (at least so tradition says); and what is more remarkable still, he hated falsehood, and loved the truth. Now this, you must admit, if you have any knowledge of an African, was a most astonishing phenomenon; so much so, that, in comparison with it, all the recent discoveries of science sink into insignificance. It is far easier to conceive that the old theory about the composition of the moon, with regard to cheese of a particular colour may be true, than to conjure up a nigger whose only weak point was a stringent adhesion to truth.

Sometimes we hear of what philosophers, or naturalists, or botanists term a *lusus naturæ*—an

extraordinary freak in nature, by which a fig-tree produces pomegranates, or an onion-plant yields a potato. Just such another phenomenon was this Selim, the black slave, who had as great an aversion to anything bordering on an untruth, as a timid old lady might have to a rattlesnake. And this, strange as it may seem, was the head and front of his offending, the block in his uneven path through life, over which he was continually stumbling and grievously bruising his shins.

His proprietor—who might have been a descendant of Baron Munchausen, judging from his peculiar failing in the baron's line—often but vainly lamented Selim's veracity. In every other respect, he was the model of what a slave ought to be: docile, obedient, attentive to the smallest wants of his master; none could equal him in replenishing a pipe, fetching a piece of fire, or making a brew of Turkish coffee. But, as is the custom in Damascus, Selim invariably accompanied the Turk on all out-of-door excursions, whether to the gardens to make kief, or to a friend's house to smoke the pipe of repose. As is also the practice, servants and slaves always on these occasions remained in the room, mingling ever and anon, with all due respect, in the current topic of conversation. Hence it arose that, whenever the old Turk indulged in flights of imagination, he was suddenly and unceremoniously checked, and ignominiously exposed, by his slave deliberately giving him the lie.

In vain had the master remonstrated with him; in vain had he punched his head and cuffed his ears; in vain, finding all simple remedies fail, had he resorted to the application of the corbush and bastinado, and even threatened the torture of a red-hot iron skull-cap. Selim, under suffering, always promised submission; but no sooner had the pains and scars of the last chastisement subsided, than he relapsed into a tenfold state of veracity; and the old Turk, outraged beyond measure at being continually thwarted in his hobby, finally came to the determination of selling this incorrigible black, and thus easing his conscience of a most unpleasant mentor.

Accordingly, the public auctioneer of the town was summoned, and the Turk taking him aside, entered into full details as to the character and capabilities of the slave; candidly revealing the real cause of his dissatisfaction with him, and urging the necessity of his being disposed of at any price offered by the first bidder.

Selim was accordingly transferred to the slave-market; but, for some reason or other—very possibly a knowledge of his failing had got wind—purchasers, though they paused to look at him, passed on, and made no offer.

At last, one pleasant-looking old Turkish effendi, struck by the intelligence of Selim's face, and the goodly proportion of his limbs, paused and inquired the price. The auctioneer fixed upon a sum so absurdly beneath the current value of like saleable goods, that the old effendi was startled, and begged to be informed as to the failing of the slave. The auctioneer acknowledged that he had one great failing, but that he was not at liberty to state what that was until after the bargain was closed.

'Does he steal?' asked the effendi.

'No; as honest as an ulema.'

'Does he drink then?'

'No; as sober as a dervish.'

'Is he indolent and lazy?'

'On the contrary, as active and as nimble as a flea.'

'Not steal; not drink, and not lazy. Why,' muttered the effendi, 'there cannot be much wrong with the slave who is free from these failings.'

Accordingly, the bargain was soon concluded; and when the auctioneer told him the real state of affairs,

the old effendi congratulated himself mightily, and chuckled over the prize.

'Ihmedel' Allah!' quoth he, 'lying is a thing I detest; and most assuredly this slave will never have occasion to correct.'

Selim being conducted home to the house of his new master, and there duly installed, was summoned into the effendi's presence.

'Selim,' said he, 'I am aware, as you know, of the cause of your late master's dissatisfaction, but as I abhor all deviation from the truth myself, I have but little to fear from your propensity. I wish you to understand, however, that, on the other hand, I never brook any impertinent contradiction from my slaves—not even when I am alone, much less in the presence of strangers. Now, bear this in mind, for disobedience will be visited by punishment, to which all you have hitherto suffered will be mere flea-bites.'

The unhappy negro, who entertained a very keen recollection of the last hundred and fifty stripes, winced terribly at the information; when, to encourage him, his master proceeded:

'If, on the other hand, I find you act up to my wishes, I promise you a complete new suit of the finest cloth, with red cap and slippers to match—such, mashalla! as no other slave in Damascus ever sported.'

This was touching upon a very tender chord with Selim; if he had one great weakness, it was the love of dress. He was, like most of his ugly countrymen, who the more intensely black and distorted they are, are the more puffed up with inconceivable vanity; so he mentally determined to make one strenuous effort to overcome his awful propensity.

For some time, things went on smoothly enough, though the slave very soon discovered, much to his regret, that his new master, notwithstanding all his assertions to the contrary, was a tolerably good hand at drawing the long-bow. Nevertheless, the inducement to silence was a great one, and Selim managed to bottle up his effervescing truth for a considerable interval. The clothes were almost within his grasp.

One day the effendi was invited out to a dinner at some great Turk's, and, having duly warned the slave, went at the hour appointed. It was a very great affair indeed, for the windows were all closed, and the Koran hidden under a divan-cushion—just for conscience's sake, I suppose. Then these sons of Islam made great havoc with half-a-dozen bottles of the strongest spirits, which they, after a manner, diluted by eating an unconscionable amount of raw cucumbers and salt. After that, a sumptuous dinner was served, and partaken of. Then came pipes and coffee; and under all these combined influences, the usually silent tongues of the assembled effendis relaxed into garrulous conversation.

The topics were various, but diverged gradually into the one channel of self. Whether it was the spirits, or the cucumbers, or the good dinner that did it, I am unable to say; possibly, under their combined influence, the usual precaution of the slave's master was forgotten, and he felt himself puffed up with pride, and labouring under the notion that he possessed fabulous wealth—which was a sad hallucination.

After various startling assertions on the part of others, Selim's master, who had lately erected a low shed, proclaimed very pompously that he had lately built a house which was at least forty yards long!

Hereupon Selim, who was standing exactly in front of him, and who could not possibly swallow this enormity without bursting, began twitching his hands and undoing the buttons of his tight jacket after a most alarming fashion, which not only attracted the notice of strangers, but very much terrified his master.

After a brief and awkward pause, one of the party returning to the charge, begged to be informed of the breadth of this new building.

'Two feet!' replied the conscience-stricken effendi.

much to the astonishment of his listeners. This assertion pacified any qualms that Selim entertained; but he most inquired innocently what such a building might serve for.

'Why, you see,' said the effendi, 'I had fully intended building a house as broad as it was long, but that counsel of a slave there thwarted me in my purpose, and instead of a *Château en Espagne*, I have been obliged to content myself with a brick-wall.'

This restored immediate good-humour to the party; and Selim astonished himself and the natives by appearing next week in his promised suit of finery.

A WALK IN WATLING STREET.

WHILE in Shropshire during the past autumn, I resolved to put in force an old intention, and visit *Uroxeter*—the *Uriconium* of the Romans. I had first repaired to the museum in Shrewsbury, to see if any relics were preserved there of this once considerable city. I found some few, but, what was of more account, a most intelligent friend in one of the curators—I chatted the matter over, and agreed to visit the old Roman site together. We fixed the morrow—a day in the end of September—and for starting, the hour of noon.

It should have been an earlier one, considering the lengthened walk which lay before us, and what we had to see; but from the meagre accounts I had read, and from what little had been told me, I fancied our antiquarian labours would be summed up when we had looked at the celebrated fragment of the old Roman wall, and sought for a few coins in the cottages of the surrounding peasantry. I was thus wholly unprepared for the extent, variety, and massiveness of the remains; the fragments of pottery, broken shafts, pediments, and bases of columns, colossal heads sculptured out of the coarse red sandstone of the district, portions of friezes, and much other fragmentary evidence of a considerable city, a civilised people, and extensive public buildings that were adorned, if not in the highest style of art, at least with some skill, and with the well-known taste of the conquerors of the world.

It was two o'clock before we could manage to start. Then with light hearts, and much enthusiasm as to the purpose in view, we set out from the good old town of Shrewsbury; over the Severn, past the old abbey, and so away till nothing but the country lay around us, bathed in the splendid glory of the autumn afternoon. At the distance of about two miles from the town, we came again in sight of the Severn, now rolling far below the steep road-bank; the other shore more level, and stretching away in picturesque undulating meadow-land, to the fine woods about Haughmond Abbey. On this bank we rested for a time, the heat being extreme; and a more lovely spot for a 'traveller's rest' we could not have chosen, had we searched England through; for the noble river, as though conscious of its own magnificence, swept majestically onwards in curves and windings of great width, sometimes dark from excessive depth, sometimes clear as a mirror, where it rolled over gravelly shallows, or purled round tiny islands, brimmed by the droughts of summer. By and by, we went onwards; again crossed the Severn at Atcham Bridge, where there is another exquisite river-scene, and an old country churchyard dipping thereto, of exceeding picturesqueness and stillness. About a mile beyond, we stayed at one of the lodges of Attingham Park to inquire our way. The woman who answered us pointed to a silvan-looking lane opposite, down which we turned, and were soon in the pleasant shadows of the overarching trees. Some distance down this, we turned at right angles into a lane still narrower, and began to ascend. In a moment or two I stopped, and pointed to the ground. 'We are quite right,' I said; 'this is the Roman road;' and most certainly here was

the adamant floor of concrete and small pebbles which, some sixteen hundred years ago, the many-nationed legionaries had made and trod. It was a fragment of one of the great military ways which crossed Britain from Dover to Chester, and named afterwards, by the Saxons, Watling Street. As we passed on, we could see how it was raised above the adjacent land—as the Roman roads always were—and looking just as I had seen the same great highway twenty times before, stealing its way amidst the solitary hills of northern Shropshire and parts of Radnorshire.

We stayed by a low stile, perfectly garlanded by a wealth of woodbine flowers, to take another look at the splendid river, which here flowing to our right, and almost as wide as the Thames at London Bridge, was decked with wooded as well as lawn-like islands of considerable size. To this the meadows near us dipped by a steep descent, and, altogether, my eyes had never looked upon so splendid a scene; for, as in all mountain views, great depth and shallowness lay in contiguity, thus giving effects of light and shade, of stillness and motion, which, in the full richness of an autumn afternoon, a great artist could alone appreciate.

We had already resolved to call upon Mr Stanier, a wealthy gentleman of the district, who possesses some few of the relics preserved from *Uriconium*, and who exhibited a very good though small collection of Roman lamps and pottery at the meeting of the Archaeological Institute in Shrewsbury in 1855. We therefore proceeded to find out his residence, but, presuming it to be more within the village than it was, we passed onwards towards the picturesque church, the spire of which we could see in the distance. Turning my head, as we went by a gate leading into a large level field from which the corn had been newly carried, and on whose opposite side stood a recently erected and somewhat unsightly red brick farmhouse, with extensive out-buildings, something most singular instantly attracted my gaze. In the peculiar light of the waning sun, and as we stood—which was, as it were, sideways to it—this something had all the effect of a vast screen raised against the sky. 'That must be the Roman wall,' said I; 'nothing but that could stand out in such marvellous relief!' My companion dissented; but still retaining my opinion, we proceeded, and soon learned that we must retrace our steps, as we had already passed Mr Stanier's residence. As we did this, again the gigantic mass loomed in sight, with an effect upon me the strangest in the world. I could no longer think I stood on the highway of a solitary English hamlet, with the drowsy hush of the autumn afternoon round me; but in city streets, in the precincts of temples, basilicæ, and amphitheatre, and with the mingled tongues of conquerors and conquered sounding in my ears!

Mr Stanier was out shooting, but might be home by and by; Mrs Stanier was an invalid, but she very politely sent a servant with us; and we were soon across the great stubble-field, and in the yard of the new-built farm. My conjecture had been correct; it was the wall I had seen; and here our attendant left us. Another lane to cross, another gate to open, and there, in the midst of an immense field, just cleared from its recent corn, stood the vast mass of imperishable masonry. The field slightly ascends, though not in a degree to be called an acclivity; and up this we toiled, very warm, and very glad to reach such shadow as the wall cast, though that was but slight as the sun then stood.

We sat down upon the stubble and contemplated what was before us. We were not solitary, for though reapers and gleaners were all gone, a man and boy were at work about it, digging a foundation for a slight iron fence, to be put round for its better protection. This had been subscribed for at the meeting of the

Archæological Institute in the preceding year, and stands forth as a creditable exception to the utter disregard generally shewn to our national monuments. This circumstance, simple as it was, was so far fortunate, as it enabled me to judge for myself of the extraordinary character of the soil, as the man had cleared out several holes to a considerable depth. From the top to the bottom of these, indeed wherever he might dig, was the same intensely black mould, pulverised to an extreme degree of fineness, and as free from all extraneous matter, except some few bones, and scattered fragments of the wall, as though passed through a miller's bolting-cloth. I observed the same thing afterwards at some distance from the wall, and in an adjacent lane, and the labourer told me that the same peculiarity extended as far as the surrounding fields.

'You get unusual crops,' said I, 'and in spring can distinguish them by their more intense greenness?'

'Yes, that's all true,' was the answer. 'It's a wonderful piece of land; and just below plough-depth, foundations and ruins lie as thick as can be. The soil's been cleared for farming, that's all.'

I then asked if the cause of this dust-like fineness and richness could be accounted for, but the man shook his head; and after picking up for me some few pieces of the imperishable tiles—of which there are three courses in the wall—he resumed his spade. Unless artificially prepared—a thing scarcely possible for such a depth and extent of land—fire on more than one occasion must have performed an important part in this attrition of the soil, and in reducing its original elements to a state of carbon. It is certainly not unusual to find the lower levels of Roman sites indicating, by the blackness of the soil, traces of extensive conflagration, and countless instances are known to antiquaries; it is only in connection with extreme friability and dryness that the fact here assumes a new and singular aspect. The city was a very extensive one, and a fire may have wasted it for many successive days, and brought down together, in one smouldering heap, both public buildings and domestic dwellings; the profusion of wood-work, which, as it is generally assumed, formed the upper portion of Roman houses, aiding the devastation.

So many conjectures have been made relative to the class of building to which this massive old fragment of masonry may be referred, as prove that antiquaries are entirely at fault. By some it is said to have formed part of a *castrum* or citadel, by others variously as the fragment of a temple, a public granary, or a bath. But there seems little to strengthen the conjecture that it ever formed portion of a citadel, as it does not stand immediately contiguous to the Severn, or any assumed point of defence; though the masonry bears certainly a great likeness to what remains of the Roman *castrums* on the coast of Kent, being stone-work with layers of tiles between at regular intervals. For centuries, moreover, this almost imperishable fragment has been styled by the peasantry of the neighbourhood, 'the old works,' thus pointing to a Saxon nomenclature, and to its traditional use as a military defence.

Be this as it may with respect to its history, there I paced round and round it, on that golden afternoon, very full of thought, and deeply interested. It was plain to see that the old masonry had formed part of an interior wall, and had trended with some building in a somewhat circular form. In the upper portion are holes through it, as though for the support of scaffolding; other brickwork has rested against sections of the lower part, and what is now a mere broken gap through the middle of the wall, has once evidently formed an arch. Two others were distinctly visible about 180 years ago.

Bringing our tiles with us, we left the old wall, and

repaired to the cottage of the labourer I had just been talking to—his wife having a few old coins in her possession, which he had picked up from time to time. These have been found in large abundance on the site of Uriconium; but from what I could hear, and have seen, they have been mostly of comparatively little value—simply small bronze denarii of the period of the lower empire. Occasionally, larger specimens have been found, as one in brass of the reign of Trajan, imbedded in the old wall; but the hoards said to be possessed by many of the villagers have little intrinsic value in relation to either Roman art or history, beyond what association may create, or what the spirit of a kind of Jonathan Oldbuck sort of dilettanteism—namely, a reverence for everything *because it is old*—may impart. With this phase of antiquarian taste, I have not the remotest sympathy; I only value archæology for its power of throwing new light on the historical past; and for shewing, with all its gaps and lost links, how continuous has been the thread of a progressive causation in human history. There can be no doubt that it is these historical bearings that is making archæology the popular study it is at present. Till men have given finality to much of historic truth, this must continue to be the case; and this finality seems to be a very remote thing in relation to British history. Since the publication of the *Faussett* papers, under the editorship of Mr Roach Smith, our greatest Saxon scholar has said that he must in a large measure re-write his well-known Saxon history, as the discoveries made in Saxon graves wholly invalidate many of his theories and assumptions. In like manner, other discoveries will serve to overthrow much which at the present date is mis-called history; and there can be but little doubt that when the archæologists have done a portion of the work which lies for them to do, there will arise—as there always arises when a point of the kind is needed—a special class of inductionists to draw the threads of historic truth together.

When we had chatted a while, the good woman went upstairs, and bringing down a little strip of rag tied about with cotton, produced her 'dinders,' as they are locally called. They were very small; of bronze, much worn, and oxidised. Selecting one, with the inscription illegible, but with the head of a helmeted soldier thereon, very good in its way, and as fresh as though newly from the mint, I made it mine, and we then retraced our steps a short distance in the village, the waning sun giving us warning that we had much to see, and but a brief time for so doing.

Once in the highway and amid scattered cottages, it was plain to see to what use the ruins of Uriconium had been turned. In the walls and porch of the most picturesque of village churches were to be seen fragments of Roman tiles; better-class dwellings, labourers' cottages, pigsties, garden-walls, and the enclosure of a piece of waste land—itsself heaped up with Roman debris—had been alike built out of the same exhaustless quarry; and masses of finely shaped stone-work, which needed no near inspection to shew the still fresh traces of the legionary's gauge and chisel, bounded the road or secured a dung-heap. As was said when the members of the Archæological Institute went over the site of Uriconium in 1856, it seemed to be a matter of necessity that every fragment of a column turned up should be split and formed into a coping-stone for a wall.

A message delivered to us in the early part of the afternoon, invited us to see some remains at a gentleman's house next the church. Proceeding thither, we found on the lawn some noble columnar fragments, pediments, and bases, matching evidently with fragments of the same kind that we saw almost immediately after in the grounds of Mr Stanier. Some of these masses were decorated with a scale pattern, others with the ordinary flute. A portion of these

re placed about a large centre flower-bed, redolent the scent of geraniums and heliotropes, where supported fragments of Samian ware—none of it, rough, of very high quality—broken lamps, Roman vases, and other kinds of pottery. It was singular to find fragments of vessels of the black ware called church pottery at this remote distance from the banks of the Medway; and the fact shews how intimate and constant was the commercial relation between one part of Roman Britain and another. This black hue was effected during the process of baking, and might not have been peculiar as a branch of domestic art to the Upchurch potteries solely, still the pattern and shape gave additional evidence. My opinion is, that the Staffordshire potteries date from a Celtic period, and that in the hands of the Romans, they were extensively worked, and supplied the adjacent districts with a profusion of earthen vessels, that has had no parallel except in our own day. The most unique relic was a red-earth vase of large size, of coarse workmanship and clay, but not rare as to shape. I have seen nothing like it elsewhere, and yet it was undoubtedly Roman; and it has since struck me as very singular, might have most served Wedgwood as a model for one of his peculiar shapes. It is a well-known fact, that our most distinguished English potter was intimate with several of the best antiquaries of his time, and occasionally received presents of Roman ware from Major Rooke and others. Thus, from some source of the kind may have arisen the flanged rimmed vase peculiar to collections of Wedgwood-ware, and so common on shelves of mantel-pieces sixty years ago.

The evening had waned more and more, and twilight was almost come; we therefore gave up all hope of seeing more of the village, and retraced our steps to the Stanier's. That gentleman had not returned, so I did the misfortune of losing the sight of his small but unique collection of pottery. In a *mortarium* in the hall were a few fragments of various-shaped vessels; rough these I looked as well as the fading light could let me, and then hastened to the lawn. Here, about in various places, were still more beautiful fragments of pillars, with their bases and pediments, as any we had yet seen, besides many other massive relics in sculptured stone-work. A sort of alcove on one of the winding terraces leading down to the river was entirely formed by the latter; whilst above it, most covered with ivy, was set a colossal head of one of the Roman deities.

The scenery from this lawn and its terraces is beautiful in the extreme; nothing that I have ever seen of English landscape exceeds it. As I turned away in the softened twilight, the last traces of the sun lying red and there in molten patches on the water and its green-turfed islands, I could but think how, after all, the beauty of nature transcends the art of man; and that if, through the mischances of barbarism and ages of ignorance, treasures were lost to us that neither time nor conjecture could restore, the same magnificent environment was still ours as had witnessed the civilisation of our Roman fathers.

Along Watling Street, through the gloom of the wooded lane, we reached the highway. At Atcham ridge we were fortunate enough to be overtaken by a return chaise: by the aid of this we reached the cheerful light of the town much earlier than we could otherwise have done.

The relics discovered from time to time of Uricoman have been considerable, though too many of them have been scattered and lost. The compass of the city and fortress was about three miles, and within a space such as this, accident, if not research, must have brought countless things to light. Sepulchral remains, hypocausts, moulds for forging money, a coinlet's stamp, have been among the spoil. A

few small bronzes have been found, but from the accounts that have reached us, and from what I have seen, they belong to a debased stage of art. The best things preserved in the museum at Shrewsbury is an altar, formed of the red sandstone of the district. The specimen of a sepulchral urn, enclosed in a case of lead, is likewise most unique and rare.

HUMBOLDT AT HOME.

MR BAYARD TAYLOR has communicated to the *New York Tribune* some very interesting details of a visit he paid to Alexander von Humboldt in November last. While in Berlin, the philosopher lives with his servant Seifert, whose name is on the door of the house, a plain two-story building, with a dull red front, and inhabited by several families. On the second floor there is another name—'Alexander von Humboldt.' Seifert opened the door to the visitor, and shewed him into a room filled with objects of natural history, then into a library, and lastly into the study.

'Seifert went to an inner door, announced my name, and Humboldt immediately appeared. He came up to me with a heartiness and cordiality which made me feel that I was in the presence of a friend, gave me his hand, and inquired whether we should converse in English or German. "Your letter," said he, "was that of a German, and you must certainly speak the language familiarly; but I am also in the constant habit of using English." He insisted on my taking one end of the green sofa, observing that he rarely sat upon it himself; then drew up a plain cane-bottomed chair and seated himself beside it, asking me to speak a little louder than usual, as his hearing was not so acute as formerly.

'The first impression made by Humboldt's face is that of a broad and genial humanity. His massive brow, heavy with the gathered wisdom of nearly a century, bends forward and overhangs his breast, like a ripe ear of corn; but as you look below it, a pair of clear blue eyes, almost as bright and steady as a child's, meet your own. In those eyes, you read that trust in man, that immortal youth of the heart, which make the snows of eighty-seven winters lie so lightly upon his head. You trust him utterly at the first glance, and you feel that he will trust you, if you are worthy of it. I had approached him with a natural feeling of reverence, but in five minutes I found that I loved him, and could talk with him as freely as with a friend of my own age. His nose, mouth, and chin, have the heavy Teutonic character, whose genuine type always expresses an honest simplicity and directness.

'I was most surprised by the youthful character of his face. I knew that he had been frequently indisposed during the present year, and had been told that he was beginning to shew the marks of his extreme age; but I should not have suspected him of being over seventy-five. His wrinkles are few and small, and his skin has a smoothness and delicacy rarely seen in old men. His hair, although snow white, is still abundant, his steps slow but firm, and his manner active almost to restlessness. He sleeps but four hours out of twenty-four, reads and replies to his daily rain of letters, and suffers no single occurrence of the least interest in any part of the world to escape his attention. I could not perceive that his memory, the first mental faculty to shew decay, is at all impaired. He talks rapidly, with the greatest apparent ease, never hesitating for a word, whether in English or German, and, in fact, seemed to be unconscious which language he was using, as he changed five or six times in the course of the conversation. He did not remain in his chair more than ten minutes at a time, frequently getting up and walking about the room, now and then pointing to a picture, or opening a book to illustrate some remark.'

The two travellers talked about the countries they had visited; Humboldt remarking that, like his visitor, he had preserved his health everywhere; and that during five years in South America and the West Indies, he had passed through the midst of black vomit and yellow fever untouched. He gave some advice as to travelling in the Russian-Tatar provinces of Central Asia; and described the

Khirgies as a very interesting people, partly Boodhist and partly Mussulman, their monkish sects following the clans in their wanderings, and performing their religious ceremonies in the encampments within a circle marked out by spears.

The Altai Mountains led him to speak of the Andes, and compare them with the Himalaya, giving the preference to the former in point of grandeur. "You remember Orizaba," continued he; "here is an engraving from a rough sketch of mine. I hope you will find it correct." He rose and took down the illustrated folio which accompanied the last edition of his *Minor Writings*, turned over the leaves, and recalled, at each plate, some reminiscence of his American travel. "I still think," he remarked, as he closed the book, "Chimborazo is the grandest mountain in the world."

'Among the objects in his study was a living chameleon, in a box with a glass lid. The animal, which was about six inches long, was lazily dozing on a bed of sand, with a big blue fly—the unconscious provision for his dinner—perched upon his back. "He has just been sent to me from Smyrna," said Humboldt; "he is very listless and unconcerned in his manner." Just then the chameleon opened one of his long, tubular eyes, and looked up at us. "A peculiarity of this animal," he continued, "is its power of looking in different directions at the same time. He can turn one eye toward heaven, while the other inspects the earth. There are many clergymen who have the same power."

The conversation then turned upon American affairs, with which Humboldt appeared to be quite familiar. 'He also spoke of our authors, and inquired particularly after Washington Irving, whom he had once seen. I told him I had the fortune to know Mr Irving, and had seen him not long before leaving New York. "He must be at least fifty years old," said Humboldt. "He is seventy," I answered, "but as young as ever." "Ah!" said he, "I have lived so long, that I have almost lost the consciousness of time. I belong to the age of Jefferson and Gallatin, and I heard of Washington's death while travelling in South America."

'I have repeated but the smallest portion of his conversation, which flowed on in an uninterrupted stream of the richest knowledge. On recalling it to my mind, after leaving, I was surprised to find how great a number of subjects he had touched upon, and how much he had said, or seemed to have said—for he has the rare faculty of placing a subject in the clearest and most vivid light by a few luminous words—concerning each. He thought, as he talked, without effort. I should compare his brain to the fountain of Vaucluse—a still, deep, and tranquil pool, without a ripple on its surface, but creating a river by its overflow. He asked me many questions, but did not always wait for an answer, the question itself suggesting some reminiscence, or some thought which he had evident pleasure in expressing. I sat or walked, following his movements, an eager listener, and speaking in alternate English and German, until the time which he had granted to me had expired. Seifert at length reappeared, and said to him, in a manner at once respectful and familiar: "It is time;" and I took my leave.

"You have travelled much, and seen many ruins," said Humboldt, as he gave me his hand again; "now you have seen one more." "Not a ruin," I could not help replying, "but a pyramid." For I pressed the hand which had touched those of Frederick the Great, of Forster, the companion of Captain Cook, of Klopstock and Schiller, of Pitt, Napoleon, Josephine, the marshals of the Empire, Jefferson, Hamilton, Wieland, Herder, Goethe, Cuvier, La Place, Guy-Lussac, Beethoven, Walter Scott—in short, of every great man whom Europe has produced for three-quarters of a century. I looked into the eyes which had not only seen this living history of the world pass by, scene after scene, till the actors retired one by one, to return no more, but had beheld the cataract of Atures and the forests of the Cassiquiare, Chimborazo, the Amazon and Popocatepetl, the Altaian Alps of Siberia, the Tatar steppes, and the Caspian Sea. Such a splendid circle of experience well befits a life of such generous devotion to science. I have never seen so sublime an

example of old age—crowned with imperishable success, full of the richest wisdom, cheered and sweetened by the noblest attributes of the heart. A ruin indeed! No: human temple, perfect as the Parthenon.'

G O N E.

List to the midnight lone!
The church-clock speaketh with a solemn tone:
Doth it no more than tell the time?
Hark, from that belfry gray,
In each deep-booming chime which, slow and clear,
Beats like a measured knell upon my ear,
A stern voice seems to say:

Gone—gone;
The hour is gone—the day is gone:
Pray.

The air is hushed again,
But the mute darkness woos to sleep in vain.
O soul! we have slept too long,
Yea, dreamed the morn away,
In visions false and feverish unrest
Wasting the work-time God hath given and blest.
Conscience grows pale to see
How, like a haunting face,
My youth stares at me out of gloom profound,
With rayless eyes blank as the darkness round.
And walling lips which say:

Gone—gone;
The morn is gone—the morn is gone:
Pray.

Wo for the wasted years
Born bright with smiles, but buried with sad tears!
Their tombs have been prepared
By Time, that graveman gray—
Soul, we may weep to count each mournful stone,
And read the epitaph engraved thereon
By that stern carver's hand.

Yet weep not long, for Hope,
Steadfast and calm, beside each headstone stands,
Gazing on Time, with upward-pointing hands.
Take ye this happy sign,
Up! let us work—and pray.

Thou, in whose sight the hoary ages fly
Swift as a summer's noon, yet whose stern eye
Doth note each moment lost,
So let me live that not one hour misspent
May rise in judgment on me, penitent,
But, till the sunset, Lord,
So in Thy vineyard toil,
That every hour a priceless gem may be
To crown the blind brows of Eternity. M. A.

ANTIQUITY OF BLACK-PUDDINGS.

Even black-puddings were not only tolerated, but fashionable; and when the throat of the ox was, as we cut nearly from ear to ear, the blood was caught to use a dish which was thought worthy of figuring in the kitchen of King Remeses. The mode of cutting the throat is required, by Moslem law, in Egypt; but to eat the blood is unlawful. It was this custom of the country they just left that made the Hebrew legislator so often rebuke the Israelites against eating the blood of animals; while some of the Mosaic laws were in accordance with patriarchal habits of their forefathers, many were directed introduced in order to correct abuses they had adopted during their sojourn in Egypt.—*Wilkinson's Egyptians, the Time of the Pharaohs.*

'GLIMPSSES OF AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.'

Circumstances have obliged us to defer till next week
Glimpses prepared for the present Number.

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I HAVE heard people, in talking of their dreams, tell how there is one particular Appearance that comes over and over again, under some special circumstance; and how, let them do what they will to ward it off, yet so surely as they lie down under the influence of such circumstance, so surely does the same figure arise in the same places, and enact anew the fragmentary drama, never to be finished in this world. When I say 'ward off,' I mean that, just by way of experiment, they sometimes try what power they have to put it aside. I do not wish to infer that they have in general any horror of it; I think, on the contrary, they would be sorry to part with it. It is something so peculiarly their own, that it gives them an importance, resembling that of families who are distinguished enough to have a ghost or banshee; and I am sure they like to tell about it more than anything.

Although I am myself one of these people, I am different from them in a single respect, for I have never yet spoken to any one of a dream I have had for some time now. It was only last night, that awaking from it as the winter storm swept by the house, and wondering whether any one similarly situated had ever experienced anything like it, I determined to set it faithfully down, word by word, just as it happens. It is always in one place this vision comes to me, and at one time—in my own bedroom, sitting in a low chair beside the fire, which, with flameless, palpitating glow, makes a low dream-light in the chamber. Then, when the house is quiet—when the wind goes souging by—when the little kettle upon the hob makes its low purr—when the firelight is dimly reflected at great depths in the polished dark old furniture—when I have put on a particular white dressing-gown with wide hanging sleeves and loose neck—and when my hair falls down after the fashion of my girlhood—it is then I find myself face to face with this dream-figure. So quietly it steals in, as if it were some invisible limning within my heart which the sacred home-fire drew forth to palpability upon the surface, that I am unconscious when it first comes to me. I can feel it with its little face upon my bosom long before I look at it with my happy dimmed eyes; and it seems to me as if the star arose over my dwelling as it shone from heaven, ages ago, upon the young child and his mother, hallowing for ever since then the holy cradle of a mother's arms.

I am agitated by no surprise when I first see it, and yet my heart beats fast. It seems to me as if all that had ever been pure and peaceful in my own life—all my hopes, all my loves, all the love I ever felt or

could feel, lay concentrated there before me; as if I had no longer anything to desire; as if my very soul, purified, lay calmly sleeping upon my knees. I am sure if I have any distinct feeling at all, it is that I could die for it: whatever else is in my mind, that is uppermost—I could die for it; and as this thought comes, another dream seems to rise within my dream, full of wild, incoherent passions of defence: of struggling with armed men, as mothers did in the days of Herod the Tetrarch—of buffeting with the waves—of being torn by savage animals—of flying with bare and bleeding feet, and streaming hair, through the wild night, and holding it ever to my bosom as my exceeding great reward; for the moment the vision comes, it brings me a fierce strength, such as does not belong to my nature, which is indeed but weak and timid.

From these nightmare fancies I am recalled by a whole series of operations, in which I treat my dream-figure with a familiarity to be accounted for only as a dream inconsistency. I hold him in no more reverence than if he were the waxen baby I used to play at love with. I splash him and puff him; I battle it out with him, with quite a ludicrous sense of my power: the self-assertion of his kicking and crying affords me the most intense amusement through all my flurry. I make no more of compelling his rebellious little fat arms in and out of all sorts of intricacies, than if I were the Brobdignag nurse I read of in the story-book long ago. I will have everything about him my own way—smooth and neat, and folded over and tucked in. I am firm in my notions regarding his figure, and finish him off with three yards of bandage, like a young mummy. I never relax a string in the matter of the night-gown, but overcome him with it like a shower-bath of calico, from which he emerges red and shining, and turn him over on his face with an unsympathising imperturbability that seems almost fiendish in its heartlessness. After this final struggle, I have conquered, and have only to fix my flag of victory upon his head, by inserting it into his little crimped night-cap, which, with all the letting out of running-strings, is, I am proud to say—I say so to myself—'growing too small for him.' So, the cruel task over, my tender-heartedness returns, and with his little hands wandering about my neck—with the fire-light enwrapping us both in its genial glow—with the kettle singing its low lullaby—with the wind passing on its mysterious course, he sleeps his sweet sleep. 'And they brought young children to Him that he might bless them.' These are the words I always hear as I watch at such a time, addressed, as it were, with something of tender reproach to myself, and telling me that, guided by the little innocent hand, I

too, may come to the golden gate, and receive a share of the blessing.

If there is one thing I am more proud of than another about this dream-darling of mine, it is his feet—always excepting his hair. Indeed, these two points of excellence, belonging to different periods of the dream—for many years lie compressed within the fantastical hour—I rather dwell upon each exclusively in turn. Thus, when first he comes to me, I almost blush to recall the childish delight, the thrill of joy afforded me by the sight and touch of the little rosy warm feet, that have never trodden the wicked earth. How I watch them basking in the genial fire-glow—how I kiss them, and fondle them—how it is happiness enough to hold them both within my one hand, and to feel they live!

A little later, and his hair becomes his strong point—that tiny scrap of silken hair that just emerges from his cap. Never was there such a love-lock! It is smoothed down, parted on either side, parted on one side: there is no end to the fashions this morsel assumes, until it grows beneath my hand, and clusters in thick chestnut curls upon the boy's head. After this, the feet retire into complete obscurity, never being visible out of red shoes, blue shoes, sandalled shoes, and so on, but once—that is, while he is still a little child, and kneeling in his bed-gown, with flushed cheeks and bare feet, at my knees, lisping my name in his evening-prayer.

Soon after this innocent prayer, I cease to see myself. I perceive all that is going on equally well, but I no longer have any connection with the scene: I am oppressed with a dreadful feeling of helplessness, and long to cry out and awaken. With an agony of entreaty, I try to fold the child in my arms, but they restrain him no more than the air. I struggle frantically even to touch him—to speak to him one word—to let him know that his own mother stands beside him. But the wind that goes whispering by bears away upon its wings my dull dumb moanings; the flickering fire-light traces no shadow of my outstretched hands. At this particular passage of my dream, a picture that really hangs in my husband's study always shapes itself out of the thickening shadows. It is one of myself: a pale, sad face, with heavy eyes, not pretty, with no happy smiles and bright bloom, such as win children's love; and as they say to the boy that it is his mother's picture, I could find it in my foolish heart to weep bitterly that the painter had been so faithful—that he had not traced fresh joyous beauty, radiant eyes, and star-encircled hair, so that the boy should think of a guardian-angel whenever he thought of his mother. This is, I think, at once the most sharply defined and the silliest part of my vision; and soberly awake, I am ashamed to know that it is always here my tears flow with an unvarying certainty.

After this, it seems as if the doors that had shut us in together, opened on every side, and admitted strangers, the one who has taken my place in the house, even wearing things that I well know. She is a lady with a stately presence, and with but cold looks for the little ones I see gathering around her, an ill-restrained impatience of the lonely child in the distance. From this I generally fall into a dull torpor of unutterable distress, and see things for some time with all the hurried flitting, meaningless gatherings and dispersings, intangible shifting and general incoherence of dream-scenery: but in them all is the boy. He is a fine manly fellow, with a grand head and proud dark eyes; something about his mouth, too, of almost girlish sweetness, but as he grows up, settled into stern compression. For he grows up in this dream of mine—past the unloved childhood—through the dull school-days, unchecked by the bright intervals of home, that mark the year to other

children with so many distinct epochs of happiness whereby to calculate the flying months—on into his premature manhood; so tall, that it does indeed seem a wild fancy that I could ever have borne him in my arms; so care-worn in this his early youth, that none but a mother's eye could detect the lingering traces of his childhood's innocence and repose.

I do not know my son's age. In this wild confusion of time, it gives me no astonishment to walk with him at one moment a little lad, with open collar and white throat, dusty worn-out shoes and bundle, trudging along the high road, and turning his face from his father's house for ever; and the next, to stand beside him in his poor chamber, a lonely dejected man, over whose head years of disappointment have swept. And from this time I never lose sight of him continuously. By the dying fire-light, in the flickering gleam of his student-lamp, when the wind lifts up its voice and howls like a ravening animal waiting for its prey without—through the dreary nights when, like the Galilean fishermen, he toils in great depths vainly—then it is given me to stand beside him—to lay my shadowy hands upon his aching head to soothe him, all wayworn as he is with his world-pilgrimage, into rest, to arise in his dreams from the far-off years, and bless him with the holy mother-love.

Here, as I do in my vision, I must stop abruptly. From this point, it seems to me that a mist gradually intervenes between us, making things behind at first vague, and by degrees stealing upon their very outlines, and so blending them into an even darkness. Nor does this fading out of the details of my dream-fancy occasion me pain. In proportion as I see less clearly, the keen sympathy of my interest decreases, and returns from following the fortunes of the child to a mere consciousness of unspeakable love lying dormant within my bosom; and this love brings him back quite naturally, and without mental effort, to my arms, a little, tender, helpless, sleeping thing, just as I see him first. My dream thus always commencing and terminating in the same way, has led me to speak as if it were unvaryingly throughout the same, which is not the case. Indeed, why I should have selected such gloomy circumstances to surround him with, in preference to the many bright and joyous ones I see him as often the hero of, I do not know, except that, unconsciously, I have been influenced by a kind of vanity in setting down those that seemed most romantic amongst my silly fancies, or from the common instinct that makes a child of sorrow dearer to a mother, as I have heard mothers say, than any of her happy ones.

So, with a start, I awake. I am still sitting in the same place, but my fire-light has died into the darkness. It is cold and cheerless. I creep to my bed, and, like Rachel, weep for my children because they are not.

GLIMPSES OF AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

MANŒUVRING.

SQUATTER sovereignty!—shall it exist or not, is the question which for half a century has perplexed and demoralised American statesmanship, and will do so apparently for some time to come. Calhoun is said to have been the first to use the term 'squatter sovereignty' in joke, though no joke has it proved to congress; but Cass is alleged to have had the high merit of giving it a place in serious parliamentary nomenclature, and so conferring upon it an air of official respectability. We do not absolutely pledge ourselves as to the authorship of either of these distinguished statesmen; nor does it much matter. Squatter sovereignty is no new thing. We have referred to it again and again, as the alleged right of the inhabitants of the newly organised territories of

the Union to make choice of their own institutions. Now that choice is for the most part a foregone conclusion, as regards slavery, is already explained. An early rush of planters with their slaves usually settles the business, before the more slow-moving and free-loving emigrants enter on the scene. Yet, the question is still contended for in congress, that the inhabitants are entitled to exercise precisely the same right of assuming or rejecting slavery as are the citizens of any of the constituted states. In short, does the constitution confer on congress an arbitrary control of the territories? The circumstances which have been narrated in these papers, would entitle us to say that congress rightfully possesses this authority. People who do not keep quite abreast of great social questions, probably imagine that the contest about slavery in the United States refers to emancipation or non-emancipation. Except by the inconsiderable party of abolitionists, the struggle has not taken place within 'a long chalk' of this ultimatum. The subject and present subject of debate, is what is to be done with the territories, which are from time to time absorbed into the Union. The South, which has a knack of carrying statesmen and presidents along with it—no matter where these personages are 'raised'—argues strongly in favour of squatter sovereignty; or the good reason, that it can fabricate pro-slavery matters to any desired amount. The North, on the other hand, which talks heroically about freedom in a Faneuil Hall, its Tabernacles, and what not, and is clear that at least all territories on the northern side of 36° 30' should be for ever free from slavery, its a poor figure when it comes to voting. In plain terms, it allows itself to be mystified—sends, among few brilliant exceptions, so many self-interested persons to congress, that all 'who are not identified with slavery or democracy are naturally disgusted'—and as, to end the matter, the South gets pretty nearly its own way.

Ever since the battle of the territories began, nearly fifty years ago, there has been a continual reckoning of gains and losses between South and North. On our conscience, we believe that the question of slavery is never, as a general rule, been seriously entertained by the great northern orators in congress. The thing which was really fought for—as, for example, in the magnificent speeches of Webster—was political power. The South, with the peculiar energy it has usually employed, were to secure a disproportionately large number of states, the North would relatively sink in member-creating capacity; and losing in members, would lose in chances of place as well as of the many good things which issue from the federal treasury. Unless one is pretty well 'posted up' in the story of these party manoeuvres, he can hardly comprehend the actual merits of the squatter-sovereignty discussions.

Slavery, once simply a social and seemingly temporary evil, has, through the course of events, of which we have presented a summary, become a great political institute, within which is intrenched an oligarchy that holds the balance of power, and is, in effect, the government. Undoubtedly, the primary cause of its preponderance is the constitution of the United States, which is eminently conservative of slavery, and, as usually interpreted, has afforded grounds for greatly extending this odious institution. In that constitutional arrangement alone, whereby slaves form an element in apportioning the ratio of representation to population, a ground was laid for the political grandisement of the South. As formerly stated, one-fifth of all the slaves in the United States are numbered in the constituency for the House of Repre-

sentatives, though not one of them has a vote. Three out of every five slaves in the South, are thus equivalent to three freemen in the North; and practically, by this singular method of making up a constituency, the South gains thirty votes in the House of Representatives beyond what it would otherwise be entitled to have.

It is worthy of remark, however, that, notwithstanding this remarkable advantage, the South is not able to keep pace with northern constituencies. By the last decennial census, on which the present representation is based, while the free states contribute 145 members, the slave states return no more than 90. How, then, being in such a minority, is the South able to exert so extraordinary an influence in the national legislature? The explanation involves some strange disclosures. In the first place, the South uniformly acts with an *esprit du corps* totally wanting in the North. The constituency of the slave states is, in point of fact, narrowed to about 350,000 slave-owners, in whom power is entirely reposed; the surplus of southern white population being little better than a nonentity. A body so limited acts with a vigour and unity not to be attained by the many millions of northern freemen. Throughout the South, free labour is dishonourable, and the business of life is politics: the universal consideration is the attainment and retention of power. The North, on the contrary, is a hive of industry, in which there is little time to devote to political stratagems, and unfortunately the people, generally, are so much under the dominion of material interests, as well as prejudices respecting colour, as to be easily misled by deceptive party representations.

Accustomed as we are to associate slavery and its multifarious horrors with the doings of the South, one is apt to neglect the important truth, that but for the selfish compromises of the North, slavery must long since have been extinct. No fact has been more conclusively proved than that the existence of this monster evil depends on territorial aggression. Seclude it within a certain circle, and it will inevitably perish. Slavery is synonymous with waste. It is a waste of means, a waste of land, a waste of civil liberty, a waste of moral feeling—everything deteriorates in connection with it. As an institution, it has drawn its vitality from the rich lands lying beyond the borders of the Old Dominion. We could present no more striking evidence of its ruinous effects on land than those instanced by Mr Olmsted in his two dispassionately written works on the slave states. In the latest of these productions, *A Journey Through Texas*, he speaks of that frequent and melancholy spectacle in the older slave states—an abandoned plantation of "worn-out" fields, with its little village of dwellings, now a home only for wolves and vultures. This but indicates a large class of observations, by which I hold myself justified in asserting that the natural elements of wealth in the soil of Texas will have been more exhausted in ten years, and with them the rewards offered by Providence to labour will have been more lessened than, without slavery, would have been the case in two hundred. Do not think that I use round numbers carelessly. After two hundred years' occupation of similar soils by a free-labouring community, I have seen no such evidences of waste, as in Texas, after ten years of slavery. And indications of the same kind I have observed, not isolated, but general, in every slave state but two—which I have seen only in parts yet scarcely at all settled. Moreover, I have seen similar phenomena following slavery in other countries and other climates.

The effects of this wastefulness of land, are of national concern. Present existence is secured by drawing on future resources. To after generations, bread, meat, cotton, and other articles will all be enhanced in cost by the present system of territorial

• *Why Policy Assailed and Illustrated.* By Josiah Quincy. Boston, 1855.

exhaustion. 'I consider,' adds this writer, 'that slavery is no less disastrous in its effects on industry—no less destructive to wealth. The laws and forces sustaining it, where it has been long established, may become a temporary necessity, as poisons are to the life of some unfortunate invalids. But laws intended to extend its field of improvidence are unjust, cruel, and oppressive.' If slavery be so ruinous, why should it be continued? It is tolerably evident that the buying of labourers, instead of hiring them, must be a most extravagant method of cultivating lands. Olmsted shews how capital is needlessly absorbed by investments in slaves, and that on this account alone the South deprives itself of vast means of improvement. But independently of the profits derived by Virginians in raising and selling slave-stock, there are powerful reasons why slavery is maintained and contended for.

The first of these reasons is the inordinate love of power. Reared in the uncontrolled exercise of authority, the slave-owner will submit to many inconveniences and even loss of profit, rather than tolerate what he considers the arrogance of an independent labourer. To ask a servant to do a thing instead of ordering him, is intolerable. The idea of hired labourers presuming to have rights, is repugnant to southern notions. Those who degrade themselves with labour, are bound to submit to any kind of treatment. The reckless homicide of a waiter at Washington by a member of congress from Alabama, in the spring of 1856, was, for example, justified by southern newspapers, on the ground that it was proper to teach free labourers their place. Another reason for sustaining slavery, is the status which is derived from the possession of negro property. The owning of even one slave raises a person in southern society, although the possessor of this miserable piece of property is under the necessity of hiring it out for his own subsistence. Addressing a southern man, Olmsted says: 'It is fashionable with you to own slaves, as it is with the English to own land, with the Arabs, horses; and as beads and vermillion have a value among the Indians which seems to us absurd, so, among you, has the power of commanding the service of slaves. Consequently, you are willing to pay a price for it which, to one not educated as you have been, seems absurdly high. Nor are you more likely to dispense with slaves when you have it in your power to possess them, than the Chinese with their fashion of the queue, Turks with their turban, or Englishmen with their hats.'

Wrong in principle, and in all respects ineconomical, as compared with free labour, slavery is on all hands acknowledged to exist only by fraud and violence, by disregard of the rights of citizens, by suppressing freedom of discussion and freedom of election, by preventing general education, by interrupting and annoying commerce, by exhausting lands, dishonouring industry, checking public improvements, degrading the national character, and, in short, by establishing an almost universal terrorism, unworthy of a free people. The dexterity with which these enormities have been sustained, is exceedingly marvellous. A few facts must be plainly stated. Practically a despotism, the great slavholding interest, with far-sighted policy, professes those extreme principles of democracy which are upheld by the larger proportion of northern citizens—much as if the high conservative body in England were, for party purposes, to declare for extreme radicalism. Northern men, on the other hand, seek to conciliate the South, for the sake of selfish interests. The doctrine that high protective duties are an essential element of national prosperity, though long since exploded by political economists, is still current in the northern states of the Union. Doubtless, it is only through the efficacy of such protective duties as 80 per cent., that certain northern manufacturers can keep open their establishments; and we may

assume that if these restrictions were removed, much misdirected capital would flow into more natural channels, and produce results more advantageous to all parties. Northern manufacturers, however, being the immediate gainers by so preposterous a system of protection, cling as closely to the privilege of taxing the community as ever did the landowners of Great Britain by their restrictions on the free import of food. Such prepossessions could meet with no response in the South, but for the necessity of buying party support. All the clothing, shoes, hats, and other articles required on southern plantations, are imported coastwise from northern manufacturers; so that, in reality, the South taxes itself in an enormous sum annually, in purchasing dear northern goods. 'Up to the present moment,' says an American writer, 'the North has been a commercial and equal partner with the South in all the material values or pecuniary results produced by slavery. In the first place, the great southern staples, cotton, tobacco, and rice, with their vast valuation, constituting virtually the commercial currency between America and Europe, have mostly passed through the hands of northern merchants and factors, enriching them with lucrative profits. Then slavery rendered the southern states dependent upon the North for all the manufactured articles they used; from parlour books to kitchen brooms; from beaver-hats for the master to the coarsest chip-hats for the slave; from penknives to ploughs. Nearly all the goods they used were either manufactured or imported for them by the North. Their teas, coffees, and other foreign productions either came to them through New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, or were brought to them direct from across the sea in northern ships. The factories and ships of the eastern states and the fertile prairie lands of the west, teemed with the industrial activities which these important staples employed and rewarded. What three millions of slaves grew under the lash in the South, made a continuous and profitable business for at least twice that number of freemen in the North. The latter, by that species of compromise for which it has been distinguished, grasped at the lion's share of the dividends of this commercial partnership. It coveted to sell to the southern states, far more than it purchased from them. If they would only consent to a high protective tariff, which would give their market for manufactures exclusively to the North, anti-slavery agitation in the free states should be put down and extinguished. The mobbing of "abolition agitators" in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other northern cities, was a part of this business transaction—a small instalment of the purchase-price of protection.* The case then stands thus: the South pretends to be democratic, to gain northern votes; and the North sells itself for southern money. Or, to come to the subject in hand—the South votes for Protection, and the North in return votes for Slavery.

Slavery, at least on its present footing, may therefore be said to exist, in some degree, on commercial protection. It is not to be supposed that the South is unanimous in submitting to this thralldom to northern interests. At the risk of breaking up the mutual understanding, southern orators and newspapers have strongly advocated free-trade with Europe, and numerous have been the projects to establish southern harbours, shipping, and commerce—all, of course, impracticable, on account of want of capital as well as want of business calculations and habits. Did the South really find it safe to break with the North, it would, perhaps, with its legislative influence find little difficulty in forcing free-trade measures; and from present appearances, acts of congress will take this direction.

* *Plan of Brotherly Copartnership.* By Eliza Barritt.

It can admit of little doubt, that as protection is relaxed, so will a material cement between North and South be dissolved—an event so far favourable to the interests of freedom. But as long as the principles of democracy are in the ascendant, the anti-slavery party will not have great cause to rejoice. According to the confession of political faith, demonstrated in recent elections, democracy signifies the vindication of squatter sovereignty, the boundless extension of the Union, and, consequently, the illimitable addition of new slave states. Can such principles be carried out? Are they not of a character with all that has been tolerated since the acquisition of Louisiana? It is confidently expected that the rising and somewhat formidable opposition presented by the republican party, will interpose to prevent the further spread of slavery. But this, we fear, is only one of those idle expectations, with which the less sophisticated part of the nation has been long deceitfully amused. The South has many methods of disarming opposition. It can threaten dissolution of the Union, and that no one can endure; for devotion to the Union is a predominant sentiment with every American. By its vigorous action, the South can retain possession of power, and so effectually does it swamp the majority of free-state votes in congress by means at its disposal, that it laughs to scorn the efforts of disunionists and abolitionists.

Referring to the change of sentiment on the subject of slavery in the North, Mr Quincy, whom we have already quoted, shews how, step by step, the principles of freedom have sunk under party influences. Soon after the adoption of the constitution, he says, 'a change of feeling began to spread in the free states, in which, from envy, jealousy, rivalry, ambition, and other passions, parties arose, of which the slaveholders had the tact to avail themselves. . . . It was the mutual interest which resulted from the alliance between slavery and democracy, that at first softened, and in time changed, in Massachusetts, the early, inherent detestation of negro slavery. This change did not extend beyond the democratic party. But after the lapse of twenty or thirty years, another element of slaveholders' influence was introduced. In the course of these years, the profits arising from the cultivation of cotton in the southern states, changed the opinion of the rich planters concerning the evil of slavery, which at first began there to be considered as a good, and then subsequently as a chief good. A like change, contemporaneously, came over the free states, in certain localities, where cotton-spinning and cotton-weaving began to be a source of wealth, and consequently of political power. This interest acquired strength with time and prosperity, and began to be a predominating influence, about the period the Whig party was formed, constituting in truth the chief part of its cement. It was formed out of the broken materials of the old parties, which time and circumstances had dissolved, and was composed of recently fledgling politicians, with a mixture of some democrats and some federalists, who joined the new party, not because its principles were to their mind, but because it was the best in the field. It took the name of Whigs, not from any affinity with those of the Revolution, but because the name had a savour of liberty, and thus formed a convenient cover for those whose interests led to the support of slavery. Boston became one of the localities where the head-quarters of the Whigs was established, and of course became identified with the cotton-spinning and cotton-weaving interests. Here, therefore, the interests of the slaveholder were espoused with zeal, under the guise of upholding the constitution of the United States, of which the provision for returning runaway slaves began to appear as a most important feature.'

And so, by general confession, the protracted and seemingly high-souled contest to check the progress of

slavery, has been only a disguise under which to advance the interests of party. We are, in fact, to understand, that until the present time, the great thing held in view, is the power of returning members to congress to suit particular purposes, and that slavery has never clearly attained the position of a substantive question—scarcely been ever anything else than a convenient sham. On the seizure of Texas, and afterwards on the outbreak of the war with Mexico—whenever fresh territory for slavery purposes was to be added to the Union—the Whigs blazed forth 'Resolutions,' about 'the duty of the free states not to submit.' But with the firing off of these wind-guns, 'the clamour, the courage, and patriotism of the Whigs oozed away;' and on each occasion, when the special object for noisy demonstration was one way or other set at rest—as has been recently exhibited in the case of Kansas—down sunk all ebullition of public, or more properly, party sentiment. Are the modern republicans to be more sincere and trustworthy than the now 'fossilised' Whigs? We know not. Avowing a merely defensive policy, they have disclaimed any intention to interfere with southern institutions; and looking at the past, we may be pardoned for not entertaining high expectations of what is to ensue should they get into power—an event in itself doubtful. Meanwhile, strong language is occasionally used by 'free-soilers' in and out of congress, denunciatory of slaveholders, and we always seem to be on the eve of something being done to put an end to slavery. Alas! after talking and scheming for the last fifty years, slavery is more vigorous and lifelike than ever. According to the well-known ratio of increase—about 150,000 per annum—the present number of slaves in the United States cannot be fewer than 4,100,000, shewing an addition of 900,000 since 1850. We think it may be safely averred that party manœuvring has had a fair trial and been found wanting. Slavery is to be abated neither by abuse, nor by selfish political partisanship. The free states, if they feel inclined, may appoint representatives in congress who could shiver the principle of squatter sovereignty to atoms, and so reduce slavery to a local institution, preliminary to its extinction. How, in the aggregate, they have failed to do so, let late elections testify.

W. C.

CANONBURY TOWER.

EVERYBODY who has, upon either business or pleasure, wandered to the northward of London, will probably have seen the queer old square brick building which bears the name heading this article. A noticeable old place it is, with its little latticed windows, each one on a different level; its formal row of iron railings round the roof, and its melancholy weather-cock crowning the summit; and it appears all the more curious contrasted with the pretty modern villas which now hem it in on every side. All its ancient friends have one by one departed; and there is not remaining near it one of the many structures which surrounded it upon its erection in the reign of 'Bluff King Hall.' The tower of Islington old church—not much unlike itself in shape and general appearance—for many a long year kept it company in overlooking the country around, and made so sturdy a resistance when its demolition was attempted, that gunpowder had to be employed by the Goths who levelled it; but now that is gone, and the old tower is left alone in its glory.

Many mutations had the noble Canonbury House, of which this is the only remaining portion, undergone ere it was destroyed to make way for the more modern buildings, which have, with mushroom-like rapidity, sprung up upon its site. Up to 1539, it was a goodly edifice, belonging to the priory of St Bartholomew, established as early as the middle of the thirteenth

century in West Smithfield—a sort of country-house, in which the prior himself, together with some of the more favoured of the monks, passed the pleasant part of the year, leaving it when winter set in for their more cozy habitation in Smithfield. Very holy men, and very highly esteemed, were these same friars of St Bartholomew, and vastly were their prayers sought for by the laity around; hence the priory of Canonbury became richly endowed with divers gifts of lands and fair dwellings—not the most inconsiderable of which was a noble bequest made in 1334 by Henry le Hayward and Roger de Creton of 110 acres of arable-land in 'Ildon and Kentyshilton' (Islington and Kentishtown) for prayers and masses to be said for the repose of the soul of their kinsman John de Kentyshilton. And so the old monastery went on for many years, increasing in wealth and extent, until one fine autumn morning in 1539, down came the royal mandate for the suppression of the 'religious house;' and amid wo and lamentation, inventories were taken of jewels and rich stuffs—altars were despoiled of their trappings, shrines of their adornments, and all the long-boarded riches of Canonbury Priory were handed over to the king. The unfortunate monks, turned adrift upon the world, were pensioned off: the sub-prior had L.15 a year awarded him, and of the rest, some had L.6, 18s. 4d., and some L.5 apiece.

Henry did not long keep the desecrated priory in his own hands, but gave it next year, together with the lands belonging to it, to the keeper of his privy seal, Thomas Lord Cromwell, upon whose decapitation, in August of the same year, this portion, together with all the rest of his property, reverted to the crown.

The house and manor remained for many years the property of the sovereign, who put a keeper in it, with directions to 'keep it sweet and clean, and entirely meet for the king's use when he chose to come thereto;' and who paid yearly L.20 to the Lady Anne of Cleves for permission to live on the manor.

This state of affairs continued with little alteration until the reign of Edward VI., who made over the whole of the property to John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland; and, as if some fatality was connected with the place, its noble owner was attainted of treason, and beheaded a few months afterwards.

Falling again into royal hands, the old dwelling was presented to Thomas Lord Wentworth, who, in 1570, alienated it to a certain John Spencer, whose daughter, marrying with the second Lord Compton—as we shall presently more fully notice—brought the estate into the possession of the family of its present noble owner, the Marquis of Northampton.

Master John Spencer, nicknamed 'rich Spencer,' or, as he subsequently became, Sir John Spencer, albeit not of gentle blood, for he was a citizen and cloth-worker of London, was yet esteemed the richest man of his time in Queen Elizabeth's dominions. Having been respectively alderman and sheriff, he became, in 1594, lord mayor of London, and earned great glory by his prudent conduct during a fearful famine which occurred in his mayoralty. He did not often live at Canonbury in the busy days of his life, for it was then esteemed a long way from the metropolis; the roads were bad, and infested with robbers; and, besides, Sir John had a noble mansion in the city, no other than Crosby Hall, in Bishopsgate Street. When, however, old age prevented him from taking any part in the active duties of a citizen, the old knight retired to Canonbury, and lived in great dignity and splendour there, and once had the honour of entertaining his royal mistress, who, one summer afternoon in 1581, rode northward to take the air, and stopped and 'ate fruits and drank ale at the fair manor of Canonbury.'

The fame of the knight's great wealth was not confined to England, but reached the continent, and

framed the bold attempt of coming over to England and carrying away the rich man by night to France, in order to obtain a large ransom for his restoration. The shallop in which these worthies sailed came as far as Barking Creek, where six of the pirates left her, and came to Islington; but fortunately for himself, Sir John was not at his house at Canonbury, having been summoned the same day to St James's, and so the robbers were forced to return empty-handed.

A splendid funeral procession was that which issued from the old tower when the doughty knight was gathered to his fathers; and bitter was the mourning, especially among the poorer portion of the inhabitants round about, for Sir John was a very father to those who solicited his charity. More than 1000 poor people followed the body to the grave, and 320 of them, by the express direction of the deceased knight, received what was in those days conceived to be a handsome remembrance. What this remembrance was, it may perhaps interest the reader to know; and so here follows the quaint old account of the matter: 'There was made choice of 320 men and women, poor and old, the which were every of them neighbours living about; and to them severally was given a basket, in the which basket there was contained divers good commodities—that is to say, a black gown, four pounds of beef, two loaves of bread, a little flask of wine, a candlestick, a pound of candles, two saucers, two spoons, a black pudding, a pair of gloves, a dozen of points, two red herrings, four white herrings, six sprats, and two eggs, the which gave every of them who did receive the same, great contentment.'

We cannot at the present day very well estimate the exact amount of Sir John Spencer's wealth; but besides landed and personal property to a very large extent, his executors found among his papers bonds to the amount of L.133,000.

From the rich knight, Canonbury House passed into the possession of a lady—Elizabeth Spencer, Sir John's only daughter and sole heiress. Of course the lady, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, her wealth, was very much courted; and we have accounts of more than one fatal duel being fought in and about Islington respecting her future destiny. Being under age, she was in the protection of the Court of Chancery, and placed by the then chancellor under the care of one or two strict old duennas in Canonbury House. Among her numerous admirers, however, she numbered one—William, second Lord Compton, who turning over in his mind divers salutary maxims, among which 'None but the brave deserve the fair,' and 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' were doubtless prominent; and being nothing daunted by the seeming impregnability of the castle in which the rich beauty was confined, or by the grim custodians who had the charge of her, determined to carry the lady off and make her his wife. That he succeeded in so doing is undisputed; but as to the *modus operandi*, historians are not very well agreed. The common, and certainly the most romantic version of the story is, that the lady was conveyed away one dark blustering December night in a baker's basket.

Her admirer, whom she married in 1594, was Lord President of Wales, and had necessarily to spend a great part of the year in that dominion; his lady appears to have disliked Wales, and very shortly after her marriage expressed her determination to live in Canonbury House. This being agreed to by her husband, she set to work to make arrangements for establishing as noble a household in the old building as any gay lady could possibly desire. The extent of the arrangements she contemplated may best be gathered from a letter written to her husband not very long after her marriage. After commencing with 'My sweet life,' followed up with a little 'soft sawder,' the lady makes the following modest proposals respecting herself

'I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of L.2600 quarterly to be paid. Also, I would, besides that allowance, have L.600 quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works; and those things I would not, neither will be accountable for. Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let; also, believe it, it is an undecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone, when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also, when I ride a-hunting or a-hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so, for either of these said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen; and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth, and laced with gold, otherwise with scarlet, and laced with silver, and four good horses; also, I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only carriages and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be fitting for all—orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with either chamber-maids', nor theirs with wash-maids'. Also, for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages to see all safe; and the chamber-maids I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet, and clean. Also, for that it is undecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse, to attend me either in city or country; and I must have two footmen; and my desire is that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them excellent good ones; eight of them for the country, and six other of them very excellent good ones. Also, I would have to put in my purse L.2000 and L.200, and so you to pay my debts; also, I would have L.6000 to buy me jewels, and L.4000 to buy me a pearl-chain. . . . Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging-chambers to be suited with . . . silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such like.'

We have no doubt the poor husband agreed to all this; and indeed he was not in a condition to dissent from any of his wife's proceedings, for his success in the acquisition of herself and her enormous wealth drove his lordship out of his wits, and he remained in a distracted state for several years.

And so the rich wife lived like a queen year after year in the grand old house, sought after by the great and noble for miles around. There were fair gardens then round the dwelling, and pleasant fields beyond; and in the warm summer days, many a stately dame in rustling silk, and courtly cavalier in richly embroidered doublet, sauntered about the dwelling, having resorted thither from the noise and ceremony of St James's. And then when winter set in, the 'velvet-lined' carriage, with its four fair horses, stood at the door; and with her long array of gentlemen, waiting-women, and maidens, the noble dame took her departure for her warm house in London, there to spend the winter.

For some reason, not very easy now to determine, the noble owners of the mansion appear gradually to have taken a dislike to their ancestral residence, and long before the reign of 'good Queen Anne,' the old tower, with the house by its side, had degenerated from a nobleman's residence into a mere lodging-house. A staircase, common to all the inmates, ran from the bottom of the edifice to the top, communicating with each floor, and the names of the lodgers were written upon small plates of tin affixed to

the doors of their respective apartments, much in the same fashion as they are at the present day affixed at colleges and inns of court. The lodgers in the house and tower were mostly literary men, who visited the pleasant village to enjoy, at little expense and near to the metropolis, the relaxation and delights of the country. Here Ephraim Chambers spent many a weary hour over the compilation of the ponderous folio dictionary which bears his name—the parent of the numerous Encyclopædia family, previously unknown. From hence Newbury launched forth those dearly loved little books which laid *Jack the Giant-killer* on the shelf, rooted up his bean-stalk, and made Cinderella tremble in her brittle slipper, and which were the treasures of the children of England for more than half a century. And last, but not least in our list, the weak-minded, amiable, lovable 'Goldy,' more than once made this tower his residence, and in it were brought to light some of those 'sweet children of his brain,' which will live as long as the English language itself has an existence.

Nor were more fashionable visitors to the tower wanting, for some enterprising person had discovered mineral water in the neighbourhood, good for half 'the ills which flesh is heir to;' and invalids of all descriptions, especially fair ones afflicted with that vague incomprehensible complaint, 'the vapours,' delighted in making this their summer resort, tripping down to the spring every morning in negligent attire, to take their accustomed quantum, and, doubtless, interfering sadly with the quiet labours of their literary neighbours.

Years rolled away, and as the lodgers at Canonbury saw the great city coming to visit them in their silent retreat, the fields around cut up for brick earth, and rows of goodly houses rising on every side, they found that they had lost all prospect of a continuance of the country quiet, which had been for so long a time the characteristic of their pleasant abode, and so they one by one left the old tower never to return; and before 1800, all the fame of Canonbury Tower as a pleasant lodging-house, had departed.

The old tower is nearly deserted now, and the building at its base has long since been converted into a dwelling-house. Hard by is established a goodly sized Ladies' Seminary; and part of the pleasant gardens of Canonbury House, where cowed monks walked with solemn pace for many a long year, and where high-born dames listened to tender tales from the eloquent lips of sighing cavaliers, is now a gravelled playground, where groups of pretty school-girls con their Magnall's Questions and Italian Grammars, all forgetful of the strange events that, in years gone by, took place in the neighbourhood around them.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—SCALING THE CLIFF.

O FOR a long interval of darkness!

Our hearts beat anxiously—at least I can answer for my own. Rube watched the guerrilleros, permitting his head to be seen by them. My eyes were bent upon the rocky wall, but through the thick darkness I looked in vain for our comrade. I listened to hear how he was progressing: I could distinguish a slight scratching against the cliff, each moment higher and farther away; but Garey climbed with a moccasined foot, and the noise was too faint to reach the ears of our enemies. O for a long interval of darkness!

It appeared a long one; perhaps it was not five minutes, but it *felt* twice that, before the lightning again blazed forth. With the flash, I ran my eyes up the precipitous wall. O God! Garey was still upon

its face, scarcely midway up. He was standing on a ledge—his body flattened against the rock—and with his arms extended horizontally, he presented the appearance of a man crucified upon the cliff! So long as the glare lasted, he remained in this attitude, motionless as the rock itself.

I turned with anxious look towards the guerrilleros. I heard no voice; I observed no movement. Thank Heaven! they saw him not!

Near where he was resting, some bushes of the trailing cedar grew out of the cliff; their dark foliage mottled its white face, rendering the form of the climber less conspicuous.

Another long spell of darkness, another blaze of light.

I scanned the gorge: no human form was visible. I saw a dark line that, like a crack, vertically intersected the cliff from parapet to base: it was the rope Garey had carried up. He had reached the summit in safety!

It was my turn next—for Rube insisted on retaining the post of danger—and with my rifle slung on my back, I stood ready. I had given the parting whisper to my brave steed, and pressed his velvet muzzle to my cheek. With the last flicker of the electric gleam, I seized the hanging lazo, and drew myself upward.

I had confidence in the rope: I knew it was fastened above, or safe in the strong grasp of Garey. With its aid, the ascent was rendered easy. I experienced no difficulty in climbing from ledge to ledge, and before the light came again, I had reached the crest of the cliff.

We lay flat among the bushes that grew by the very brink, scarcely shewing our faces to the front.

I saw that the rope had been fastened round the trunk of a small tree. Presently we perceived by its jerking that Rube had begun his ascent. Shortly after, we could hear him sprawling and scratching upward, and then his thin dark form loomed over the edge of the cliff, and dead beat for breath, he staggered silently into the bushes beside us. Even in the darkness, I noticed something peculiar in his appearance: his head looked smaller, but I had no time to question him.

We waited only for another glance at the guerrilleros; they were still at their posts, evidently unconscious of our movements. Rube's catskin cap, cunningly adjusted upon the boulder, satisfied them that we were still at ours; and explained, moreover, the oddness I had observed about the upper story of the trapper.

Rube had now recovered wind; and gathering up the rope, we stole away over the table-summit to search for a place of descent.

On reaching the opposite side, we at once found what we wanted—a tree near the edge of the cliff. Many small pines grew upon the escarpment; and selecting one, we knotted the rope securely around its trunk.

There was yet much to be done before any of us could attempt the descent. We knew that the cliff was more than a hundred feet in vertical height, and to glide down a rope of that length is a trying feat, worthy the most expert of tars. None of us might be able to accomplish it: the first could be lowered down easily enough, and this was our intention; so might the second; but the other would have to glide down the rope.

We were not long delayed by the contemplation of this obstacle: my comrades were men of quick thought; and a plan to lessen the difficulty soon suggested itself. Their knives were out in a trice: a sapling was procured, and cut into short pieces; these were notched,

and tied at intervals along the rope. Our 'Jacob's ladder' was ready.

It still remained to make sure that the rope was of sufficient length. The knots had somewhat shortened it; but this point was soon settled with like ingenuity. A small stone was tied to one end, and then dropped over the cliff. We listened: we heard the dull 'thump' of the stone upon the prairie turf. The rope therefore reached to the ground.

It was again drawn up, the stone taken out, and the noose fastened around the body of Rube, under his armpits. He was the lightest, and for this reason had been chosen to make the first descent, as he would least try the strength of the rope—still a doubtful point. The ascent had not proved it—for in climbing up, but one-half of our weight had been upon it, our feet resting either against the cliff, or upon its ledges. On reaching the plain, Rube was to submit the rope to trial, before either Garey or I should attempt to go down. This he was to do by adding a large stone to his own weight—making both at least equal to that of Garey, who was by far the heaviest of the party.

All being arranged, the old trapper slid silently over the edge of the cliff—Garey and I giving out the rope slowly, and with caution. Foot by foot, and yard by yard, it was drawn through our hands by the weight of the descending body, now lost to our sight over the brow of the cliff.

Still slowly, and with caution, we allowed the lazo to pass, taking care that it should glide gradually, so as not to jerk, and cause the body of our comrade to vibrate with too much violence against the rocks.

We were both seated close together, our faces turned to the plain. More than three-quarters of the rope had passed from us, and we were congratulating ourselves that the trial would soon be over, when, to our dismay, the strain ceased with a suddenness that caused both of us to recoil upon our backs! At the same instant, we heard the 'twang' of the snapping rope, followed by a sharp cry from below!

We sprang to our feet, and mechanically recommenced hauling upon the rope. The weight was no longer upon it; it was light as packthread, and returned to our hands without effort.

Desisting, we fronted to each other, but not for an explanation. Neither required it; neither uttered a word. The case was clear: the rope had broken; our comrade had been hurled to the earth!

With a simultaneous impulse, we dropped upon our knees; and, crawling forward to the brink of the precipice, looked over and downward. We could see nothing in the dark abyss that frowned below; and we waited till the light should break forth again.

We listened with ears keenly set. Was it a groan we heard? a cry of agony? No; its repetition told us what it was—the howl of the prairie-wolf. No human voice reached our ears. Alas, no! Even a cry of pain would have been welcome, since it would have told us our comrade still lived. But no, he was silent—dead—perhaps broken to atoms!

It was long ere the lightning gleamed again. Before it did, we heard voices. They came from the bottom of the cliff directly under us; but there were two, and neither was the voice of the trapper. It is easy to distinguish the full intonation of the Saxon from the shrill treble of the sons of Anahuac. The voices were those of our foes.

Presently the light discovered them to us. Two there were. They were on horseback, moving on the plain below, and close in to the cliff. We saw them distinctly, but we saw not what we had expected—the mangled body of our comrade! The gleam, long continued, had given us full time to scrutinise the ground. We could have distinguished upon it any object as large as a cat. Rube, living or dead, was certainly not there!

Had he fallen into the hands of the guerrilla? The two we saw carried lances, but no prisoner. It was not likely they had captured him; besides, we knew that Rube, unless badly crippled, would never have surrendered without a struggle, and neither shot nor about had been heard.

We were soon relieved from all uneasiness on this score. The brigands continued their conversation, and the light breeze wafted their voices upwards, so that we could distinguish part of what was said.

'Carrambo!' exclaimed one impatiently; 'you must have been mistaken? It was the coyoté you heard.'

'Capitan! I am confident it was a man's voice.'

'Then it must have proceeded from one of the *picaros* behind the rock. There is no one out here? But come! let us return by the other side of the mesa—*¡vamos!*'

The hoof-strokes admonished us that they were passing onward to carry out the design of the last speaker, who was no other than Ijurra himself.

It was a relief to know that our comrade had not yet fallen into their clutches. How far he was injured, we could not have an idea. The rope had given way close to the top, and Rube had carried most of it down with him. In the confusion, we had not noticed how much remained, *behind* our hands, when he fell; and now we could only guess. Seeing that he had disappeared from the spot, we were in high hope that he had sustained no serious injury.

But whither had he gone? Had he but *crawled* away, and was yet in the neighbourhood of the mesa? If so, they might light upon him. Hiding-place there was none, either by the base of the cliff or on the surrounding plain.

Garey and I were anxious about the result—the more so, that the guerrilleros had heard his cry, and were in search of him. He might easily be found in such a naked spot.

We hastily formed the determination to cross the table summit to the other side, and watch the movements of the two horsemen.

Guided by their voices, we once more knelt above them, at the rearmost angle of the mound. They had there halted to examine the ground, and only waited for the flash; we, too, waited above them, and *within* range.

'We kin fetch them out o' thar saddles?' whispered my companion.

I hesitated to give my assent; perhaps it was prudence that restrained me, for I had now conceived hopes of a surer deliverance.

At that moment gleamed the lightning; the dark horsemen loomed large under its yellow glare; they were less than fifty paces from the muzzles of our guns: we could have sighted them with sure aim; and, bayed as we had been, I was almost tempted to yield to the solicitations of my companion.

Just then, an object came under our eyes that caused both of us to draw back our half-levelled rifles—that object was the body of our comrade Rube. It was lying flat along the ground, the arms and legs stretched out to their full extent, and the face buried deep in the grass. From the elevation at which we viewed it, it appeared like the hide of a young buffalo spread out to dry, and pinned tightly to the turf. But we knew it was not that; we knew it was the body of a man dressed in brown buckskin—the body of the earlest trapper! It was not dead neither; no dead body could have placed itself in such an attitude, for it lay flattened along the turf like a gigantic newt.

The object of this attitude was evident to us, and our hearts beat with a painful anxiety while the light flickered around. The body was scarcely five hundred yards out; but though perfectly visible from our position, it must have been inconspicuous to the horsemen below; for as soon as it darkened, we heard them, to

our great relief, ride back toward the front, Ijurra reiterating his doubts as they passed away. Fortunate it was for both him and his companion they had not espied that prostrate form—fortunate for Rube—for all of us!

Garey and I kept our places, and waited for another flash. When it came, the brown buckskin was no longer in sight! Far off—nearly a mile off, we fancied we could distinguish the same form flattened out as before; but the gloam of the prairie-grass rendered our vision uncertain.

Of one thing, however, we were certain—our comrade had escaped.

CHAPTER XL.

A REINFORCEMENT.

For the first time, since encountering the guerrilla, I breathed freely, and felt confident we should get free. My comrade shared my belief; and it is needless to say that we recrossed the summit of the mesa with lighter hearts and step more buoyant.

Of course we no longer speculated about making the descent; with the fragment of rope left, that was impossible. We were simply returning to the front, to keep an eye upon the guerrilleros, and, if possible, prevent them from approaching our horses—should they by any chance discover that we had retreated from our position behind the rock.

We were the more anxious about our horses, now that we had less apprehension for ourselves; at least I can answer for myself, and the explanation is easy. So long as I felt the probability that every moment might be the last of my life, the fate of Moro and the white steed was but a secondary consideration. Now that I felt certain I should survive this perilous escapade, the future once more urged its claims; and I was anxious not only to preserve my own steed, but the beautiful creature that had led me into all this peril, but whose capture still promised its rich reward.

That all danger was past—that in a few hours we should be free, was the full belief both of my companion and myself. Perhaps you may not comprehend from what *data* we drew so confident and comfortable a conclusion, though our reasoning was simple enough. We knew that Rube would reach the rancheria, and return with a rescue—that was all.

'Tis true we were not without *some* anxiety. The rangers might no longer be there?—the army might have marched?—perhaps the picket was withdrawn? Rube himself might be intercepted, or slain?

The last hypothesis gave us least concern. We had full trust in the trapper's ability to penetrate to the American camp—to the enemy's, if necessary. We had just been favoured with a specimen of his skill. Whether the army had advanced or not, Rube would reach it before morning, if he should have to steal a horse upon the way. He would soon find the rangers; and, even without orders, Holingsworth would *lend* him a few—half-a-dozen of them would be enough. In the worst view of the case, there were stragglers enough about the camp—odd birds, that could easily be enlisted for such a duty. We had scarcely a doubt that our comrade would come back with a rescue.

As to the time, we were left to conjectures. It might be before morning's light—it might not be before late in the following day, or even the night after. But that was a consideration that now weighed lightly. We could hold our aerial fortress for a week—a month—ay, far longer, and against hundreds. We could not be assailed. With our rifles to guard the cliff, no storming-party could approach—no forlorn-hope could scale our battlements!

But what of thirst and hunger, you will ask? Ha! we dreaded not either. Fortune's favours had fallen upon us in showers. Even on that lone summit, we

found the means to assuage the one and satisfy the other!

In crossing the table-top, we stumbled upon huge *echinocacti*, that grew over the ground like ant-hills or gigantic bee-hives. They were the *mammillaria* of Quackenboss—dome-shaped, and some of them ten feet in diameter. Garey's knife was out in a trice; a portion of the spinous coat of the largest was stripped off, its top truncated, and a bowl scooped in the soft succulent mass. In another minute, we had assuaged our thirst from this vegetable fountain of the Desert.

With similar facility were we enabled to gratify the kindred appetite. As I had conjectured, on viewing them from the plain, the trees of light-green foliage were 'pifions'—the 'nut-pine' (*Pinus edulis*), of which there are several species in Northern Mexico, whose cones contain seeds edible and nutritious. A few handfuls of these we gathered, and hungered no more. They would have been better roasted, but at that moment we were contented to eat them raw.

No wonder, then, that with such a supply for the present, and such hopes for the future, we no longer dreaded the impotent fury of our foes.

We lay down at the top of the gorge to watch their further movements, and cover our horses from their attack. The flash of the lightning shewed them still on guard, just as we had left them. One of each file was mounted, while his companion, on foot, paced to and fro in the intervals of the cordon. Their measures were cunningly taken; they were evidently determined we should not steal past them in the darkness!

The lightning began to abate, and the intervals between the flashes became longer and longer.

During one of these intervals, we were startled by the sound of hoof-strokes at some distance off: it was the tramp of horses upon the hard plain. There is a difference between the hoof-stroke of a ridden horse and one that is riderless, and the prairie-man is rarely puzzled to distinguish them. My companion at once pronounced the horses to be 'mounted.'

The guerrilleros, on the alert, had heard them at the same time as we, and two of them now galloped out to reconnoitre. This we ascertained only by *hearing*, for we could not distinguish an object six feet from our faces—the darkness was almost palpable to the touch.

The sounds came from a considerable distance, but we could tell that the horsemen were advancing toward the mesa.

We drew no hope from this advent. Rube could not yet have even reached the rancheria. The newcomers were El Zorro and his companion on their return.

We were not kept long in doubt: the horsemen approached, and shouts and salutations were exchanged between them and the guerrilleros, while the horses of both parties neighed in response, as if they knew each other.

At this moment the lightning shone again, and to our surprise we perceived not only El Zorro, but a reinforcement of full thirty men! The trampling of many hoofs had half prepared us for this discovery.

It was not without feelings of alarm that we beheld this accession to the enemy's strength. Surely they would no longer hesitate to assail our fortress behind the rock? At least our horses would be captured? Besides, Rube's rescue might be too weak for such a force? There were nearly fifty.

Our anxiety as to the first two points was soon at an end. To our astonishment, we perceived that no assault was to be made as yet. We saw them increase the strength of their cordon of sentries, and make other dispositions to carry on the siege. Evidently they regarded us as hunters do the grizzly bear, the lion, or tiger—not to be attacked in our lair. They dreaded the havoc which they well knew would be made by our rifles and revolvers; and they determined

to reduce us by starvation. On no other principle could we account for the cowardly continence of their revenge.

CHAPTER XL.

THE INDIAN SPIRIT.

It was past the hour of midnight. The lightning, that for some time had appeared only at long intervals, now ceased altogether. Its fitful glare gave place to a softer, steadier light, for the moon had arisen, and was climbing up the eastern sky. Cumulus clouds still hung in the heavens, slowly floating across the canopy; but their masses were detached, and the azure firmament was visible through the spaces between. The beautiful planet Venus, and here and there a solitary star, twinkled in these blue voids, or gleamed through the filmy bordering of the clouds; but the chiefs of the constellations alone were visible. The moon's disc was clear and well defined, whiter from contrast with the dark cumuli; and her beam frosted the prairie till the grass looked hoar. There was neither mist nor mirage; the electric fluid had purged the atmosphere of its gases, and the air was cool, limpid, and bracing. Though the moon had passed the full, so brilliant was her beam, that an object could have been distinguished far off upon the plain, whose silvery level extended on all sides to the horizon. The thick black clouds, however, moving silently over the sky, occasioned long intervals of eclipse, during which the prairie, as before, was shrouded in sombre darkness.

Up to this time, Garey and I had remained by the head of the little gorge, through which we had ascended. The moon was behind us, for the guerrilla was on the western side of the mesa. The shadow of the mound was thrown far out upon the plain, and just beyond its well-defined edge was the line of sentinels, thickly posted. On our knees among the low shrubbery, we were unseen by them, while we commanded a perfect view of the whole troop, as they smoked, chattered, shouted, and sang—for they gave such tokens of their jovial humour.

After quietly watching them for some time, Garey left me to take a turn round the summit, and reconnoitre the opposite or eastern side. In that direction lay the rancheria; and if the picket was still stationed there, we might soon expect the rescue. My rangers were not the men to tarry, called forth on such a purpose; and, under Rube's guidance, they would be most likely to make their approach by the rear of the mound. Garey, therefore, went in that direction to make his reconnaissance.

He had not parted from me more than a minute, when a dark object out upon the plain attracted my glance. I fancied it was the figure of a man; it was prostrate and flattened against the ground, just as Old Rube had appeared when making his escape! Surely it was not he? I had but an indistinct view of it, for it was full six hundred yards from the mesa, and directly beyond the line of the guerrilleros. Just then a cloud crossing the moon's disc, shrouded the plain, and the dark object was no more visible.

I kept my eyes fixed on the spot, and waited for the returning light. When the cloud passed, the figure was no longer where I had first noticed it; but nearer to the horsemen I perceived the same object, and in the same attitude as before! It was now within less than two hundred yards of the Mexican line, but a bunch of tufted grass appeared to shelter it from the eyes of the guerrilleros, as none of them gave any sign that it was perceived by them. From my elevated position, the grass did not conceal it. I had a clear view of the figure, and was certain it was the body of a man, and, still more, of a *naked* man, for it glistened under the sheen of the moonlight, as only a naked body would have done.

Up to this time I had fancied, or rather *fared*, it

ight be Rube. I am feared—for I had no wish to see
 ube, upon his return, present himself in that fashion.
 arely he would not come back alone? And why
 ould he be thus playing the spy, since he already
 ew the exact position of our enemy?

The apparition puzzled me, and I was for a while in
 ybt. But the *naked* body reassured me. It could
 t be Rube. The skin was of a dark hue, but so was
 at of the old trapper. Though born white, the sun,
 rt, gunpowder, and grease, with the smoke of many
 prairie-fire, had altered Rube's complexion to the
 ne copper-tint; and in point of colour, he had but
 tle advantage over a full-blood Indian. But Rube
 ould not have been naked; he never doffed his buck-
 skins. Besides, the oily glitter of that body was not
 ube's; his 'hide' would not have shone so under
 the moonlight. No; the prostrate form was not his.

Another cloud cast new shadows; and while these
 ntinued, I saw no more of the skulking figure. As
 the moon again shone forth, I perceived that it was
 me from behind the tuft of grass. I scanned the
 round in the immediate neighbourhood. It was not
 to be seen; but on looking further out, I could just
 istinguish the figure of a man, bent forward and
 rapidly gliding away. I followed it with my eyes until
 it disappeared in the distance, as though it had melted
 into the moonlight.

While gazing over the distant plain in the direction
 whence the figure had retreated, I was startled at
 beholding, not one, but many forms dimly outlined
 upon the prairie edge.

'It was Rube,' thought I; 'and yonder are the
 rangers!'

I strained my eyes to their utmost. They were
 orsemen beyond a doubt; but, to my astonishment,
 instead of being close together, one followed another in
 single file, until a long line was traced against the sky
 like the links of a gigantic chain. Except in the
 arrow defile, or the forest-path, my rangers never
 ode in that fashion. It could not be they?

At this crisis, a new thought came into my mind.
 fore than once in my life had I witnessed a spectacle
 milar to that now under my eyes—more than once
 ad I looked upon it with dread. That serried line
 as an old acquaintance: it was a band of Indian
 rriors on their midnight march—upon the war-
 path!

The actions of the spy were explained: he was an
 ndian runner. The party to whom he belonged was
 bout to approach the mesa—perhaps with the design
 f encamping there—he had been sent forward to
 reconnoitre the ground.

What effect his tale would have, I could not guess.
 I could see that the horsemen were halted—perhaps
 waiting the return of their messenger. They were too
 distant to be seen by the Mexicans; and the minute
 after, they were also invisible to my eyes upon the
 darkly shadowed prairie.

Before communicating with Garey, I resolved to
 wait for another gleam of moonlight, so that I might
 have a more distinct story to tell.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE CABALLADA.

It was nearly a quarter of an hour before the cloud
 moved away; and then, to my surprise, I saw a clump
 of horses—not *horsemen*—upon the prairie, and scarcely
 half a mile distant from the mesa! Not one of them
 was mounted, and, to all appearance, it was a drove
 of wild-horses that had galloped up during the in-
 terval of darkness, and were now standing silent and
 motionless.

I strained my eyes upon the distant prairie, but the
 few horsemen were no longer to be seen. They must
 have ridden off beyond the range of vision?

I was 'about to seek my comrade and communicate
 to him what had passed, when, on rising to my feet, I
 found him standing by my side. He had been all
 around the summit without seeing aught, and had
 returned to satisfy himself that the guerrilla was still
 quiet.

'Hilloo!' he exclaimed, as his eyes fell upon the
caballada. 'What the darnation's yonder? A drove
 o' wild hosses? It's mighty strange them niggers
 don't notice 'em! By the eternal!'

I know not what Garey meant to have said. His
 words were drowned by the wild yell that broke
 simultaneously from the Mexican line; and the next
 moment the whole troop were seen springing to their
 saddles, and putting themselves in motion.

We of course supposed that they had just discovered
 the *caballada* of wild-horses, and it was that that was
 producing this sudden stampede. What was our aston-
 ishment on perceiving that we ourselves were the cause
 of the alarm; for the guerrilleros instead of fronting to
 the plain, rode closer up to the cliff, and screaming
 wildly, fired their carbines at us! Among the rest, we
 could distinguish the great gun of El Zorro, and the
 hiss of its leaden bullet, as it passed close to our ears!

We were puzzled at first to know how they had
 discovered us. A glance explained that the moon had
 risen higher in the heavens, and the shadow cast by
 the mound had been gradually foreshortened. While
 gazing out at the *caballada*, we had incautiously kept
 our feet, and our figures, magnified to gigantic pro-
 portions, were thrown forward upon the plain directly
 under the eyes of our enemies. They had but to look
 up to see us where we stood.

Instantly we knelt down among the bushes, clutching
 our rifles. The surprise occasioned by our appearance
 upon the cliff seemed to have deprived our enemies,
 for the moment, of their habitual prudence, as several
 of them rode boldly within range. Perhaps they
 were some of the late arrivals. In the dark shadow,
 we could not make out their forms; but one had the
 misfortune to be mounted on a white horse, and that
 guided the trapper's aim. I saw him glancing along
 his barrel, and heard the sharp crack, I fancied
 I heard a stifled groan from below, and the next
 moment the white horse was seen galloping out into
 the moonlight, but the rider was no longer upon his
 back.

Another cloud passed over the moon, and the plain
 was again shrouded from our sight. Garey was pro-
 ceeding to reload, when a cry arose amidst the darkness,
 that caused him to pause and listen. The cry was
 again repeated, and then uttered continuously with
 that wild intonation which can alone proceed from the
 throat of the savage. It was not the guerrilla that
 was uttering that cry; it was the yell of the Indian
 warrior.

'Comanche war-hoop!' cried Garey, after listening
 a moment. 'Comanche war-hoop! by the eternal!
 Hooraw! the Injuns are upon 'em!'

Amidst the cries, we could hear the rapid trampling
 of horses, and the ground appeared to vibrate under
 the quick heavy tread. Each moment the strokes
 sounded nearer. The savages were charging the
 guerrilla!

The moon shot forth from the cloud. There was no
 longer a doubt. The wild-horses were mounted; each
 carried an Indian naked to the waist, his painted
 body glaring red in the moonlight, and terrible to
 behold.

By this time the Mexicans had all mounted and
 faced towards the unexpected foe, but with evident
 signs of irresolution in their ranks. They would never
 stand the charge—no, never. So said Garey; and he
 was right.

The savages had advanced within less than a hun-
 dred paces of the Mexican line, when they were

observed to pull suddenly up. It was but a momentary halt—just time enough to enable them to mark the formation of their foes, and send a flight of arrows into their midst. That done, they dashed onward, uttering their wild yells, and brandishing their long spears.

The guerrilleros only waited to discharge their carbines and escopettes; they did not think of reloading. Most of them flung away their guns as soon as they had fired, and the retreat began. The whole troop turned its back upon the enemy, and spurring their horses to a gallop, came sweeping round the base of the mesa in headlong flight.

The Indians, uttering their demoniac yells, followed as fast. They were rendered more furious, that their hated foe was likely to escape them. The latter were indebted to us for having put them upon the alert. But for that circumstance, the Indians would have charged them while dismounted, and far different might have been their fate. Mounted and ready for flight, most of them would probably get clear.

The moment we saw the direction the chase was about to take, Garey and I rushed across the summit to that side. From the brow of the precipice, our view was perfect, and we could see both parties as they passed along its base directly below us. Both were riding in straggling clumps, and scarcely two hundred paces separated the rearmost of the pursued from the headmost of the pursuers. The latter still uttered their war-cry, while the former now rode in silence—their breath bound, and their voices hushed in the deathlike stillness of terror.

All at once a cry arose from the guerrilla—short, quick, and despairing—the voice of some new consternation; at the same moment, the whole troop were seen to pull up.

We looked for the cause of this extraordinary conduct; our eyes and ears both guided us to the explanation. From the opposite direction, and scarcely three hundred yards distant, appeared a band of horsemen coming up at a gallop. They were right in the moon's eye, and we could see glancing arms, and hear loud voices. The hoofs could be heard pounding the prairie, and my companion and I recognised the heavy tread of the American horse. Still more certain were we about that hoarse 'hurrah.' Neither Indian nor Mexican could have uttered that well-known shout.

'Hooraw!—the rangers!' cried Garey, as he echoed the cry at the full pitch of his voice.

The guerrilleros, stupified by surprise at sight of this new enemy, had paused for a moment—no doubt fancying it was another party of Indians. Their halt was of short duration; the dim light favoured them; rifles already played upon their ranks; and suddenly wheeling to the left, they struck out into the open plain.

The Indians, seeing them turn off, leaned into the diagonal line to intercept them; but the rangers, already close up, had just made a similar movement, and savage and Saxon were now obliquing towards each other!

The moon, that for some minutes had been yielding but a faint light, became suddenly eclipsed by a cloud, and the darkness was now greater than ever. Garey and I saw no more of the strife; but we heard the shock of the opposing bands; we heard the war-whoop of the savage mingling with the ranger's vengeful shout; we heard the 'crack, crack, crack' of yäger rifles, and the quick detonations of revolvers—the clashing of sabre-blades upon spear-shafts—the ring of breaking steel—the neighing of steeds—the victor's cry of triumph—and the deep anguished groan of the victim.

With anxious hearts, and nerves excited to their utmost, we stood upon the cliff, and listened to these sounds of dread import.

Not long did they last. The fierce struggle was soon over. When the moon gleamed forth again, the battle was ended. Prostrate forms, both of man and horse, were lying upon the plain.

Far to the south, a dark clump was seen disappearing over the prairie's edge: it was the cowardly guerrilla. To the west, horsemen galloped away, alone, or in straggling groups; but the cheer of triumph that reached us from the scene of strife told us who were the masters of the ground. The rangers had triumphed.

'Whur ur ye, Bill?' cried a voice from the bottom of the cliff, which both of us easily recognised.

'Hyar I be,' answered Garey.

'Wal, we've gin them Injuns goss, I reck'n; but cuss the luck, the yellor-bellies hev got clur off. Wagh!'

FOG-SEAS OF THE MOON.

ON the evening of the 2d of January in the present year, the erratic moon passed, while on her wanderings, between the earth and the planet Jupiter. The planet was wide awake, sparkling with brilliancy at the time; but the movements of Cynthia were so brisk, that he found himself excluded from the benefit of earth-shine before he could turn himself round. In ninety short seconds, his pleasant face was entirely hidden from the friendly observers who were watching it from their stations upon the terrestrial sphere.

Although, upon this occasion, the grave and majestic Olympian star was caught at disadvantage by the nimble luminary of the silver horns, he did not lose his ordinary self-possession; his placid temperament proved to be fully equal to the emergency. Having remained quietly in concealment for about sixty minutes, he glided calmly out from behind the screen which had been interposed between him and his terrestrial friends, and as he did so, adroitly turned the tables upon the moon, by giving a sly hint or two concerning certain secrets which it was her intention to have held in reserve from her curious neighbours here below. The readers of *Chambers's Journal*, trained as they have been to like the bonbons of science, will be glad to hear how the astute Jovian star contrived to retaliate upon the sprightly night-queen, by throwing light upon her obscurities, in return for the temporary obscuration he suffered at her horns.

During the recent occultation of the planet Jupiter, one-half of the civilised territory of the earth was fairly bristling with telescopes turned towards the edge of the moon. An occultation of any of the larger planets is always an occurrence of surpassing interest to astronomers, because the clear, well-defined images which they present in good telescopes, are pictures of such exquisite delicacy, that they afford a very severe test of the condition of the lunar surface as to the presence or absence of gaseous or vaporous investment, when that surface is seen in front of the picture in the act of sweeping before it; the smallest amount of vapour or gas would perceptibly dim and distort the delicately sketched light image contemplated under such circumstances. When it is Jupiter that undergoes occultation, there is also additional interest, because this planet is waited upon by four satellites of considerable brilliancy, which have to pass in succession behind, and out from, the border of the moon; so that there are, as it were, five occultations in one to be observed.

During the recent occultation of Jupiter, a large number of excellent observations were recorded. From

among the trustworthy observers, Messrs W. R. Grove, Dawes, Hartnup, and J. Watson, Dr Mann and Lord Wrottesley agreed in the positive statement that there was no perceptible alteration of the planet's figure, or distortion of outline, while the planetary image was in apparent contact with the moon, and under good optical definition. Mr William Simms and Mr Lassell, on the other hand, described the curved outline of the planet as appearing to be flattened, or bent outwards towards the moon's limb. Mr Lassell's observation, however, affords a suggestion for the ready explanation of this discrepancy. This gentleman noted distortion as the planet went behind the moon, but distinctly states that there was none as it came out from concealment; and further remarks, that the *air was very unsettled*, and vision very unsteady at the commencement, but the definition much more even and satisfactory at the conclusion of the occultation. Mr William Simms also says that the atmosphere at Carshalton, where his observation was made, was very unsteady. In all probability, the distortion of the planet's figure, noticed by these observers, was due to the *unfavourable state of the earth's own atmosphere* at their stations, causing the image of the planet to tremble and undulate while under inspection.

Mr Hartnup and Dr Mann noticed that the line-like segment of the planet's disc was broken up into three or four beads of light, just before it finally disappeared behind the moon. This result was due to small projections of the moon's border then crossing the streak of light in some places, while portions of the streak were still visible at indentations of the lunar edge in others. Mr Hartnup saw the third satellite of the planet *shining in the midst of a large indentation* of this kind for a second or two, and looking as if within the circumference of the lunar face. Professor Challis, employing the great Northumberland refractor at Cambridge, noticed that the moon's dark limb, as it swept in front of the bright planetary surface, was distinctly jagged and zigzagged by valleys and mountain-peaks.

As the planet slipped out from behind the *bright side* of the half-illuminated six-day-old moon, the different characters of the planetary and lunar light were strikingly apparent. The planet's face was about as pale again as the moon's, and seemed to most of the observers watching it to wear, as compared with the moon's aspect, a soft greenish hue. Mr Lassell was of opinion that the planetary faintness was mainly the result of the relatively large brilliant surface the moon presented in such close proximity; he believed that there would not have seemed anything like so marked a difference of intensity, if the planet had been contemplated in contact with a piece of the moon, having dimensions not larger than itself.

But the most interesting fact yet remains to be told. The bright border of the moon at this time crossed the soft green face of the planet, not with a clear sharply cut outline like that which had been presented as the disc passed into concealment; it was fringed by a streak or band of graduated shadow, commencing at the moon's edge as a deep-black line, and being then stippled off outwardly until it dissolved away in the green light of the planet's face. This shade-band was about a tenth part of the planet's disc broad, and of equal breadth from end to end. Mr Lassell described it as offering to his practised eye precisely the same appearance that the obscure ring of Saturn presents to a higher magnifying power, where that appendage crosses in front of the body of the Saturnian sphere.

There could be no mistake concerning the actual existence of this curious and unexpected apparition. It was independently noticed and described by at least six trustworthy observers, and the descriptions of it

given by each of these corresponded with the minutest accuracy. The shadow was seen and described by Mr Lassell, at Liverpool; by the Rev. Professor Challis, at the observatory of Cambridge; by the Rev. W. R. Dawes, at Wateringbury; by Dr Mann and Captain Swinburne, R.N., at Ventnor; and by Mr William Simms, at Carshalton. It therefore only needs that the unusual presence should be accounted for: the handwriting being there, the question remains to be answered: 'Can its interpretation be found?' Can science read the meaning of this shadow-fringe inscription? Are there minds that can fathom, as well as eyes that could catch, this signal-hint thrown out by Jupiter at the instant of its emergence from its forced concealment behind the moon?

It was Mr Dawes's impression on the instant, that the mysterious shadow was simply an optical spectrum—a deep-blue fringe to the light maze caused by the object-glass of his telescope having been accidentally over-corrected for one of the irregularities incident to chromatic refraction. This notion, of course, became altogether untenable so soon as it was known that the same appearance had been noted by other telescopes, in which the same incidental imperfection had no place. All felt that the shadow could not be referred to a regular atmospheric investment of the moon's solid sphere, because under such circumstances the streak should have been always seen when the rim of the moon rested in a similar way across a planetary disc. The sagacious Plinian professor of astronomy at Cambridge, Professor Challis, seems to have been the first to hit upon the true interpretation of the riddle. This indefatigable star-seer has long suspected that the broad dark patches of the lunar surface—the *seas* of the old selenographers—are really shallow basins filled by a sediment of vapour which has settled down into those depressions; in other words, he conceives that there are *fog-seas*, although there are no *water-seas*, in the moon. The general surface and higher projections of the lunar spheroid are altogether uncovered and bare; but vapours and mists have rolled down into the lower regions in sufficient quantity to fill up their basin-like hollows, exactly as water has gravitated into the beds of the terrestrial oceans. The professor, using the high powers of the magnificent telescope furnished to the Cambridge Observatory by the munificence of the late Duke of Northumberland, was able to satisfy himself that the planet actually did come out from behind a widely gaping hollow of the moon's surface—at the bottom of a lunar fog-sea, *seen edgewise*, so to speak. If a shallow basin extended for some distance round the curvature of the lunar spheroid, and if it were filled up with vapour, that vapour would rest at a fixed level, exactly after the manner of a collection of liquid, and such fixed level would be concentric with the general spheroidal curvature of the satellite. Under such an arrangement, there would therefore necessarily be a bulging protuberance of the vapour-surface, through which a remote luminary might be seen, when it rested in the requisite position. This, then, is Professor Challis's understanding of Jupiter's hint. The moon has *fog-seas* upon her surface, and the band of shadow visible upon the face of Jupiter as the planet came out from behind the earth's satellite, was a thin upper slice of one of those fog-seas seen by the favourable accident of the planet's light shining for the instant from beyond. Destiny was, upon this occasion, propitious to the phalanx of terrestrial observers standing so resolutely and patiently to their telescopes, and brought the planet, which had gone into occultation at a spot where there was high and rough ground, out at a point where the moon's limb was smooth, and depressed below the general level. It is, of course, only when occulted luminaries pass behind such depressed localities, that these shade-

bands ought to present themselves, if Professor Challis's shrewd interpretation be a reading of the truth.

THREE CHAPTERS OUT OF MY LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

ASCENT is hard—descent only too easy; in accordance with this truth, our descent of the Dachugschur did not take one-third of the time we had spent in climbing it. Altogether, we were about sixteen hours passing over the mountain; and what with encountering swarms of mosquitoes, wasps, and gadflies during the whole time, we, together with our horses and reindeer, were so thoroughly worn out, that we could not proceed a step. For this reason, we halted as soon as we had reached the foot of the mountain, and looked about for a spot where we might encamp for the night. After unloading the horses, we kindled a fire to drive away the insects, and made tea: just as we were drinking the second cup, my dog, which was loose, came running from the forest, whining and barking that we might understand there was a wild beast somewhere in the neighbourhood. I know not what became of the weariness we had felt until then, or of the heat from which we suffered, or of the hunger and thirst not yet appeased. I took my gun, looked to the priming, saw that the flint was right, seized a knife, and ran off after the dog; my young Cossack and one of the Yakut guides following me. The dog led us a second time to the top of the Dachugschur: when we had reached it, we saw a mass of stone forming a level table, which jutted out half-way up the side of a perpendicular rock; on this stood an animal called a wild-sheep. There were trees some distance apart, up the side of the rock; so by means of them we swung ourselves down from branch to branch, till we were within 600 yards of it, then we all three fired at it together. Had the wild-sheep been killed on the spot where it stood, one of us, with a long staff and a rope in his hand, would have been let down, hunter fashion, by means of another rope, to the projecting rock beneath: there he would have fastened one end of his cord round the horns of the sheep; the other he would have held in his teeth whilst we drew him up again. In the same manner, we should have dragged up the sheep; at least so we intended; but the animal, when hit, rolled on its side, and so slipped over the edge of the rock, falling down a precipice beneath, of which we could scarcely see the bottom; and the noise that its horns made striking the stones as it fell, raised a loud echo amidst the mountain. It was dashed from stone to stone, and scarcely a morsel of the body remained whole by the time it had reached the bottom. Returning to the place where we had halted for the night, I saw a new kind of sport. My dog frightened some nine or ten birds that were on the ground; they flew up, and perched on the low boughs of a young birch. Quick as thought, snap went the lock of my gun; just as I was pulling the trigger, the Yakut guide caught my arm, saying: 'You may spare your powder and shot, for we shall catch these birds with our hands.'

No sooner had he said this than he pulled out his knife and cut a long switch, breaking off all the twigs; then he fastened a hair-noose to the end of it, and went gently up to a bird, holding the noose up before it. The bird stretched out its neck to see what manner of thing this might be; thereupon the guide slipped the noose over its head, and pulled it off the tree. After he had thus taken it and wrung its neck, he did the same to another; and so, one by one, to all; catching them every one with the same noose.

The name of this bird in Yakutisch is karäky. It is larger than the hazel-hen (*Tetrao bonasia*), and smaller than the spotted black-cock, though the

plumage is like that of the latter. In form it is thick, with a short neck; the flavour is like that of black-cock. I have never seen it anywhere except on the way to Udscoi, and even there it is very seldom found. I suppose that predatory birds and four-footed animals, knowing its simple nature, easily make it their prey, and thus it is nearly exterminated.

Every night after we had descended the Dachugschur, and until we reached Udscoi, as soon as we had chosen our quarters, we would go to some bay or inlet of the river, and throw out three hair fishing-nets, which we had brought with us for that purpose. In the morning, perhaps, we found two or three fishes in them, of the kind called charius (*Salmo thymallus*). These were most acceptable, for, without them, we should have had nothing to eat but coarse barley-meal and rancid butter.

In this manner we journeyed on until the middle of summer, by which time we had reached Udscoi. Udscoi stands on the left shore of a river of the name of Ud, and is built in a tolerably large valley lying between the mountains. It is distant about nine kōs from the Sea of Okhotsk. The inhabitants are as follows—a Russian clergyman, a clerk, a Cossack captain over about fifty men, three or four Yakuts, and from three to four hundred Tunguses. Not one of these last has a house or any settled place of abode: they all wander about, summer and winter, following the chase.

As I had been commanded to make myself acquainted with the habits and the mode of hunting pursued by these people, it was necessary that I should inspect the whole country. For this purpose, after resting a while at Udscoi, I set off in a boat with two Cossacks and two guides, for the mouth of the river Ud, which flows into the sea.

Two or three Yurte-Tunguses dwell at the mouth of the Ud; they catch a great many fishes called kütä (a kind of salmon-trout) and seals, and get a great store of train-oil from the whales, of which every year they are sure to kill two or three from thirty-five to forty feet long. These whales are washed up into the mouth of the Ud.

They kill the large seals by shooting them through the head; small ones which are left high and dry by the ebb of the tide, they destroy by blows with a club. Thongs and straps are cut from the seal-skins; that which remains is hung in the smoke to dry, and then made into soles for shoes. The strength and durability of this skin is greater than that of any other animal.

There is great abundance of ducks and geese, and an enormous number of different kinds of sea-fowl. They come flying inland at high-water, and not finding room enough on the small islands, all huddle down one upon the other. I have sometimes killed a score of them at a single shot when they have been flying up again.

I remained four days at the mouth of the Ud, and then returned to Udscoi, taking with me six men. We travelled in two boats which we had hollowed out of poplars. The first day, on account of the violence of the stream, we had to make our way up the river by the help of poles tipped with iron. Rain fell in the evening and during the whole night, so that on the morning of the second day the river overflowed its banks, and extended on either side to the thick woods on the shore. In that neighbourhood the rain falls, at this season, day and night for fifteen or sixteen days; so that if we had tarried on that account, we should have been delayed so long that provisions and strength would have failed us. We therefore resolved to spare no labour in getting on as quickly as possible, and for five days keeping close inshore, we pulled ourselves onwards from tree to tree. At the end of that time, our provisions were gone, our strength was exhausted,

and we were at a distance of three kōs by water, and one and a half by land from Udsokoi.

Our guide assured me that if we went by land, the three or four brooks we should have to cross would prove no great hindrance to our journey through the forest; therefore I got up the next morning at sunrise, took a gun and a hatchet, and set off on foot with a Cossack and the guide, determining to reach Udsokoi that night, and send back provisions to those who were left in the boat. But we were not able to fulfil our intention; for when we had gone about half a kōs from the boat, we came to the first brook, which, rising at some little distance, had flooded the forest with its waters. Whilst we went round in order to cross it at the spring, wading waist-deep in water, we lost half of the day. In the evening, at sunset, we came to a second stream, many kōs in length, which it was impossible to cross in the same manner; so we were obliged to pass the night there in the rain, without any kind of covering. We sent off the guide alone, in a *prahm* we constructed able to hold one person, in order that when he had reached Udsokoi, he might send off a man with a boat to us. At sunset, to our joy, we saw two men approaching with boats. We crossed with them, and reached Udsokoi about midnight, with not a dry thread in our clothes, and having tasted no food for two days. In this way we had travelled in our wet clothes for seven days, and yet not one of us took any harm.

Our second journey from Udsokoi was attended with even more difficulties than this first. It was in the month of September; the nights were beginning to get cold, and all the water of no great depth was frozen. I had gone by water with my Cossack and three guides to a place about ten kōs distant, where an assembly of the Tungouses was to be held, and some dispute settled. I posted back from this place to Udsokoi with reindeer, and the first fall of snow came down on the spot where we halted at night.

When the guides got up the next morning, they could find only one out of our ten reindeer; a wolf had made its appearance in the night, and they were all scattered hither and thither. The three guides set out to find them, but I remained behind with my Cossack. Three days passed, and not one of the guides returned; in the meantime, rain and snow fell without ceasing. We had taken provisions for only six or seven days, and they were almost entirely consumed. The place where we had stopped was covered with water; in a word, our stay there was an intolerable hardship. On the fourth day, the guides returned with six reindeer, which they had had great difficulty in finding; they could not discover any traces of the remainder. Immediately on their arrival, we set to work to thaw our tent, which was covered three fingers thick with ice and snow: this we accomplished with great trouble, and then continued our journey on the same day. On the second day, we reached the border fortress.

After about ten days' preparation, I started on my long journey, taking with me two Cossacks, two guides, and about thirty reindeer. This was the end of September, when all the water is frozen, and the snow falls in great masses.

We travelled south-east to Borukan, distant about fifty kōs from Udsokoi. It is about four kōs from the sea, and three or four days' journey from the mouth of the river Amur, which falls into the sea. From Borukan to the source of the Byraja, is about fifty kōs; the Byraja is about thirty kōs distant from the river Silimdashli; and it is some sixty kōs from the Silimdashli to Udsokoi.

On the first day, we dismounted from our reindeer at a place where we intended halting for the night, having travelled about two kōs. We immediately released the reindeer, and turned them loose, binding a piece of wood as thick as a man's arm, and four or

five feet long, across the necks of those that were not quite tame; so that if on the following morning, when the guides went to catch them, they should run away, this wood knocking against their knees would prevent them from going far.

Next, one of the guides with a long piece of wood pierced the snow until he came to the bottom and found hard ground; then I and my two Cossacks, with the help of shovels which we had brought with us, cleared away the snow. One of the guides split wood into small pieces, to make a fire; and another cut off about thirty boughs, stripped them of the small branches, and dragged them to the place where we had cleared away the snow. Three of these poles were then tied together at one end; the other ends were stuck into the ground far apart, and the remaining poles were placed round these; the whole being thickly covered with reindeer skins, sewn together, so that there was only one small aperture for the smoke to pass through. This cone-shaped *yurte* was then covered with snow, a small opening being left on one side of it, through which, with some trouble and by stooping, you could crawl in and out. We next collected a number of small twigs, spread them thickly inside the *yurte*, and covered them with heaps of skins rolled tightly together. In the middle of the *yurte* we made a fire of split wood, and melted the snow with which we had filled the pot and the tea-kettle.

By the time we had melted the snow, cooked and eaten our tea and supper, and were undressed and asleep, it was midnight. The fire we had kindled, and the burning of the loose soil, produced such thick impenetrable smoke, that it made our eyes smart, so that we could not see, and rendered the interior of the *yurte* quite invisible.

We were awake and up before dawn, digging our clothes out of the snow in which they had been buried to draw out the damp. As soon as we were dressed, we had tea. When it was quite light, the guides took their ropes, and went to catch the reindeer. The manner of doing this is as follows: You take a thin rope about twenty fathoms long, and wind it round your right hand until it is about the size of the small cup out of which the Russians drink tea; both ends of the rope you hold in your left hand, and from a distance of about ten fathoms, you throw the ball over the horns of the reindeer: unless you miss your aim, it darts over them as swift as an arrow, so that it whistles as it cuts the air. As soon as the reindeer feels the rope, it stands quite still; you then pass another rope round its head, and proceed to take its companions in the same manner.

As soon as the reindeer were caught and assembled, we put the packsaddles upon them, and loaded them, so that they were ready to start by sunrise. We had previously stripped the *yurte* of the sewn skins that covered it, and rolled them up, and had packed away the cooking utensils and the cups used on the previous night. We travelled in this manner for seven months, during the whole winter, never sleeping in a warm house for a single night. We halted at three stations, each time for about two days, and we there met some ten *Yurte-Tungouses*.

This broad expanse of about 200 kōs consists of thick woods, rocks, and streams; but you meet with no roads. The Tungouse guides know every river, and every brook even, by name, and they reach the place to which they are going without any difficulty, and without once losing themselves. In many places, the snow falls a full fathom deep; this they break through in their snow-shoes, and lead the unladen reindeer. You have to make your way on foot through a thick impenetrable underwood, which sometimes extends for three or four versts, cutting out a path with your knife. In difficult places like these, it is impossible to traverse more than a kōs a day.

In the middle of winter, we came to the lofty mountain of Byraja. We passed one night at the foot of it; and having laid aside our upper garments for the pull, we reached the heights only as the evening twilight of the following day was ending. Here we met with innumerable difficulties: we had to shovel away the deep snow—frozen hard on the surface—and right before us rose a perpendicular rock. When one man, with immense exertion, had climbed to the top of it, he drew up one of the guides with a rope; all the baggage was then taken off the reindeer, and drawn up separately by ropes, and the reindeer were drawn to the summit. After this, we ourselves ascended by the help of ropes.

The hardship of such a day will never be forgotten. Poor and insufficient food, wind that one could not face, and intolerable cold—all these had oppressed, and now assailed me. In appearance, I did not differ from one of the Tungouses. Wind and the cold in the daytime, and the smoke and heat of the fire at night, had dyed my face a deep yellow; my hair and the shape of my nose were the only signs that remained of my being a civilised Russian.

In climbing the mountain, I had been much heated; so, for want of water, I ate some snow, and this struck the cold into me. Scarcely had we reached our halting-place for the night, when I became very ill. The blood rushed to my head, and my face burned like fire. There was no physician near; and lying there in winter, on the top of a high mountain, in a biting wind, my case was dangerous.

I shall not now speak of the struggle between life and death, nor of the care of my Cossacks and the guides, who pitied me with their whole hearts, watched by me and attended on me, taking care, above all, that the covering should not be thrown off, and the cold reach me, which would have been certain death. In the morning, I fell asleep; at mid-day, when I awoke, I found myself covered with perspiration, as if I had just come out of the water. In the evening, nothing remained of my illness except a headache. Nature had cured me better than any physician. The following morning we continued our journey. At the end of seven months, I had accomplished my business, and returned to Udscoi.

The country through which I travelled is characterised by its impassable roads, fearful forests, insurmountable mountains, and numberless streams. It abounds in animals; namely, the panther, bear, wolf, glutton, lynx, black and red fox, sable, squirrel, hare, otter, elk, wild reindeer, roe, fallow-deer, wild-sheep, musk, wild-boar, ermine, flying squirrel, bats, and all kinds of mice. Then of birds, there are the white stork, swan, duck, goose, crane, black-cock, the hazelhen or gelinotte, the white grouse or ptarmigan, the Russian black duck, the karäky, and the snipe.

I remained in Udscoi for a fortnight, and completed the imperial commission with which I had been intrusted; then, in the month of April, I started for Ykutsk. Travelling at this time of the year is most dangerous. The hungry bear rushes blindly upon the first creature that crosses his path. In April, the ice in the rivers breaks up; at the same time, water pours down from the mountains, and not only broad rivers, but tiny streams which one might have stepped across, overflow their banks, and go foaming and boiling among the thick woods. As you wade through one of these brooks, the water, which at other times barely reaches the body of the reindeer, washes, by the force of the torrent, quite over the saddle.

One day, as I was riding across a river, my reindeer stumbled against a great round stone under water, and fell. In an instant, the water was foaming over my shoulders, and if I had not supported myself with a stick that I had in my hand, and held fast to the saddle, I should have fallen, and the stream would

have carried me away. Had this been the case, no human power, nor speed, nor understanding, could have rescued me. In some places, we had to stand upon the black banks, which are the height of a man, and to push the reindeer, one and all, into the rivers beneath. Whilst they were standing breast-high in water, we dropped down adroitly into the saddles, and so rode over. In this manner, we had to cross about ten streams in the course of a day. At night, you cannot find any place for halting, because the water from the mountains has turned the dry ground into knee-deep mud.

It is of no use to think of building a yurt, or pitching a tent and kindling a fire; so, without even taking the trouble to look for a dry place, you cut two thick boughs, and throw them down; then you spread some young larches over them, and on the top of these you pile all the baggage. The young larch-trees have also to serve for a bed. To kindle a fire in such places, and to make tea and cook food, is a matter requiring great skill, nevertheless necessity compels one to do it.

Thus I journeyed on, till I again reached the banks of the Utchur. After remaining there fourteen or fifteen months, until my business was completed, I returned to Yakutsk, where I arrived at midsummer, having struggled with unheard-of difficulties for a year and a half.

And here the Third Chapter out of my Life must close.

LOVE.

Oh! would I had the wealth of worlds,
The monarch's crown of gold—
And all the gems in secret caves
This wondrous earth doth hold—
The countless pearls that gleam unknown
Beneath the deep blue sea—
Oh! would I had such wealth, that I
Might scorn it all, for thee.

Oh! would I were, in courtly halls,
The bright and shining star—
The glitt'ring magnet, for a world
To gaze on from afar—
That I might scorn the kingly throng,
The world, on bended knee—
All for a simple cottage home,
With nought but love, and thee.

I care not for the golden wealth,
Nor sigh in courts to shine—
I only care, I only sigh
To know thy heart is mine.
Far more to me, than gem, or gold,
Or jewel of the sea,
Would be that simple cottage home,
With nought but love, and thee. V.

TYPE OF A BURMESE VILLAGE.

Select an easy, rolling slope, with knolls and tangled thickets, gently declining from a range of heavily timbered hills. Flank it on either side with interminable jungle, affording secure cover for the various forest-life. In front of all, train a wide, rapid, darkly discoloured stream, abundantly stocked with alligators, water-oxen, and other such fishy game; and fill up your background with teak-forests and remote mountains, with here and there some paddy-fields between, which shall pasture your wild elephants. Cover your ground with creepers, cactuses, canes, and various tropical vegetation in a wilderness of profusion. In among these, plant your native bamboo huts as thickly as you can, and with picturesque freedom of arrangement.—*The Golden Dragon.*

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FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES.

It is said that in former times the dons at Cambridge were singularly punctilious in requiring the ceremony of introduction before they would permit the slightest intercourse between themselves and anybody else. Amongst the many *faciæ* of the university, there is a story current on this subject. A fellow of Trinity was one day walking by the Cam in stormy weather, when he saw a man in the water struggling for his life. The fellow was an excellent swimmer, and his first impulse naturally was to jump in to the rescue. He had one foot already in the air, when he suddenly recollected that the drowning man was an utter stranger. On this he paused, and cried out in an agony of distress: 'What a pity that I never was introduced to that man!'

There are some characteristics essentially British in reference to this same talismanic influence of introduction. You sit by a man at a theatre, or any other public place; you guard jealously against any infringement of your rights on his part, though he may be a Falstaff, and you could creep into an alderman's thumb-ring; you bristle up if he dares to touch upon the space for which you have legally and honestly paid; you look daggers at him if he ventures a whisper in the midst of an interesting scene, and are ready for an open remonstrance if he hums the airs to himself, or beats the devil's tattoo upon the floor. All at once enters a mutual acquaintance, who pronounces but four words—Mr Smith, Mr Jones; Mr Jones, Mr Smith. No abracadabra in the vocabulary could produce a more magical transfiguration. You are seized instantly with a profound desire to administer to all the little comforts which the larger bulk of your fat neighbour requires: you tuck in your coat-tails; you put your neighbour on the other side out of patience by shifting your legs out of the way of your new friend; you listen with patience to all kinds of absurd remarks which he may choose to utter in the very midst of the *dénouement* of the piece; you are willing to assist him in catching the air of the comic song, and would lend him your back to beat his tattoo upon. And all this because a man who, a week ago, may have been to you as entire a stranger as himself, has simply uttered his name before you.

Something of the same kind may be found in a nation of which many of the characteristics are the same as our own—the Dutch. A burgher of the famous suburb of Amsterdam—where, it is said, they sweep out every morning the bed of the canal with a hearth-broom—was once quietly smoking in the back-parlour of his residence, when a rap, much louder than ordinary,

was heard at the door, and an officer entered in the Austrian imperial livery. The new-comer announced that the Emperor Joseph II. was on his way to visit the renowned retreat of the Holland merchants, and as the mansion of mynheer was amongst the most celebrated as a marvel of comfort and cleanliness, he intended to honour its master with a call.

'He will of course bring with him a proper introduction,' observed the burgher.

'It is his imperial majesty the Emperor Joseph II.,' replied the messenger—'the first potentate in Europe; and he is not likely to suppose anything further will be required of him than to announce himself.'

'I know nothing of your emperor,' replied the Dutchman; 'he does not belong to my acquaintance; and if he were even the burgomaster of Amsterdam in person, I would not admit him without a proper presentation.' The Hollander then resumed his pipe, and the emperor was forced to return without a more intimate acquaintance with a Dutch merchant's villa than mere hearsay.

The nations of Latin race know nothing of all this. You may notice an Italian in a public conveyance—on the one side of him is an intimate acquaintance, on the other an utter stranger; and yet he will carry on conversation with both for an hour without your being able to pronounce which is the acquaintance and which the stranger. Since the time-honoured custom of kissing amongst southern nations is gone somewhat out of fashion, there is no outward and visible sign by which any man in those countries evinces that the man he meets is a friend or otherwise. He takes off his hat to the person of whom he asks the way to his hotel; he takes off his hat to his own brother. He is profuse in his expressions of regard to a man whose name he certainly does not know how to spell; and perhaps the chief distinction between his address to the said man and to one of his own relatives is, that it would be warmer and more demonstrative to the former than to the latter. Let any one demand the price of a piece of salmon from a French fishwoman whom he sees for the first time. It is ten to one that when she names the price, she will add: 'For you, monsieur.' This 'pour vous' is one of the commonest phrases in every French mouth. It is naturally applied in cases of long acquaintance; and though not so naturally, yet often with more truth applied to a fresh acquaintance; for the southerner, who admires novelty as he admires every other excitement, will do more for a new-comer than for an old friend.

There is no doubt that all this increases the pleasure of visiting the cities of the south, and has a wonderful effect on first impressions. The cause has

been assigned, in the first place, to the natural temperament of the inhabitants of Southern Europe; and, secondly, to their habit of passing so much of their time in public gardens, cafés, and other places where they are constantly apt to encounter strangers. We do not believe either of these to be the principal cause, and we demur to the first altogether. It is extremely common among foreigners to hear people talk of the English temperament as if it were a thing fixed and undeviating. Now, we will answer for it, that out of twenty Englishmen taken at random, you will find every extreme of temperament—the most passionate with the most calm, the most frank with the most reserved, the most careless and sociable with the most nervous and retiring. The great success of our countrymen all over the world is in great part owing to the diversity of temperament, whereby the proper man is, sooner or later, sure to be forthcoming for every exigency. The fact may be owing to our descent from so great a variety of races. Assuming it to be a truth, we altogether deny that any national characteristics of our own country, in respect of manners, are due to temperament. It may in truth be asserted, that the nation which possesses the greatest variety of temperament, presents at the same time the most uniform and decided system of manners.

The principal cause of the difference of the bearing towards strangers in our own country, and in those of Southern Europe, is the different meaning we attach to an acquaintance. An acquaintance in France or Italy means a man whose name you know, and to whom you speak when you meet him. The chances of getting further than this are so remote, that they have no more influence on the proceeding than the idea with an Englishman that a new friend may one day turn out a son-in-law. In England, on the contrary, when a man makes an acquaintance, the idea of its ripening into something like friendship is generally present to his view. In France, however small may be a man's income, he invariably counts among his expenses a given sum for pleasure; just as we should for any ordinary necessary of life. He would stare if you were to hint that he might leave out this item upon an emergency. But, even where the fortune is large, a Frenchman, when he takes an apartment, rarely dreams of having a spare room attached to it. Here, on the contrary, a man seldom reckons pleasure amongst the absolute necessities of his expenditure; but then, when he takes a house, he likes to have a spare bed in it. Then the lurking idea in the mind of the one is to spend his time of recreation with acquaintances, and in that of the other, with friends.

There are other reproaches besides that of stiffness in our intercourse with strangers, which are made against us from the same cause. If the freedom of Englishmen is spoken of on the continent, the reply almost invariably is, that if we are not slaves to our kings, we are slaves to our customs, and that the tyranny of etiquette is just as bad as any other. We should be sorry to have to count the number of times in which we have heard the English rule, that a man is not to salute a lady in the street till she has first set the example, cited as an instance of British social slavery. But the fact is, that a salutation on the continent means taking the hat off, and nothing else. With us, it means a great deal more, and would give liberties to persons who may chance to obtain a mere ball-room introduction, which, in our peculiar social position, might lead to very unpleasant results. In all nations, peculiarities, when once explained, mean very little. It is the commonest, but one of the gravest of mistakes, to judge a nation by its peculiarities.

There is much that is graceful, no doubt, in the French mode of understanding acquaintanceship. If one riding party of pleasure in the Pyrenees, for instance, meets another, the two parties instantly

salute. This is in itself gracious, and means in addition, that if there is any small service that the one party can render to the other, it will be cheerfully given. France is, in truth, the land of small services. With us, there is always the idea present, that such an act might be construed into something further. Our outward manners suffer in consequence, and something more perhaps, as in many instances small services may be avoided, under the impression that if they were given, larger might be required. The southern nations have no such fear, for, with them, great services are as rare as small ones are common. It is on this that the essential differences between the manners of the south and of the north of Europe are mainly founded.

The external grace of manner is as apparent amongst the French in the more difficult task of bowing strangers out as of ushering them in. The famous president, D'Harlay, was a master of the art. The supreme felicity with which he shewed unwelcome visitors the way to the door—the graceful expressions by which he accompanied each step in advance, till they had reached it, and the exquisite bow with which he closed it upon them, formed an artistic *ensemble* which could almost aspire to the name of genius. Even at the present day, the art of bowing out is an essential part of the education of a man of fashion on the continent. It is an art of which the Englishman has not the least idea: he ordinarily endures the infliction till he loses the patience necessary for the practical exercise of the feat, even if he knew how to perform it theoretically, and even this last useless point is one which he very seldom attains. Madame de Genlis somewhere gives an illustration of the difference of conduct of a French and an English exquisite under difficulties. She, in the first instance, cites the known story of Brummell, who revenged the affronts he had received from the prince-regent, by remarking in his hearing that he had grown as fat as a pig: such, at least, is her version of the story. On the other hand, Louis XV. once amused himself by asking one of his courtiers several times a day how old he was. The dandy repeated some twenty or thirty times that he was forty-five, till at last he lost patience, and told the king that he was forty-six. 'How so?' said the king: 'you told me an hour ago that you were forty-five?' 'That is true, sire; but I was afraid that your majesty would be tired by constantly hearing the same thing.' Goldsmith gives a similar illustration in one of his essays. A Frenchman and an Englishman, during a storm, offer each his cloak to a mutual friend. The Englishman entreats his friend to take the cloak, because, he says, it is not of the smallest use to himself—he would much rather be without it. The Frenchman, on the other hand, does not dissemble the utility of his cloak; in fact, he would not think of offering it to any one except to so dear a friend as his present companion. The tact by which the person present is made to suppose himself favoured above every one else, belongs almost exclusively to the Latin race. A French shopman, in making a bargain, invariably tells you that he offers you the wares at so low a price on account of his personal esteem for you; and this he does in a way that seldom fails to flatter you, notwithstanding the glaring falsity of the notion. If an Englishman were to do the same thing, he would do it in a way which would either disgust you, or cause you to laugh in his face.

The extreme to which this kind of compliment can be carried was reached by the Frenchman, who, when some one trod on his toes, and expressed his hopes that he had not hurt him, replied: 'Au contraire, monsieur.' A similar story is told of an Italian courtier who, when the grand-duke accidentally kicked one of his shins, presented the other with a '*mi fa piacere*.'

The innate love of truth which belongs to the

tonic character, and which has probably descended from the Scythians, is an insuperable barrier to the natives among us of this kind of politeness. Even our earnestness is often nothing more than truth run to seed. No race in the world ever lied with so bad a grace as the British. In nine cases out of ten, an Englishman, when he lies, betrays himself by the *gaucherie* of his manner of doing it. It is the same thing in little as in great things; we can neither carry on a plot by the means of secret societies, nor keep a friend out of our houses by expressions of love and good-will. Even an English farce, when it turns upon deceptions, is sure to be a bad one. When a British statesman tries his and at a piece of political humbug, there is not a stump-orator who is not able to expose it the next day.

Thus it is that our excuses, as well as our offers of service, get their gloss washed out in this damp island of ours. The glitter of the national costume suffers, no doubt. Butler has declared that there is great pleasure in being cheated; and if any cheat is pleasant, surely it is that of being cheated into the belief that all the world has a peculiar respect for your own individual self. It is true that as gloss is seldom used to cover a good article, there may be some reason alleged in favour of our own linsay-woolsey. It is not always pleasant to look at, but it bears rough weather.

We must, in some respects, defend the lower classes of the country from the imputation of ill-manners, so constantly levelled against them. Now, let any one who will venture upon such an attempt, or confess that he has ventured upon it, travel in a third-class carriage by an excursion-train. It is at any time worth the while of a student of English manners to make the experiment. Three-fourths of the party will probably consist of women and children, so that you must forget the quiet Birchin Lane clerk or country bookkeeper, who has ensconced himself in the corner. One of the noisier sex is taking a little child to the air for a few days' health; another has got a chubby-faced daughter about to see her grandmother for the first time; a third is going down to her sweetheart; almost the whole, in fact, are bent on some errand, either of hope or pleasure. As they tumble in, one after another, each laden with a most incongruous assemblage of packages, parcels, and bandboxes, they find half-a-dozen red hands stretched out to prevent their breaking their shins against the iron top, or rolling one of their misshapen boxes under the carriages. The elder ladies infallibly stick in the doorway, in a manner so ingeniously complex, that

would appear next to impossible for them to be extricated without an alarming sacrifice of personal property. However, they are used to sticking in doorways; and a series of evolutions, somewhat analogous to the bottle-trick of the conjuror, lands them to the inside of the vehicle, after crumpling up the member of one of their neighbours, and knocking a jaw of another under foot—things which the neighbours aforesaid take with such exemplary good-nature, that they seem actually to realise the Italian *fa piacere* without saying it. The first act of the newcomer is to fasten her little boy upon somebody's knee, and her baggage upon the first vacant seat, utterly regardless of the certainty that the said seat will be claimed in a few seconds by a fresh influx of visitors. The influx arrives, and the baggage has to be thrust into the holes and corners of the carriage; whereupon commences a universal shuffling of feet, tugging of elbows, and crumpling up of knees, consequent on the spasmodic attempts of the company to tuck twice as many articles under the seat as the floor will hold; and after the necessary failure of the attempt, they strew the floor with a miscellany of small bags and packages, till it resembles nothing so much as the floor of an ammunition tent after a lost

battle. All this, however, is done with the most perfect good-humour and absence of assumption or selfishness. It serves admirably for mutual introduction; the semi-destruction of a bonnet will make a friend for the journey, and a torn shawl would seem almost enough to create a friendship for life. Five minutes after the carriage is full, and the occupants shaken down, every one has picked out a friend, and the whole assembly is in high talk; and in half an hour, the history of the entire party—the object of the journey of each—what are their occupations and their peculiar tastes and talents—are as well known as if Momus had succeeded in his suggestion, that the next batch of mortals should be created with glass windows to their bosoms.

The contrast is certainly striking if you get to the aristocratic regions of a first-class carriage, more especially if it happens to be occupied by ladies; for frequently the behaviour of these to one another is marked by a stiff assertion of rights which amounts to downright incivility; and it is very seldom indeed that it unbends to anything like frankness or good-will. In this respect, the English traveller is a striking contrast to the continental: abroad, the most extreme civility and readiness to oblige is found in every department. In the lowest class, for good-humour and joviality, the advantage is, without doubt, according to our experience, on the side of the English, who are as cordial to their new associates as the continentals, and more true and open.

It is true that travellers by third-class in England, and almost all classes of foreigners, are in pursuit of pleasure; while in the superior classes in England, every second person, probably, is bound on some disagreeable errand. This makes an enormous difference in their several humours, and is a consideration which ought not to be confined to railway travelling. It is said that of seven persons who pass through Fleet Street, four are going into the city to get money, and three are coming back without it. On the Boulevards at Paris, out of twenty persons, nineteen are in pursuit of pleasure, and the twentieth thinks that he has found it. This ought to enter for no small part into all comparisons of national manners. Even when the Frenchman is on a business errand, he probably has managed so to mix it up with chances and expectations, as to gratify that intense hankering after excitement which is the characteristic of the nation. A Frenchman may carry on business out of necessity, but he never loves it except for the excitement which it may bring him. An Englishman, on the contrary, loves it for its own sake. Hence the demeanour of the one will naturally offer every possible contrast to that of the other; and there is no necessity for going back into national temperaments to find out the cause.

It is thus that the difference between the manners of the north and the south of Europe depends upon the habits rather than upon the temperament of the people. It is habit rather than temperament which with us causes an acquaintanceship to be a serious matter, while it is a mere matter of course with the southern nations. It is certainly not temperament which causes us to look upon business as a plain straightforward thing, with which the individual managing it is alone concerned—not as a medium of excitement and distraction, to be transacted in the midst of a crowd, with all the noise and animation of the habits of the south—habits which, whether conducive to success or not, are unquestionably conducive to the facilities of mutual intercourse. We know nothing more likely to frighten a timid traveller than the thundering noise which bursts at once from the fifty throats of as many continental *boursiers* the moment the clock of the town-hall has done striking twelve. It is, in short, to the different aspect under which our duties, both towards strangers and towards

society, present themselves, that our bearing towards strangers is due. In this respect, it is with our manners as with our houses—the dinginess is without, the comfort and hospitality within.

A LADRONE ADVENTURE IN THE CANTON RIVER.

OFTEN has our youthful imagination gloated over the daring deeds and hairbreadth escapes of bandits and pirates, traced in glowing colours by the pen of the poet or the novelist. Fascinated by the halo of romance thrown around their career, the deeds of freebooters rose up before us as the achievements of the purest heroism—their failure or fall, as an unmitigated evil—the more to be deplored on account of the nobility of the victim. These ideas, however, have been thoroughly dispelled. Practical experience has broken the coloured glass through which the deeds and the men were seen; and pirates on the seas, robbers on the highway, banditti among romantic mountains, and others of a similar class, now stand much on a level with housebreakers, pickpockets, and garotters at home. For the benefit of those readers whose imaginations are still spell-bound in the toils of romance, we propose to narrate the incident which first opened our eyes wide enough to see these things in their true light.

It was on a dull day in October 1852, that four of us—namely, our three friends, Jackson, Whympier, Lee, and ourselves, who am Jones, at your service—made up a party for an excursion from Canton down the river. Two of the party were on business, and of course they paid expenses. The others were glad to accept of the two remaining berths in the fast boat, in order to enjoy a couple of days' relaxation from the dull routine of business-life in Canton. We each carried a double-barrelled fowling-piece, as snipe and other wild-fowl were to be found down the river, and we anticipated that our leisurely sail might be enlivened with good sport. As for personal danger, that was out of the question. Occasional murders, it is true, had been committed on foreigners by the native fishermen down the river, but these were rare; and nobody had ever heard of an attack when more than a couple of Englishmen or Americans had to be met. A fast boat, which was to be our means of conveyance, is a large decked boat, with a house or cabin half sunk in the deck. At each end of the cabin there is a door, which leads up by two or three steps to the level of the deck, and inside there are two beds or berths, ranged on each side, and a dining-table in the centre. Besides this cabin, there is another in the forepart of the vessel, entirely below deck, in which the Chinese crew, who man the boat, find narrow quarters. We also provided ourselves with a pair of punts, each capable of carrying two people, which are useful in landing, crossing creeks, and other coast-service.

Late in the afternoon, we dropped gently down the river, now and again trying our fortune on some unhappy victim, whose flight brought it within reach. The sky was dull, and threatened rain. A dinner, as comfortable as could be enjoyed on board a fast boat, and a social evening passed rapidly away, and we turned in for the night. Next morning, we found ourselves at our destination—the Bogue Forts—where Jackson and Lee had business to transact, which occupied them during the greater part of the day; while Whympier and ourselves found what sport we could. Towards evening, we anchored off Tiger Island, to await the turning of the tide, and a favourable wind, to carry us back to Canton. As night drew on, it became intensely dark and cold, and we were fain to shut out the chill air, by closing both doors and windows all round the cabin. We were thus

seated enjoying some of Jackson's famous Burgundy, when we were startled by a sudden shock, as if some other boat had come into collision with ours, and the next moment we heard the report of a fire-pot,* which exploded on the forepart of our deck. We had heard no alarm from our crew, but the truth at once flashed across our minds that we were boarded by a gang of Chinese pirates, and should have to fight for our lives. Whympier, who sat nearest the door leading to the front-deck, immediately jumped out to reconnoitre; but he had no sooner shewn his head above board than he was assailed by half-a-dozen fire-pots, thrown by as many men, who had scrambled over the stern of our boat, and who were followed by as many more. In a moment, he was back in the cabin for his gun; but he had looked long enough to see, by the light of the missiles which had been thrown at him, that our assailants numbered from thirty to forty men, and that they had lashed their boat at right angles across the stern of ours, in the evident expectation that we should be a certain if not an easy prize.

Whympier was again on deck, and had his attention at once arrested by a stout fellow who was coming over the cabin roof, within six yards of where he stood. The pirate held a lighted fire-pot in his hand ready to discharge, which revealed the dim outline of his figure as he advanced; and Whympier, who was now joined by Lee and ourselves, took aim and fired. Owing to the dampness of the powder, the piece missed fire, and the Chinese was within three paces of where we stood, with his arm uplifted to launch his abominable missile, when the second barrel fortunately did its duty, and the man fell heavily on the cabin roof. Five or six men, each with a lighted fire-pot, were now advancing over the cabin roof, while many more were tumbling over the stern into our boat. One, two, three of our pieces were fired in rapid succession among them; each brought down its man, and effected a momentary check; but we only now discovered that in our hurry to face our antagonists, we had omitted to furnish ourselves with ammunition beyond what our artillery was charged with. We had, therefore, to make a hasty expedition into the cabin for our flasks and shot-pouches, and there found, to our dismay, that several fire-pots had been thrown into it and exploded, and were now showering sparks in all directions, and emitting their odorous smoke in volumes. Fortunately, the berths had previously been prepared for immediate occupation; and the woollen coverlets spread over them, protected the wooden frames from the burning sparks, or we should probably have had our citadel burned under our feet. In the midst of this smoke and fire, we groped our way to the further end of the cabin, where our supply of ammunition was deposited, and there a spear-thrust, aimed at Jackson, made us aware that the door at that end had been burst open, and thus exposed us to the danger of a double attack. Jackson was accordingly deputed to defend this point, and, as we afterwards found, he received a very severe burn on the back of his hand in the discharge of this duty. Having furnished ourselves with fresh supplies, which we carried through the cabin with the agreeable idea that a single unlucky spark might send us through the roof, we regained our first position on the front-deck, and were immediately greeted with a perfect shower of fire-pots, shot, and spears. These, with the help of a little dodging, we fortunately escaped, the only effect being the lodgment of a spear-head in the stock of the gun

* A fire-pot, or, as it is more commonly called, a stink-pot, is a small earthenware pipkin, filled with powder and other combustibles: it is lighted by means of a match, and then thrown with the hand. When it falls, it breaks, and emits a shower of sparks, which burn fiercely; these are followed by a dense smoke, and that again by an intolerable and suffocating stench, from which the missile takes its disagreeable name.

we carried; but we found the odds fearfully increased, and the rascals, taking courage from the temporary all in our fire, were coming in numbers over the cabin roof to attack us. If they should get near enough to grapple, our lives were not worth an hour's purchase, and, even as it was, the chances seemed tremendously against us; but we knew well that surrender was as hopeless as defeat, and our British blood boiled at the bare idea of succumbing to a crew of Chinese *ladrones*. It only remained, therefore, to fight it out; and with redoubled energy we poured upon them round after round in quick succession, with as much precision as the fitful glare of their fire-pots would allow. The short screams and heavy falls which followed each discharge informed us that our practice was not without effect; and after ten or fifteen minutes of uninterrupted firing, a partial clearance was effected of the roof of the cabin.

At this juncture, and ere we had yet ventured to breathe freely, we observed a man on board the *ladrone* boat passing a lantern forward to a group of five or six others, who stood in the bow, and whose figures were momentarily shewn in dim relief by the light thus thrown on them. In an instant, Lee's Joe Manton was at his shoulder, and the next moment a piercing scream from the direction where the light had appeared, made it evident that the shot had told. Whether it was their leader or some other person of consequence that Lee had brought down, we never could ascertain; but within half a minute after the shriek which announced his fall, our cabin roof was clear of intruders, and the whole crew of pirates were in full retreat, bearing with them those of their dead and wounded, whom, in their haste, they could conveniently pick up. We then for the first time relaxed our fire, as we had no desire for unnecessary carnage; but their loss had already been severe, amounting, as we afterwards learned, to seven or eight killed, besides several wounded, of whom we could get no exact account. As soon as they were all once more on board their own boat, they pushed off, exclaiming in their own language, that they would come back ere long, and murder the whole of us. They then dropped down the river, and anchored beside two other large boats, about 400 yards off, which had been lying there for some time, and which, as they never either attempted to render us assistance, or even to raise an alarm, we naturally took for accomplices, the crews of which had been drafted out of them to increase the attacking force. The pirates were no sooner out of the way, than our discreet Chinese crew began slowly to emerge from the hatchway of the fore-cabin, where they had concealed themselves the moment they saw the approach of danger, leaving us unaided to defend their boat from plunder. Of the three native boys whom we had with us, one jumped overboard in terror at the very first alarm, another crept down to the forehold beside the crew, and the remaining one, who, by the way, was Lee's servant, alone behaved like a trump, handing charges when required, loading a spare gun, and performing other little pieces of service which considerably facilitated our operations.

The threat uttered by the *ladrones* as they retired might or might not be a mere bravado; but it seemed not at all unlikely that there might be a sufficient number of reserved men in the two other boats to form a powerful reinforcement; and we were therefore rather disinclined to await a renewal of the fray. The tide, however, had not yet turned; the wind was not in our favour; and the idea of rowing a fast boat against wind, stream, and tide, was out of the question. We had the punts, no doubt, but they carried only two in each, and, including the servants, there were six people required to be accommodated. A council of war was held, and after brief deliberation, we concluded, as there was no other available means of escape, at all

hazards to take to the punts. These were accordingly rigged out; and Jackson and Lee took the one, while Whymper and ourselves occupied the other, each boat carrying besides one of the servants. The little vessels were loaded to the water's edge; the night was extremely dark; and the nearest point at which we could hope to find a friend who would receive us, was at Whampoa, a distance of twenty-five miles. Add to this the possibility, if not the probability, of pursuit by the exasperated pirates, which, had they overtaken us, in our present circumstances, would have been certain death, and some idea may be formed of the misery of our position. It was of consequence that our movements should be rapid, and we accordingly plied our strength to make the diminutive crafts fly through the water, while one in each boat strained his eyes to catch the first indications of approaching danger. We rowed thus for upwards of six hours, and arrived at Whampoa about three o'clock in the morning, when we at once made our way to the house of Mr Ward, an old friend of Lee's, who, he assured us, would accord us a hearty welcome. Our appearance was far from prepossessing—our faces begrimed with smoke and powder, our eyebrows and whiskers scorched partially off, our clothes burned in many places, and our hands sooty and smeared with blood; but the worthy old gentleman was no sooner sufficiently awake to understand our tale, than he all but embraced us, in his overwhelming expressions of sympathy. He rung up the servants to prepare hot coffee, spread a groaning table for our midnight tiffin; and after having again heard the particulars of our adventure, and taxed his ingenuity to find words strong enough to express his surprise and admiration, he ushered us to our couches, where we dreamed of Burgundy and fire-pots, snipe-shooting and deck-fighting, sinking punts and hospitable old gentlemen, till pretty far on in the next morning.

As soon as our late breakfast was concluded, our excellent host kindly furnished us with his own boat, and a crew to take us up to Canton, a distance of five miles, which we easily accomplished in an hour. The first object which met our eyes, on approaching the wharf, was the identical fast boat in which we had gone down the river, and which the crew had been able to get under-way within a couple of hours after we left it. Some of us were pretty well known in Canton, indeed any one who resides in Canton for a month cannot but become known to almost every member of the small English community who inhabit what are called the *Factories*; and when it became public that our fast boat had come back without us, and that it was stained with large quantities of blood, the greatest uneasiness had prevailed. The crew of the boat were questioned, but they could only tell of the fight on board, and that we had left them in the punts. We might have been drowned or murdered after that. As we drew near the wharf, we observed one or two groups of anxious-looking faces, and some excitement of demeanour; but we were no sooner observed approaching the landing, than three hearty cheers announced our welcome, and a dozen hands were held out in congratulation. We then learned also, that by an order from the consulate, to which office two of our party belonged, a government steamer was at that moment getting up steam, to proceed down the river in search of us, as there appeared sufficient ground to suspect that there had been foul play on the part of the natives. The steamer was detained till next day, when the true state of the case being known, and necessary particulars being furnished, it was despatched with a view, if possible, to apprehend some of the pirates, or obtain information as to their whereabouts; but after an absence of two days, it returned without success.

It would be too long to tell how we triumphed as

the lions of the Factories for at least a fortnight, till the whole thing had become stale, and we were ourselves tired of being fêted. After that, we settled down again into our old business routine; and we can assure the gentle reader that our brain was never more troubled with romantic dreams of gaily dressed corsairs, a thrust from whose rapier, or a ball from whose pistol, we had fancied must be rather pleasant than otherwise, and whose life bore a charm wherever they went. *Experientia docet*—but the proverb is somewhat rusty.

SCIENCE VERSUS POETRY.

POETRY has been well defined as

Truth severe in fairy fiction dressed;

for the office of the poet is to hold the mirror up to nature, and, like the painter, give a faithful reflection of whatever he may deem worthy of delineation; whether he reflects the truth of nature direct on the imagination of his reader, or the truth merely as it affects his own feelings and sentiments. Poetry, thus requiring exact accuracy of description, with great variety of embellishment, imperatively demands a correlative amount of knowledge in the poet. Indeed the word muse, as applied to poetical composition, is derived from a Greek phrase signifying to inquire; and as inquiry is the source or parent of all knowledge, the ancients considered the peculiar attribute of the presiding genius of poetry to be a knowledge of all things animate and inanimate, intellectual and corporeal. In every clime, and among every people, the poets were the first historians; and even laws, oracles, moral precepts, and religious rites, were in the earlier ages clothed in verse divine. Then poetry and science were one and the same; now they are at least twin-sisters; and though the onward strides of science are long and rapid, poetry may not, cannot lag behind—the two must ever keep pace, and walk hand in hand together. For, however difficult it may be to assign the definite limits of poetic licence, yet, whenever the poet, overstepping the modesty of nature, illustrates his verses with images founded on unnatural, or, which is the same thing, unscientific conclusions, the pleasure derivable from the poetry is marred by the incongruous associations and distorted fancies presented to our minds. The long muster-roll of qualifications requisite to constitute a poet, as detailed by Imlac to Rasselas, were probably never possessed by any human being; yet such is the inspiration of the art, that few aggressions against natural science are found among many volumes of immortal verse. Of these few, our object is to notice some, if not altogether for the instruction, may we hope for the amusement of the reader.

Hamlet argumentatively says: 'If the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,' and proceeds to draw an inference from his postulate, without in the slightest degree questioning its accuracy. That the sun had such a creative power, and the corruption of animal matter spontaneously produced insects, was the general opinion in the time of Shakspeare; and, in fact, a belief in what naturalists now term equivocal generation, is as ancient as the Augustan era of old Rome, when Virgil, for the benefit of husbandmen, minutely described the whole process of spontaneously producing a swarm of bees. A steer of two years old having first been killed, the poet, as translated by Dryden, thus proceeds:

They leave the beast, but first sweet flowers are strewed
Beneath his body, broken boughs, and thyme,
And pleasing cassia just renewed in prime.
This must be done ere spring makes equal day,
When western winds on curling waters play:
Ere painted meads produce their flowery crops,
Or swallows twitter on the chimney-tops.

The tainted blood, in this close prison pent,
Begins to boil, and through the bones ferment;
Then, wondrous to behold, new creatures rise,
A moving mass at first, and short of thighs;
Till shooting out with legs, and impeded with wings,
The grubs proceed to bees with pointed stings,
And more and more affecting air, they try
Their tender pinions, and begin to fly.

In all probability, Virgil was deceived by the very great natural resemblance existing between the bee and the *syrrhus*, a species of blow-fly; and though his contemporaries had full faith in the infallibility of his directions, it would be difficult to find any one, at the present day, so ignorant as to believe that insects could be produced in a foreign body, except from eggs previously deposited.

Among all the manifold marvels of nature, nothing is more wonderful than the varied changes insects undergo during their short existence. In the moth tribe, to which we more particularly wish to refer, the egg, deposited in a suitable locality, is in course of time hatched into a crawling, many-legged caterpillar. In this state, it eats voraciously, and casts its skin several times. Having arrived at its full growth as a caterpillar, it casts its skin for the last time, becoming a nymph or chrysalis, an oviform mass without external mouth, eyes, or limbs; and in deathlike torpor awaits its final transformation, when, bursting its cell, it flies forth a beautiful and perfect insect, to propagate its kind, and die in a few days, perhaps hours. This mysterious series of progressive perfectibility has frequently afforded both poet and philosopher a fine emblem of the immortality of the soul; but in the following lines the poet, reversing the real order of nature, erroneously describes the perfect moth as assuming the imperfect state of the nymph:

Thus the gay moth, by sun and vernal gales,
Called forth to wander o'er the dewy vales,
From flower to flower, from sweet to sweet, will stray,
Till tired and satiate with her food and play,
Deep in the shades she builds her peaceful nest,
In loved seclusion pleased at length to rest:
There folds the wings that erst so widely bore,
Becomes a household nymph, and seeks to range no more.

Darwin commits a somewhat similar error, when alluding to the 'old grub, time out of mind the fairies' coachmaker.'

So sleeps in silence the curculio, shut
In the dark chamber of the caverned nut;
Erodes with ivory beak the vaulted shell,
And quits on filmy wings its narrow cell.

Now, the curculio or weevil passes its larva state of existence only in the nut, and having eaten its way out, falls to the ground, where it becomes a chrysalis; and then undergoing its last change, acquires its 'filmy wings' in the earth, and not, as Darwin has it, in 'the vaulted shell.'

Few but have witnessed, in autumnal mornings, the filmy threads termed gossamer, which in some localities are so plentiful as to carpet the earth and clothe the hedges in their shining dew-be sprinkled folds. It is now well known that this substance is the work of two species of spider, though naturalists are not as yet agreed with respect to the exact mode of its production. Our ancestors, however, held that gossamer was dew scorched by the sun. Spenser speaks of

The fine nets which oft we woven see
Of scorched dew;

and another poet thus alludes to the same phenomenon

As light and thin as cobwebs that do fly
In the blue air, caused by the autumnal sun,
That boils the dew that on the earth doth lie.

In an old romance, at one time the book of its season,

but now completely forgotten, named *Mandeville*, the author describes a ruined castle inhabited by owls and bitterns. Now, though the bittern has been mentioned even in Scripture as the emblem of desolation, it is not the desolation of a ruined castle, but of some wild upland marsh, far from the dwellings of man, irreclaimable by his energies, and incapable of affording sustenance to the animals he domesticates. There the bittern abides in dreary solitude; and in the still nights of spring, ascending by a spiral flight to a great altitude, he serenades his mate, engaged in the maternal duties of the nest below: and it is a most extraordinary serenade. Let the reader fancy a burst of uncouth fiendish laughter, gratingly, piercingly loud, as if the bellow of a bull were mingled with the neigh of a horse, and he will have a faint idea of the wild boom of the bittern—as wild as the desert morass over which it resounds. As the bird booms, the listener really fancies that the unstable quagmire beneath his feet is shaken by the noise; and this circumstance may be accounted for by the general affection of the sentient system caused by the rude jar upon the ear, a feeling experienced with other harsh grating sounds. From a very early period, however, the popular notion has been that the bittern boomed by plunging his bill in the muddy marsh; and Thomson has not only adopted this absurd idea, but also ascribed the season of booming to an earlier part of the year than when it actually takes place:

As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
And winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving alets
Deform the day delightless—so that scarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill engulfed,
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
The plovers, when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

In the *Lady of the Lake*, a fine description of the solitary desolation of an ancient battle-field is sadly deteriorated by a simple error regarding the natural habit of a well-known bird:

The knot-grass fettered there the hand
Which once could burst an iron band;
Beneath the broad and ample bone,
That bucklered heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The fieldfare, framed her lowly nest.

The fieldfare is truly a timorous guest, but it is a winter one. It never frames a nest in this country; and if it did remain with us during the summer, it would, like all the rest of its tribe, build in a tree, and not on the ground. Milton, in his *Lycidas*, in verses of singular elegance, almost offends our sensibilities by enumerating as 'vernal flowers' many which are the production of summer and early autumn:

Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white-pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
The cowslip wan that hangs the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.

The sense of hearing in the mole is well known to be most exquisite, and Shakespeare ably alludes to the

fact; but he is in error with respect to the animal being blind:

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a footfall.

The mole has eyes, and though a limited power of vision might seem sufficient for such a 'dweller in the dark,' it can see better than is generally imagined. After all, we can scarcely blame the great poet for merely repeating a very common error of his period; while, on the other hand, he declares that crickets can hear—a fact which was denied by entomologists down almost to the present day:

I will tell it softly, young crickets shall not hear me.

It was Brunelli, an Italian naturalist, who first proved that insects had a sense of hearing, by experimenting with crickets. He shut up several of these noisy, but not altogether unharmonious insects in an apartment where they would chirp all day, if he did not alarm them by knocking on the door; and at last he learned to imitate their chirp so well, that they regularly replied to him. Moreover, he confined a male cricket on one side of his garden, placing a female on the other, but at liberty; and as soon as the lady-cricket heard the merry chirp of her imprisoned beau, she made the best of her way to comfort and solace him.

It would be hypercritical to find fault with Shakespeare in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, where he makes Titania tell her fairy attendants to be kind and courteous to Bottom, and to

Feed him with apriocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey bags steal from the humble bees,
And for night tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glowworm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise.

In reality, the light of the glowworm is not in the head, but at the opposite extremity of its body. But Moore is certainly open to censure where one of his angels talks of

the light
The glowworm hangs out to allure
Her mate to her green bower at night.

For both the winged male, as well as wingless females, and even their larvæ, also possess the light; and the best entomologists admit that they cannot satisfactorily explain the cause or object of the singular phosphorescent phenomenon exhibited by this insect.

The paper nautilus, *Argonauta Argo*, has long been a favourite simile, and a sad stumbling-block among the poetic race:

Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

It is to Madame Jeannette Power, a French lady-naturalist, whose experiments and observations have received the highest praise from Professor Owen and other distinguished European savans, that we are indebted for the true history and nature of the argonaut. Keeping a quantity of these beautiful *cephalopods* in a large marine vivarium in Sicily, Madame Power was enabled to observe their habits with the greatest minuteness. The two velated dorsal arms, that the poets imagined to be sails, are in fact the covering of the shell, which they enclose like the mantle of the cowrie, and by their calcifying power, not only in the first instance form the shell, but afterwards keep it in repair. The so-called oars are not used when the animal is moving through the water, but protruded forwards from the head to be out of the way—the motion being in a backward direction, and produced, as in all the cuttle tribe, by the alternate expansion and contraction of the sac, and ejection of water

through the siphon. A steam fishing-vessel, recently constructed at one of the Scotch ports, was propelled in a not very dissimilar manner.

A still more extraordinary wonder of the deep has been commemorated in poetry; Milton mentions that 'sea-beast'

Which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean flood.
Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,
Deeming some island oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side.

Yet we can scarcely blame Milton for alluding to this animal, the mythical kraken—

On the deep
Stretcht like a promontorie—

that had previously been described by Olaus Magnus and Bishop Pontoppidan. Gesner, too, the leading naturalist of the age, presents us with an engraving of it, in which the 'scaly rind' forms a prominent feature. Milton also qualifies his description with the words 'as seamen tell.' Undoubtedly, one of these seamen was Sinbad, the Arabian Ulysses, who, taking the animal for an island, landed to cook his dinner upon it, and in consequence nearly lost his life. The companions of St Brandanus, the Irish Sinbad, were taken in and done for in the very same manner by 'a great fish named Jasconye, which laboureth night and day to put his tail in his mouth, but for greatness he may not.'

Moore sings of an island, which, if more poetical than the one formed by the huge 'sea-beast slumbering on the Norway foam,' is quite as irreconcilable with common sense and the fixed laws of nature:

Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers.

An island where a leaf never dies, and the flowers bloom all the year round, must be situated in the tropics, where there is almost no twilight, where the moment the sun sets, darkness covers the earth, and when it rises, day as suddenly succeeds to night. But Moore continues:

Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day.

These last lines accurately describe a summer night in the extreme northern islands of Scotland, or in Norway, where the slight depression of the sun beneath the horizon causes a short night, not of darkness, but of twilight. In fact, Moore, in the above lines, has combined two incompatible conditions—a perpetual summer and short night of twilight, the first found near the equator only, the last towards the pole.

Poets and moralists have in all times celebrated the industry and alleged foresight of the ant, upholding the tiny insect as a lesson and example to mankind. But although the diligence of the ant tribe is unquestionable, still it is well known now that the European ants at least do not lay up a store of food for the winter; nor do they require it, as they pass the cold weather in a state of torpidity. Still there can be no doubt that, in eastern climes, ants provide a store of provisions to last them over the rainy season, when they are unable to go abroad—just as several species of wasps in South America store honey, though their European representatives do not. In the *Transactions of the Entomological Society*, there is an interesting account of a tribe of ants, observed by Colonel Sykes, at Poonah, in India, which carefully dry and store up the seeds of

a kind of grass (*panicum*), for no other imaginable purpose but for food. So the wise king was, morally and zoologically speaking, correct when he said: 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.'

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A CHAPTER OF EXPLANATIONS.

THE fight could not have lasted more than ten minutes. The whole skirmish had the semblance of a moonlight dream, interrupted by interludes of darkness. So rapid had been the movements of the forces engaged, that after the first fire, not a gun was reloaded. As for the guerrilleros, the Indian war-cry seemed to have shaken the pieces out of their hands, for the ground where they had first broken off was literally strewn with carbines, escopettes, and lances. The great gun of El Zorro was found among the spoils.

Notwithstanding the shortness of the affair, it proved sufficiently tragical to both Mexicans and Indians: five of the guerrilleros had bit the dust, and twice that number of savage warriors lay lifeless upon the plain—their bodies glaring under the red war-paint, as if shrouded in blood. The Mexicans lay near the foot of the mesa, having fallen under the first fire of the Rangers, delivered as they galloped up. The Indians were farther out upon the plain, where they had dropped to the thick rapid detonations of the revolvers, that, so long as the warriors held their ground, played upon them with fearful effect. They may have heard of this weapon, and perhaps have seen a revolver in the hands of some trapper or traveller, but, to my knowledge, it was the first time they had ever encountered a band of men armed with so terrible a power to destroy; for the Rangers were indeed the first military organisation that carried Colt's pistol into battle—the high cost of the arm having deterred the government from extending it to other branches of the service.

Nor did the Rangers themselves come unscathed out of the fight: two had dropped dead out of their saddles, pierced by the Comanche spear; while nearly a dozen were more or less severely wounded by arrows.

While Quackenboss was climbing the cliff, Garey and I found time to talk over the strange incidents to which we had been witness. We were aided by explanations from below, but, without these, we had no difficulty in comprehending all. The Indians were a band of Comanches, as their war-cry had already made known to us. Their arrival on the ground at that moment was purely accidental, so far as we or the Mexicans were concerned: it was a war-party, and upon the war-trail, with the intention of reiving a rich Mexican town on the other side of the Rio Grande, some twenty leagues from the rancheria. Their spy had discovered the horsemen by the mesa, and made them out to be Mexicans—a foe which the lordly Comanche holds in supreme contempt. Not so contemptible in his eyes are Mexican horses, silver-studded saddles, speckled serapes, mangas of fine cloth, bell-buttoned breeches, arms, and accoutrements; and it was to sweep this paraphernalia that the attack had been made; though hereditary hatred of the Spanish race—old as the Conquest—and revenge for more recent wrongs, were of themselves sufficient motives to have impelled the Indians to their hostile attempt. All this we learned from one of their braves, who remained wounded upon the ground, and who, upon closer

examination, turned out to be a *ci-devant* Mexican captive, now completely Indianised!

Fortunately for the Mexican town, the savages, thus checked, abandoned their design, and returned to their mountain fastnesses sadly humbled.

The rest of the affair was still of easier explanation to Garey and myself. Rube, as we conjectured, had arrived safe at the rancheria; and in ten minutes after his story had been told, fifty Rangers, with Holingsworth at their head, rode rapidly for the mesa. Rube had guided them with his usual craft. Like the Indians, they had been moving forward during the intervals of darkness; but, coming in the opposite direction, they had kept the mound between them and their foe, and, trusting to this advantage, were in hopes of taking the guerrilleros by surprise. They had approached almost within charging distance, when the war-whoop of the savage sounded in their ears, and they were met by the retreating band. Knowing that all who came that way must be enemies, they delivered their fire upon the approaching horsemen, and then galloping forward, found themselves face to face with the painted warriors of the plains. The mutual surprise of Rangers and Indians, caused by the unexpected rencontre, proved a happy circumstance for the cowardly guerrilla, who, during the short halt of their double pursuers, and the confused fight that followed, were enabled to gallop off beyond reach of pursuit.

It was a curious conjecture what would have been the result had the Rangers not arrived on the ground. Certainly the Indians would have rescued us from our not less savage foes. My companion and I might have remained undiscovered, but we should have lost our precious horses. As it was, we were soon once more upon their backs; and, free from all thought of peril, now joyfully turned our faces towards the rancheria.

Wheatley rode by my side. Holingsworth with a party remained upon the ground to collect the 'spoils' and bury our unfortunate comrades. As we moved away, I turned, and for a moment gazed back on the scene of strife. I saw Holingsworth dismounted on the plain. He was moving among the bodies of the five guerrilleros; one after another, he turned them over, till the moon glared upon their ghastly features. So odd were his movements, and so earnest did he appear, that one might have fancied him engaged in searching for a fallen friend, or more like some prowling robber intent upon stripping the dead! But neither object was his—on the contrary, he was searching for a foe. He found him not. After scanning the features of all five, he was seen to turn away, and the unconcerned manner in which he moved from the spot, told that he who was sought was not among the slain.

'The news, Wheatley?'

'News, Cap! Grand news, by thunder! It appears we have been barking up the wrong tree—at least so thinks President Polk. They say we can't reach Mexico on this line; so we're all going to be drawn off, and shipped to some port further down the gulf—Vera Cruz, I believe.'

'Ah! grand news indeed.'

'I don't like it a bit,' continued Wheatley; 'the less so since it is rumoured that old "Rough and Ready" is to be recalled, and we're to be commanded by that book-martinet Scott. It's shabby treatment of Taylor, after what the old vet has accomplished. They're afraid of him setting up for president next go. Hang their politics! It's a confounded shame, by thunder!'

I could partly understand Wheatley's reluctance to be ordered upon the new line of operations. The gay lieutenant was never troubled with ennui; his leisure hours he contrived to pass pleasantly enough in company with Conchita, the plump, dark-eyed daughter of the alcadé; more than once, I had unwittingly

interrupted them in their amorous dalliance. The rancheria with its mud huts and dusty lanes, in the eyes of the Texan, was a city of gilded palaces, its streets paved with gold. It was Wheatley's heaven, and Conchita was the angel who inhabited it. Little as either he or I had liked the post at first, neither of us desired a change of quarters.

As yet, no order had arrived to call the picket in, but my companion affirmed that the camp-rumour was a substantial one, and believed that we might expect such a command at any moment.

'What say they of me?' I inquired.

'Of you, Cap? Why, nothing. What do you expect them to say of you?'

'Surely there has been some talk about my absence?'

'Oh, that! No, not a word, at least at head-quarters, for the simple reason, that you're not yet reported missing.'

'Ah! that is good news; but how?—'

'Why, the truth is, Holingsworth and I thought we might serve you better by keeping the thing dark—at all events, till we should be sure you were dead lost. We hadn't given up all hope. The greaser who guided you out, brought back word that two trappers had gone after you. From his description, I knew that queer old case Rube, and was satisfied that if anything remained of you, he was the man to find it.'

'Thanks, my friend! you have acted well; your discreet conduct will save me a world of mortification.'

'No other news?' I inquired after a pause.

'No,' said Wheatley; 'none worth telling. O yes!' he continued, suddenly recollecting himself, 'there is a bit. You remember those hang-dog greasers that used to loaf about the village when we first came? Well, they're gone, by thunder! every mother's son of them clean *vamosed* from the place, and not a grease-spot left of them. You may walk through the whole settlement without seeing a Mexican, except the old men and the women. I asked the alcadé where they had cleared to; but the old chap only shook his head, and drawled out his eternal "Quien sabe?" Of course they're off to join some band of guerrillas. By thunder! when I think of it, I wouldn't wonder if they were among that lot we've just scattered. Sure as shootin', they are! I saw Holingsworth examine the five dead ones as we rode off. He'll know them, I guess, and can tell us if any of our old acquaintances are among them.'

Knowing more of this matter than Wheatley himself, I enlightened him as to the guerrilleros and their leader.

'Thought so, by thunder! Rafael Ijrra! No wonder Holingsworth was so keen to start—in such a hurry to reach the mound, he forgot to tell me who we were after. Deuce take it! what fools we've been to let these fellows slide. We should have strung up every man of them when we first reached the place—we should, by thunder!'

For some minutes, we rode on in silence. Twenty times a question was upon my lips, but I refrained from putting it, in hopes that Wheatley might have something more to tell me—something of more interest than aught he had yet communicated. He remained provokingly silent.

With the design of drawing him out, I assumed a careless air, and inquired:

'Have we had no visitors at the post? Any one from the camp?'

'Not a soul,' replied he, and again relapsed into meditative silence.

'No visitors whatever? Has no one inquired for me?' I asked, determined to come boldly to the point.

'No,' was the discouraging reply.—'Oh, stay: oh, ah—yes, indeed!' he added, correcting himself, while I could perceive that he spoke in a peculiar tone. 'Yes, you were inquired for.'

'By whom?' asked I, in a careless drawl.

'Well, that I can't tell,' answered the lieutenant, in an evident tone of badinage; 'but there appears to be *somebody* mighty uneasy about you. A slip of a Mexican boy has been backward and forward something less than a million of times. It's plain *somebody* sends the boy; but he's a close little shaver that same—won't tell either who sends him, or what's his business: he only inquires if you have returned, and looks dead down in the mouth when he's told no. I have noticed that he comes and goes on the road that leads to the hacienda.'

The last words were spoken with a distinct emphasis. 'We might have arrested the little fellow as a spy,' continued Wheatley, in a tone of quiet irony, 'but we fancied he might have been sent by some friend of yours.'

The speaker concluded with another marked emphasis, and under the moonlight I could see a smile playing across his features. More than once I had 'chaffed' my lieutenant about Conchita; he was having his revenge.

I was not in a mood to take offence; my companion could have taken any liberty with me at that moment—his communication had fallen like sweet music upon my ears, and I rode forward with the proud consciousness that I was not forgotten. Isolina was true.

Soon after, my eyes rested upon a shining object; it was the gilded vane of the little capilla, and beneath glistened the white walls of the hacienda, bathed in the milky light of the moon. My heart beat with strange emotions as I gazed upon the well-known mansion, and thought of the lovely jewel which that bright casket contained. Was she asleep? Did she dream? Of what—of whom, was she dreaming?

CHAPTER XLIV.

DUTCH LIGE IN A DIFFICULTY.

The soft blue light of morning was just perceptible along the eastern horizon as we rode into the rancheria. I no longer felt hunger. Some of the more provident of the rangers had brought with them well-filled haversacks, and had made me welcome to the contents. From their canteens I had satisfied my thirst, and Wheatley as usual carried his free flask.

Relieved of the protracted strain upon my nerves—of fear and vigil—I felt deadly weary, and, scarcely undressing, I flung myself upon my leathern *catré*, and at once fell asleep.

A few hours' repose had the desired effect, and restored both the strength of my body and the vigour of my mind. I awoke full of health and hope. A world of sweet anticipations was before me. The sky and fortune were both smiling.

I made my toilet with some care—my *desayuna* with less—and then, with lighted cigar, ascended to my favourite lounge on the azotes.

The beautiful captive was in the midst of a crowd, proudly curving his neck, as if conscious of the admiration he excited. The rangers, the poblanas, the hucksters of the plaza, even some sulky lepers stood near, gazing with wondering eyes upon the wild-horse.

'Splendid present!' thought I—'worthy the acceptance of a princess!'

It had been my intention to make the offering in person—hence the care bestowed upon my toilet. After more mature reflection, I abandoned this design. I was influenced by a variety of considerations—one, among others, being a delicate apprehension that a personal visit from me might compromise the family at the hacienda. The patriotic sentiment was every day growing more intense. Even the acceptance of a present was a dangerous matter; but the steed was not to be a gift—only a return for the favourite that

had fallen by my hand—and I was not to appear in the character of a donor.

My sable groom, therefore, would convey the beautiful captive. Already the white lazo, formed into a halter, was adjusted around the animal's head, and the negro only awaited orders to lead him away.

I confess that at that moment I felt somewhat annoyed at the publicity of my affair. My rough rangers were men of keen intelligence. I could tell from some whispers that had reached me, that one and all of them knew *why* I had gone upon the wild hunt, and I dreaded their good-humoured satire. I would have given something at that moment to have rendered the steed invisible—to have been able to transport him to his destination, Venus-like, under cover of a cloud. I thought of waiting for the friendly shelter of night.

Just then, however, an incident occurred which gave me the very opportunity I wanted—a scene so ludicrous, that the steed was no longer the cynosure of admiring eyes. The hero of this scene was Elijah Quackenboss.

Of all the men in my band, 'Dutch Lige' was the worst clad. Not that there was less money expended upon his outward man; but partly from his ungainly form and loose untidy habits, and more, perhaps, from the wear and tear caused by his botanising excursions, a suit of broadcloth did not keep sound upon him for a week. He was habitually in tatters.

The skirmish of the night had been profitable to Lige; it was his true aim that had brought down one of the five guerrilleros. On his asserting this, his comrades had laughed at it as an idle vaunt; but Quackenboss proved his assertion to be correct by picking his bullet out of the man's body, and holding it up before their eyes. The peculiar 'bore' of his rifle rendered the bullet easy of identification, and all agreed that Lige had shot his man.

By the laws of ranger-war, the spoils of this particular individual became the property of Quackenboss; and the result was, that he had shaken off his tattered rags, and now appeared in the plaza in full Mexican costume—comprising calzoneros and calzoncillos, sash and serape, jacket and glazed hat, boots with gigantic spurs—in short, a complete set of *ranchero* habiliments!

Never was such a pair of legs incased in Mexican velveteens—never were two such arms thrust into the sleeves of an embroidered *jaqueta*; and so odd was the *tout ensemble* of the ranger thus attired, that his appearance in the plaza was hailed by a loud burst of laughter, both from his comrades and the natives who stood around. Even the gloomy Indians shewed their white teeth, and joined in the general chorus.

But this was not the end. Among other spoils, Lige had made capture of a Comanche mustang; and as his own war-horse had been for a long time on the decline, this afforded him an excellent opportunity for a remount. Some duty of the day had called him forth, and he now appeared in the plaza leading the mustang, to which he had transferred his own saddle and bridle. A fine handsome horse it appeared. More than one of his comrades envied him this splendid prize.

The laughter had scarcely subsided, when the order was given to mount; and with others, Quackenboss sprang to his horse. But his hips were hardly snug in the saddle, when the wicked Comanche 'humped' his back and entered upon a round of kicking which seemed to exhibit every pose and attitude of equestrian exercise. First his hind-feet, then his fore ones, then all together, could be seen glancing in the air. Now a hoof whizzed past the ear of the affrighted rider, now a set of teeth threatened his thighs, while every moment he appeared in danger of being hurled with violence to the earth. The

mlbrero had long since parted from his head, and the le from his hand; and what with the flapping of a wide trousers, the waving of the loose serapé, the swing of the steel scabbard, the distracted motion of a rider's arms, his lank streaming hair and look of ror—all combined to form a spectacle sufficiently dicrous; and the whole crowd was convulsed with ighter, and the plazza rang with shouts of 'Bravo!' 'Vell done, Lige!' 'Hooraw for you, old beeswax!' But what surprised his comrades, was the fact that ackenbos still kept his seat. It was well known at he was the worst rider in the troop; yet despite the doubling and flinging of the mustang, that had lasted for several minutes, he was still safe in e saddle. He was winning golden opinions upon e strength of his splendid horsemanship! The agers were being astonished.

All at once, however, this mystery was explained, d the cause of his firm seat discovered. One of the standers, sharper than the rest, had chanced to look der the belly of the mustang, and the next moment uted out:

'Hoy! look yonder! by Geehorum, his spurs are icked!'

All eyes were lowered, and a fresh peal of laughter roke forth from the crowd as they perceived that is was in reality the case.

Lige, upon mounting—under the suspicion that the outang was disposed for a fling—had clutched firmly ith his legs, and these, on account of their extreme engh, completely enveloped the body of the animal, o that his heels met underneath. He had forgotten e now spurs, the rowels of which, six inches in ameter, irritated the mustang, and were no doubt e cause of such violent kicking. These, after a few uns, had got 'locked,' and of course held Quacken- os as firmly as if he had been strapped to the saddle. ut as the rowels were now buried in the ribs of the mustang, the fierce brute, maddened with the pain, ily grew more furious at each fling, and it was atural enough he should do his utmost to rid himself f so cruel a rider.

How long he might have kept up the pitching frolic ore his involuntary tormentor could have freed himself, is a matter of conjecture. It would have been a unfortunate 'fix' to have been placed in, alone pon the prairies.

Lige, however, found a compassionate bystander, ho, having flung his lazo around the neck of the mustang, brought the spectacle to a termination.

CHAPTER XLV.

A LOVER ON THE TRAIL.

Taking advantage of the distraction caused by Quackenbos and his troubles, I despatched the black pon his interesting errand, and with no slight anxiety waited the result.

From my position on the roof, I saw my messenger limb the hill, leading the proud steed, and saw them enter the great portal of the hacienda.

Promptly—almost directly—the groom came out again without the horse. The present had been accepted. So far well.

I counted the moments, till heavy footsteps were heard upon the escalera, and a shining black face rose over the roof.

There was no letter, no message beyond 'mil gracias.'

I felt a pang of chagrin. I had expected thanks more formal than this mere phrase of compliment.

My man appeared better satisfied. A gold onza gleamed in his purple palm—a handsome perquisite.

'By whom given?' I inquired.

'Golly, mass cap'n! De handsomest quaderoom gal de riggs ever see guv it.'

Beyond a doubt, Isolina herself was the donor! I could have broken the rascal's thick skull but that the queenly douceur gave proof of the satisfaction with which my offering had been received. Even on this trivial circumstance, I built my hopes of yet receiving a fuller meed of thanks.

Absorbed in these hopes, I continued to pace the azotea alone. It was a *dia de fiesta* in the rancheria. Bells had already commenced their clangour, and other notes of preparation fell upon the ear. The poblanos appeared in their gayest attire—the Indians in bright naguas, with red and purple threads twisted in their black hair; the denizens of the ranchitos were pouring into the plazza, and processions were being formed by the church; *jaramas* were twanging their guitar-like music; and pyrotechnic machines were set up at the corners of the streets. Tinsel-covered saints were carried about on the shoulders of painted maskers; and there were Pilate and the Centurion, and the Saviour—a spectacle absurd and unnatural; and yet a spectacle that may be witnessed every week in a Mexican village, and which, with but slight variation, has been exhibited every week for three centuries!

I had no eyes for this disgusting fanfaronade of a degrading superstition. Sick of the sight, wearied with the sounds, I had given orders for my horse to be saddled, intending to ride forth and seek repose for my spirit amid the silent glades of the chapparal.

While waiting for my steed, an object came under my eyes that quickened the beatings of my pulse: my gaze had been long turned in one direction—upon the hacienda of Don Ramon de Vargas.

Just then, I saw emerging from its gate, and passing rapidly down the hill, a horse with a rider upon his back.

The snow-white colour of this horse, and the scarlet manga of the rider, both contrasting with the green of the surrounding landscape, could not escape observation even at that distance, and my eyes at once caught the bright object. I hesitated not to form my conclusion. It was the white steed I saw; and the rider—I remembered the manga as when first my eyes rested upon that fair form—the rider was Isolina. She was passing down the slope that stretched from the hacienda to the river bottom, and the minute after, the thick foliage of the platanus trees shrouded the shining meteor from my sight.

I noticed that she halted a moment on the edge of the woods, and fancied that she gazed earnestly towards the village; but the road she had taken led almost in the opposite direction.

I chafed with impatience for my horse. My resolve, made on the impulse of the moment, was to follow the white steed and his scarlet-clad rider.

Once in the saddle, I hurried out of the plazza, passed the ranchos of yucca, and reaching the open country, pressed my horse into a gallop.

My road lay up the river, through a heavily timbered bottom of gum and cotton woods. These were thickly beset with the curious *tillandsia*, whose silvery festoons, stretching from branch to branch, shrouded the sun, causing amongst the tree-trunks the obscurity of twilight.

In the midst of one of these shadowy aisles, I met or passed some one; I saw that it was a Mexican boy; but the sombre light, and the rapidity with which I was riding, prevented me from noting anything more. The lad shouted after me, uttering some words, which were drowned by the hoof-strokes of my horse. I deemed it some expression of boyish *esprit*, and, without heeding it, rode on. Not until far out of sight and hearing did it occur to me that I knew the voice and the lad. I recollected a sort of errand-boy attached to the hacienda, and whom I had seen more than once at the rancheria. I now remembered the badinage of Wheatley, and would have returned

to question the youth; but I had left him too far in the rear. After a moment's reflection, I spurred on.

I soon arrived at the base of the hill on which stood the hacienda; and here, leaving the main road, I followed a bridle-path that skirted the hill. A few hundred yards brought me to the spot where I had last observed the object of my pursuit. The hoof-track of the white horse now guided me, and upon his trail I entered the woods.

For some distance, it followed a well-trodden path—a cattle track—but all at once it diverged from this, and struck off into a heavily timbered bottom, where not the semblance of path existed. Keeping the trace in view, I rode after.

As I advanced, the timber grew thicker, and the path more difficult. A close underwood of arundinaria and sabal palms shut up the way and the view; trailing roots obstructed progress below; while higher up, the trellis-work of lianas, bamboo briars, sarsaparilla, and gigantic grape-vines, rendered it necessary to bend down in the saddle in order to pass onward.

To my surprise, I noticed all this. For what purpose could she have chosen such a path? Was it indeed Isolina I had seen? A white horse and a scarlet manga are not uncommon things in Mexico. It might not be— But the hoof-print—

I dismounted and examined it: I knew it at a glance—it was that of the noble steed, and the rider could be no other than Isolina de Vargaa.

No longer in doubt, though still wondering, I followed the tracks. For a half mile or more, the path meandered through thick forest, here turning around some giant trunk, there diverging to the right or left, to avoid the impervious net-work of canes and lianas.

At length it began to slope upwards; and I perceived by the ascent that I was climbing a hill. The woods became more open as I advanced—here and there alternating with glades—the trees were of slenderer growth, and the foliage lighter and thinner. I was no longer among the heavy trunks of platanus and liquidambar. The *leguminosæ* were the prevailing trees; and many beautiful forms of inga, acacia, and mimosa, grew around. Myrtles, too, mingled their foliage with wild limes, their branches twined with flowering parasites, as the climbing *combretum*, with its long flame-like clusters, convolvuli, with large white blossoms, and the beautiful twin-leaved baubinia.

It was a wild garden of flowers—a shrubbery of nature's own planting. The eye, wandering through the vistas and glades, beheld almost every form of inflorescence. There were the trumpet-shaped bignonias—convolvuli in pendulous bells—syngenesiasts disposed in spreading umbels; and over them, closely set upon tall spikes, rose the showy blossoms of the bromelias—aloes and *dasylyrium*. Even from the tops of the highest trees hung gaudy catkins, wafted to and fro by the light breeze, mingling their sheen and their perfume with the floral *epiphytes* and parasites that clustered around the branches.

I could not help thinking that these flowers are gifted with life, and enjoy, during their short and transient existence, both pleasure and pain. The bright warm sun is their happiness, while the cold cloudy sky is the reflection of their misery.

As I rode onward, another reflection passed through my mind; it was caused by my perceiving that the atmosphere was charged with pleasant perfumes—literally loaded with fragrance. I perceived, moreover, that the same breeze carried upon its breath the sweet music of birds, whose notes sounded clear, soft, and harmonious.

What closet-slenderer hath asserted that the flowers of this fair land are devoid of fragrance—that its birds, though brightly plumed, are songless?

Ah, Monsieur Buffon! with all your eloquence, such presumptive assertion will one day strip you of

half your fame. You could never have approached within two hundred paces of a *Stanhopea*, of the *episcadum odoratum*, of the *datura grandiflora*, with its mantle of snow-white blossoms? You could never have passed near the pothos plant, the serberaea, and tabernamon tanææ, the callas, eugenias, ocotlas, and nictiginas?—you could never have ridden through a chapparal of acacias and mimosas—among orchids whose presence fills whole forests with fragrant aroma?

And more, Monsieur! you could never have listened to the incomparable melody of the mock-bird—the full, charming notes of the blue song-thrush—the sweet warbling voices of the silvias, finches, and tanagers, that not only adorn the American woods with their gorgeous colours, but make them vocal with never-ending song!

No, Monsieur; you could never have inhaled the perfume of these flowers, nor listened to the melody of these sweet songsters; and sad it was of you, and silly as sad, to have yielded to the prejudice of a slender spirit, and denied their existence. Both exist—the singing birds and the fragrant flowers—both exist, and thou art gone.

On such reflections I dwelt but for a moment; they were merely the natural impressions of surrounding objects—short-lived sensations, almost instantaneously passing away. The soul, benighted with love, had neither eye nor ear for aught beyond the object of its passion. From the contemplation of that only does it derive pleasure; and even the fairest pictures of nature may be spread before it without challenging observation. It was only that the one through which I was passing was of such transcendent beauty—so like to some scene of paradise—that I could not help regarding it with momentary admiration.

But my eyes soon returned to the earth, and once more taking up the trace of the steed, I rode on.

I had advanced near the summit. The tracks were quite recent; the branches that had been touched by the flanks of the horse had not yet ceased to vibrate; the rider could not be far in advance. I fancied I heard the hoof-stroke.

Silently I pressed on, expecting every moment to catch the gleam of the scarlet manga, or the white sheen of the steed. A few paces farther, and both were under my eyes, glittering through the feathery frondage of the mimosas. I had followed the true track. The rider was Isolina.

I saw that she had halted. She had reached the top of the hill, where the growth of timber ceased. An opening of about an acre there was, surrounded on all sides by the flowery woods—the very *beau-ideal* of a summer glade. The open summit commanded a view of the surrounding country—for the hill was a high one—while the charming spot itself enjoyed perfect privacy and repose.

In this glade, she had drawn up, and was sitting silently in the saddle as if to enjoy the warbling of birds, the hum of the bees, and the fragrance of flowers.

I myself drew rein, and remained for some moments in a state of hesitancy, as to whether I should ride forward or go back. A feeling of shame was upon me, and I believe I would have turned my horse and stolen gently away, but just then I saw the fair rider draw forth from her bosom something that glittered in the sun. It was a watch, and she appeared to note the time. I observed that she looked anxiously over the tops of the low trees, in the direction of the plain below.

These circumstances, trivial as they might appear, produced within me a quick sense of pain. I felt as if hot steel was passing through my heart. I had ridden to my ruin—I had followed to be present at an assignation. Thus only could I explain this solitary ride, and by such difficult and devious pathway thus only could I account for the oft-repeated anxious

ace, the ear acutely bent. Beyond a doubt, she listening for the footsteps of a lover!

The rein fell from my fingers. I sat irresolute—I really breathed—my heart felt cold and feeble—the

he mocked me—the parrots screeched his name—the in hoarse concert cried out ‘*Jurra!*’ The name nerved me, as blood knits the sinews of a tiger. Once more my fingers closed upon my die, my feet became firm in the stirrups, and heart and arm swelled to their full strength. ‘Twas but a bit rapier that hung against my thigh—no matter; might be no better weaponed; but even armed from head to heel, I feared him not. Three passions—red, jealousy, and revenge—supplied an arm of steel strength, and under the influence of these I felt bold and sure of conquest. Yes! I felt at that moment, as though I could have slain my hated rival with my naked hands.

I was no longer troubled with scruples of etiquette; this monster owed me satisfaction—life itself: he had striven to take mine; and now his should be forfeit to my vengeance. On that spot—even in her presence—should he die, or I myself become the victim. The two of us should never go thence alive. Ah, that he may reach the ground while my blood is as hot, and my hand ready!’

The fierce thoughts stirring within me must have used my horse, for at that moment he tossed his head and neighed wildly. A response came like an echo from the glades, and the instant after, a voice called out:

‘*Hola! quien va?*’

Concealment was no longer possible. I saw that I was observed; and, spurring my horse into the open ground, came face to face with Isolina.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

OWTHSTANDING the reduction and economy which, the satisfaction of the nation, are now the order of the day, the government does not intend that science shall relapse into the same inefficient state in which it was found at the outbreak of the war with Russia. The Woolwich Committee, whose appointment for scientific purposes we noticed a year ago, is to be continued; the experiments with projectiles at Shoeburyness and other places are to be kept up with unrelaxed attention, though at less cost than heretofore. Less satisfactory to many is the announcement, that the plan of another expedition to make one more search for the long-lost Franklin party, is abandoned. The embarrassing question, who shall seek the seekers? comes, with every new proposal, more weighty. Private enterprise is now the only resource of those who hold another search to be an indispensable duty. That our consuls abroad ought to know something more than the mere routine of their duties, is a growing conviction. So much comes under their notice, which scientific knowledge would be of essential service, and so much is and has been lost for want of this knowledge, that an improvement in consular appointments may be looked for. The king of Siam, well-known in Europe for his love and patronage of science, wishes to have a British consul resident at his capital, and asks for a scientific man—one who may be able to do something in developing the resources of the country, and in giving a sound practical direction to its enterprise. Sir Robert Schomburgk—at present consul in San Domingo, where he finds too little to do, has been thought of for the post near his Siamese ally; and he is said, not without reason, to be the very man for the place.—Mr Newton, consul at Cos, in studying explorations of the island, discovered last

year an ancient, long-buried city, and sent home such representations as induced the Admiralty to send out the *Gorgon*, with materials and appliances for excavation. We have not yet heard the result.—The consul in Anatolia reports that great portion of the English sovereigns which flowed into that province during the war has been spent in cultivation. The country is fertile, producing abundance of corn and much cattle, and only wants good roads for further development; and these roads—seeing that British enterprise is now directed to Turkey—it is likely to have in good time. The produce of silk last year amounted to the value of L.400,000—a noteworthy fact, considering the enhanced price which silk has of late fetched in the market—and new spinning establishments, with improved reeling machinery, have been erected in the neighbourhood of Broussa. The Anatolian worms did not suffer from the malady which for some years past has well-nigh destroyed those of Europe, and numbers of their eggs have been sent to renew the weakened stocks of France and Italy.

Talking of able consuls reminds us of the *Blue-book* just published, containing a report on the examinations for the Civil Service. It appears that the whole number of candidates from May 1855 to December 1856, was 3004. Of these, 880 were rejected, 219 broke down under the examination, and a few others were too old, or unable to produce satisfactory evidence as to character. The commissioners think that, on the whole, the results are encouraging, notwithstanding the lamentable ignorance exhibited by many of the candidates. The blunders made in answering the simplest questions in history, and the wild mistakes in spelling would be ludicrous, did they not set one thinking as to what must have been the miserable incapacity of those who, but a very few years ago, obtained appointments before examinations were in fashion. Young men surely know whether they can spell well or not; and those who cannot, should at least make themselves perfect in orthography before they seek to enter the public service.

The amount of exports from the United Kingdom for 1856, is little less than wonderful—L.115,890,857, being L.20,202,772 more than in 1855.—The preliminaries for the great Euphrates Railway are growing more and more into a working form. An excellent sheltered bay for a harbour has been found near the mouth of the Orontes, in which a port and terminus are to be built. From thence the line will run to Killis, a town of 11,000 inhabitants—and onwards to Antioch and Aleppo. The latter, as is well known, is an important trading city, and we hear that its inhabitants petitioned to have the railway close to them. From Aleppo, the line will stretch parallel with the Euphrates to Ja' Ber castle, where it is proposed that the first section shall end, and from thence to Buzrah (the Bassora of the *Arabian Nights*), a name with which Mr Layard has made us all familiar. Here will be the starting-point of a branch to the capital of Persia, while the main line will continue across Beloochistan and to India by way of Hyderabad and the Deccan. It will be a triumph of enterprise when passengers can get into a train on the shore of the Mediterranean, and travel without a change of trains 3000 or 4000 miles to Calcutta. Whatever be the result of our negotiations with Persia, it is thought that we shall keep Bushire for the sake of permanent protection to the Gulf terminus of the railway.—There is talk, too, of a new railway in India, from Rajmahal to Darjeeling, some 300 miles, whereby an important section of the country will be opened up, and invalids will be able to travel quickly from the hot plains to the temperate climate of the hills.—And there is a scheme for a telegraph to India, to start from Cape Helle, across the Mediterranean, to Scio, Rhodes, and Alexandria, and follow

the railway to Suez. From thence, a submarine cable to be laid in lengths of about 500 miles to Kurrachee, the several lengths to terminate at stations along the coast, so as to obviate the expense and difficulty of repair, &c., of one long continuous line.—France is about to try what can be done in Algeria, Louis Napoleon having authorised Sir Morton Peto to survey for a hundred miles of railway, to commence at Constantine. Will this prove the beginning of a line which some day will reach to Timbuctoo, and the fertile regions of middle Africa discovered by Dr Livingstone?

Sir Henry Ward, governor of Ceylon, has visited certain remarkable ancient tanks still existing in that remarkable island. The workmanship, 1800 years old, is described as admirable. The Kandelly tank has an area of fifteen square miles in the wet season, and never less than three miles in the driest; but, from long neglect, it is in great part little better than a swamp. As the country all around is extremely fertile and lovely withal, a proposition has been made to colonise it, in which event the great tank would be restored to its original purpose of irrigation.—Slumbering Java is waking up: a telegraph is constructed from Batavia to Buitenzorg, and is to be extended to other places.—Australia is not asleep, for the colonists have now discovered that certain large patches of what they call 'black sand,' yield a better profit than gold. It consists chiefly of tin, with scattered grains of platinum, and lying on the surface, exacts no severe digging.—Another Australian topic is, that the settlers towards the interior have succeeded in some places in damming up the water of floods, and so keeping a supply for the dry season; and that where the waters have been thus retained, there has been a sensible diminution of heat, and in the violence of the scorching winds known on the spot as 'brickfielders.'

To glance at home matters: Professor Faraday has given a lecture at the Royal Institution on a deeply abstruse subject, including the phenomena of force and attraction, in which he puts forth explicitly certain views long entertained by him, and not unfrequently hinted at in his lectures. Some of these views are in direct opposition to those generally held by natural philosophers, and notably to the doctrine that 'attraction is inversely as the square of the distance.' As chroniclers of the progress of science, we content ourselves with recording the fact, leaving to a future opportunity a detailed exposition of it in a popular form.—A paper on the *Photography of the Moon*, by Mr Crookes, read before the Royal Society, makes another step towards the knowledge of the physical constitution of our satellite.—An important question, 'On the Various Methods of Indurating and Preserving Stonework,' has been considered and discussed by the Institute of British Architects, and with the effect of bringing out interesting and important facts. From these we learn that, however good may be the quality of building-stone, it is not proof against the destructive action of a London atmosphere. There are about 850,000 houses in the great metropolis, and from the chimneys of this vast number is sent forth a sulphurous acid gas, which, brought down by rain, produces most fatal results. The decay that has already taken place on the surface of Buckingham Palace, Bridgewater House, the Houses of Parliament, to say nothing of St Paul's and older buildings, would surprise those who have paid no attention to the subject. Among means of preservation, oily coatings and paint were shewn to be objectionable, though better than nothing, except in certain special preparations. Silicate of soda, as applied at Munich and Paris—as mentioned in a former *Month*—is one of the best preservatives. Another is, to cover this silicate with a coat of chloride of barium or calcium in solution, by which an insoluble

silicate of baryta or lime is deposited in the pores of the stone. Gas-tar dropped accidentally on Cass stone led to the discovery of a process of hardening which is carried on at Tonbridge Wells on a large scale. Blocks of soft sandstone, of any dimensions are worked to the required form, and in a few hours are rendered 'quite impervious to destructive weathering influence, also exceedingly hard and compact susceptible of a brilliant transparent polish, and of every desired colour.' Mr J. B. Daines said, that by subjecting one part (by weight) of sulphur and eight parts of linseed oil to a temperature between 225 and 278 degrees, he obtained a species of paint of singular preservative properties. Applied to the surface of building with a brush, it effectually keeps out air and moisture, prevents deposits of soot and dirt, preserves the beauty of the appearance of the stone, and, once applied, does not need to be repeated. 'All chemists agree that sulphur, the substance used to give body to the linseed oil, is unalterable in the air, and unaffected by moisture; if there is any change, it not only improves the colour of the stone to which it is applied as is shewn by the experiments in Old Palace Yard adjoining Victoria Tower, the statue of Captain Cook at the Foundling Hospital, and other places.'—Another solution, described by Mr Page, is potash and lime over which a coating of bees'-wax, softened by turpentine or naphtha, is to be applied. It has been tried on more than 400 works in the midland counties and at Liverpool, and with the result of shewing that walls with only one coat are as well preserved as those with a dozen. Part of a monument in Bilston churchyard, treated with this solution, has withstood the effects of a smoky atmosphere for seventeen years, while the parts left uncoated are 'in a state of rotteness, and falling away in every direction.'

Another subject brought before the Institute is that of metropolitan improvements. It is proposed to open a new street from Leicester Square, and from Tottenham Court Road, to Covent Garden and the Strand. This is a much needed improvement; and we hear that the Duke of Bedford has offered £15,000 towards carrying it out. Should the houses be built of stone, all the best hardening processes may be tried thereon. Another scheme is for an open road or quay along the south side of the river, and for a new street to connect the London Bridge termini with Westminster Bridge. It might help towards a satisfactory decision to refer to Mr Pennethorne's plan, published in 1864, 'for a line direct from Westminster Bridge to St George's Church in the Borough, and on through Bermondsey, which would then be opened up to general traffic.'

Among papers brought before the Institution of Civil Engineers, there are two worth a passing mention: 'On Varieties of Permanent Way,' and 'On Some Recent Improvements in Permanent Way.' In the reading of these, it was shewn that 'wooden keys are superior as fastenings to iron nuts and screws. The wood is elastic, and brings larger surfaces into contact.' 'A recent examination,' says the report, 'of some brackets and fish-plates, which had been laid down about twelve months, and were secured by bolts and nuts, shewed that in 125 pair of joints, each pair having eight bolts, 261 bolts were loose, and six were out altogether, although they had been tightened up within forty-eight hours.' Cast-iron sleepers are preferable in all respects to wood; and certain engineers considered it remarkable, 'that a country abounding in iron should annually expend hundreds of thousands of pounds in bringing timber from foreign countries, to lie and rot on the railways.' Many improvements are now in course of trial, and others are shewn to be at hand.—We may add to these observations on our own railways, that at the end of 1856, the extent of railways in the United States was 24,470 miles.

Dr Duchesne states, in a communication to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, that the engineers and kers on a railway improve in health and grow stout ring their first year or two of employment; but it afterwards a fatal change takes place. Among earliest unfavourable symptoms are, a weakening sight, loss of hearing, rheumatic pains, chiefly in the ht side, and a general sensation of numbness. These followed by pain and difficulty in standing, owing the violent tremor of the locomotive when in motion, ich makes it difficult to maintain an erect posture. Some remarkable facts come out of the French us for 1856, contrasting forcibly with the results of English census in 1851, or last year's *Report* of the gistrar-general. There had been, it appears, no real ease of the population since 1851; and there was a rked and constant influx of people from the country o towns, chiefly into Paris. Taking the years 1841 1846, the increase of population was 1,300,000; from 51 to 1856, it was only 256,000, and this disappears the sum-total when the mortality is taken into con- leration. From 1846 to 1851, the increase was 0,000: the decline is thus seen to be progressive: d by the side of this we find the numbers in the partment of the Seine increased by 300,000 in the at five years, in consequence of the migrations from e provinces to the capital. Fifty-four departments ew a decrease: one, the Haute Saône, has lost one- nth of its population, and others in nearly the same roportion. Grave matter here for professors of omical and social science to consider over.

M. Lallement, surgeon-dentist of Paris, has dis- vered a simple means of making an elastic and putrescible gelatine. He mixes glycerine in equal oportions by weight with strong glue melted in a ter-bath. Properly prepared, it serves admirably printers' rollers, for stamps, elastic toys, models r galvanoplasty, or for anatomical figures, artificial nbs, and so forth, to which the colour and suppleness the muscles and tendons may readily be given. ber applications will at once suggest themselves. is is not least important among the practical uses glycerine. M. Lallement suggests another. Dentists d it difficult to preserve natural teeth till oppor- nity occurs for fitting them in the mouths of ients. After a time, the teeth become brittle; but k them in glycerine, and their quality remains mpaired.

And now to conclude with a very different matter, James Matheson's doings in his Hebridean domain. e education of the female aborigines of the Lewis e on prosperously. Instead of forty or fifty little gged semi-savages attending occasionally at their n pleasure, there are now 120 regular scholars; clean d neatly clothed girls, of quite refined appearance, d much school-industry. This reform in externals, ich has been accomplished by Lady Matheson, isted by some ladies of Stornoway and the neigh- urhood, has given a new tone to peasant society the Ultima Thule; and cleanliness, neatness, and lace are the order of the day.

AN AUSTRALIAN MEG DODS.

us little time after the discovery of gold at Bendigo, mate and I, John Rawlings, moved over there from llarat, with the view of making our fortunes. We rived late one night in a little gully lately opened, ere we fixed our quarters in preference to the more ured spots. If there is gold there, we said to nelves, there is gold here; the only difference being at there it has been dug up, and here it hasn't. ach was our simple logic.

The following day was Sunday. It was a spring

morning, bright and warm; the air was full of insects newly sprung into life, and their drowsy hum seemed to tell of a day of rest. The bells of some bullocks on the hills sounded pleasantly in our ears, and reminded us of home. We could have fancied ourselves near some village church, and pictured in our minds the ivied tower, the green lanes, and the spruce congrega- tion on their way to prayer.

I was lying in the sun before our little tent, and Jack had just returned from a neighbouring store, where he had purchased a sheet of letter-paper and a large steel pen. He placed our largest shovel on the ground to serve as a desk, and having arranged his paper upon it, he attempted to write. He first assumed a sitting posture, which, however, he did not find to answer at all; then he knelt down, and after laboriously getting through about two lines, threw down the pen in despair; at last he lay down at full length, in a position not very elegant, nor, I should say, very comfortable, but in which he could keep his pen going. I observed him kicking his boots in the air occasion- ally, which, I suppose, he did when he was in want of an idea.

Presently a young fellow named Bruce, whose acquaintance we had made the night before, came up to talk over the news of the day. Observing Jack's singular position, he asked what he was doing.

Jack kicked up his boot, and said he was writing home. He regretted that the nibs of his pen were on bad terms, and would not keep together, and asked Bruce if there was any other pen in the neighbourhood.

'Why,' replied Bruce, 'if you would put your paper in your pocket, and go down to the Adelaide Coffee-house, you might have a table to write on properly.'

'The Adelaide Coffee-house!' exclaimed Jack, roll- ing himself over and sitting up. 'Where's that?'

'On the Bendigo. Our fellows often go there and have dinner, and read the newspaper.'

'Are you joking?' said Jack. 'Don't trifle with our feelings, my dear sir. Have a dinner and read the newspaper! I never heard of such a thing.'

'Oh, it's very true; and it's only half-a-crown for dinner.'

Jack was anxious to finish his letter, and he pro- posed that we should go and see these wonders, if Bruce would be our guide. He assented very readily, and after some delay occasioned by the exigencies of the toilet, we set off together.

Bruce's statement proved perfectly correct. The Adelaide Coffee-house did exist, and it was kept by Mrs Timmins. There was, indeed, a little man of quiet manners who occupied himself with digging, and who, I have heard say, was the husband of Mrs Tim- mins, but he evidently had no interest in the concern. Mrs Timmins was the proprietor, also the cook, waiter, and bar-maid. She was a fine, muscular woman, with severe, but handsome features, and a military air of command, which became her well. How shall I do justice to her admirable character? With untiring energy, working harder than any man that came to her dinners, she preserved order among the rough customers she met with, and kept her affairs in a perfect state of arrangement—with her accounts in her head, and her till in her pocket. Thoroughly honest herself, she would, as she said, stand no nonsense, and any attempt to impose upon her was sure to be detected at once. Humbug and dishonesty shrank abashed before her bright eye and downright tongue.

Such was Mrs Timmins. She, alas! has disappeared from the scene which she adorned, and the Adelaide Coffee-house has given place to more stately houses of entertainment, where you may get all the delicacies of the season as in the bill of fare. But the writer, who once enjoyed the acquaintance of that excellent woman, may be excused for paying his humble tribute

to her memory, and for dwelling with regret on the recollection of the day when he first introduced himself to her table through the medium of a half-crown.

The Adelaide Coffee-house stood opposite to the government camp, at the side of the principal thoroughfare. It was a long, low tent, rather black in colour, and beside it stood a little shed which was the kitchen of the establishment. The place had not a very attractive appearance, and the only lure spread out to entice the passer-by, was a dingy sign in front, on which the name of the coffee-house was painted in small and irregular characters.

When we entered after our walk, we found the place nearly empty, and Mrs Timmins was busily at work at the further end. She scrutinised our appearance, and then asked what we wanted. Bruce replied humbly, that, if it was convenient, we should like some dinner.

'Dinner!' she exclaimed; 'you're too late. There's no more dinner to-day for anybody.'

'Don't say that, ma'am,' said Jack pathetically: 'we have walked five miles on purpose to dine here, and we are desperately hungry.'

'Come, Mrs Timmins,' added Bruce; 'let us have some dinner to-day, and we'll come early next time.'

'Mind you do,' said she; 'for I shan't do it again for you, I can tell you. All you'll get now is a bone of beef, and if you don't like that, you must dine off the pickles.'

Mrs Timmins's pickles were a prominent feature in her *cuisine*, and were justly celebrated. She laid a very clean cloth on the end of the table, and produced the bone of beef, which proved to be a very respectable joint, excellently cooked. She then requested us to 'fall to' and help ourselves, for she wasn't going to leave washing her dishes to wait on anybody. We said we should be sorry to put her to that inconvenience, and Jack proceeded to carve.

'Is there any chance of potatoes, Bruce?' I inquired. 'Never mind them,' replied he. 'If we behave ourselves, and don't bother Mrs Timmins—she's rather out of sorts just now—perhaps we may get some pudding.'

'Pudding by all means,' said Jack. 'This beef is capital; brown outside, and tender within, like Mrs Timmins herself.'

'What's that you say about me, young man?' demanded the hostess from among the dishes.

'I was praising your beef, my dear madam; I never tasted better, I assure you.'

Mrs Timmins looked round with rather an offended air; evidently she was one of those strong-minded persons who are averse to flattery.

'None of your soft soap with me, young man. The dinner's good enough for you, anyhow.'

'Mrs Timmins,' said Bruce rather timidly, 'I hope you've got some pudding for us.'

'Pudding? Well, I'm sure! At this time of day, too! Not exactly.'

And she returned to her occupation.

'O come, Mrs Timmins! You know I am an old customer. You won't leave us with only half a dinner, I am sure,' continued Bruce; but his entreaties produced no effect whatever.

'Do you think she has any pudding?' asked Jack.

'My dear fellow, I never knew that woman to fail in her supplies. She has *always* got a pudding somewhere at the bottom of her pot.'

'She requires a great deal of persuasion,' remarked Jack. 'You must keep on talking to her, at all events. Put her in a passion, if necessary. I haven't dined.'

'Mrs Timmins, the beef is getting cold,' resumed Bruce.

'Let it!' replied the lady without turning her head.

'Confound it! what's to be done?' said Bruce despairingly.

'I have it!' exclaimed Jack suddenly, and he desired me to hand him my plate. I did so; and having carefully removed the fragments from it, he wiped the knife and fork, and arranged them before me as before dinner.

'I am sorry you have no pudding, ma'am,' said he 'for my friend here is a vegetarian, and will get no dinner.'

'A what?' inquired Mrs Timmins, coming up to

'A vegetarian, ma'am, from the neighbourhood of Bristol. He lives entirely on vegetables—though he wouldn't think it, to look at him—and can't eat meat at all. He could perhaps manage to eat a pudding; but as you haven't got any, he'll have to without his dinner.'

'Ah, you're a bad un!' said Mrs Timmins, shaking her finger at him.

'Ma'am!' exclaimed Jack, rather discomfited.

'You're a bad un! Do you think I ain't up to my tricks? Vegetarian, indeed! Now I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll give them two young men some pudding, but you shan't have a bit; and that'll teach you to come your nonsense over me next time.'

Jack looked the picture of despair.

'No, hang it, that's too bad, Mrs Timmins,' said he was able to say.

She disappeared from the tent without waiting to hear his remonstrances, and presently returned with a large fragment of plum-pudding, from which she cut two great slices.

'Turn your plate up,' said she to me.

'Do what, ma'am?' I inquired.

'Turn your plate bottom up, can't you, to put the pudding on.'

I did so, and she placed one of the slices before me, and the other before Bruce, wholly disregarding the appealing looks which Jack sent at her. The pudding was excellent. We sympathised heartily with our friend's unfortunate position, and told him so. He recovered his usual equanimity, and requested us to finish our dinner, and not exult over the misfortune of our fellow-creatures.

Presently Mrs Timmins quitted the tent for a moment, and by an unaccountable act of forgetfulness—or perhaps some relenting of her stern resolve—left the pudding on a table in the distance. Jack went up to it and cut a slice before she returned, when he swallowed furtively with an unmoved countenance.

Having purchased a bundle of Mrs Timmins's *Meg* cheroots, Jack occupied himself with finishing his letter, and Bruce and I read all through a copy of *Argus*, which was made up as usual of three pages of advertisements and one article against the tenant-governor. We then thanked our hostess for her good cheer, and took our departure. Jack bowed her a bow, and said that although she had refused her pudding—which he had no doubt was excellent—he was sufficiently compensated by the pleasure of making her acquaintance.

The severe countenance of Mrs Timmins relaxed into a smile, and she told him to be off with him—he had eaten more pudding than any of us. Did he think she didn't see him?

Jack expressed his opinion that she was the most impracticable woman he had ever met with. I scarcely say, however, that he did her injustice, when afterwards we learned of her acts of kindness rendered unsolicited to many a poor fellow stricken down by disease, even he came to respect the womanly qualities which lay hidden under the exterior of this Australian Meg Dods.

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THE WIFE OF THE PALATINATE.

ANY will remember a very affecting instance of conjugal devotion which was detailed in the newspapers of 1855. The heroine was the wife of a poor inn, who, having been dismissed from the Newcastle infirmary in cureless agony from chronic rheumatism, longed eagerly to get back to his native village. The only means of conveyance, however, he could afford—the common carrier's cart—was not to be thought of: it would have tortured him to death; and the devoted wife took her husband on her back, and carried him, over rugged country roads, full fifty miles.

This goes quite beyond the spasmodic strainings of romance; yet it is far outstripped by another instance of the heroism of conjugal love, equally well authenticated, although it occurred two centuries ago.

In the year 1621, at the commencement of the Thirty Years' War, the rich province of the Rhinepfaltz, or Palatinate, was overrun by Spanish troops, who with lawless licence plundered and destroyed wherever they came. The princely abbacy of Hirt, about two miles from Germersheim, on the Rhine, was one of the most desirable spots in the whole province, and its wide-spreading domain afforded occupation to a numerous staff of stewards, bailiffs, herds, ploughmen, and foresters. Twice a year the Pfaltzgraf, or Count Palatine, held court at Hirt, whither he repaired with his princess—Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England—to enjoy deer-stalking in summer, and to hunt wild boars in winter. On St Peter's day each year, his head-steward or bailiff, a gentleman named Christopher Theim, rendered to the pfaltzgraf a statement of his accounts, which shewed a yearly return of many thousand rix-dollars. Herr Theim was married to an amiable lady, named Catharina Herpin, and was man of considerable wealth and property, possessing several estates at Neustadt, Wachenheim, Rockenhausen, and Hachdorff, besides houses and money. All the estates belonging to Herr Theim had embraced the Protestant faith, and consequently they, as well as the secularised abbacy of Hirt, did not fail to attract the rapacious eyes of the Spaniards, who ruthlessly claimed and seized whatever seemed desirable. They broke open cabinets and coffers, feasted on delicious dainties and rich wines, and, within a very few days, had rifled the whole place. To these outrages the steward opposed what resistance he could, considering, as in duty bound, to protect to the utmost of his power the property under his care. This being regarded by the lawless soldiery as an infringement of their rights, they seized him, and forced him to swallow a liquid

poured from a silver cup, which immediately paralysed his whole body. His muscular and robust frame became powerless; his sinews contracted so that he could not move a limb; he could not even stand without assistance, and his digestive organs became impaired.

Catharina Herpin, his wife, viewed his helpless state with dismay; but, apprehensive that something worse might befall, she determined to fly from the scene of danger. Secrecy was necessary to insure safety; the use of a carriage could not be obtained; and to add to her difficulty, she had two young daughters whom it was expedient to take with her. In these trying circumstances, Catharina resolved to depend solely on herself. She fastened her husband's powerless arms round her neck, and, with a little girl at each side, she hastened onwards towards the Rhine. A sympathising fisherman ferried her across the river, and on the opposite bank she entered the recesses of a forest, where she remained three days. At the end of that period, hunger compelled her to proceed, and with increased burdens and diminished strength, she slowly advanced by stages along the road. First carrying her helpless husband, in the same manner as before, some distance in advance, she set him down in an easy posture on a grassy bank by the wayside, and returned to bring her children. With one of these in her arms, and dragging the other wearily by her side, she traversed the same ground for the third time, till she reached the spot where she had left her husband; then changing her load, she advanced in the same painful manner another stage, and so continued till in a few days she arrived with her triple charge at the town of Rheinzabern, to the astonishment of the admiring populace. The sufferings and privations of the journey proved too much for the young girls: their piteous cries for food while on the road had been incessant, and had pierced their mother's heart with anguish; but a sharper thrust was in reserve for this courageous woman. Though received with kindness by the inhabitants, and provided with shelter and food, the children survived only two days, and then died in the arms of their mother. Public admiration having been excited, an allowance was granted to the family, which proved a valuable assistance; but the paralysis of Herr Theim's whole frame continued unalleviated. Every effort made to subdue it proved fruitless; and the only method by which nourishment could be administered to him, was to introduce it into his stomach through a quill.

The only effect that increasing trouble had on Catharina was to elevate her courage and intensify her devotion to her husband. Though unaccustomed

to bear the gaze of curiosity or the drudgery of burden, she overcame her natural repugnance to these, and determined to pursue her journey to Strasbourg, in the hope of enjoying better medical advice. She accordingly set out, with her helpless husband fastened on her back, and made her way—a distance of ten German, or forty-five English miles—to Strasbourg. On her arrival in that city, her case met with the same kind consideration and help as formerly; and her husband enjoyed the gratuitous advice of an eminent physician, who enjoyed a salary from the town. This doctor, after careful examination, pronounced the recovery of the invalid to be hopeless, unless he could be conveyed to the Swiss baths at Baden on the Aar. Nothing daunted by the length and difficulty of the route, this indefatigable woman at once determined to undertake the journey, and having again saddled herself, with her precious burden, she started on her wearisome pilgrimage. At each town through which she passed, she seems to have sought out some medical man, from whose advice she hoped to gain some useful or consolatory hint; and even in the face of bitter discouragement from some of these, she persevered. At Neuburg, thirty miles from Strasbourg, she consulted Dr John Melscher; and at Ensighheim, eighteen miles further on, she consulted the town doctor, both of whom affirmed that her husband's life would not last a week; but her hope was proof against despair; and with indomitable perseverance, she pressed on her way.

The old chronicle from which these particulars are drawn, enters minutely into the details of her progress. At Russach, ten miles further than Ensighheim, the household physician of the archbishop of Strasbourg again held out hopes of ultimate recovery, and confirmed the advice on which she had resolved to act, by pointing to the Swiss baths as the most likely means of improvement. At Gebweiler, ten miles further along the Rhine, an old physician was consulted, who also spoke favourably of the baths, but gave it as his opinion that, if they failed to effect a cure, sudden and speedy death would probably result. The next stage of Catharina's progress was across the river forty miles, to Freiburg, where she consulted the famous Dr Fedderer, and placed her husband under his treatment for eight weeks, but without any perceptible improvement. For eighteen weeks now, Herr Theim had been unable to receive any nourishment, except a little wine or soup introduced into his stomach through a quill, and nothing had been found which could afford him any relief. Before leaving Freiburg, however, a slight improvement was effected by means of a desperate kill-or-cure remedy, suggested by a brother-in-law of Dr Fedderer. But it was too slight to alter Catharina's resolution to carry her husband to the Swiss baths. Still forty miles further on, at Rheinfelden, she consulted two eminent practitioners, and was gratified to find, even on the borders of Switzerland, that the baths of that country were thought likely to be beneficial. With elated hopes, she persevered, and soon bore her beloved burden into Baden. Here she immediately began to apply the remedy she had come so far to seek; and for eleven weeks she carried her husband daily from their lodging down to the baths, and back again. The spectacle of a woman thus devotedly nursing her husband, and the report that she had in this manner carried him from the Palatinate, surrounded her with a halo of interest in the eyes of the inhabitants, many of whom paid her visits; and a few of the richer or more generous sent her presents, which she faithfully applied to help her husband's recovery. By slow degrees, he began to amend. In the course of a few weeks, he was so far improved that he could be fed with pap and other spoon-nourishment—the necessary diet being kindly supplied by the Princess of Furstenburg and another sympathising lady, both of whom frequented

the baths at the time. The next step in his improvement was the acquisition of sufficient strength to stand without support; but every attempt to walk without assistance, even with the aid of crutches, proved futile, as the want of muscular power in his hands prevented him closing them so as to hold anything. His body, however, continued to appear little more than a skeleton; and when in the bath, he floated on the water, as the old chronicler relates, like a piece of cork.

The expenses of their long journey, medical fees, medicines, and their living at the baths, soon exhausted what little money Catharina had scraped together from the bounty of friends or saved from the plunder of their property, and she was at length compelled to leave Baden. Allured by the fame of a Jewish doctor at Stanz, a town seventy miles distant, she bent her steps thither. On reaching the town, this physician, having his attention drawn to her, became interested in her case, and promised her relief for her husband. The prescription he gave her, and the manner in which it was acted upon, afford a striking illustration of the progress of the medical art in the seventeenth century, and the superstition which attached to it among the people. The doctor directed her to take a calf, and, having cut its throat, to preserve the *middle blood*. This, mixed with vinegar and salt to a consistency, she was to use as a liniment, and rub her husband's limbs with it daily for four weeks. He also gave her a small bag, containing a slip of paper inscribed with Hebrew characters, which the patient was to wear for a time round his neck. The good woman, fearing that the use of the first of these remedies might prove hurtful in some way to her faith as a Christian, resolved not to try it; but she carefully suspended the amulet from her husband's neck, and kept it there. Though, as the old record says, 'she in her simplicity rejected the most natural remedy to take the improbable one,' yet, probably, from the influence of former means, her husband in fourteen days had made some progress in his recovery.

From Stanz, Catharina continued her journey onwards to Ruppertschwyll. In order to reach this town, she had to climb two high mountains, named respectively the Sattel and Etzel mountains; and while passing the latter of these, an accident of an extremely dangerous character befell her. It was a long day's journey; and in order to reach Ruppertschwyll before nightfall, she started with her burden at five o'clock in the morning, and travelled almost the whole day without rest or refreshment. As she was descending the opposite side, she was seized with a fainting-fit at one of the steepest parts of the road, and falling, she rolled a considerable distance down the slope with her husband, sometimes uppermost and sometimes below her. She contrived at length to steady herself by grasping some bushes; and in this position she remained, till a good Samaritan, who was passing, came to her assistance, after having invoked the Holy Mother and Saint Anna. He first relieved Catharina from the danger of choking, by cutting the bands that fastened her husband's arms round her neck, and he then removed the patient to a more secure spot at a little distance, where he laid him in an easy posture to wait till his wife should be able to resume the journey. After a brief rest, she again took up her burden, and late at night arrived at the long narrow bridge, which all tourists must know who have visited the charming scenery of the neighbourhood; and reeling as she was from fatigue and exhaustion, she passed along its whole length—full two miles—without accident, though undefended by parapet or rail.

From Ruppertschwyll, the journey was continued through Herisau, the capital of Appenzell, to Constance, where medical advice and a curiously compounded bath effected no further improvement in Herr Theim's health. From Constance, the bandied pair bent

their steps towards Bavaria, through Ravensburg and Memingen—a route which, even at the present day, with all the appliances of modern travel, is wild and dreary enough. The object of their visit to Bavaria seems to have been to claim payment of a bond for 700 gulden (about £60), which a former duke of that country had granted in happier days to Theim's father. They found the representative of the debtor—Duke Maximilian, of Pfaltz Neuburg—at his residence Neuburg, on the Danube; and on presenting their demand, they were coolly told that the duke had not at that time sufficient money at his command, as he was engaged in building a convent for a company of Jesuits; but when that was finished, if he had enough left, he would then liquidate the bond. It is to be hoped, for the credit of humanity, that the princely debtor, when he gave this reply, knew nothing of the devotion of the woman whom he spurned; but the contrary seems probable, for the inhabitants of the ducal manor, on hearing that the pilgrim pair were sufferers for their Protestant faith, refused them even the common rites of hospitality.

At Augsburg, a Protestant town, sixty miles from Neuburg, a medical man of great celebrity again advised the baths at Baden, from which the first decided benefit had been derived, as likely to facilitate complete recovery; and, accordingly, the indefatigable Catharina turned to retrace her long painful journey through Swabia and Switzerland. On her way, after traversing about 140 miles, she consulted the headman or executioner of St Gall—a functionary both trusted and dreaded for his sympathetic cures—probably in the expectation of receiving some amulet or charm. He, however, prescribed bleeding; but as she regarded this as too severe a process in her husband's weak state, she declined to permit it. After a rest of three weeks, she pursued her toilsome way, over similar mountains to those which had formerly cost her so much trouble, to Zurich. At Schaffhausen, about thirty miles further, where there was a Protestant community, every house was gladly opened to receive and shelter a martyr to the faith. Cheered, and perhaps materially assisted, they pursued their way to Berne, and thence to the healing springs of Baden. Here at length, after a renewed course of bathing, the long-tried Theim found relief from his sufferings, and his affectionate wife enjoyed the reward of her toil in seeing her husband so far recovered that, with the support of a staff, he could walk alone.

Having recovered so far, he seems to have been unwilling to remain longer a burden on the charity of his Protestant friends, and therefore determined to seek out the pfaltzgraf, his master, in whose service he had suffered so much. The prince was living at this time at the Hague, in a state of dependence on the States-general of Holland; and accordingly the route of the affectionate couple lay through the entire breadth of Germany along the Rhine to Cologne, the whole of which distance they travelled on foot. From Cologne, they took a boat to Utrecht, whence the distance to the Hague was short. The result of their application to the pfaltzgraf is not stated: probably his allowance was barely enough for his own wants. At all events, we find our unfortunate pair shortly afterwards again travelling southwards. They had got as far as the fortress of Wesel, when, from some defect in their passports, they were turned back, and retired to Amsterdam. Here, under the best medical treatment, a complete cure was effected; and here, accordingly, the chronicler concludes his narrative. Some idea may be formed of the devotion and endurance of this courageous woman when it is stated, that she carried her husband on her back 172 German, or about 800 English miles, over hill and dale, across rivers, and through manifold dangers, and that their pilgrimages occupied a term of about three years, animated by

the one hope that his health might be restored. We do not know whether there is another instance of self-sacrifice and patient, untiring devotion on record that can compare with this; and we may add, that the history of their wanderings is said to be vouched by trustworthy evidence, and that the fact of their residence in Amsterdam in 1624 is clearly ascertained. At the peace of 1648, the pfaltzgraf was reinstated in his dominions, but we know not whether his faithful steward, with his tried spouse, ever returned to receive again his post and his property.

GLIMPSES OF AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

FREE PEOPLE OF COLOUR.

WHILE in the slaveholding states, the free coloured people are subject to great injustice from the laws directly framed to oppress them, in the free states generally they have been persecuted by a cruel prejudice, that has not always allowed them to remain secure in life and limb. Their political and civil privileges differ in different states. The statute-books of Indiana and Illinois, both free states, are disgraced by a series of what are termed 'Black Laws;' the effect of which is to deprive the coloured man not only of all political privileges, but even to render his oath invalid. The state of Ohio has repealed her black laws only within the last few years, after a long agitation on the subject. Yet, the laws respecting the qualification of voters are not clearly defined, and, as a consequence, in the northern part of the state, where a strong anti-slavery feeling prevails, free men of colour are permitted to vote; but in the southern districts that border on the slave state of Kentucky, the reverse is the rule. In Iowa, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut, whilst they are not personally oppressed by legislation, they are excluded from all political privileges. In the state of New York, they are entitled to vote at elections, provided they are possessed of real estate to the value of 250 dollars. Gerrit Smith, a well-known philanthropist and reformer, about six years ago, created in this state nearly one thousand voters of this class, by endowing them with property for the necessary qualification from his vast landed possessions. In all the New-England States, Connecticut excepted, the votes of free coloured persons are received on equal terms with those of the whites; and in Massachusetts, they are eligible to the highest offices in the gift of the commonwealth.

Nothing is more common in the northern states than to hear the free people of colour spoken of disparagingly, if not as a nuisance which the country would be gladly rid of. As is well known, the plan of expatriation was proposed, and has been partly carried out by the American Colonisation Society, the well-conducted settlement of Liberia on the coast of Africa being the result. The remarkable prosperity of that free republic, which is susceptible of immense increase, indicates, if nothing else did, that the world has laboured under some mistake about the mental qualities of negroes and mulattoes; and, on this account, the plantation of Liberia, apart from all considerations as to the motives of its projectors, must, I think, be accepted as a great fact—a fact in favour of negro improbability. But it is not necessary to go to Liberia in vindication of the character of this abused branch of the human race. That the progenitors of the present free coloured population of the northern states were degraded and ignorant, none will deny; but to say that their descendants, now in the third and fourth generation, are deserving of the same reputation, would be unjust and untrue. Should we grant that they are generally degraded, which we by no means admit, can those who are inclined to disparage and revile them, point to what has been

done towards their enlightenment and elevation? Far from assisting them on the road to honour and preferment, they have left no means untried to crush in them every noble aspiration, and to keep the whole population of every shade of black in a despicably mean position—exiled from all communion in joy, hope, sorrow.

The force and prevalence of this prejudice can scarcely be imagined by any one out of America. That the colour of a man's skin, without the slightest reference to his moral qualities, or even to his wealth, should determine his social or political position, savours of the ridiculous to Europeans. Yet such is the case in the United States. Nay more, even when all trace of the negro is lost by intermixture, and he no longer presents any distinction in features, the knowledge that he is of African ancestry, is sufficient to place him in the proscribed list; he is consigned beyond the possibility of extrication to the difficult position sustained by the free coloured people of the northern states.

The sufferings endured by this class, from 1835 to 1842, were of a shocking kind. It was no unusual occurrence for an inoffensive man of colour, particularly if he was decently dressed, to be publicly assaulted by white persons, for no cause whatever; and if his outcries attracted attention, no notice was taken when they were understood to come from 'only a nigger.' With the exception of a few abolitionists, the free coloured people had no friend; the evils of the agitation of the slave question at that period being unscrupulously visited on them. In scarcely any of the large cities of the North did they escape violence. Riots of the most frightful nature occurred in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Cincinnati. The dwellings of the coloured people were burned down, their furniture destroyed, and their lives were taken by the miscreants who were permitted to give unchecked rein to their hateful passions. In some instances, their churches were razed to the ground, as if it had been a crime for this unfortunate race to form part of a Christian community.

This storm of persecution having passed over, the free coloured population in the northern states gradually improved in public opinion. In some quarters, and among certain classes of whites, prejudice is as strong as ever; but on the whole, it has been greatly softened—a circumstance attributable not less to the general progress of enlightened sentiment, than to the feelings of compassion excited by the picturesque and affecting incidents in the lifelike narrations of Mrs Stowe. Yet, except in Massachusetts, these feelings do not go the length of doing complete justice to the people of colour. Though subject to a general school-rate, their children are not admitted to the higher kind of academies; the mere elements of education, at district coloured schools, being their full allowance. In the Sabbath schools, the same division is observable. St Andrew's Episcopal Church at Philadelphia has under its patronage and care a black as well as a white Sabbath school, in separate establishments. Once in each year, the children of both schools are brought into the church, that their progress may be ascertained. The white lambs of the flock are placed beside the pastor under the shadow of the pulpit, whilst the black sheep are stuck up in an obscure part of the organ loft. The whites are usually catechised in presence of the congregation, and the blacks are kindly permitted to sing a doxology while the congregation are dispersing.

The common practice of excluding coloured people from all but certain inferior classes of seats in the churches, is well known; and to such an extent has this been carried, that in most large towns they have established and support churches for themselves. In passing along the streets of New York on Sunday, you

see churches pouring out none but whites, and others none but people of various shades of colour, just as if there were a white and black Gospel. Only a few years ago, in one of the Presbyterian churches of New York, there were pews in the gallery marked B. M., signifying Black Members. An English clergyman on a visit to the States, who had heard of these proscribed seats, took an opportunity of testifying against such unchristian arrangements, by taking his family to this church, and seating himself in the midst of the B. M.s, to the astonishment and chagrin of the reverend gentleman who officiated, and the horror and disgust of the deacons, who were greatly scandalised by the stranger's want of self-respect. This quiet method of reproving the congregation of this church had the desired effect, and the B. M.s have since been removed. Negro pews are not now so fashionable as formerly; yet a coloured man would have to stand a long time in a genteel New York church before he would be offered a seat.

C. K. Whipple, in his able tract, entitled *Relations of Anti-slavery to Religion*, relates the following incident: 'In the year 1830, a coloured man bought and paid for a pew in Park Street Church, then and since the head-quarters of "orthodoxy" in Boston. He occupied it, with his family, a Sunday forenoon; but on returning in the afternoon, a constable, employed by the church committee, forcibly prevented his entrance; the Prudential Committee wrote him a prohibitory letter; and the church, in a church-meeting called thereafter for the express purpose, voted that he should not be allowed to occupy his own pew. They then proceeded to discuss, in five or six meetings following, each opened and closed with prayer, the most convenient and effective way of excluding the whole coloured race from equal participation in their worship. Finally, at the suggestion of one who bore, while he lived, the very highest reputation for piety in that church, a new pew-deed was framed, containing a provision enabling them to effect their purpose, and the pews of the church are still held under that deed. It has been so perfectly obvious that any similar attempt would meet the like result, that the trial has never been repeated in Boston. A Baptist church, however (Rev. Baron Stow's, in Rowe Street), has guarded itself against such attempts, by inserting in its pew-deeds the restriction that the pews shall be sold only to "respectable white persons." Whoever of that congregation is not a saint, can at least claim the credit of being a respectable white sinner.'

Notwithstanding these and all other indignities, it is an undoubted fact, that the free people of colour persevere in improving their circumstances, and in seizing on every possible advantage in the way of education. Still excluded from the colleges in New York or Philadelphia, coloured young men are admitted as a favour to some of the other northern colleges and higher order of academies on a footing of equality with whites. The consequence of this irrepressible desire for instruction is observable in the rise of coloured men in northern society; there being now in Boston coloured lawyers practising at the bar, coloured physicians, lecturers, and manufacturers. A prejudice, however, long outlives its expulsion from the minds of the more intelligent classes, of which we have till this day a lamentable example in the treatment of Jews in England. Educated, refined in sentiment, wealthy, admitted to the highest society, Jews are still excluded by technical forms from the House of Commons; and, time after time, the city of London returns a gentleman to parliament who is not allowed to take his seat, unless he make a declaration of a religious nature in violation of his conscience. So does prejudice operate in America. All are not to be blamed, because the free people of colour are subject to vulgar persecution. The prejudice against them

has not yet vanished from the minds of every variety of the 'snob' genus. By white workmen, who fear rivalry and contamination; by conceited parvenus, who dread a lowering of their dignity; by a miscellaneous body of hotel-keepers, railway-car conductors, managers of theatres, deacons of churches, and others who are alarmed for offending 'customers,' the repugnance to associate with, or to give house or seat room to coloured people, is still daily manifested. Public feeling on the subject seems to be in a transition state. A coloured person, in travelling, will sometimes be treated well, sometimes ill; sometimes insulted, sometimes passed over with indifference. The administration even of the law is modified by the feelings of its administrators.

Not long since, a coloured gentleman, a dealer in real estate, was compelled to ride in one of the negro-cars, although at the time he held stock in the company to the amount of ten thousand dollars. The ejection of a coloured lady and her infant from the cars in Massachusetts, created so much sympathy as to cause the passage of a law in that state, imposing a fine of six thousand dollars on any railway company or individual guilty of this offence in future. In the city of New York, suits have at various times been instituted against the proprietors of omnibuses and street railway-cars for the forcible ejection of coloured people. In one instance, judgment was given in favour of the plaintiff, and damages awarded to the amount of 250 dollars. But there is no dependence on these decisions. The case of the Rev. J. W. Pennington, a coloured preacher in New York, a most respectable and amiable person, who was well received in Europe, and holds the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Heidelberg, deserves particular attention. Recently, he was expelled from a railway-car belonging to the Sixth Avenue Railway Company, and forthwith brought an action before the superior court of New York. Below, we give some notes of the proceedings in this curious affair, from the pages of the *European*, an independent New York newspaper.* It will be seen that the judge uttered some strange sentiments, and that the jury decided against Dr Pennington.

Mrs Webb, a coloured lady, apparently a quadroon, from the United States, has lately visited England on

an elocutionary tour. Accomplished in manners, well educated, and every way acceptable as a guest in the houses of people of distinction, this lady has become well known for her elegant readings of the works of popular writers. It gives one a curious idea of American notions on colour, to know that this ladylike person has been subject to indignities in different parts of the states, for no other reason than that she is not a pure white. She has mentioned to us, that in travelling through Pennsylvania, she was refused access to a railway-car, although she had purchased the appropriate ticket. On presenting herself for admission, the conductor put his arm across the door, to debar her entrance, and could not be induced to admit her. With much spirit, she stooped suddenly below his arm, and gaining an entrance, she pushed his arm down, to enable her husband to follow her into the car, where both received the congratulations of the passengers. The conductor was enraged, but, from the aspect of affairs, did not dare to expel them.

About a year ago, on visiting Boston, Mrs Webb went by recommendation to the Marlboro Hotel in that city. The Marlboro is known as 'the pious hotel.' It is an establishment celebrated for its religious usages—public prayers every morning, and a grace at every meal to which the guests assemble. Well, here, surely, she was safe? Quite the reverse. Mrs Webb was not allowed to attend prayers, nor to take her meals at the public tables, but compelled to remain in her own apartment. This was not all. The landlord had the meanness to charge the usual additional price for private meals, although remonstrated with, and shewn that her exclusion from the public rooms was his own act. Much to the credit of the press of Massachusetts, this abominable treatment was strongly condemned; and we can fancy that by the drilling on the occasion, the Marlboro's sense of religious consistency must have undergone some improvement.

In Massachusetts and some other free states, coloured persons are legally recognised as American citizens; but this is only a local advantage. As formerly mentioned, the federal government does not allow that they belong to the category of citizens. They are tolerated, and have a kind of protection; that is all. They will be given a pass, but not a passport. They are all of them 'niggers,' not Americans; and a few years ago it was no uncommon thing to hear an Irish or German immigrant, who had not been six months in the States, talk of sending the niggers out of the country, back to Africa, to which they belonged.

In the refusal of citizenship, the supreme government has forgotten the public services of the coloured race in the trying times of American history, when the clouds of adversity were most threatening. Answering to the call, blacks of every shade stood side by side with the whites in the revolutionary war. The first blood shed in the cause of American independence was that of Christopher Attocks, a mulatto, who was shot by British troops in the streets of Boston. In the swamps of the Carolinas, under the banners of Sumpter and Marion—with Lafayette at Yorktown, and with Washington at Valley Forge and Trenton—wherever the flag of the struggling Americans was unfurled, there might be found the negro cheerfully fighting for the national cause, for that liberty in which his descendants are denied to participate. Hundreds of coloured men, who are to-day deprived of all political privileges in the United States, can remember the scars displayed by their grandfathers—scars received in defence of a country which has not only bestowed on their children obloquy and the hardest bondage, but denies their right to call themselves Americans.

To resume a former comparison, the free coloured people inhabiting the United States have, like the down-trodden Hebrew race in England and other parts

* The counsel for the defendants contended that they were not bound to carry coloured people in all their cars. He referred to the constitution of the United States, to shew that there was a line of demarcation between the two races, and asked the jury if a coloured man would be permitted to sit at the public table of the St Nicholas, or any of our principal hotels. He also stated that the number of cars provided by the defendants for the coloured people was larger in proportion to the population than the number for white people. Judge Slosson, in charging the jury, spoke of this as a peculiarly difficult case; the chief point for consideration being, whether the business and interests of the company would suffer, from allowing blacks an equality as passengers with whites. The jury, after two hours' deliberation, found a verdict for the defendants. The *European* quotes the following opinion from the New York *Herald*: 'Upon this point our northern people are remarkably squeamish, while we know that all over the South it is quite a common thing to see master and mistress and slave, whites and blacks, occupying the same stage or car, without any symptom of a turned-up nose on account of the presence of Pomp or Dinah.' The *European* adds the remark: 'If no legal distinctions were made in the free states between white and coloured men, the prejudice against the latter would soon disappear (it has no existence in Europe), and they would be allowed by the whites to work along with them, learn trades, and become lawyers and physicians. They are now a persecuted race—reviled, too, on account of the direct and inevitable consequences of the bad treatment to which they are subjected. When sick, they must be doctored, if at all, by a white physician; when their property, their lives, liberties, or reputations are imperilled by judicial procedures, if they have any counsel at all, he must be a white man—for no coloured man is, in this city, allowed to become a physician or a lawyer. It is different, however, in Massachusetts. This brutal prejudice, which exists in no other country, is encouraged by the slave-owners for their own purposes. The enforced degradation of the coloured man of the North is used as an argument for keeping up slavery in the South.'

of Europe, thriven under adversity. As the Jews, by being excluded from the enjoyment of common political privileges, bestowed their whole energies on certain branches of trade, and thus accumulated immense wealth, so have the free coloured race—negroes, mulattoes, quadroons, and so forth—betaken themselves to such industrial courses as were left open to them, and in many instances with the most favourable results. Though contemned or neglected, they form among themselves social circles of no mean quality. They dress as well as their white compeers; and in point of manners there is nothing, as a general rule, to find fault with. At all events, we can testify that the more aspiring among them who have visited Great Britain, do no discredit to the land of their nativity, and are treated in every respect as if they could boast of a purely Anglo-Saxon origin. W. C.

HENDRIK CONSCIENCE.

OF all the minor European states, there is scarcely one that is more interesting to the observer than the kingdom of Belgium. Small as it is, it has, from the character of its people, acquired a respectability that is sadly wanting to other powers of greater political weight. In this little land, we see among the people a most enviable degree of material prosperity, while, at the same time, it enjoys an amount of liberty in its government that, except in our own country, is hardly to be found elsewhere in Europe. Nor is Belgium less interesting from its past history than from its present condition and prospects. Many of our readers have probably spent some little time in its old towns, and they cannot but remember the quaint buildings, the strange costumes, and curious usages they observed. Turn where the visitor will, he finds some object which at once carries back his mind some centuries, and compels him to think of the days when the merchants of Flanders were a power in Northern Europe, and the various guilds met and opposed, often successfully, the mailed chivalry of France. As he walks along, too, he sees inscriptions and hears words uttered in what appears to be a rude uncultivated *patois*, wanting alike the elegance of the French, and the masculine vigour of the German. Such a jargon, he perhaps thinks, cannot fairly be considered a language, and, to some extent, he is right. Until within the last few years, Flemish was in the position of a mere *patois*. Unlike its kindred Dutch, which has long boasted a respectable, though little-known literature, it was utterly uncultivated, and the only books printed in it were some few prayer-books, and those collections of tales, songs, and ballads which form the delight of the ruder part of every community. The educated classes spoke and thought in French, and Flemish was left to the smaller shopkeepers and to the peasantry. Something like a revolution has, however, begun. Some men of education have taken the despised dialect under their patronage, and now a Flemish movement is progressing in Belgium, one of the chief objects of which is the cultivation of what is the language of the great mass of the people of the country. We may perhaps be inclined to doubt how far it is expedient to attempt to give life and vigour to a language which is spoken by so small a part of the population of Europe, and which must ever, while it exists, form a barrier isolating the Flemings from their neighbours. Be this as it may, however, the movement is going on, and it is a strange fact that, when upon a recent occasion of national rejoicing in Belgium, prizes were offered for the best poems in French and Flemish, out of the innumerable compositions which were submitted to the judges, not one of those written in French could be considered as possessing even the moderate degree of merit which we presume is required upon occasions of the kind, while, on the other hand, several of the

Flemish compositions appeared to be deserving of honourable mention.

Among the promoters of this Flemish movement, Hendrik Conscience is certainly the best known, if not the only one at all known in England. Several of his novels and tales have been translated into our language, and have acquired a well-merited popularity. Who has not been delighted with the *Recruit* and with *Blind Rosa*? Which of our readers has not sympathised with the mental sufferings of the *Poor Nobleman*? We have all read *Vefa* and the *Miser*, and wondered over the strange tale of *Abulfaragus*; and the refrain of *Rikketikketak* is as familiar to our ears as any of the nursery-songs of our childhood.

Much of the popularity which has attended these tales is doubtless owing to the vividness of the descriptions of everyday Flemish life we find in them, and to the general truth of their colouring. We do not think our author can be looked upon as happy in his attempts at the regular historical romance; and the chief reason for the discrepancy between this and his less ambitious sketches is to be found in the fact, that in the one class of writings he has had nothing to guide him but his imagination and the lifeless records of old times, while for the other he has found a never-failing mine in his own experience. His life has been an eventful one; circumstances have driven him to mix with every class of his fellow-countrymen, from the highest to the humblest, and at times he seems to have been reduced to straits that remind us of what we read of in the literary history of England during the last century.

Hendrik Conscience was born at Antwerp in 1812. His father had served in the French marine at one time as a midshipman, and later as an *employé* in the docks at Antwerp. On the break-up of the first French empire, he settled in that city as a merchant. Our author's mother died before he had reached his seventh year; and thus from that period young Hendrik was chiefly left to himself, little, if at all, controlled by the authority of his surviving parent. Fortunately for him, part of his father's business consisted in the purchase of old books and papers; and thus the boy found the means of acquiring some knowledge. He read everything that came across him, and apparently the mass of books he thus indiscriminately devoured produced no evil effect upon his mind. Some years after his wife's death, the father, who seems to have been a man of a somewhat eccentric turn of mind, left Antwerp, bought some land in its neighbourhood, and built a sort of hermitage. There, while their father was attending to his business, and travelling through different parts of France and Belgium, Hendrik and a brother of his were left altogether to themselves. They never quitted the house and the garden which surrounded it. All the necessaries of life were brought in from the outside, and thus the two boys for some time led the lives of two hermits. After a period of some three years spent by them in this solitude, their father married a second time. But the strange education, or rather want of education, of the boys now began to exhibit the natural results. For years they had been to a great extent their own masters, and there had been no one to teach them the duty of obedience. The consequence was, that upon all possible occasions, they resisted the authority of their step-mother; and the disputes which arose in the family in consequence of this conduct, grew so bitter, that it was found necessary to remove the boys from their home; and they were accordingly sent to a school in Antwerp. At this establishment, Hendrik resolved to become a teacher, and to adopt that profession as his means of livelihood. All his studies were accordingly bent in that direction; and perhaps our author might at this moment be wasting away his life in teaching village-dunces the rudiments

of grammar, but for the great political events which at that period began to trouble Europe. The French Revolution of 1830 broke out, and was successful; and the Belgians, animated alike by national and religious feelings, determined to follow the example of their neighbours, and to shake off the Dutch yoke, which, since 1815, had pressed heavily upon their country. Conscience, like other young men, was fired with the enthusiasm of the time. He turned his back upon school and home, and took service in the Belgian army as a volunteer. He saw some sharp fighting during the years which ensued, but never rose in his regiment beyond the rank of serjeant-major. However, if he was unsuccessful in obtaining advancement in the profession into which he had so ardently thrown himself, he achieved some distinction in a different way. After the successful completion of the revolution, it seems that a considerable amount of discontent appeared in the ranks of the Belgian army. Conscience became the poet of his regiment, and it is stated that his verses contributed not a little to add fuel to the rising flame. Strange to say, these first literary essays of an author whose best fame has since been achieved by his Flemish writings, were in the French language. At that period of his life, however, Hendrik had the same contempt which was generally felt for the tongue of the great mass of his fellow-countrymen.

Shortly after this, the Belgian army was placed upon a new footing, and our author, with many others, obtained his discharge from the service. He spent some time vainly seeking for employment, and at length, as a last resource, determined to try his hand upon authorship. He wrote his first book, *The Year of Wonders*—a series of scenes from the days of the Spanish supremacy in the Netherlands. The work, like many other first works, was unsuccessful as a pecuniary speculation, although, in a literary point of view, it met with some appreciation in Belgium. When Hendrik came to settle his account with his publisher, he found himself deeply in debt. Something, however, must be done, if he wished to exist. His father, who had had several children by his second wife, could no longer support him, and Hendrik left his home once more—this time for ever. All he possessed in the world, when he took this decided step, was two francs, and a few clothes tied up in a handkerchief. With a heavy heart, and scarcely knowing what he should do, he bent his steps towards Antwerp. In this city, however, some little good-fortune was in store for him; and he there met an old school-fellow, who introduced him to his father. This gentleman took some interest in the poor fortune-seeker, and, at all events, secured him the necessities of life by providing unlimited credit for him at an inn. Wappers, the painter, also made his acquaintance, and became his friend, and even presented him to King Leopold. This presentation was well-nigh prevented by the very unromantic circumstance of our author's wardrobe being so scanty, that he had no clothes in which he could decently make his appearance before his sovereign. With Wappers' assistance, however, this difficulty was surmounted: the king received Conscience graciously, accepted a copy of *The Year of Wonders* from him, and afforded him some pecuniary assistance. Encouraged by this, Conscience now published a second work, which met with the same unfortunate fate as its predecessor; and a third, *The Lion of Flanders*, which cost its author fourteen months' labour, and brought him in the magnificent profit of six francs.

Conscience now found himself seriously embarrassed in consequence of the want of success of these publications. He began to think, also, that these repeated failures were proofs that he could not expect to earn a livelihood by the pursuits of literature. He therefore

came to the determination of henceforth earning his bread by the work of his hands; and he hired himself to a gardener as a common labourer. In this situation he spent thirteen months; but the close of his trials was at length at hand. His friend Wappers again came to his assistance, and once more called the attention of King Leopold to the struggling author. The result was, that Conscience obtained a place in the Academy of the Fine Arts at Antwerp, which secured him from all want. He now began that series of tales and sketches which have given him a European reputation. His works no longer meet with the fate of his earlier productions. They are sold and read, and have been translated into many languages. For several years, his life has been easy and happy. The author of *Flemish Interiors* informs us that Conscience is married, and the father of two sons. Thus, after all his struggles, we may presume that he is in the enjoyment of that comfort and domestic happiness, for the absence of which even the most widely spread literary fame can afford but a poor compensation.

N O. 19. W.

THERE has been a good deal of talk lately about model lodging-houses for the lower classes; but I think, for my part, charity should begin at home, and that we should first get model lodging-houses for ourselves. Why are there no respectable furnished apartments in the whole of London where Mr Poppet and I can afford to live upon our two or three hundred a year? One first-floor sitting-room, and two tolerably large bedrooms (on account of the nurse and baby), with cooking and attendance, is what we wish we may get for about L.7 a month in vain. Advertise? Well, we have advertised, and with great success, numerically speaking, indeed. 'All the comforts of a home,' 'cleanliness and attention,' 'no other lodgers in the house,' 'no extras,' 'a cabstand opposite,' 'the gratuitous use of a piano,' 'draught beer over the way'—every allurement, in short, that fancy could suggest to the designing mind, has been offered to us for the above price, and lower; but with what result? We have spent the money, and more than the money, I do believe, in removals and compensations for removal.

Once we thought we had obtained a certain status in society by taking apartments where there were 'two members of parliament on the second floor;' but these turned out to be Irish members, who occupied a double-bedded room immediately over our own chamber, and we had no rest for their Maynooth and similarly patriotic speeches for hours. 'Sir-r-r-r,' one would begin, 'I came down to this House to-night with no intention of addressing it; but the tants that have been levelled at my beloved country, the first gem of the urth and first flower in the say,' &c.: after which the other honourable member would 'follow,' as he expressed it, 'upon the same soide, in reply.' One little boy was retained all day in their sitting-room to take down their eloquence in shorthand; and 'hear, hear,' 'chair, chair,' 'order, order,' and 'Mister Spaker' resounded over us continuously until the two senators went down in an omnibus together to serve up their *réchauffés* to 'the House.' The dining-room had been seized upon by two clerks in the city, under pretence of its not being wanted—although they paid only five shillings a week apiece for sleeping accommodation—and the third floor was the residence of three, and the habitual resort of four other medical students. These never came in till two o'clock in the morning, when they would usually insist upon having some hot supper, and come to the door of our apartment to borrow forks and glasses. Moreover, the domestic being fast asleep in some unknown region, Mr Poppet had not seldom to go down and let

them in, because they had a habit of dropping their latch-keys into the letter-box in their endeavours to open the door. Lastly, in the attic of this house was a clergyman, who had resided there for fifteen months without offering any remuneration whatever to the landlady; he, however, gave but little trouble, she said, made his own bed, and lived exclusively upon rolls and Bologna sausages—still it was very annoying. The place, notwithstanding, was not, I believe, more unsatisfactory than others; certainly not so bad as our apartments in Porchester Oblong, for instance, where the landlord and his wife played cards all day, Sunday, being Jews, and their two female servants came up to me in a fainting condition, protesting that we did not leave enough provisions for their sustenance—they being made entirely dependent on the lodger for support. It was upon this occasion that Mr Poppet raised the standard of revolt. 'You have had the choosing of our place of abode for the last two years, my love,' he said, 'and I think I may say without contradiction, that you have chosen them excessively ill. No; I don't regard your going into hysterics in the least; all I have to observe is, that in future I choose the lodgings;' and he took his hat up and went out upon that errand at once. It is unnecessary to relate here how he pitched upon an *entresol* in the Regent's Quadrant, and paid two guineas deposit-money for the same, and never took me even to look at it after all, in consequence of communications he received from bachelor friends; or how he got a most excellent bargain of three sitting-rooms and as many bedrooms in Allsop Paragon, where the landlord wore a peacock's feather behind each of his ears, and went about the house crowing and flapping his arms: suffice it to say, that the residence Mr Poppet chose at last was No. 19. W.

It was situated in a pretty fashionable street, running directly into Hyde Park, where first-floor apartments were, upon the average, three guineas a week. The drawing-room and back drawing-room of No. 19 were elegantly and expensively furnished; the sleeping-rooms, though bare, were sufficiently large; and the rent was only two guineas. Everything, however, was excessively dirty, including Mrs A., the landlady. Her complexion was cream-colour, sprinkled with yellow spots; her hair, which should have been gray, was whitish-brown; and the hue of her gown quite indescribable: it neither reached high enough nor low enough, nor was it ever changed for another during our protracted residence in her apartments. My husband informed her that I was excessively particular about cleanliness, for which she expressed herself truly thankful; 'for, sir, I do assure you, with me it comes next to godliness;' and it may have done that, perhaps, in Mrs A.'s case, without inciting her to become of alabaster purity. She promised Mr Poppet to have a good wash out; each article of furniture should be accurately dusted, and everything made spick and span for our arrival. We called a week afterwards, and found seven days extra dirt upon No. 19 and its inhabitants, and were assured that the work of reformation was to be begun that afternoon. We called again next day, when Mrs A. immediately set to work to dust the knocker, as though that were the sole appurtenance to No. 19 still left unmirrorlike and spotless. When, after many injunctions on the one side, and promises on the other, we arrived at last with baggage and baby, as tenants, we found all things in primal chaos, with the kitchen-fire out, and no milk in the house for our beloved infant. Retreat, alas, was become impossible; and indeed we had cut it off ourselves by a remonstrance, ending with a policeman, with the cormorants in Porchester Oblong.

The domestic of No. 19 at that epoch—the first of eleven Marys who trusted for a greater or less time to the empty promises to pay of Mrs A.—was rather a

pretty young person, and a good deal cleaner than her mistress, but so hopelessly stupid, that upon being desired to fetch a cab for Mr Poppet precisely at 2 P.M., she brought up at that hour a pair of lighted candles, as though he were about to conjure, read Shakespeare publicly, or perform high-mass. It was her custom also to put letters intrusted to her for the post into any chink or box which offered itself out of doors, especially any that had *Letters* on it, in the simple faith that that was all Mr Rowland Hill required of her. There was also a Miss A., of ten years old or so, residing at No. 19 with her mamma; but she was a lily of the field, and toiled for nobody; nay, the one domestic was principally occupied in waiting upon her, in curling her hair, and getting her up generally, in order that she might apply herself, in correct drawing costume, to the piano. Yes, Miss Euphemia had a voice, as we well knew—was intended, as Mrs A. confided to me, for the Opera; 'my only objection being, ma'am, that I am told it is not a good profession for the soul.' Extreme simplicity, indeed, would seem to come next to cleanliness in the scale of this lady's virtues, and next to that, perhaps, truth. She would appeal to Heaven upon the very slightest provocation, to excuse her omission to make a pudding, or to account for the absence of sippets from a hash. All day long, we could hear her solemnly protesting to tradespeople and others at the door of No. 19, that she had not got one penny in the house, but that next week, as sure as there was a sun in the sky, their demands should be satisfied in full. She made no sort of difference in this formula, whether we had just settled with her for her week's account or not; and it is my firm belief that she never paid any one of them for anything. I had to go out for the barest necessities of life myself, not even the milkman consenting to send round to No. 19 without the express understanding that the provision was for the lodgers, and not for Mrs A. 'Why, ma'am,' said he, 'that 'ooman might have bathed in the milk I've sent her these last six months, without my seeing the colour of her money;' and certainly he could scarcely have selected a more awful image by which to have expressed his feelings. When, indeed, the claims of her landlord and her daughter's singing-master had been satisfied, I don't suppose that poor Mrs A. had really much money to spare, and, of course, under these circumstances, she could do no less than live upon us. She had taken No. 19 upon spec. of a gentleman (Mr B.), who rented it upon spec. of a certain lady (Mrs C.), who had furnished it upon spec., and never paid a shilling to the original proprietor (Mr D.), who had built the house upon spec., and was now at Boulogne. Neither A. nor B., nor C. nor D., had any money at all, I think, but were entirely dependent upon P. (the Poppets) for existence.

Mrs C. (who once called upon Mrs A. in company with a gentleman in a Hansom cab, with the hopeless intention of getting a five-pound note out of her), by whose elegant, and somewhat expensive taste the furniture had been chosen, had herself resided at No. 19 as long as she could get provisions upon credit, and had been succeeded by Mr D., who had done the same; so that not only was the bell of No. 19 a good deal pulled, and the knocker considerably worked—they came with a rap, but went away without one—but also, in the course of the four-and-twenty hours, expostulation, and even direct menace, floated up to the drawing-room floor in ceaseless waves. It may seem strange that we should have put up with inconvenience of this kind for a single week; but the fact was, that Mr Poppet and myself and the baby, had suffered such incredible things at the hands of lodging-house keepers, that we had fallen into a sort of torpor of despair. Therefore, although a good deal alarmed and frightened, I did not rush out of the

house at once, on the occasion when Mrs A. enticed me into her bedroom in the attics, and there exhibited a chestful of the most extraordinary and suspicious splendours—beautiful laces, heaps of cashmere shawls, necklaces of diamonds, jewels of every sort and kind, to be offered to me, as a valued friend, at what were certainly exceedingly low prices. She told me a strange story of her having once been lady's-maid to a person of fashion, and that confidence having been reposed in her by many females of high rank, they now intrusted her with these valuables to sell for them, they being more in want of the money than the goods, which, however, looked quite unworn and new. It was not a satisfactory account of the things, certainly; but a peril which befell our own goods and chattels about this time, drove Mrs A.'s secret treasure quite out of my recollection. This was no less than a menace on the part of Mr D. to put an execution into No. 19, unless his rent was paid. Mr B., it seems, had been trying the screw upon our spotted landlady with as little effect as Mrs C.'s mechanical endeavours had had upon him, for a considerable period; and the poor gentleman at Boulogne could make nothing out of his house whatever. We received this information from one of the many domestics whom Mrs A. had cajoled out of their gratuitous services; and it being further corroborated by the good lady's most solemn denial, I sent off Mr Poppet to see Mr D.'s lawyer in Bedford Row. My beloved husband is not very much used to business transactions, and he returned home, after some hours, in a most miserable condition. He had entirely failed in persuading the legal gentleman—who appears to have been rather deaf and excessively obstinate—that he was not B. or some other defaulter connected with No. 19. He said we could expect no mercy after such conduct as ours had been, and that nothing would be secured to us except our wearing apparel. I packed up what little plate we had at once, and took that and my dressing-case, with a moderator-lamp and a brand-new silk umbrella, to a friend's, for safety. When I had done that, and not before, I began to listen to Mrs A.'s expostulations upon the folly of apprehending such a thing as a distress-warrant in her house, when she had £500 worth of property under the bed in her room, let alone as much again behind the wainscot in the back dining-parlour. I am not sure, indeed, whether her riches or her poverty made us the most uncomfortable. In the daytime, the house was besieged by importunate creditors, and in the evening and late into the night, haunted by mustached gentlemen of foreign appearance, and very much shawled, who had, I suppose, jewellery business to transact with Mrs A. A magnificently attired lady of some fifty years of age having called upon one occasion, and had a most stormy interview, I animadverted, after her departure, upon the disturbance so respectable-looking a person had created.

'Lor, ma'am,' explained her opponent, 'how deceived you be, to be sure. Now, have you never heard, about twelve or one o'clock, a party a-singing and a-hollering up our street?'

'Yes,' said I, 'I have, and it's very disagreeable.'

'Well, ma'am, now, that party is the same party—the very same;' which information was accompanied by a telegraphic signal indicating that the party drank a little.

I began to feel very uncomfortable in No. 19 by this time; was convinced that people were about the house at night, and sent Mr Poppet out to look with a revolver, more than once, locking the bedroom door after him very carefully. He, however, manlike, having chosen the lodgings, determined upon the whole to like them; and I don't know but that we should have been there now, except for this.

One day we went out, baby and all, to dinner in the neighbourhood; and while we were enjoying that

repast in the parlour, our nursery-maid received a rather startling piece of information in the kitchen.

'A pretty house your master and mistress have got into at last!' observed the footman.

'Well, I don't know,' replied Sara, who is quite impervious to satire. 'I call it excessively dirty, at all events.'

'That ain't the worst,' said Thomas: '*it's the West End receiving-house for stolen goods!*'

Whether it really was so or not, or how Thomas got to know it, I can't tell; but by the next afternoon we had everything packed and in a cab for instant departure. Nobody had certainly entered the house that morning; but as I raised my eyes, by no means regretfully, to the first-floor windows, without doubt I saw a gentleman standing there, in our own drawing-room, with mustaches, of foreign appearance, and very much shawled. Mr Poppet wanted to run in again and demand an explanation; but 'no,' said I, 'certainly not. You're sure to see it all some day in the police reports; and nobody belonging to me shall ever cross the threshold of No. 19. W. again.'

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

In the days of the Regency, men had never heard the maxim that the right man should be put in the right place, and it does not strike us as at all out of character with the time, that Jekyll, the celebrated wit, when asked how it happened that he of all others was chosen to fill the responsible post of Master in Chancery, should have replied: 'Because he was the most unfit man in the country.' Since then, however, the public has grown more enlightened; and though, as we shall presently see, the schoolmaster is not everywhere abroad, at least in the sense which Lord Brougham intended when he first gave currency to the phrase, it is beginning to be thought that aspirants, even to government offices, should be to some extent possessed of the necessary qualifications for performing their daily routine of work with credit to themselves, and without bringing the public service into contempt. Mr Jekyll, it is true, got through his duties without any notable break-down. Lord Eldon, who had for a long time refused to make the appointment, but who was at length forced into it by the Prince Regent, used to say it was his very ignorance that saved him; had he only possessed that dangerous thing, a 'little learning,' he would probably have persisted in applying it without regard to consequences, but, as it was, he was forced to take the advice of his brother-masters, to whose superior knowledge he had sense enough to defer.

However unsatisfactory this way of getting through business may seem to common-sense people, it is pretty clear that it is still relied on both by candidates and by patrons to a startling extent. We do not know how matters stand at present with regard to Masters in Chancery or Lords of the Treasury; there is as yet, we believe, no examination for them to go through; but as regards the lower ranks, we have the best authority for what we say. The second Report of the Civil Service Commissioners is now before us, and the information it contains appears worthy of general and serious attention. It could hardly have been supposed, nor would it be easy to believe on any slight authority, that out of the entire number of persons who, having received nominations to government appointments between the 21st of May 1855, and the 31st of December 1856, were examined under the authority of the Civil

Service Commissioners, the number so examined, exclusive of competitions, being 2353, no less than 425 were rejected for egregious blunders in spelling alone, or for blunders in spelling combined with blunders in other subjects except arithmetic; that 147 were rejected for arithmetic, either alone or with other subjects except spelling; and 243 for spelling and arithmetic, with or without other subjects. It must be understood that in all these cases the gross ignorance of the candidates in either spelling or arithmetic, acquirements which do not seem to point to an unreasonably high standard, would have afforded a sufficient, or rather an imperative reason for rejection, even had they come up to the mark in other respects.

The total number of rejected candidates being 880, it will be seen, by adding the above numbers, that only 65 were turned back on other grounds, such as insufficient proof of character, not coming within the limits of age, or want of acquaintance with special subjects required in their departments. What appears particularly strange is, that the proportion of rejections increases. The number per cent. in 1855 was 29·5, and in 1856, 38·8. The Commissioners assure us that, as a general rule, their examinations have not in the slightest degree increased in stringency, so as to account for the increase, though they admit that to a small extent it may be ascribed to the undue strictness of provincial examiners, in the case of candidates for the office of expectant of excise. To prevent any possible occurrence of this kind in future, the Commissioners have arranged to send examination-papers from their own office, precisely similar to those used with candidates examined there, and the answers will be returned to them for adjudication, so that candidates examined in the provinces will stand in the same position as those examined in London.

It does not appear to us that any person holding a government situation, even in the subordinate ranks, can properly get through his duties if he is not well up in ordinary arithmetic, if he cannot read manuscript with tolerable correctness, or if his spelling is ludicrously bad. But we should not have felt so much surprise, nor would it have betrayed the existence of so low a standard in the Civil Service, had the rejections on these grounds been confined to such officers as tide-waiters, expectants of excise, letter-carriers, and messengers; but it appears from an appendix to the Report that no less than 198 of the higher class—that is, would-be clerks at Whitehall, at Somerset House, at the Post-office, in the War and other departments—were found grossly deficient in spelling. In transcribing the brief, and by no means difficult, orthographical paper set before these aspirants, sixteen made 16 mistakes; fifteen made 17 mistakes; thirteen made 18; eight made 19; eleven made 21; and the Commissioners kindly provide us with a table ascending in the scale of ignorance, which shews, among other high numbers, that three made 46 mistakes; two, 49; three, 54; one, 68; one, 75; while one gentleman, who was nominated to a clerkship in the Post-office, stands *facile princeps* at the head of all, being distinguished as the perpetrator of no less than 142 outrageous blunders! We can fancy his astonishment on discovering that the Commissioners declined to give him a certificate, for of course he was much too obtuse to discern his own shortcomings. He probably wrote

about his disaster to a former school-companion something after this fashion:

‘My dear Charls—I promised to wright and let you know when I wost fixed in the situtation were Mr Wiseacre our Parliament repreatative got me apointed a clarke, but now it his very diffirent intelligence I have to send, for I wost broght up before two gents who began to aske all manner of things and put me to wright down I don’t know how many answers. Yet would you supose it, after I answered all thier questions they refused to reecommend me. I was to had three long sums all full of farthings and I did them all, but I cant tell why the gent when he took the paper should have opened his eyes so very wide. Then I was to put down who defeated the Spannish Armada. Of course I could tell them it was Lord Marborough. I did not learn history for nothing at Mr Muddler’s as he knows well enough for he allways said I was a credit to his sistem. I told them all about gui Fawks and that Henry the Eight married Lady Jane Grey, and that the Roman walls in England were built to keep the Tartars out and that the battle of Culloden was fought between the Earl of Lester and Edward the Fourth. I wonder they did not aske the difference between the House of Lawds and the House of Piers, or who were the wigs and the Torgs, as though we where not polititions in our town as well as London.

‘They asked what was a cheif town on the Byne, so I told them Marselles as you may think. Then they broght a map of England whiout any place down on it, which I wost to fill up. Didn’t I do it like fun? The gent said I had done it upside down, but how could that be for I put in all the counties and their wasn’t any room left. They thought I dare say that I should be catched, but they were greedley mistaken. I am not so difficient as that comes to, but I know my suspision is write, that they were prepossessed, and jelous of what I new for fear I should take the shine out of thier own freinds. I supose they must want to keep the vacancy for some of ther own famely, but if they do it is a most purnitious and uncrapulus buisness. It would serve them just write to right to the Times and give them what they deserve for ther inflexible riggor, and that is to be made as exampel of. If you should see the paper at the Warrick Arms, just look out, for I’m detirmined to tell pepell what I did and how they served me, and if my letter dose not properley astonish pholisers, patroles, miniteress, and these gents too with there predudices and perfidity then I am not

Yours sincerely
GUSTAVIUS CÆSAR TUBBS.*

Some curious reflections are suggested by the case of our friend Tubbs, which gives something like an indication of the way in which government situations were formerly filled. There was little, or rather, in point of fact, nothing to prevent unqualified nominees in most cases from stepping quietly into their berths; but how in the name of wonder did public business get on with the Tubbes to take care of it? At least three clerks must have been required to do the work of two, besides an additional superior functionary to correct the blunders of his subordinates. We see, likewise, that the standard of education among the classes who look to mercantile and other situations for a maintenance, is far from what it should be; and that many young men of perhaps fair natural ability may be kept in the background all their lives, for want

* Although this is an imaginary letter, the blunders are really those made by the candidates.

of a tolerably sound school-training in their earlier years.

Arithmetic is another great point with the Commissioners, who say that they find no difficulty in ascertaining the fitness or unfitness of a candidate in this respect. Candidates for the lower offices, such as tide-waiter and letter-carrier, are expected to know the four ordinary rules, besides money, weights, and measures; but the examples set before them are of the simplest character, so that if they fail, it can only be by a most discreditable want of knowledge. 'In no case do the arithmetical questions which are required to be answered, even by candidates for the higher class of junior situations, reach beyond vulgar and decimal fractions, and it is our wish and intention that they should present to the candidate nothing of a puzzling character, but that they should be just sufficient to ascertain whether he understands the principle and is acquainted with the practice in the portion of arithmetic to which the questions belong.' Yet 390 candidates, during little more than a year and a half, were so deficient in this branch of education, that they would have been rejected on this ground alone, even though they had satisfied the examiners in other things.

The third great requirement of the Commissioners is good handwriting, and in this respect they repeat what they stated last year, that they very rarely find a candidate who comes up to their ideal of a good hand, and that, although they discern considerable improvement, they are still under the necessity of keeping the standard of handwriting low, especially as regards the inferior offices. Some departments, however, insist strongly on the importance of good writing, and on one occasion the Commissioners felt themselves bound to reject a candidate for a clerkship 'in an important department,' on account of bad handwriting, although he would otherwise have been successful.

It is only under peculiar circumstances, or in cases of extreme ignorance, that a candidate is rejected for want of knowledge in the higher branches of education. In English composition—meaning by that term, the ability to relate with fluency and distinctness some circumstance with which the writer is acquainted—the Commissioners have found themselves obliged to be extremely lenient. They say that, 'knowing the limited time and attention which is given to the acquirement of English composition in the schools of this country, we have considered that it is only especial ignorance displayed in this branch of examination which could justify us in treating it as a cause of rejection.' This is true to a serious extent: it may be doubted whether a dozen youths out of a hundred on leaving school, could accomplish an ordinary business-letter.

In history, which is one of the subjects intended to test the general education and intelligence of the candidate, the Commissioners have found it necessary to be very moderate in their demands. 'Some cases have occurred in which the display of almost total ignorance of history, combined with indifferent performance in some other subject or subjects, has led us to the conclusion of the candidate's unfitness. And there are also other cases in which a candidate would probably have been rejected in history, had not his case been decided on the ground of deficiency in the elementary subjects; but in no case whatever have we founded our rejection of a candidate upon history alone.'

In addition to the peculiar views of English history recorded in the epistle of our friend Tubbs, there are others not less remarkable to be met with in a note to the Commissioners' Report. Some of the candidates gave such answers as these—namely, That trials of ordeal were employed in the trial of Warren Hastings, and were legally prohibited in the reign of George I.; that George II. is the sovereign to whom the name of the English Justinian has been sometimes applied;

that 'William the Conqueror was a king who introduced many good laws into England; learning and all sorts of science flourishing under him;' that the great plot which was discovered in the year 1678 was the South-sea scheme; that William Wallace invaded England in the reign of Henry VIII.; that the battle of Marston Moor was fought between Bruce and Edward IV.; that in the Seven Years' War the Danes were opposed to the Britons in consequence of the massacre of the former, Sweyn gaining the victory, and being crowned king of England; that the Thirty Years' War was that between England and America; that the Scots were defeated at Bannockburn; and much more in the same style. Of geography, as little seems to be known as of history. The Alps are placed in Hungary, Swansea at Norwich, and Germany in the Caspian Sea. The Thames is made to rise in the German Ocean, and Zante is said to be the kingdom most recently added to Europe.

Notwithstanding all this, however, the Commissioners state—and in justice to those candidates who have been successful, it ought to be remembered, 'that great numbers of the candidates who have succeeded in obtaining certificates have passed very creditable examinations, and have shewn themselves thoroughly acquainted with the prescribed branches of knowledge. We believe, too, that we can safely assert that a larger proportion of persons have passed such creditable examinations during this year, than during the preceding period of our existence.'

We are rather sorry to find that the Commissioners continue to indicate a decided leaning in favour of the competitive system. In the case of a competitive examination for clerkships in their own department, they tell us, with evident satisfaction, that twenty-five out of forty-six candidates had finished their education at one or other of the universities, one having been a Cambridge wrangler; and that of the remainder, sixteen were educated at one or other of the great grammar-schools. As an exceptional thing, this sort of election may answer very well, and may do good service to young men of ability who lack interest to obtain an absolute nomination; but if the system were to become general, the result could obviously be no other than that of leading to a disproportionate expense in education, which, in the case of persons of limited means, would operate to the detriment of other members of the family. If competition were universal, it is clear that no one could rely on obtaining a situation of £100 a year if his friends had not been at a ruinous expense in maintaining him at college to learn things which, the examination once over, would make him no pecuniary return. It is not likely, however, that the competitive system will be extended greatly beyond its present limits, so that there is really nothing to restrict our satisfaction at the result of the Commissioners' labours. The public service can no longer be made contemptible by the intrusion of illiterate officials, and young men of tolerable ability and fair acquisitions will no longer find themselves thrown in the background by the school-dunce.

Parents and guardians may derive many useful hints from this Report; and schoolmasters will perhaps learn the propriety of giving their pupils a sound practical training in those departments which cannot be neglected without serious results. So large a proportion of the middle-classes looks to public and commercial appointments for a maintenance, that the means by which they may be honourably obtained are amongst the most important of social questions. Much vexation has, we doubt not, been caused where candidates have been rejected on the ground of ignorance, and many families have learned, when too late, that political interest without personal qualifications will no longer avail: but a great public good has been accomplished; and we hope that future aspirants will take the

warning which is so forcibly given by previous failures, and endeavour by home-studies to make up for any deficiencies in their school-learning.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A DECLARATION ON HORSEBACK.

FACE to face with my beautiful brunette. Her eyes fell upon me in an expression of surprise. I felt abashed by the glance; my conduct was not *en règle*. I bethought me of an apology. What excuse could I offer for such unceremonious intrusion? Accident? She would not believe it; the time and the place were against such a supposition. With an intellect like hers, it would be idle to adopt so shallow an artifice. No; I would not dissemble; I would boldly avow the truth. Jealousy had rendered me reckless of the result.

'*Adios, caballero!*' said she, interrupting my hurried reflections. '*Currambo!* where is your guide? How have you found this place?'

'Easily enough, señorita; I followed the tracks of your horse.'

'But so soon—I did not expect you'—

'No; you expected another?'

'Certainly. I thought Cyprio would arrive before you'—

'Cyprio!'

'Cyprio—yes, Cyprio.'

'Señorita! if this be another name for your Protean cousin, I have to say it will be better for him he should not arrive at all.'

'My cousin?—better not arrive? Holy Trinity, capitan! I do not comprehend you!'

Her large brown eyes were rolling in astonishment. I was as much puzzled as she, but I had begun my explanation, and was determined to carry it to the end.

'Then, Señorita de Vargas, I shall be more explicit. If Rafael Ijurra appear upon this ground, either he or I leaves it not alive. He has attempted my life, and I have vowed to take his, whenever and wherever I may meet him.'

'Pray heaven you may keep your vow!'

'Your cousin?'

'My cousin—Rafael Ijurra—my worst foe—the direst enemy of our house!'

'Ha! but were you not awaiting him?'

'Awaiting him! Ha, ha, ha! No. Little timid though I be, I should not desire to be here alone with Rafael Ijurra.'

'Lady! you astonish me; pray explain'—

'*Por dios!* gallant capitan, 'tis you who need explain. I sought this interview to thank you for your noble gift. You meet me with anger in your eye, and bitter words upon your tongue.'

'You sought this interview?—say you so, lady?'

'Certainly I did. For reasons already known to you, I dared not invite you to our house; so I have chosen this pretty glade for my drawing-room. How do you like it, caballero?'

'In your society, señorita, the rudest spot would appear a paradise.'

'Again the poet's tongue! Ah, capitan, remember the yellow domino! No more flattery, I pray; we are no longer *en masque*. Face to face, let us be candid with each other.'

'With all my heart I accept the conditions. Candour is the very thing I desire, for, to say the truth, I came prepared for a confession.'

'A confession!'

'Precisely so; but since you are an advocate of candour, may I first ask a question?'

'Ho! you wish to play the confessor with me?'

'I do, señorita.'

'Bravo, capitan! Proceed! I shall answer you in all sincerity.'

'Then, lady, what I would ask—Who is this Cyprio whom you expected?'

'Cyprio! Ha, ha, ha! Who should Cyprio be but my mozo; he who carried my message to you. Why do you put such a question?'

'He who carried your message to me?'

'Of course. Yonder is the *muchacho* himself. Hola, Cyprio! you may return to the house. *Currambo*, capitan! both he and you must have sped well. I did not expect you for half an hour; but you soldiers are soon in the saddle. So much the better, for it is getting late, and I have a great deal to say to you.'

A light had broken upon me. 'Twas Cyprio I had passed in the forest shade; the boy was the bearer of a message—hence his having hailed me. 'Twas I who was expected to keep the assignation; 'twas I whom the timepiece had been consulted—for when those earnest glances had been given! The bitter moments were past, and my heart swelled anew with proud and pleasant emotions.

As yet she knew not that I had come without invitation. Cyprio, at the word of command, had gone off without making any reply, and my prompt appearance upon the ground was left unexplained.

I was about to account for it, and offer some apology for my brusque behaviour, when I was challenged to the confession I had just promised.

Minor thoughts gave way before the important purpose I had formed, and to which the banter recalled me. So fair an opportunity might never offer again. In the vicissitudes of a soldier's life, the chance of to-day should not be disregarded—to-morrow may bring change either in the scene or the circumstances; and I was skilled enough in love-lore to know that an hour unimproved is often followed by an age of regrets.

But, in truth, I do some wrong to my character; was but little under the influence of such cunning calculation at that moment. I acted not by volition, but rather under pressure of a passion that held complete mastery over my will, and compelled me to the declaration I was about to make.

It was simple enough—three little words in either of the two sweet tongues in which we understood each other. I chose the one—of all others most attuned to the tones of the loving heart—and bending low to the fair face, and gazing into the liquid depths of the large inquiring eyes, I whispered the sweet, though oft-repeated phrase:

'*Yo te amo.*'

The words quivered upon my lips, but their effect proved the sincerity in which I had spoken. No doubt it was further manifest by the earnestness of my manner as I awaited her reply.

The habitual smile had departed from her lips: the damask red deepened and rose higher upon her cheek; the dark fringes drooped downward, and half-concealed the burning orbs beneath: the face of a gay girl had suddenly assumed the serious air of womanhood.

At first, I was terrified by the expression, and could scarcely control my dread; but I drew back from the flushed cheek, the roseate neck, the swelling panting bosom. Emotions were stirring in that breast. Oh, what emotions! will she not speak? Will she not declare them?

There was a long interval of silence—to me, seemed an age.

'Señor,' she said at length—'twas the first time I had heard that voice tremble—'Señor, you promise

to be candid; you have been so: are you equally sincere?'—

'I have spoken from the depth of my soul.'

The long lashes were raised, and the love-light gleamed from her liquid eyes; for a moment it burned steadily, bathing my heart as with balm. Heaven itself could not have shed a brighter beam upon my spirit.

All at once a smile played upon her features, in which I detected, or fancied so, the gay insouciance that springs from indifference. To me it was another moment of pain. She continued:

'And, pray, capitan, what would you have me do?'

I felt embarrassed, and replied not.

'Would you have me declare that I love you?'

'Oh! you cannot—you do not!'

'You have not asked the question!'

'No, lady. I dreaded the answer.'

'Ho! what a coward you have grown of late! A pity I am not masked. Shall I draw this veil? Ha, ha, ha!'

It was not the manner of love. Love laughs not. My heart was heavy; I made no reply, but with eyes upon the ground, sat in my saddle, feeling like one condemned.

For some moments her laughter rang in my ears, as I fancied, in mockery. The sweet silvery voice only grated upon my heart. Oh, that I had never listened to its siren tones!

I heard the hoof-stroke of her horse; and, looking up, saw that she was moving away from the spot. Was she going to leave me thus?

She spurred towards the centre of the glade, where the ground was higher, and there again pulled up.

'Come hither, caballero!' she cried, beckoning to me with her small gloved hand.

Mechanically, I rode up to the spot.

'So, gallant capitan! you who are brave enough to meet a score of foes, have not the courage to ask a woman if she loves you!'

A dismal smile was my only reply to this bitter badinage.

'Ah! capitan,' she continued, 'I will not believe it; ere now you have put that dreaded interrogatory—often, I fear too often.'

I looked at her with surprise. There was a touch of bitterness in the tone. The gay smile was gone; her eyelids drooped; her look was turned upon the ground.

Was this real, or only a seeming? the prelude to some abrupt antithesis? some fresh outburst of satire?

'Señorita!' said I, 'the hypothesis, whether true or false, can have but little interest for you.'

She answered me with a smile of strange intelligence. I fancied there was sadness in it. I fancied—

'We cannot recover the past,' said she, interrupting my thoughts; 'no, no, no! But for the present—say again—tell me again that you love me!'

'Love you!—yes, lady!'

'And I have your heart, your whole heart?'

'Never—can I love another!'

'Thanks! thanks!'

'No more than thanks, Isolina?'

For some moments she remained silent, her eyes averted from me; she appeared struggling with some emotion.

'Yes, more than thanks,' she replied at length; 'three things more—if they will suffice to prove my gratitude.'

'Name them!'

'Why should prudery tie my tongue? I promised to be candid. I too came here to make confession. Listen! Three things I have said. Look around you!—north, south, east, and west—the land you see is mine; be it yours, if you will.'

'Isolina!'

'This, too, can I bestow'—she held forth her little hand, which I clasped with fervid emotion.

'And the third?'

'The third, on second thoughts, I cannot give; 'tis yours already.'

'It is —?'

'*Mia corazon*' (My heart).

Those splendid steeds, like creatures of intelligence, appeared to understand what was said; they had gradually moved closer and closer, till their muzzles touched and their steel curbs rang together. At the last words, they came side by side, as if yoked in a chariot. It appeared delight to them to press their proud heaving flanks against each other, while their riders, closing in mutual clasp, leaned over and met their lips in that wild fervid kiss which forms the climax of love.

CHAPTER XLVII.

STRAYED FROM THE TRACK.

We parted upon the top of the hill; it was not prudent for us to be seen together. Isolina rode away first, leaving me in the glade. We bade adieu in that phrase of pleasant promise, '*hasta la mañana*' (until to-morrow). To-morrow we should meet again. To-morrow, and to-morrow, we should visit that sweet spot, repeat our burning words, renew our blissful vows.

I remained some minutes on the ground, now hallowed and holy. Within, the tumult of triumphant passion had passed, and was succeeded by the calm repose of perfect contentment. My heart's longings had been gratified; it had found all that it desired—even to the full reciprocity of its passion. What would it more? There is no more of mundane bliss. Life has no felicity to cope with requited love; it alone can give us a foretaste of future joys; by it only may we form some idea of the angel existence of heaven.

The world without was in harmony with the spirit within. The scene around me was rose-colour. The flowers appeared fresher in tint, and breathed a sweeter fragrance in the air; the hum of the homeward bee, laden with treasures for his love-queen, fell with a dreamy pleasance upon the ear; the voices of the birds sounded softer and more musical; even the *aras* and paroquets, chanting in a more subdued tone, no longer pronounced that hated name; and the tiny Mexican doves—*las palomitas*, scarcely so large as finches—walked with proud gait over the ground, or side by side upon the branches of the myrtled—like types of tender love—told their heart's tale in soft and amorous cooing.

Long could I have lingered by that consecrated spot, even *hasta la mañana*, but duty claimed me, and its calls must not be disregarded. Already the setting sun was flinging purple beams over the distant prairie; and, heading my horse down the hill, I once more plunged under the shadows of the mimosas.

Absorbed in my supreme happiness, I took no heed of aught else; I noticed neither track nor path.

Had I left my horse to himself, most likely he would have taken the right road; but in my reverie, perhaps I had mechanically dragged upon the rein, and turned him from it. Whether or not, after a lapse of time, I found myself in the midst of thick woods, with not the semblance of a trail to guide me; and I knew not whether I was riding in the right direction. I ought rather to say that I knew the contrary—else I should long since have reached the clearings around the village.

Without much reflection, I turned in a new direction, and rode for some time without striking a trail. This led me once more into doubt, and I made head back again, but still without success. I was in a forest-plain, but I could find no path leading anywhere; and amid the underwood of palmettoes I could not see any great distance around me. Beyond a question, I had strayed far out of my way.

At an early hour of the day, this would have given me little concern; but the sun had now set, and already, under the shadow of the moss-covered trees, it was nearly dark. Night would be down in a few minutes, and in all probability I should be obliged to spend it in the forest—by no means an agreeable prospect, and the less so that I was thinly clad and hungry. True, I might pass some hours in sweet reflection upon the pleasant incident of the day—I might dream rosy dreams—but, alas! the soul is sadly under the influence of the body; the spiritual must ever yield to the physical, and even love itself becomes a victim to the vulgar appetite of hunger.

I began to fear that, after all, I should have but a sorry night of it. I should be too hungry to think; too cold either to sleep or dream; besides, I was likely to get wet to the shirt: the rain had commenced falling in large heavy drops.

After another unsuccessful effort to strike a trail, I pulled up and sat listening. My eyes would no longer avail me; perhaps my ears might do better service.

And so it chanced. The report of a rifle reached them, apparently fired some hundred yards off in the woods.

Considering that I was upon hostile ground, such a sound might have caused me alarm; but I knew from the sharp whip-like crack that the piece was a hunter's rifle, and no Mexican ever handled a gun of that kind. Moreover, I had heard, closely following upon the shot, a dull concussion, as of some heavy body dropped from a high elevation to the ground. I was hunter enough to know the signification of this sound. It was the game—bird or beast—that had fallen to the bullet.

An American must have fired that shot; but who? There were only three or four of the rangers who carried the hunter-rifle—a very different weapon from the 'regulation' piece—old backwoodsmen who had been indulged in their whim. It might be one of these.

Without hesitation, I headed my horse for the spot, and rode as rapidly as the underwood would permit me. I certainly must have passed the place where the shot had been fired, and yet I saw no one; but just as I was about to pull up again, a well-known voice reached me from behind with the words:

'Jumpin' Geeshosophat! it ur the young fellur!'

Turning, I beheld my trapper comrades just emerging from the bushes, where they had cautiously *cached* on hearing the hoof-strokes of my horse.

Rube carried upon his shoulders a large turkey gobbler—the game I had heard drop—while upon Garey's back I observed the choice portions of a deer.

'You have been foraging to some advantage,' I remarked as they came up.

'Yes, capt'n,' replied Garey, 'we won't want for rashuns. Not but that your rangers offered us a plenty to eat; but ye see we couldn't in honour accept o' it, for we promised to find for ourselves.'

'Ye-es, durn it!' added Rube, 'we're free mountaineer men—ain't a gwine to sponge on nobody—we ain't.'

'An, capt'n,' continued Garey, 'thar don't appear to be any great eatin' fixins about the place for yerself neyther: if yu'll just accept o' the turkey, an one o' these hyar quarters o' the deer-meat, thar's plenty left for Rube an me; ain't thar, Rube?'

'Gobs!' was the laconic answer.

I was not loath to satisfy the wish of the hunters—for to say the truth, the village larder had no such delicacies as either wild turkey or venison—and having signified my assent, we all three moved away from the spot. With the trappers for my guides, I should soon get into the right road. They, too, were on their return to the post. They had been in the woods

since noon. They were both afoot, having left their horses at the rancheria.

After winding about half a mile among the trees we came out upon a narrow road; here my companions, who were unacquainted with the neighbourhood, were at fault as well as myself; they knew not which direction to take. It was dark as pitch, but, on the night before, there was lightning at intervals. Unlike the preceding night, however, it was now raining as if all the sluices of the sky had been opened; and by this time we were all three of us soaking wet. The whole canopy of heaven was shrouded in black, without a single streak of light upon it—even a star. Who could discover the direction in such a night?

As the lightning flashed, I saw Rube bending down over the road; he appeared to be examining the tracks. I noticed that there were wheel-tracks—deep ruts—evidently made by the rude block-wheels of a *carreta*. It was these that the trapper was scanning.

Almost as soon as a man could have read the direction from a finger-post, Rube raised himself erect, and crying out:

'All right—this-away!' set off along the road.

I was curious to know how he had determined the point, and questioned him.

'Wal, yur see, young fellur, it ur the trail o' a Mex kin cart; an anybody as iver seed thet ur vamin knows it hez got only two wheels. But thur are four tracks hyur, an thurfor the cart must a gone back o' fo'th, for I seed they wur the same set o' wheels. Now 'tur raizonable to s'pose thet the back-track leads to the settlements, an thet's this-away.'

'But how could you tell which was the back track?'

'Wagh! thet ur easy as fallin off a log. The back track ur the fresher by more'n a kuppel o' hours.'

Pondering upon the singular 'instinct' that enabled our guide to distinguish the tracks, I rode on in silence.

Shortly after, I again heard the voice of Rube, who was some paces in the advance.

'I kud a knowd the way,' he said, 'ithout the whe tracks: they only made things more sartint sure.'

'How?' I asked. 'What other clue had you?'

'The water,' replied he; 'ee see, or 'ee mout, ef yu a looked into the tracks, thet it ur runnin this-away. Do-ee hear thet thur?'

I listened. I heard distinctly the sound of running water, as of a small stream carried down a rocky channel.

'Yes—I hear it.'

'Wal,' continued the trapper, 'it ur a branch made by the rain: we're a follerin it down; an thurfor we kum to the river jest whur we want to git. Once thur, we'll soon find our way, I reck'n. Wagh! the durned rain kums down! It 'ud drown a muskrat! Wagh!'

The result proved the trapper's reasoning correct. The road-water was running in the direction we had taken; and shortly after, the brawling branch shot off from among the bushes, and crossed our path, directing from it at an acute angle. We could see, however, as we plunged through the now swollen streamlet, the current, in its general direction, was the same as our road: it would certainly guide us to the river.

It did so. Half a mile further on we came out upon its banks, and struck the main road leading to the rancheria.

A few minutes' brisk travelling carried us to the outskirts of the village, when we were all three brought to a sudden halt by the sharp hail of the sentry, who called out the usual interrogatory:

'Who goes there?'

'Friends!' I replied; 'tis you, Quackenboss!' had recognised the voice of the soldier-botanist, and

under the lightning, saw him standing by the trunk of a tree.

'Halt! Give the countersign!' was the response in a firm determined tone.

I did not know this masonic pass-word. On riding out, I had not thought of such a thing, and I began to anticipate some trouble. I resolved, however, to make trial of the sentry.

'I haven't got the countersign. 'Tis I, Quackenboss. I am'—

I announced my name and rank.

'Don't care for all that!' was the somewhat surly rejoinder; 'can't pass 'thout the countersign.'

'Yer durned fool! it's yur captin,' cried Rube, in a peevish tone.

'May be,' replied the imperturbable sentry; 'can't let him pass 'thout countersign.'

I now saw that we were in a real dilemma.

'Send for the corporal of the guard, or either of the lieutenants,' I suggested, thinking that that might be the shortest way to get out of it.

'Hain't got nobody to send,' came the gruff voice of Quackenboss from out the darkness.

'I'll go!' promptly answered Garey—the big trapper thinking, in his innocence, there could be no reason why he should not carry the message to quarters—and as he spoke, he made a step or two forward in the direction of the sentinel.

'Halt there!' thundered the voice of Quackenboss; 'halt! another step, and I'll plug you with a bullet.'

'What's thet? plug he sez?' screamed Rube, leaping to the front. 'Geeho Geehosopah! yu'll plug 'im, eh? Yur durned mulehead, if 'ee shoot this way, it'll be the last time yu'll ever lay claws to a trigger. Now then!' and Rube stood with his rifle half raised to the level, and threatening to raise it still higher.

At that moment, the lightning gleamed; I saw the sentry with his piece also at a level. I well knew the accuracy of his aim; I trembled for the result. In my loudest voice, I called out:

'Hold, Quackenboss! hold your fire! we shall wait till some one comes; and as I spoke, I caught both my companions, and drew them back.

Whether it was the commanding tone of my voice, which the ranger had heard before, or whether in the light he had recognised my features, I saw him, before it darkened, lower his piece, and I felt easy again.

But he still obstinately refused to let us pass. Further parley was to no purpose, and only led to an exchange of rather rough compliments between Quackenboss and my two companions; so, after endeavouring to make peace between them, I stood still to await the chance of some one of the guard coming within hail.

Fortunately, at that moment, a ranger, somewhat the worse for aguardiente, appeared in the direction of the piazza.

Quackenboss condescended to call him up; and after a crooked palaver, he was despatched to bring the corporal of the guard.

The arrival of the latter ended our troubles, and we were permitted to reach the piazza without further hindrance; but as we passed the stern sentry, I could hear Rube mutter to him: 'Ee durned mulehead! if I hed ye out upon the parairas, wudn't I? Wagh!'

CHAPTER XLVIII.

AN ADIOS.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow—a deline of love, whose every hour was consecrated to its god. At earliest dawn, by the rosy rays of Aurora; at golden noon, shadowed under sweet acacias; in the gleam of the purple twilight; 'neath the silvery light of the moon.

That both laid our hearts upon his altar, and willing

knelt before the shrine, witness ye bright birds and balmy flowers!—ye green myrtles and mimosas!—witness ye blue skies of Anahuac! Ye alone were our witnesses.

For you who have loved, I need not portray the pleasure of this noble passion; for you who have not loved, I cannot. Love is a delight that may be known only to those who have experienced it.

Ours was a half-month of happiness without alloy. True, there were moments of pain—the moments of daily parting—but these were brief, and perhaps only prevented the cloyment of too much joy—if such a thing be possible. Moreover, these short-lived sorrows were in part neutralised by the knowledge we should soon meet again; we never parted without exchanging that fair promise. In the morning, it was '*hasta la tarde*;' at night, our last words were '*mañana por la mañana*.' Lovers have felt, and poets have sung, the pleasures of hope; oft the anticipation of a pleasure rivals in piquancy its actual enjoyment.

Let memory not be forgotten; it, too, has its joys; and oh, how sweet the retrospect of those blissful hours! If there was monotony, it was a monotone of which my heart could never tire. It was an intoxication I could have endured for life. There is no surfeit of such sweets. Why are we not permitted to enjoy them for ever? Alas! there is an ending.

There was so. A crisis came, and we must part—not with the pretty promise upon our lips—'until the morning,' 'until the evening,' but for long weeks, months, may be years—an uncertain time—'*hasta se acabo la guerra*' (until the war is over).

Oh, the misery of that parting! Cruel destiny of war! Never felt I so weary of wearing a sword.

There was a struggle 'twixt love and duty. No, not duty: I might have sheathed my sword, and wronged no one; I was but a cipher among thousands, whose blade would scarcely have been missed. Nor would I have wronged myself. I was simply, as I have already declared, an adventurer. The country for which I fought could not claim me; I was bound by no political conscience, no patriotic *esprit*. Perhaps, now and then, I entertained the idea that I was aiding the designs of 'manifest destiny'—that I was doing God's work in battling against the despotic form. Yes, I may confess that such sparks glowed within me at intervals, and at such intervals only did I feel enthusiasm in the cause. But it was no consideration of this kind that hindered me from deserting my banner. Far otherwise: I was influenced by a motive purely selfish—pride.

I could not—not an adventurer almost penniless—I would not presume to claim that richly dowered hand. Fortune I might never have to equal hers, but fame is worthy wealth, and glory mates with beauty. I knew that I was gifted with an apt head and bold aspiring heart; I knew that I carried a keen blade, and hoped to hew my way to rank and fame. Perhaps I might return with a star upon my shoulder, and a better handle to my name, and then—

Ah, for all that, it was a bitter parting! It was hard to list unheeding to those earnest entreaties, adjuring me to stay—terrible to untwine those tender arms—terrible to utter that last *adios*!

Our troth was plighted within that same glade that had echoed our first vows. It had been plighted a hundred times, but never sadly as now, amidst sobs and tears. When the bright form, screened by the frondage, had passed out of sight, I felt as if the sun had become suddenly eclipsed. * * *

I lingered not long, though I could have stayed for hours upon the hallowed spot. Again duty, that stern commander, summoned me away. It was already close upon sunset, and by to-morrow's dawn I must be *en route* with my troop.

I was about heading my horse into the track, now

well known to me; Isolina had gone down the hill on the opposite side, by a path that led more directly to the hacienda. From precaution, this had been our habitual mode of parting; and we also met from opposite sides. In the wild region of the *cerro*—for by this name was the hill known—we never encountered a human being. There was no habitation near, and the *vagueros* rarely strayed that way, so that our place of meeting remained a secret—at least we fancied so—and we acted without much apprehension, and perhaps without sufficient caution. Each hour we had grown more confident of security, and, blinded by love, had taken less pains to conceal the fact of our daily assignation. It was only that morning I had heard a whisper that our affair was known, and that they of the *rancheria* were not as benighted as we supposed them. Wheatley was my informant—Conchita, his. The lieutenant had added some friendly advice, cautioning me against the imprudence of going so far from the post unattended.

Perhaps I might have treated his remonstrance with less neglect; but as this was to be our last meeting for a long time, my heart grew heavy under the prospect of the parting scene. I preferred going companionless; I had no apprehension that any enemy was near. As for Ijurra, he was no longer in the neighbourhood; he had not been seen since the night of the battle, and we had positive information that he had joined his band with the guerrilla of the celebrated Canales, then operating on the road between Camargo and Monterey. Indeed, had Ijurra been near, he could hardly have escaped the keen search of Holingsworth and the rangers, who, night and day, had been upon the scout, in hopes of overhauling him.

I was about turning into the old track, when a yearning came over me—a desire to obtain one more look at my beloved. By this time she would have reached her home; I should pass near the house; perhaps I might see her upon the *azotea*—a distant glance—a wave of the hand—haply the sweet prayer, '*va con Dios*!' wafted upon the breeze: something of the kind I anticipated.

My horse seemed to divine my wishes; scarcely waiting for the guidance of the rein, he moved forward upon the path taken by the steed of Isolina.

I soon reached the bottom of the hill, and, entering the heavy timber, traversed a tangled wood—similar to that on the other side of the *cerro*. There was no path, but the tracks of the white steed were easily followed, and, guiding myself by them, I rode forward.

I had not gone five hundred yards from the hill, when I heard voices echoing through the woods, directly in front of me, and apparently at no great distance. Years of frontier-life had imbued me with an intuitive caution that resembled instinct; and as if by a mechanical effort, I pulled up and listened.

A woman was speaking; and instantly I recognised the voice. There was but one that rang with that rich metallic tone. I might well remember it, for the sweet, sad sounds of the *va con Dios* had not yet ceased to vibrate in my ears.

With whom was she in converse? Whom had she encountered in such a place, amid the wild woods?

She ceased speaking. With ears keenly set, I listened for the rejoinder. Naturally, I expected it in the voice of a man; but not that man. O heavens! it was the voice of Rafael Ijurra!

'COPYING BY LIGHT.'

Many of our correspondents having been unsuccessful in their trials of this process, we now give some further particulars, which they will find of great assistance:—The months of November, December, January, and February are not favourable for copying prints, the sunlight being too weak. Under most states of sunlight in this

country, instead of a *quarter of an hour*, which would be sufficient under very favourable circumstances, the paper may be exposed even to four hours. After the paper has been spread over with the solution, it is to be dried in the dark, say in a drawer or dark room: if dried in the light, it will be useless. One of the greatest difficulties is keeping the paper, on which the solution has been spread, in perfect contact with the picture: where it is not in contact, the copy will be very indistinct. The solution of blue-stone and bichromate of potass must be well shaken before being used. The prepared paper will remain fit for use for a long period, if kept in the dark; but it is most sensitive when fresh. The strength of the solution of common salt should be at least thirteen grains to the ounce of water. The print should remain in the solution of common salt until it begins to turn of a yellowish colour.

THE MOHAMMEDAN LADY TO HER HAND-MAIDEN.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Bring out the mats beneath the trees
Whose boughs are bright with scented gold;
And spread the softest cushions where
The shade is deepest, and the air
Comes coolest through the white-starred fold
Of jasmynes, welcoming the breeze.

Bring out the lute, whose sound He loves
To mingle with his own sweet song;
Which hath indeed but one rich theme,
Love—a reality, no dream—
A sparkling rosebud twined among
Life's common paths, wherein he roves.

Bring sherbets of the rarest taste,
Where lime and almond flavours blend;
And fruits, so full of juice, the sight
Shall quench his thirst with strange delight—
As dews that with the sun descend
Refresh and soothe the sultry night.

Pomegranates, crimson with ripe blood;
Grapes, purple as the wood-dove's wings;
Guavas, pink and white, whose smell
The palm-tree paroquet loves well;
And mangoes, whose aroma brings
Dreams of his northern fir-cone wood.

Bring flowers—those roses of the east
Whose tiniest buds are drenched with scent;
And Moogra chaplets, white as snow—
And the sweet myrrhy buds that glow
On the wood-apple,* 'neath whose tent
The sportive monkey makes its feast.

The air is rich, that soon shall be
Much richer by His fragrant breath;
Fan me with scented grass, bedewed
With cooling essence—for my blood
Hopes fevers, and the *kuskus** hath
A soothing influence on me

'Tis twilight, for a fire-fly gleams
Amid the yellow citrons there:
A footstep falls upon my ear,
Whose music tells me He is near.—
Ah me! this world is very fair,
And sweet are young Love's waking dreams!

* The blossoms, leaves, and fruit of the *Feronia elephantum*, or wood-apple, have a rich odour, not unlike myrrh. The roots of the *kuskus*-grass, of which mats, screens, and large fans are twisted, when sprinkled with water, give out a spicy and refreshing smell. It is the *vitiver* of modern perfumery.

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SHOP-WINDOWS.

To the opinion of the philosopher who held the shady side of Pall Mall to be the spot on earth most replete with enjoyment, I have but one difficulty in subscribing. On the shady side of Pall Mall there are no shop-windows; and to the real epicurean of the joys of sauntering in metropolitan shade, there can be no happiness on the cool side of any street where shop-windows are not. I am aware that there are men, professors in the delights of idling, to whom the mere pacing to and fro is sufficient, and in whose eyes shop-windows are no more than margins of the footway on the one side, as the kerb-stone is on the other. I am a saunterer of more enlightened creed; and if an Arab by reason of my wanderings, I am at least of the tribe recognised among that ancient people as the 'dwellers in cities;' and my nomadism is limited to the regions civilised by shop-windows. What music is to the banquet—supplying an under-current of harmony that links one enjoyment to the other, and to the patchwork of an entertainment gives coherency and concord—shop-windows are to the peripatetic philosopher. When thought begins but for an instant to stagnate, and the stream of reflection to flow less freely, the next shop-window will furnish fresh matter for our musings, cheer us by the exhibition of some of the pleasant varieties of life, if we are meditating too moodily, or bring us down to the sobering level of reality if our fancy is indulging in too fantastic a flight.

Let who will decry my philosophy as of the shop, shoppy, I care not! I give them their mountains and their valleys, their rivers and their plains, their magnificent prospects and flourishes anent the picturesque, so they let me have the shops; for what are to them empty shops, are to me galleries of art, science, and marvels, and treasures of never-failing enjoyment; exhibitions where there is no fee for admission, where you are constrained to purchase nor catalogue nor programme of the entertainment, where there are no reserved seats and no fees to attendants. Pass with a glance, or linger for prolonged inspection, you incur neither liability nor obligation; and should you, on these unexpensive terms derive, in any measure, amusement at the moment, or material for after-thought, how deep should be your gratitude to the donors of the benefaction!

What a joy is a print-shop—a Walhalla of the hour! The popular voice delivers its verdict on public men, through the media of lithography and engraving. It is merely a question of supply and demand, just as a mother wants a photograph of

'baby,' so does the public demand the face of its favourite: the print-seller is not behind hand, and soon there is the Abon Hassan of the day, the king for the hour, in all the glories of graving, occupying the post of honour in the print shop-window. But there are more heroes for the day than heroes for all time: there is a 'latest novelty' in reputation as in everything else; and at the back of the shop we are peering into, lie a ghastly assortment of celebrities who have been pushed off or have shrunk down from their pedestals before the rival who now reigns in their stead! What bargains might one now secure in enlightened statesmen, who have waned into insignificant M.P.s; accomplished orators, who have shrunk into empty talkers; popular preachers, who have merged in mere bishops; fascinating actresses, whose charms have passed their climacteric; and dashing cavalry-officers, who have been found, on to-day's reflection over the premature verdict of yesterday, to be but heroes of a most Brummagem mint. Truly said George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham: 'We can no more judge of the value of a man by the impression he makes on the public, than we can tell whether the seal was of gold or brass by which the stamp was made. Nevertheless, let us sun ourselves in the light of the countenance of the present hero, and while we bend reverently before his worship, muse how long his reign will last, and speculate upon the heir-apparent to his throne.'

What museums of marvels are pawnbrokers' shops! What a halo of wonderment, half smiling, half sad, consecrates each of the curiosities which, in the shape of unredeemed pledges, illustrate the window. Into what a sea of conjecture do we not drift. Who was the ill-fated proprietor of that handsome cruet-stand, 25s., and what was the untimely occasion that compelled its mortgage? Who was it purchased temporary alleviation of his impecuniosity by 'putting away' that solid silver soup-ladle, 18s. 6d.? Who were the primal possessors of the curved Damascus dagger with jewelled handle; of the antique pistols richly inlaid, which I would not for a trifle undertake to fire off; of the plated chamber-candlestick, very coppery about the edges, and thus fully complying with the provisions of the old law, which required all plated goods to exhibit somewhere the original foundation? Whose heart was eased by the deposit of the bronze head of Cicero, strikingly like Mr Pitt, and a good deal battered as to features? That strange oil-painting, too, in splintered and dirty frame, of a tawny orange-coloured saint, sitting in outer darkness, visited in his opacity by a scarcely less tawny-coloured nymph, with the little wardrobe she has, clothing the air considerably more

than herself, descending from sea-green clouds, and presenting to the virtuous ancient in the foreground what seems intended for a bird, a dove perhaps, though very much like a cottage-loaf in shape; the whole ticketed to be by Julio Romano—very fine work, only L.3, 10s. By what combination of circumstances were all these strange and incongruous effects drawn together into the net of the pawnbroker? Did the original owners deposit there their chattels, with the intention of redeeming them at a future period; and did stern poverty, most implacable of creditors, lodge more and more detainers against them, until at last the arrangement was foreclosed, and the equity of redemption lost altogether? How many paid interest on the advance, and so staved off for a time the day of reckoning, which came at last notwithstanding, and engulfed deposit, interest, and all? What have become of the duplicates? Are they destroyed, or held still as faint representatives of treasures once possessed, though now lost for ever—title-deeds of a past prosperity, like the genealogy of a poor peer, or the heavy schedule of a bankrupt trader? What a crowd of shipwrecks, what 'seas of troubles' must there have been to strand upon the same shore such different cargoes! The India-shawl, the clock, the toast-rack, the eye-glass, the bracelets, the thermometer, the umbrella, the flat-iron, the chimney ornaments, the teapot, the opera-glass, the Soutley medal, the wedding-ring, the spurs, the freemason's insignia, the gold-watch, engine-turned, and jewelled in four holes, and last, melancholy item! the small silver-gilt locket, in which a plait of light-brown hair is still nestling. Melancholy token! Love himself—it can only be a love-gift—the prisoner of the pawnbroker!

But this is sad; let us 'move on.' What a haven for half-an-hour's loitering is the bookstall!—half-way house between the publisher and the buttermilk-morgue for the disposition of defunct literature, in case some friendly hand may charitably claim the sad remains for private interment, and so rescue them from the ignominy of dissection at the cheese-shop. 'Paint an inch thick, to this complexion must we come at last.' All these at fourpence: *Cassivelaunus*, a Tragedy, in five acts; *Sturm's Reflections*; *The Soul's Vigil*, and other Poems; *Watt's Logic*; and vol. ii. of the *Rightful Heir*, a novel, in three volumes (Newman: Leadenhall Street). *The Whole Duty of Man* for fourpence, the *Clergyman's Vade-Mecum* for three-pence, *Paley* for ninepence, and *Pope's Homer* for a shilling. 'How the knave jowls them to the ground.' Did these books cost no more the making but to play at loggats with them? Let the man who desires to write a book, visit first a bookstall, see what he can buy for sixpence, and then go home and not write it.

News-venders have cheerful shop-windows. There we find exhibited that interesting illustration—on the first page of the cheap periodical, which always seems to be published in advance of its date—to which I never could find the relative letterpress. There are hung up the newspaper placards: 'Horrible Murder at Horsleydown;' 'Homes and Altars, by Gracchus;' 'Curious Case of Breach of Promise;' 'Helotry in High Places;' 'Bishops and Bigamy;' Theatricals, and all the News of the Week. There are the etchings of the new monthly serial; there the vast wood-cuts of the illustrated newspaper; and there a miraculous draught of shilling light literature, in rainbow covers, demonstrating, alas! too frequently, that lightness is not synonymous with brightness after all, and that there may be flame without, although there be no fire within.

Then there are bonnet-shops!

There is something about bonnets so peculiarly suggestive of the married state, that a steady inspection of them by any one on the hither side of the rubicon of matrimony, seems to be almost a certain token of

an approaching change of condition; and a bachelor of autumnal age curiously scrutinising the contents of a bonnet-shop becomes a spectacle of serious import. I must admit both my autumny and unmarried status, and yet braving all the imputations and remonstrances the admission may call down upon me, avow myself a devotee of bonnet-shops. I speak of the exterior only. The interior—*procul este profani*—is one of those arcana with which we cannot be perfectly acquainted until we have emerged from the novitiate of bachelorhood, and become priests in full orders of the temple of Hymen. Such glimpses behind the veil as we may have caught before arriving at that full-blown condition, can have been secured only by stealth or accident. A forlorn commission, having reference to a hideous fabric something of the hue and shape of a copper coal-skuttle, with a bird of paradise of fierce aspect and many colours perched on the top—the bonnet of an elderly maiden-aunt in the country—afforded me the only experience I ever enjoyed of the interior of a bonnet-shop. But of bonnet-shop-windows I profess myself an amateur. To me those fancy filmy elegances—I am not speaking of ancient ladies' bonnets now—those corner-stones in the edifices of a pretty woman's toilet, possess an infinity of attractions, and, as it appears to me, appeal even more to male than to female admiration. I can conceive a woman considering a bonnet very much as an anatomist might regard a woman. He would mutter: 'Bone, muscle, vesicles, chyle, &c.; a very nice subject.' She would eye the bonnet with an unpleasantly analytical glance, and murmur: 'Moiré, lilies, lace, guipure, &c.; a sweet bonnet.' They both know too much to admire boundlessly; they are so clever they become critical, and lose the faculty of blind admiration. Man, by the very plenitude of his ignorance, enjoys a fuller gift of appreciation. He can regard the bonnet only as something beyond the grasp of his understanding, and to be admired in proportion to the impossibility of comprehending it: as a feather in the air, gone up out of reach; as a substance, if substance it is, vapoury, dreamy, gauzy, in the nature of foliage, which seems to halo round a pretty face, and endow it with multiplied prettiness. So have I, at least, looked at bonnets in shop-windows, and wondered and admired.

There is one bonnet-shop that lives particularly in my memory. It was situated in a populous thoroughfare, dedicated to my forenoon saunter; and it must not be permitted to prejudice my enthusiasm in the cause of bonnets if I concede that the hour when the window was being decked by the fair hands of its attendants was the period I generally selected for my visit to it. It seemed to be a time of high festival when the profane eye of the uninitiated might snatch the privilege of a glance at the eleusinianism of bonnetdom, and see at once both cause and effect, the bonnets and their makers. The ceremony of the arrangement of the window was of an important and protracted nature; and I must own my stay in the neighbourhood while it was going on was continuous. I believe that, from considerations of propriety, I maintained a sort of delusion that I was waiting for some mythical omnibus that never made its appearance. This was but clumsy drapery over my so frequent presence, and shrouded its real motives very ineffectually; but gradually, by use and the pacific character of my proceedings, it came to be accepted as sufficient; and I was at length acquiesced in as a morning visitor who might watch without accusation of rudeness though the omnibus came never so tardily, or came not at all.

One fair item in the group, seen each morning decking the window, as of old the Graces attired Venus, became identified in my mind with the divinity presiding there over the destinies of bonnets; and I mentally worshipped her under those attributes,

calling her Bonnetina. Others there were almost fair enough to be deities too, co-operating with and assisting her in her employment; but in her presence I could account them only as satellites in her train, and not as independent powers. It was something to see her white hand dividing the muslin veil that enclosed the shop-window from the mysteries beyond, and then herself emerge, as one of Homer's goddesses might have done, stepping from a cloud to reveal herself in all her glory to some enthralled votary. Simply was she clad, with few ornaments save those with which nature, in a fit of generosity, had bountifully decked her. Glossy locks,

Simply gordianed up and braided,
Leaving in naked comeliness unshaded
Her pearl-round ears, white neck, and orbéd brow.

Lips, in their cherry hue, looking so like a bright flower, that I wondered the bees didn't hasten to settle there: they would have done so, I'm sure, but for the window-panes. Eyes so shrouded by silky lashes, that I could never tell their colour. Gems they were, but whether amethyst, sapphire, turquoise, or what, I could never discover. Then there was a grace about her movements, with such a tender solicitude in them, all for the safety and prosperity of the bonnets, as was wonderful to see.

There was a newness of charm in her every action that was something bewildering. Now was she lowly bending over a bonnet, as though it were an infant, and she its mother watching its first step; now was she erect with uplifted arms, the bonnet high over head, as though it were a cluster of grapes she was gathering for an Olympian banquet; and anon was she kneeling in a suppliant attitude, as though she were offering the bonnet as a propitiatory sacrifice at the shrine of some superior deity. I am sure she loved those bonnets, every one, and that her heart bled as they were one by one sold and taken from the shop.

I almost think I loved Bonnetina, I could watch her and her bonnets so untiringly. I was known to her by sight, for a smile of half recognition would sometimes wander over her face, as she wondered perhaps what I could possibly see to interest me so much in the shop and its doings. She never, I am sure, resented my incessant supervision as an impertinence. She seemed to have comforted in her own mind recognised me as a chartered sentinel over the destinies of the bonnet-shop. I knew and studied every phase of its existence. The latest novelty from Paris was to me quite an antiquity before other gazers at the window had gathered its newness into their intelligences; and even the *papier-mâché* dummy, which I could detect filimly through the gauze curtains—a machine, I conjecture, on which bonnets were put to be trimmed, a species of anvil, in fact, representing a very pink-faced lady, with very arched eyebrows, no particular expression, and a very white bald head, when that member was unclothed by bonnets—became as familiar to me as one of my own household.

It pains me to add, that at last I loitered too long and saw too much; that one day a strangely-shaped vehicle, not exactly a carriage, nor exactly a cart, but something like a very high gig on four wheels with a huge box attached to it behind, drawn by a large horse addicted to snorting loudly, with protuberant knobs on its joints, drew noisily up to the door of the shop. Two men sat on the seat of the vehicle; one—I could notice only him—swollen and blunt as to features, with exaggerated whiskers, red in hue, smoking a cigar, cheap by its odour, and with hands large in size, and knotted and gnarled like the limb of an oak-tree. He wore no gloves, but he did a ring, which, by contrast with his hands, which were dingy of colour, sparkled brilliantly. He swung down from his seat, came with a great crash on the pavement, puffed a cloud

of very distressing black smoke into my face, expectorated fiercely on the pavement—partially, I regret to say, on my boot—and strode into the shop. What was he that he should enter that consecrated spot with so much audacity? A suggestion came to my relief regarding travellers for orders. I looked in at the door, and saw Bonnetina in the arms of the mysterious stranger—and nothing more. I shivered as I thought how many women besides Titania have been enamoured of asses' heads—how often men have bowed before idols which were but common clay after all—and I quitted the precincts of that bonnet-shop for ever.

I had something to say about other shop-windows of the cheap photographers, where we may study with advantage what distressing objects can be made of the human countenance by means of the least exaggeration of truth: of the pastry-cooks, of the haberdashers, of the ham and beef depôt; but I can proceed no further now. Let me conclude, therefore, with a re-enunciation of the principles with which I started, that to perfect Pall-Mall's shady side as the lounge of enlightened loiterers, shop-windows must be introduced. What say you, then—suppose we turn the Athenæum into a bookstall, the Travellers' into a bonnet-shop, make a second-hand clothes-shop of the 'Rag,' and convert the Carlton and the Reform into warerooms for the exhibition of unredeemed pledges!

NATURALISTS' FIELD-CLUBS—A DAY WITH THE WOOLHOPE.

HAVE you, reader, ever fallen in the way of the Natural History Field-clubs which now prevail in some of the western English counties? If not, you will perhaps be glad to hear something about them. They are not unworthy of your attention.

Perhaps if you, a stranger, saw one of these fraternities at its field-work, you would feel regarding them much the same doubt as that which Beattie speaks of as being entertained regarding his Edwin:

Some thought him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

We beseech you, lean to the former theory, and you will be nearest the truth. The catching of butterflies, the inspection of mosses and lichens, and the chipping of stones on the wayside or in quarries, may look to the unlearned as foolishness; but others well know that in such pursuits there lies a game profound. The Transactions published by three several West of England clubs—the Cotswold, Woolhope, and Malvern—would alone bear us fully out in what we are asserting.

Will the gentle reader please accompany us for a day with the Woolhope? On a summer morning, between the hours of six and seven, a dozen middle-aged personages are seated around the breakfast-table of their honorary secretary in the old city of Hereford, some doing justice to the morning meal, others preparing their botanical cases; some sorting pins for unfortunate insects, and others arranging their geological apparatus, comparing clinometers, or chatting over fossils. Soon the arrival of the 'bus puts an end to the arrangements, and in a few minutes the whole party are off to 'the hills' by the train.

We have amongst us two or three county gentlemen, a city banker, two or three country clergymen, a couple of doctors, an architect, a lawyer, and a tradesman or two; yet, strange to say, for the livelong day we hear nothing of magistrates' meetings, or the late conviction of Betty Jones; not a word of High Church or Low Church, Broad Church or no church; the funds are at a discount, and law and physic are alike thrown to the dogs. As the train passes rapidly onwards, hills and quarries, rivers and plains, birds,

beasts, fishes, and insects are the topic of conversation, until the spot is reached where the day's investigations are to commence. Here probably some local members are assembled, and shouldering our haversacks, away we go.

As the particular object of this day's ramble was the geology of a part of the Welsh coal-field, I may be excused if I give an outline of the geology of the district, independently of our individual experiences. Taking our stand, then, upon the Vans of Brecon, the Gadir above Talgarth, or the Blorenge above Abergavenny, and looking northward, we behold a greater amount of geologic record than we can see elsewhere in this part of England. We look upon the country of the Cambrians and Stiper Stones, on the classic ground of the Longmynd, Caer-Caradoc, and the Upper Silurians of Ludlow, Kingston, and Presteign; we see the hills and dales of the Old Red Sandstone, and the distant outline of the carboniferous and trappean Clees.

And what, then, are the particular points—what the lesson the geologist would impress upon the mind of the beginner, when pointing out the Cambrian Longmynd, the Silurian Caradocs, and the wide expanse of Old Red Sandstone that stretch forth in the distance before him? It appears that philosophers have good reason to believe that the *interior* of this planet is composed of various minerals, molten by the intensity of heat myriads of ages ago; the now crystalline masses of Plutonic rocks that compose the *inner crust* of the planet's surface 'were formerly fluid—possibly were formerly gaseous and nebular.' The Plutonic rocks that support the rocky shell of the globe we occupy, are ancient beds of lava, cooled gradually at enormous depths in the dark recesses of the planet's bosom, and have been raised by earthquake action and volcanic agency, from a depth of many thousand feet in the earth's interior, to the surface.

It is on these formerly molten, and now solidified Plutonic masses, that the lowest aqueous stratified deposits rest, and the Longmynd consists of these. With these earliest aqueous rocks, we possess indubitable evidence both of the action of the atmosphere, and the existence of water; also, that from the remotest epoch of this planet's history, the laws which govern inorganic matter have continued unchanged, and mineralogical, chemical, and mechanical laws have acted the same part.

The Cambrian sedimentary rocks of the ancient Longmynd bear upon their surfaces the marks of the ripple of sea-waves, and the impressions of rain-drops, as well as tracks of marine worms and the remains of zoophytes and crustaceans.

Hence the geologist draws two deductions: In the first place, from the earliest ages of geologic history, the chemical constituents of the atmosphere have decomposed the mineral substances of the most ancient Plutonic masses, whenever or wherever exposed to the surface; while *water* has transported the débris of those rocks, in the form of boulders, pebbles, sand, and mud, to depressions in the earth's surface; and this débris became in time layers of stratified deposits—much as stratified rocks are formed in the present day. The history of those Cambrian sediments differs little from the history of aqueous deposits now forming beneath the waves of the Atlantic and Pacific, and the *agents* were the same.

Again, although the Longmynd deposits are the *lowest known* basement aqueous formations, we cannot but reflect that later discoveries teach us that they are no longer to be considered *azoic*, or destitute of evidence of the creation of *life*, while, although the animals hitherto discovered are of low organisation, they occur towards the base of 26,000 feet of Cambrian aqueous deposits; and thus teach us the important lesson that, as far as our present evidence goes, there were no life-

less seas, no useless atmosphere: with the first evidence of *water* upon this planet's surface, we have proofs of the introduction of life!

Passing upwards from the Cambrian rocks, the geologist finds new proofs of the exertion of Creative power. 'Old actors go out, and new ones come in on the stage of organic existence, and each formation is, as it were, the lifting of the curtain, and the discovery of a new scene.' The Lower and Upper Silurians added to the Cambrian deposits, amount to a thickness of ten miles. The Llandeilo rocks of the Corndon and Shelve district, may be seen from the mountains of Brecon; and the distant Snowdon is now known to consist of strata of that Lower Silurian epoch. In these beds, for the first time, the mollusk makes its appearance (*Lingula Davisii*), accompanied by the graptolite, a zoophyte allied to Virgularia (a sea-pen). The Caradoc hills are also visible; and the geologist calls to mind the contemporaneous Lower Silurian deposits in Shropshire, on the flanks of the Malverns, at May Hill, Huntley, and the hills of old Radnor; all of which localities he beholds from the hills of Old Red Sandstone that rise on the edge of the coal-field of South Wales.

Step by step, as we ascend the geologic ladder, we find evidence of the creation of new animals, new shells, new corals, new trilobites; upwards of 1000 species of animals are known in the Lower Silurian rocks of Great Britain; while in Bohemia, Mr Barrande has discovered 1500 species of Cambrian and Silurian fossils, all of them before unknown there, and nine-tenths of them distinct from the species of Scandinavia and England.

The typical rocks of the Upper Silurians may also be pointed out in the magnificent view outstretched before us. The Woolhope valley of elevation is distinctly seen, and the Upper Ludlow rocks of Aymestry, Presteign, and Kingston stand out boldly against the sky. To corals, shells, and crustaceans, the geologist now adds the evidence of the creation of fish, and remembers that the upper rocks of the Upper Silurians contain the first evidence of the existence of fish and terrestrial plants in the bone bed of Ludlow and the Lycopodiums (club-mosses) of Gammage Ford.

We now reach the epoch of the Old Red Sandstone, the strata of which are represented by a mass of rocks in this district not less than 10,000 feet thick, and which cover up the Upper Silurians and their catacombs of organic remains.

This series of rocks presents geologically a new epoch in the history of the development of the planet, in its air-breathing reptiles and armour-cased (ganoid) fishes, its tree-ferns, marine and fresh-water shells, and very highly developed crustacea. Who shall tell of the ages that elapsed from the commencement of the deposition of the Old Red Sandstone, until the close?—who of the denudation, the wearing down of hundreds of square miles of stratified deposits, thousands of feet thick?

Let those who would study the problem, investigate the geologic phenomena in this district alone—mark well the evidence, the insuperable evidence presented, of enormous denudation on the heights of the Vans of Brecon or the sides of Pen-Cerrig-Calch, and reckon the time necessary, first, for the deposition of the strata, and then for their after denudation, if he can!

Nor is this all. As far as our present evidence goes, we remind the tyro in geology, that throughout all the depths of stratified beds below the Old Red Sandstone, we have but a very partial glimpse of the existence of a terrestrial flora, and that it is in strata of the age of the Old Red that we first begin to recognise with any confidence that 'green web which has covered our earth ever since the dry land appeared.' It is important to remember that the Carboniferous or coal-bearing was not the *first luxuriant vegetation*, but that the land of the Old Red Sandstone epoch possessed its

tree-ferns and knorria that clustered in thickets beside its waters; while we also call to mind that, although myriads of ages have passed since the sun shone upon the ferns of the coal or the last of the calamites, the more ancient vegetables of the Old Red Sandstone had perished and become fossil before many of the coal-plants had been summoned into being.

We must not, however, forget the explorations of the Field-club. The Old Red Sandstone passes upwards from old red conglomerate into yellow sandstone, mountain limestone shale, mountain limestone, and millstone grit; and it was this succession of strata the club visited on the occasion in question.

We ascended the Blorunge in a fog; and the strange fantastic shapes of the boulders that were scattered on the hillside in every direction, often drew exclamations of surprise, as we trudged along, like Southey, growling at 'clouds and weather.' We wondered, too, how the boulders got there, as many of them were evidently not parts and parcels of the Blorunge, but had been carried there somehow from a distance. If I remember rightly, I argued for ice and the glacial theory as the transporting agent; others were for 'waves of translation;' while one gentleman suggested that they might be relics of a game of 'chuckie-stones,' played by Old Nick or some demon of the hills. Our guide, who, fortunately for us, knew every inch of the ground, pointed out where rivers and mountains, and distant churches, and 'the loveliest scenes' ought to have been, and no doubt were, if we could have seen them. As it was, the mist and cloud drew largely upon our imaginations.

There is not much hospitality on the heights of the Blorunge; but an investigation of the cairn erected by the government surveyors on the summit might still furnish a bottle without the sherry, which was quaffed to the toast of 'a brighter day and better luck next time.'

It was no wonder after this, that there was a burst of delight among the naturalists when the fog cleared and the sun lighted up the bare rocks, and heath, and glens, and hills, 'smooth, and green, and dry,' arose before and around us; while some of us felt with the Ettrick Shepherd, 'after a', what is any description by us poor creatures of the works of the great God?'

It was in descending the hill that one of the party, who had separated from the rest, gave a loud view-halloo, and we quickly joined him to inquire into the *find*. It was the impression of a large fluted trunk of *Sigillaria* upon a mass of millstone grit—a carboniferous plant which Dr Hooker believes to be cryptogamous, and allied to ferns. What a blessing is a knowledge of natural history! A casual observer would have passed this relic of another world—not so the geologist! The form and foliage of the original tree—the aspect of the land on which it grew—whether a river washed it out to sea—whence came the boulder of the millstone grit itself—were the particles that made up the grit imbedded with the ancient tree? these questions furnished us with discussion and pleasant chat for an hour after we had left the relic of that tree of a coal-forest, still lying on the portion of the old sea-bed which received it when first imbedded. It must not, however, be supposed that the country naturalists skipped from the Old Red Sandstone to the millstone grit, and left the intermediate rocks (limestone shale and carboniferous limestone) unquestioned and unsearched; on the contrary, both were examined, attacked with hammers, and their treasures stored.

As we before remarked, the upper beds of the Old Red Sandstone are succeeded by limestone shale; the shale by thick beds of coralline limestone; and this by millstone grit, coal-measure sandstones, ironstone, and coal.

The previous remarks on the fossils of the Old Red Sandstone, its reptiles and plants, apply to Scotland

and Ireland, and indicate the *proximity of land*; while in Ireland, contemporaneous deposits appear to have been deposited in great fresh-water lakes—witness the *Anodon Tukesii*, undoubtedly a fresh-water shell. In Herefordshire and the Shropshire district, however, these strata must have been deposited in *deep water*, as the only relics we possess are sodden and water-worn sea-weeds, a few scattered remains of the fishes so common in Scotland, and no shells. Probably the depth of the sea was too great to allow of the existence of the mollusca throughout the area under review; and, for age after age, deposition of sand, and mud, and conglomerates went on. That ocean-bed at last shallowed, and became a fit habitat for shells, corals, and the fishes that were their contemporaries. Be this as it may, at the very base of the limestone shale is a true *fish-bed*; while, as we journey upwards, myriads of animals testify, by their dead and stony forms, that in the mountain limestone sea they lived and died. The sea-bed had shallowed towards the period of the upper sandstones, fishes swarmed in the waters, and some volcanic outburst slew them by thousands; for what other cause can account for their sudden destruction! The ocean-bed still shallowed, and the coral animal built its barrier-reef and raised its habitation above the waves, while the *Productus*, *Orthoceras*, and other mollusks harboured in the same localities, and were entombed in the same grave.

In some localities, this rock is made up of a mass of corals, and the geologist can hardly visit the grand scenery of the mountain limestone, whether among the crags and peaks of Derby or Cumberland, the noble St Vincent's Rock at Clifton, or the glorious scenery of the Wye, without seeing everywhere imbedded, the wreck of coral and encrinal animals of another world, and the relics of which are often employed to erect the habitation, frequently the mausoleum, of the human race. Nor has the coral animal ceased its work, though the genera and species may be changed: For more than 4000 miles of linear space in the Pacific and Indian Oceans have these apparently insignificant polypes reared their rocky habitations; and the principal difference between the history of the recent coral formation and that of the mountain limestone is, that the former build their stony mansions on the heights of a continent which has gradually sunk beneath the waves, while the latter reared their indestructible monuments on the rising and shallowing bed of an ocean that was filling up with the débris of other lands destroyed.

The geologist can hardly study the records of his science without becoming convinced that, ever since the creation of ocean and land, oscillation has been constant and unvaried. There probably is not one square inch of dry land upon the wide world's surface that has not been, during some past period, below the waves. The highest mountain-ranges bear upon their flanks the tenants of former seas, which have been thrust upwards from their former sites, gradually, and by degrees, by those ever-active agents within the planet's bosom, the volcanic forces, which elevate some portions of the earth's surface, and depress others.

That such is the evidence furnished by the phenomena of the 'millstone grit,' where it rests upon the mountain limestone, we can hardly doubt. Some great change of the physical geography must have occurred, probably an elevation of contiguous land, and the depression for a certain time of the bed of the mountain-limestone sea. The millstone grit and sandstones in some parts of England, cover up to a great thickness, with rolled conglomerates and sandstones, the extinct animals of the limestones and limestone shale. Sea-waves and currents washed above their relics hundreds of feet of rolled pebbles and drifted sands, and we know that the coral animal and its associated shells

could not exist in deep water. Land, however, was not distant, for the plants of the coal leave their impression upon the sandstones and even the coarser grit. Again, the sea-bed rose, until shallow water and swampy land occupied the site where deep sea-waves had rolled before.

The Palaeozoic coal period, with its luxuriant vegetation, its reptiles, fish, and insects, drew nigh, and what period more strange in all the strange epochs of this planet's history?

Had Sir Humphry Davy discovered potassium, and thrown it into a tub of water, in the presence of the first James, he would certainly have been burned for a wizard, and we know the tender mercies of the bigots who tortured Galileo!

Our great-grandmothers would have scouted the idea of the electric telegraph as a Munchausian fiction, or the history of coal as a 'device of the wicked one' to ensnare philosophers. Notwithstanding the prejudices of our excellent progenitors, the results of many years' observation by geologists, botanists, and microscopists, have established the fact, that *every particle of the coal we burn is undoubtedly of vegetable origin*; and a very remarkable fact it is concerning one of the commonest articles of daily life.

Let any one, ignorant of geologic facts, sit down quietly by his fireside, and as he watches the cheerful blaze, be told for the first time—that every portion of that bituminous substance consists of the remains of trees and plants that flourished myriads of ages ago—that in times so remote, the animals which were the contemporaries of the ancient groves and forests, that furnished this vegetation, were entirely different from any that now inhabit the earth's surface—that the existing races of animals were not created until myriads of years after the carboniferous or coal reptiles, fish, insects, shells, and crustaceans, had become stone, and the plants of that coal-period, consisting of strange tree-ferns, stranger club-mosses, gigantic reeds and conifers—forms that have now scarcely a type—had become coal! Is it not a most strange history?

Yet what is this compared to the reflections that must sometimes cross the mind of the geologist when he compares the history of the past with that of the present—when he stands among the wreck of forests of a world gone by, and reflects upon the marvellous history of the black and now mineral mass before him. Once green, bright, and beautiful in the sunshine, now a stony mass, sought after by thousands of intellectual beings, stocked into, and upheaved, from the bowels of the earth, to rejoice and comfort myriads of the human race. What a blessing does it shed upon the poor man as well as on the rich; how many a cottage does it cheer, and how wretched the home altogether without it! Again, the rail-carriage rushes through the air, and the frigate ploughs the waves by the aid of gases, which have been stored in coal for untold cycles of ages in the recesses of the earth. These remains of an extinct vegetable creation rest above the relics of extinct marine organisms; while one of the most remarkable facts connected with the history of this Palaeozoic vegetation, is the simultaneous luxuriance of this ancient vegetable world in almost every known region of the globe. Forests, whose vastness and shade are unknown to have been enlivened by the song of the bird, flourished in every latitude—for the plants of the Palaeozoic coal are found beneath the ice and snow of Spitzbergen—and the same ferns, reeds, club-mosses, and conifers grew at the same period in arctic and antarctic, tropical and temperate zones—in Australia, Europe, America, Asia, and Africa. In that distant epoch, in *all latitudes*, that strange vegetation appears to have been present and to an extent that often strikes the geologist with awe, when he reflects on the untold ages that must have elapsed during the elaboration of a

vegetable kingdom that he may dream of, but never behold.

In our South Wales coal-fields, the coal-measures are estimated to attain the thickness of 12,000 feet; 100 coal-beds are intercalated at various levels, and we have undeniable evidence of successive terrestrial conditions. The coal-fields of Nova Scotia are nearly *three miles thick*, cover an area comprising 36,000 square miles, and contain 51,000 cubic miles of solid matter (*Lyell's Manual of Geology*).

Compared with the American, our English coal-fields shrink into insignificance, and the knowledge of such facts should awaken feelings of the sublime as regards the exercise of divine power, even on such unsentimental subjects as coal-fields.

The moment, therefore, that the beginner puts his foot upon the coal-measures, let him recall some of these great facts connected with their natural history, and he will find it impossible to study the phenomena of the fossil plants, their varied form and structure, their ancient and present chemistry, and their geological history, without also discovering fresh proofs of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator.

Bearing in mind, then, the vegetable origin of coal, its chemistry and constituents, the enormous amount of vegetable matter necessary to compose the coal-fields of the world, the wide diffusion of identical species of coal-plants, the vegetable organisms the microscope discovers in every block, and their association with extinct animals known to belong to the carboniferous epoch, the cryptogamic character of the vegetation, and the absence of any known existing plant or tree, we would draw to a close the reminiscences of some lessons learned and facts examined on a day's ramble with the Woolhope Naturalist's Field-club. The great use of these societies is the interchange of ideas, and the opportunities which constantly occur of meeting with others better informed than ourselves. I, for my own part, can affirm that many a difficult local problem has been worked out through questions asked at these meetings, and which at the moment were unanswered, and apparently disregarded. Sir Roderick Murchison has lately met with a stringent geological question in the Kingston district, as regards certain transition beds between the Old Red Sandstone and his Upper Silurian, and the puzzle was furnished by a member of the Woolhope Club (Mr Banks). The Woolhope Club lately visited the district under review, and met with the very remarkable phenomenon, in England at least, of the great facts of geology carried home to the hearts and minds of working-men, by one of their most active and working members. Honour be to those to whom honour is due!

A gentleman, resident at Beaufort, near Abergavenny, has taught the principles of geology to several of the miners of the district, and some of us were put to the blush by the superior knowledge of the coal-plants displayed by those whose bone and sinew raised the fossil fuel from its long resting-place. Fancy a stalwart miner taking you to his little museum of fossil plants, and pointing out the difference between *Sigillaria* and *Stigmaria*, and speaking even eloquently upon the beauty of extinct ferns! Nevertheless, this phenomenon came under the observation of us county naturalists but a very few weeks ago. May we not, then, yet hope that the common things of common life shall yet become known to working-men, and that the knowledge of God's works shall be no longer a sealed book!

It is a great mistake to suppose that it is necessary to be highly educated, to be a classic or a mathematician, in order to be a naturalist. A large amount of the knowledge of God's works is within the reach of every one; and some of the most eloquent writers have been working-men, who have carried on their

pursuit of the study of nature amidst the hard struggle of a laborious life. Who can forget the opening of the *Old Red Sandstone*, and the conviction expressed by the writer, and impressed upon his readers, that 'there is no necessary connection between labour and unhappiness, that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employment may find time to enjoy it?'

A LADY'S OCCUPATION OF SVEABORG.

We had left St Petersburg with a resolute determination to enter Sveaborg; great was, therefore, our disappointment when our demand for admission was answered by a positive but very polite refusal. No foreigner was granted a permission, and without a permission, no one could enter.

I know not how it was that an inspiration came to me, and prompted me to seek—not at the residence of the governor of Helsingfors, but in the summer-house-like ball-room of the pretty wooden building where mineral waters are manufactured, in the rocky gardens nearly opposite to that renowned fortress—for some assistance in effecting the object for which we had made a two days' voyage. We had not the least wish to return to St Petersburg satisfied with an outside view of its rocks, or of the guns that peeped over them. It was, however, merely to gratify our English fancy for being able to say 'we had been;' because, being very peaceably inclined, and knowing nothing whatever of the art of fortification, we could not hope to do our country any great service by the exploit we meditated. Moreover, the refusal, if it did not excite our courage, annoyed our feminine self-will, and to effect an entrance into Sveaborg became to us a sort of necessity—a decided point of honour.

I asked a young lady to accompany me to this ball-room. She was seized with a fit of shuddering: she was so nervous, she said, and could not, in any case, go there without her papa: ladies never went into public unattended by gentlemen. I knew this was quite a Swedish law, and the good folks of Helsingfors are mostly Swedes still by nature.

Nevertheless, as she loved the English well, I won her over; and, under the promise of protecting her from her enemies, she agreed to come to the little ball where ladies danced in their bonnets.

The inspiration that drew me there was not at fault. A very fine lady was soon presented to me, whose first question, as is customary to a foreigner, was, wherefore had we come to the little town of Helsingfors, where there was less to be seen than in our own country.

'To enter Sveaborg,' was my reply.

'That is not possible,' she answered, 'just now.'

'I think we could do it, if we tried,' I rejoined. 'It would be dreadful to have our object defeated—if any one would help us'—

I continued to talk without perceiving that our nervous little friend, Mamsell M——, was whispering at the farther ear of this fine lady.

What was settled between them we did not know, but the latter, turning to me, said: 'Well, well, be tranquil, madame; I think you will succeed.'

And the timid mamsell—which title is the Swedish or Finnish translation of mademoiselle—whispered slyly: 'To-morrow we shall be in Sveaborg.'

'Now, is it not extraordinary!' I answered. 'You certainly thought my taste for balls was outrageous; but something told me this ball-room would prove a stepping-stone to Sveaborg.'

'Perhaps, then, if that were your only purpose, you would now wish to come away? The carriage waits, and as papa is not with us'—

'Take my arm, and let little Harry walk at your

other side; thus you will find yourself well protected; and let us also come away directly,' said I; and thus defended, Mamsell Malvina M—— walked to the carriage.

The next day a boat was waiting in sufficient silence at the foot of the landing-steps nearly opposite our abode. Mamsell Malvina now took us in charge, and we set off for Sveaborg.

The plan of operations had not been submitted to us: so far as we could understand, our entrance was to be effected either by surprise or treachery; the only condition imposed upon us was, that we were to be speechless, and trust to our leader. Our boat followed in the wake of that belonging to the fortress, which discharged its cargo precisely as we drew up to the rocky steps beneath the gates.

Some persons residing in the fortress, or who had come there on business, delivered their pass, and entered before us. A smart officer demanded ours: we had none to give. I expected the great gates to be shut in our faces; but with the greatest composure our fair Malvina answered, that she had come to see the commandant.

To see the commandant? The words were more than usually electrical. The officer stepped back, raised a hand to the side of his face, and, drawing himself up in a military salute, delivered us over to a soldier of the guard, desiring him to convey us to the house of the commandant.

We arrived at a large, barrack-like edifice; the rather poor doorway was guarded by two sentinels. There we were made over to another guard, who took us in charge until the soldier summoned a domestic servant. The man appeared excessively bewildered by our visit, and utterly at a loss how to act. Mamsell Malvina told him her name, and said she had come to see the commandant. As there was no lady in the case to whom the visit was to be paid, it was all the more perplexing. With a very unwilling countenance and hesitating movements, the man let us enter the hall, or passage, and then he went away, and appeared to us no more. Perhaps he only let us in because he saw our leader would not be kept out. He probably reported the fact of this outwork being in her possession to some higher subordinate; for, after a long time of patient occupation, a voice called from the top of the stone-stairs to ask who was there.

Mamsell Malvina M——.

What did mamsell want there?

To see the commandant.

The commandant was then engaged; but as it would not do to suffer his visitor—especially when that visitor was a lady, and a young one—to stand in the entry of such a house, the case was again reported to some other subordinate authority; and again a voice called over the stairs for mamsell to advance. Looking back to us as she did so, she told her servant-man to follow her; and taking this as an intimation that we were to remain, we stopped short on the cold, dirty stairs. We waited there so long, that we began to think the possession of Sveaborg itself was scarcely worth the trouble we were taking for its inspection only. However, I sat down and amused myself with reflecting how very droll it was to be sitting on the cold, dirty stone-stairs in the commandant of Sveaborg's house.

Some one, apparently, at their head saw us thus posted, for again an invisible voice—at least, the voice of an invisible being—in a more friendly tone, asked us to come up and sit in the corridor. By this we gathered the important fact, that our leader was engaged in conference. In the corridor we found a friendly-looking officer, who, while as much mystified as his subordinates, seemed disposed to put a smiling face on the matter, and to look rather quizzical. The door by which we concluded our leader had entered was shut, and we were afraid to disobey orders by

speaking, though, for my part, I felt very desirous to do so. Fortunately, our capacity of passive endurance was not put to the Russian extremity of proof. An officer of engineers came along the corridor, looking delightfully important, and carrying in his arms a vast quantity of designs on card-board, which the good-humouredly smiling one informed us were plans for the re-edification and enlargement of Sveaborg. An involuntary movement of curiosity on our part, as the door opened to admit him and his plans, was noticed by the smiling officer, who invited us to follow into the ante-chamber of the commandant.

Thus were we slowly, but steadily, advancing; all the outworks had been carried by our undaunted leader, and to follow with due caution, was our only duty. In short, a minute or two more placed us in view of the great general himself, standing, with some of his staff around him, and our little leader sitting full before him. I wondered at his courage. He is of fierce visage, that commandant, with a restless, wild expression, that might well keep at bay the stoutest of our admirals, let alone an unprotected female. Indeed, limited as my own knowledge is, I know personally only one of the leaders of our hearts of oak who has a peculiar fancy for encountering such a style of physiognomy.

As for the figure, it was in full uniform, the bust covered over with decorations and medals that were almost as fearful to encounter as the physiognomy. And seated demurely on a chair fully confronting all, was dear little Mamsell Malvina, our gallant leader, with looks so demure, and eyes so straightforward-looking; while the fiercely-visaged, restless-eyed commandant of Sveaborg stood before her with an air of no little perplexity. The allied fleet, I suspect, never perplexed him as much.

Mamsell Malvina had come to see him, that position was clear; might he inquire what was the object of her visit?

She wished to see Sveaborg.

Mamsell was in Sveaborg. She could retire when she pleased.

Mamsell wished to inspect the works; she could not do so without the good commandant's order.

What possible purpose might Mamsell have in inspecting the fortifications? Did she, perchance, wish to make some descriptions?

Mamsell Malvina was not in the habit of making descriptions, and did not, in the least, understand fortification.

Where, then, was the utility of viewing the fortress?

That Mamsell Malvina could not at all say: it was a fancy of hers; she had a wish to do so, and she knew the good commandant would enable her to do so better than any one else.

Just at the moment, the officer of engineers, with his plans, stepped from the ante-chamber into that where the discussion was carried on. The restless eye of the commandant grew a thousandfold more restless: it was plain that his whole soul—his heart, at least—was in those plans. He gave a hasty order: it was as hastily obeyed. A tall, thin, young officer appeared, as if moved on by wires, at the door, and stood passively there.

'Take charge of this lady round the fortress, and shew her'—A wave of the hand certainly left that young man a discretionary power, for the commandant, with a hasty bow, was turning away to follow the plans, when his eye fell upon us. Queen Mary of England said the name of Calais would be found graven on her heart after death. I do not say so much; but I am sure the eye of the commandant of Sveaborg is graven on mine at this present moment.

It was perfectly a *ruse de guerre* which enabled our leader, by the most graceful Swedish courtesy, to cover our retreat. And when, with our Russian escort, we

crossed the boundary and found ourselves in the open air, we not only began to breathe freely, but in our hearts to marvel at that singular faculty that makes wise men, in ordinary circumstances, pass for fools, brave ones rate themselves as cowards, and firmly nerved young ladies appear shy-faced and tremulous.

We sallied forth from the quarters of the commandant, full of confidence in the strategical powers of our commander; but, as regarded our own line of action, we were now doomed to experience that the results of devoted obedience and settled purpose are frequently made to depend on accidents of a most trivial character. If a man is often made a hero by an accident, we need not wonder if a woman be led to change her tactics by a look.

Thus, for example, Mamsell Malvina was to be the only one of our party who possessed the prerogative of her sex—the use of the tongue—the only weapon universally conceded by the so-called stronger sex to the weaker. But, by a provoking accident, it happened that it was not to her our Russian guide would address his speech; he seemed bent upon tantalising our national courage, or tempting our pledged obedience, by words and questions that appeared meant to provoke answers. At last came one of the latter, accompanied by a look that human fortitude—at least such an amount of that quality as I possessed—could not resist. I answered—I spoke.

'Ah, madame, *vous êtes Anglaise!*' was the instant reply. (Ah, madame, you are English?)

'Yes.' What else could I say, since a true Briton must not hide his colours. But, by way of extenuating my breach of orders in the judgment of our little leader, I asked: 'How could you know that?'

The young Russian did not reply by telling us our English tongues generally betrayed us, but with a knowing smile he accounted for his sagacity by saying:

'Ah, I was three days in England. They took me to your Plee-mont before I was sent to France.'

'What! you were a prisoner of war?'

'Yes!' laying an open hand on his breast. 'Your soldier struck a bayonet here at Bomarsund; but one of your officers saved me.'

Who could help regretting the use of speech now? Perhaps in my case it was too late to learn obedience; or, worse still, perhaps, the object having been gained, the leader we had followed was suffered to fall to the rear. However that be, a fraternisation at once took place with the interesting young wounded prisoner of war.

He appeared to be consumptive, poor fellow, and complained of the confinement of Sveaborg more than of the imprisonment he had undergone at Tour. The dreary monotony of life on this island-rock, the so-called Gibraltar of the North, must be worse than that undergone on the more splendid Gibraltar of the South.

No one can leave it, even for the adjacent town, without permission from the commandant. And to such a confined and monotonous life, the military, he said, might be subjected for as much as ten years at a time. The heat was now excessive. He seemed to feel this monotony relieved even by our chance visit. While walking to the church—which, as if he had been a real guide, was, he thought, the first object we might wish to see—he gave us some hints about the fall of Bomarsund.

'There was no great glory in taking Bomarsund,' he said; 'it was an unfinished fortress—in fact, only a fortified barrack with guns in the windows; and we had a garrison of 1200 men against the allied fleet of England and France—40,000 assailants against 1200.'

'Oh!' little Harry ejaculated; but an admonitory touch silenced his combativeness.

We had chanced, before this, to have been in

company with the late commandant of Bomarsund—a little old man, whom, doubtless, other people recollect. His feet appeared to be gouty, and his eyes were defended by square green glasses. Some of his country-people told us, that if the Emperor Nicholas had lived till fate restored him to his own land, he would have been shot.

'For what?' we asked. 'For surrender?'

'No; for defence. The emperor wished Bomarsund to be evacuated without waiting an assault; but this commandant wrote to him that the place was tenable, and the garrison willing to die within its walls, but not to evacuate them, and craved permission to do so. The permission was granted, but not acted upon. The emperor's opinion was right, and he was very angry at the result of the attempt at defence.'

I do not believe, however, he would ever have thought of lessening the number of the brave old general's days. The church is the most prominent object in all Sveaborg, and by far the finest edifice. In Russia, war and religion go hand in hand; a true Russian always believes he is fighting for his church and his faith; for his country is identified with both. Seen at a distance on the gulf, this blue dome mounts aloft far above the death-dealing batteries it seems to command. It still bore conspicuous evidence of its share in the last combat. A great rent was visible, which had been made in it by a shell from the besieging fleet. At each side of the church door were piled five cannon-balls—English balls, they are all called, perhaps to do them more honour. They are left there, I believe, to shew that they could not get within the church walls.

Who can tell what a history time may give to these balls? They will probably, if Russia and her church go on for the future in accordance with the past, come to be one day the subjects of a miraculous legend, attached, possibly, to some particular patron, whose picture these ten cannon-balls were fired at in vain by the English; just as half a century ago the French vainly expended their ammunition against the Kremlin picture. And so at last they will be regarded with veneration instead of aversion; and the poverty of the real history of the attack on Sveaborg will be draped, in process of time, with a fanciful and pious tale, calculated to cherish the steadfast belief of the primitive Russian in that saintly protection which he believes ever has defended, and ever will preserve from foreign, and therefore heretical foes, the land where alone the true faith exists. The rent made by the shell in the blue dome remained unrepaired, perhaps because it is to be included in the general works of reparation about to be commenced. Our young guide led us up to a picture on the sanctuary wall, and shewed us a small splinter of this shell fastened to its frame, and then pointed out a slight scratch on the painting; leaving us to infer, from a half-and-half sort of manner of exposition, that it had not been able to do more than give that little scratch to the saint's image; and in lasting memory of its audacious assault, was fastened to the frame for life. He merely shewed us the fact, leaving the measure of belief quite to ourselves.

From the church we proceeded to the batteries, which no visitors, even natives, are allowed to inspect; but we—truly safe inspectors, as we knew nothing about them—had come from the commandant's house, and been given an escort by the commandant's own self; we were therefore naturally supposed to be the commandant's good friends. Our guide was most kindly desirous to explain all to us, but I believe Mamsell Malvina, though she listened to him, understood nothing more of assault and battery than we did.

There was a good deal to tell a tale of itself: blackened, roofless buildings; cannons whose roar was

stilled for ever—visible demolition of works still apparent. The chief damage was done by the explosions of three magazines. The officer said they were small ones.

'And if a large one had followed?' we inquired.

'Then, indeed, it would have been very nearly all over with them here,' he answered with a pleasant smile.

The smile was so pleasant that I said in answer:

'Do you know, I think it was very nearly all over with them as it was.'

'No; not then. But your Nap—peer could have done something for us if they had allowed him.' Before I could ask an explanation of this saying, he pointed in another direction, and added: 'One of your officers came there sounding; he never minded the guns, though the shot was falling on the water, but went on just as if they were fishing.'

'But why did not the shot fall on his boat instead of on the water?'

'We could not get the guns to carry then: they never reached your ships.'

'Why had you not guns to carry further, or people to serve them better?'

'Because we were ignorant. But now we know better: we are prepared for you when you come again.'

We made him a bow, and said that the same case both had been and was our own.

We might have assumed a belligerent tone, for as he irritated me by that now common remark, that one particular person might have done something for them—that is, against them—if he had had better means, I was just going to ask if he knew why another had not finished doing something for them, when our own precious little leader, who had effected for us an entrance into Sveaborg, came up with a face that appeared at once to suggest a peace-conference to our young hero of the wounded breast: and he left me standing with my hand upon a gun, and eyes staring over the tranquil water of the gulf, to make out a reply for myself to the question, while he, I believe, set about an easier work; for then we have reason to hope that a negotiation was opened on the batteries of Sveaborg which may lay the foundation of a future and permanent alliance. Leaving the young Fin and Russ to discuss three, four, five, or as many points as they pleased, we stood looking in silence over a scene of perfect repose: not even the tread of a sentinel broke the silence of the rocky ground, nor the splash of an oar the stillness of the glassy water. And we recollected the words of which the fulfilment appears yet so distant: 'Men shall learn war no more.'

I often think of that young Russian with a feeling of regret. As he stood erect with feet drawn together, and the side of his hand to that of his face, in the fashion of a military salute, while we moved away from the rocky isle, I felt that his had been one of the passing acquaintances which we wish so much to renew, perhaps partly because there is no probability that we ever shall be able to do so. He and our young companion may often meet when we are far distant from both. For our parts, we were impressed with the conviction, that where cautious reserve is abandoned for frank kindness, an honourable prudence on the other side is more imperative; and in this conviction do I thus glance over the details of our visit to Sveaborg. We never meant to make any description of it, and were unable to do so if we wished it. But nothing is more abhorrent to good feeling than to read words that had evidently been spoken in friendly intercourse, set down in order in the pages of a book. Better is it to leave an article or a chapter ever so meagre, than to finish it by committing an injustice, or being guilty of an act of ingratitude.

The tomb of the founder of Sveaborg—that is to

say, of the Swede who constructed its fortress, for the hand of a mightier Architect laid the everlasting foundations—stands just before the house now occupied by the Russian commandant, who, like most of the generals in that service, is by origin a German. Like Thorwaldsen, Ehrensward chose to be buried amid his own works, but did not foresee that his tomb would be guarded by the people against whom he had erected these works. When the fortress of Sveaborg was finished, Ehrensward wrote these words in his diary: 'I can now die in peace, since I have erected an impregnable barrier between Sweden and her natural enemy Russia.'

But though Ehrensward died in peace in that conviction, his monument stands before the house which has been occupied by a Russian since the last commandant who held that fortress for Sweden delivered it up to 'her natural enemy.' That monument is one of those which form curious commentaries on human opinions or expectations.

Though it is generally said that General Cronstedt treacherously surrendered Sveaborg to the troops of Alexander I., the Russians themselves admit that it was not an impregnable fortress at the commencement of our recent war. That it may be rendered so, is not unlikely. Some of the neighbouring wooded isles in the gulf were being surveyed by the government officers for the purpose of clearing, fortifying, and erecting magazines and storehouses upon them. The re-edification of the place will doubtless considerably improve it; and thus the result of our late bombardment will be, as our young Russian said, to cause them to know better, and be prepared for us if we come again.

The passage left by the rocks between Sveaborg and the coast of Finland, or Helsingfors, is so narrow, that it was blocked up by a Russian man-of-war laid across it. The sides of this large ship are battered with shot. It stands, a disabled veteran, in the dock of Helsingfors. But our occupation of Sveaborg has terminated.

FIRE-PROOF DWELLINGS.

WHAT can be more appalling than the cry of Fire! Fire! in the darkness of night, and in the midst of a crowded city! And then, what fearful sights and sounds salute the eye and ear as we arrive at the scene of the catastrophe!—'blazing beams and scalding streams; ladders and fire-escapes; cries for water, and screams for assistance; stern countenances rushing forward to meet and grapple with the dreaded enemy, from which at the same time half-clothed and affrighted creatures are flying for dear life! Our object is not, however, to write an essay on Fire, so much as to offer some suggestions tending to shew that much may yet be done to increase our command over this element, so well called in the old proverb 'a useful servant, but a terrible master.'

Ingenuity has been frequently at work to invent the means of extinguishing fire when it has occurred, and of saving life when that is in jeopardy. But surely the more important question regards the *prevention* of the calamity. Fire-proof houses are indeed no novelty. It is only necessary to substitute brick arches for wooden joisting, in order to render any house safe against the spread of fire. But this, we suppose, is the more costly method of building, otherwise it is hard to conceive a reason for the plan being so seldom adopted. Again, when timber must be employed, it is a commonly received scientific dogma, that, if saturated with a solution of alum, it would be nearly as incombustible as stone. Now, why should any man about to invest his money, and risk the lives of his family in a building, hesitate to ascertain for himself whether this is true, and, if true, profit by the fact. It could cost but a

small sum to dig a tank in which the timbers could be soaked in the solution; and alum itself is cheap. We have heard that lime-water will produce the same effect, besides rendering the timber more durable. Doubtless, there could easily be found some means of depriving timber of its extreme combustibility; if so, are not our architects and engineers much to blame for allowing us to go on building funeral piles for ourselves, under the name of dwelling-houses?

But supposing brick-arched houses impossible, and that timber must remain as it is, there are still means which may be used to lessen the danger from fire. Every house should have several staircases, built of stone, and expressly with a view to safety. Indeed, if we had absolute power, we would prohibit the erection of wooden stairs at all; we would insist on the stairs at least being constructed with some incombustible material.

Again, in all country establishments, a proper supply of ladders, carefully ascertained to be of the right length, should be always ready, with the addition of such approved fire-escapes as have been found successful in practice.

All, or any of these precautions, are better than nothing; and it involves a fearful responsibility to neglect them. But the great desideratum after all is, not so much the means of escape from a house on fire, as to prevent the conflagration from taking place at all. We have already made some suggestions to this effect; but we have one more, which we have purposely reserved for the last, as it is that one from which we ourselves entertain the greatest hopes of success.

Again entering our solemn protest against wooden staircases *in toto*, we proceed to observe, that the imminent danger to human life from fire is one which, like some others, is almost peculiar to England.

Where wooden houses exist on the continent of Europe, they are usually low, so that on the first alarm the inmates can generally be saved, *vid* the windows, without difficulty. In other cases, the materials of brick and stone enter so largely into the construction, that it is almost impossible for fire to extend very far. But we desire especially to call attention to a mode of construction much used in Italy, and which seems to combine all the elements of cheapness with solidity and incombustibility. This we shall now endeavour to describe.

It has happened to ourselves to watch the construction of large houses, locally called palaces, in the town of Pisa, for example, in which, we can vouch for it, there was not employed one square foot of timber of any sort from garret to cellar. The only timbers in the house were those of the roofing. Every staircase, partition, ceiling, and floor was made of brick; but brick used in such a way that the arches of the ceilings were scarcely thicker, relatively to their span, than a tolerably thick egg-shell is to its own.

No words can do justice to our surprise when we first realised the fact that arches so constructed will resist any ordinary pressure; and we had to recall to our recollection that no man is strong enough to break in an egg-shell, applying the pressure at the ends. The mere fact of thinness does not necessarily imply weakness, and indeed we had ample proof of this in pursuing our observations. The arches of which we now speak are built without centering, the mason striking out his work, to begin with, by horizontal lines along the wall at the required height. If it is intended that the arch should be 'coved up'—that is, sloped from each side to the centre—he draws a line all round the room, and chips away a little groove along this line, to receive the edge of his first row of bricks, or rather tiles, which are secured in place by a little gypsum of a cheap gray sort. After the first row is completed, a second is applied, as before, with a little cement between the edges. The tiles are kept in a

bucket of water, out of which they are taken at the moment they are wanted for use. They struck us as being of a superior sort to the common red brick, harder, and more cohesive. These tiles, we also observed, are much of the same shape as if a common brick was split in two longitudinally; their dimensions being about twelve inches long by one inch and a half in thickness. The scaffolding rests on high tressels, and extends over most of the surface of the room; and as the work proceeds, a bit of stick is here and there put on end between it and the advancing arch. When the sides have been thus brought almost to touch each other, the workman cuts away from a tile as much as will just allow it to fill the remaining void with the proper quantity of cement: this put in place, the arch is complete. We have formed one of a party who have walked fearlessly all over such an arch as we have described, a few minutes after its completion. The whole ceiling may, in fact, be considered as one piece; and its convex form not only prevents the tendency to give way from its own gravity, but it will also, like the egg-shell above alluded to, resist an enormous downward pressure besides.

The next process is to fill up the hollow sides of the arch with rubbish, gravel, or whatever is most convenient; with this material, the floor is brought to a level; and then it is carefully trodden down, giving vast solidity to the whole. A coat of mortar is next laid on, and in this are imbedded other tiles, more or less handsome, according to circumstances; or, in many cases, those beautiful compositions are employed in which the taste and skill of the Italians are so conspicuous. Thus the principle of which we speak is applicable, as we can testify from personal observation, to every sort of dwelling, from the cottage to the palace.

We may perhaps be excused for dwelling a moment upon a case of fire in which the useful qualities of this sort of building were fully brought to the test. It was in the year 1829, while we happened to be sojourning in that marvellous city Genoa, that the population were alarmed with the cry of 'Fire!' Now, fire in a town in which there was then but one street wide enough for a four-wheeled carriage, and where the houses are of enormous height, is, to say the least of it, rather alarming. We joined the crowd which was pouring along to the scene of danger; and on arriving at a small open square in front of a large building called the Zecca (or Mint), we saw that it was indeed in a blaze. Now, had the system of construction been the same there as it is in London, we have little hesitation in saying that no human efforts could have prevented this city of palaces from being reduced to a heap of ashes. As it was, what we saw blazing so furiously was merely the roof and outer blinds of the building in the top story. A cordon of the fine Sardinian troops was quickly formed to supply water; the engines played steadily; the stone and brick floors of the story in which the fire had broken out were kept constantly wet, until the fire had consumed all the timber within its reach, and then it went out from want of fuel.

We have never forgotten this incident; and we think it—to use a phrase which has not been hackneyed of late—highly suggestive. In a recent visit to Italy, we had a curious experience of the fact, that in our day there is a tendency to deterioration in many things. Houses are 'run up' now anyhow, to last a certain time; 'so that,' as a wag observed, 'they and the building-leases may fall in together.' We thought the paper-house system was confined to England; but in conversing on our present topic with an intelligent Italian gentleman, he told us that in many places the mode of building with wooden joists and floors was fast superseding that which we had so much admired, and which we have attempted to describe. It is not

pretended that it is better or safer, but it is cheaper; and why? Because the bond established between opposite walls by timber joists and beams, enables the constructor to dispense with the good old quality of strength in these parts of the building—to run up, in short, his walls of mere pasteboard, which would not comport with the outward pressure of the brick-arch; while the new plan dispenses with the transport and cost of material and labour on walls of proper thickness, and rubble to fill in the cavities between the sides of the arch and the floors. In a country where human industry has so wonderfully called into play every square inch of land, there may be some force in this argument as to the greater immediate cheapness of the new system; but it is equally clear that it throws away the precious advantage of incombustibility, besides being by far the most expensive in the end. It is, of course, a mere matter of calculation, all the circumstances of the case being taken into consideration, which of the two systems—the one giving durability and safety; the other, cheapness, insecurity, and speedy decay—may be best worth adoption; but the question of safety is, it would seem, but a feather in the scale in the estimation of some of us; while with others, like the sword of Brennus, it has a weight and importance which cannot adequately be expressed in words.

We by no means grant, however, without proof of the fact, that in this country the adoption of the Italian mode—we mean the old one, which is still very extensively used—would be other than an economy. Let the architects and builders tell us what they think about it.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XLIX.—THREATS.

Yes, the voice was Ijurra's. I knew it well. While listening to it by the mesa, I had noted its tones sufficiently to remember them—round, sonorous, of true Spanish accent, and not inharmonious, though at that moment they grated harshly upon my ear.

An indescribable feeling came over me: it was not jealousy—I was too confident to be jealous—and yet, I shame to confess I felt a sensation sadly akin to it. After those earnest oaths, those tears and frenzied kisses, so soon after! O shame upon me!

Alas! the experienced heart no more enjoys the tranquil continuity of faith. Its belief is like a broken dream—an intermittence of light and shade. It was my misfortune, my error, perhaps my crime, to remember too many pairs of pretty perjured lips.

In a word, I was once more jealous, in spite of all that had passed—of sighs, and tears, and plighted vows—once more jealous of Ijurra!

But the moment before, his name was on her tongue, and spoken with scorn; in the same breath I was assured that he was no longer in the neighbourhood, that he was far away.

No; he was upon the spot, in close conversation with her, and scarcely five minutes after the oath had been sworn that bound her to me for life! Less wonder I was jealous.

That the feeling lasted only for an instant might be some palliation, but it was no merit of mine that brought it so quickly to a termination. I cannot screen my conduct behind an act of volition; for although the poisoned sting rankled but for a few moments, during that short period I yielded obedience to its demoniac promptings.

I slipped down gently from my saddle, and with the crouching gait and silent tread of the jaguar, approached the speakers. My horse, well trained to such tactics, stayed where I had dismounted, without

tie or hopple. No fear that his hoof would betray me.

Step by step I advanced, with my hands cautiously parting the boughs. The fronds of a curious *sabal* palm befriended me. They grew vertically on short petioles, like large green fans; and overlying one another, formed a perfect screen, through which the keenest eye could not perceive the approach of an intruder.

In a few seconds, I stood behind the last row that bounded the edge of a small opening; and peering through the serrate interstices of the leaves, I saw my betrothed and her cousin. Isolina was still in the saddle. Ijurra was on foot, and standing by her stirrup, with one hand resting upon the pommel, the other grasping the rein.

Up to this moment, my heart had continued its painful throbbing; but the attitude of Ijurra, with his troubled and angry look, at once produced a revulsion in my feelings. I saw that the encounter had been accidental—at least on the part of Isolina; I saw that she was detained. I could not see her face; it was turned in the opposite direction, and towards Ijurra; but the tones of her voice reached me, and by these I perceived that she addressed him in anger. Oh, how those accents of indignation ravished my heart; sweeter were they to me than the softest melody!

As yet, I had heard nothing of what had passed between them; the loud beating of my heart, the rustling of the leaves under my feet, of the boughs as I pressed through them, had prevented me from distinguishing what was said. These sounds ceased as I came to a stop; and although still fifty paces distant from the speakers, I could catch every word of their conversation, from the loud tone in which it was carried on.

'So, then, you refuse?'

It was Ijurra who put this interrogatory.

'I have done so before, Rafael; your conduct has given me no cause to change my mind.'

'Ha! my conduct has nothing to do with it; you have other reasons. Isolina, do not imagine I am such a *bobó*. I know your secret: you love this *gringo*—this Yankee captain?'

'And suppose I do, that is my affair. Nay, more, sir, I shall not even attempt to make a secret of it. I do love him—I do—I do.'

Ijurra's eyes gleamed with malignant fire; his lips turned white, and tightened over his teeth; he seemed endeavouring to curb the exposure of his spleen.

'And you would marry him?' He asked with compressed emphasis.

'I shall marry him,' was the prompt reply.

'*Por todos santos!* it shall never be.'

'And who is to hinder it?'

'I.'

'Ha, ha, ha! You are raving, Rafael Ijurra!'

'You may love him to your heart's content—I care not; but marry him—never; s'death! never!'

'Indeed?'

'By the saints, I swear it. I swear'—

'You have sworn enough: you are sufficiently perjured already.'

'*Carrai!* furiously shouted Ijurra, as if losing patience. 'Listen to me, Isolina de Vargas! I have something to say that may not be so pleasant'—

'You can say nothing pleasant; but I listen.'

'First, then, here are certain documents that concern you—both you and your father.'

I saw some folded papers in his hand, which he had taken from under his jacket. He opened and held them before her face, as he continued:

'This safeguard is one given by the American commander-in-chief to the Doña Isolina de Vargas. Perhaps you have seen it before? And here is a letter from Don Ramon de Vargas to the commissary-general

of the American army, enclosed within another from that functionary to your pet filibustero—a pretty piece of treason this!'

'Well, sir?'

'Not so well for you, madame. You forget that General Santa Anna is now chief of this republic. Think you he will not punish such traitorous correspondence? *Carrambo!* if I but lay these documents before him, I shall have an order for the arrest of both yourself and your *Ayankieado* father as quickly as it can be spoken. Nay, more; the estate will be proscript and confiscated—it will become mine—mine!'

The speaker paused, as if for an answer. Isolina remained silent. I could not see her face to notice the effect. I fancied that the threat had terrified her. Ijurra continued:

'Now, *señorita!* you better comprehend our relative positions. Give your consent to become my wife, and these papers shall be destroyed on the instant.'

'Never!' was the firm response that delighted my ears.

'Never!' echoed Ijurra; 'then dread the consequences. I shall obtain orders for your arrest, and as soon as this horde of Yankee ruffians has been driven from the country, the property shall be mine.'

'Ha, ha, ha!' came the scornful laugh in reply—'ha, ha, ha! you mistake, Rafael Ijurra; you are not so far-sighted as you deem yourself; you forget that my father's land lies on the *Texan* side of the Rio Grande; and ere that horde of Yankee ruffians, as you term them, be driven out, they will establish this river for their boundary. Where, then, will lie the power of confiscation? Not with you, and your cowardly master. Ha, ha, ha!'

The reply maddened Ijurra still further, for he saw the probability of what had been said. His face became livid, and he seemed to lose all control of himself.

'Even so,' he shouted with the addition of a fierce oath—'even so, you shall never inherit those lands. Listen, Isolina de Vargas! listen to another secret I have for you: know, *señorita!* that you are not the lawful daughter of Don Ramon!'

I saw the proud girl start, as if struck with an arrow.

'I have the proofs of what I repeat,' continued Ijurra; 'and even should the United States triumph, its laws cannot make you legitimate. You are not the heiress of the hacienda de Vargas!'

As yet not a word from Isolina. She sat silent and motionless, but I could tell by the rising and falling of her shoulders that a terrible storm was gathering in her bosom.

The fiend continued:

'Now, madame, you may know how disinterested it was of me to offer you marriage; nay, more, I never loved you; I told you so, it was a lie'—

He never lied in his life as he was doing at that moment. His face bespoke the falsehood of his words. It was the utterance of purest spleen. I read in his look the unmistakable expression of jealousy. Coarse as the passion may have been, he loved her—oh! how could it have been otherwise?

'Love you, indeed! Ha, ha, ha! love you—the daughter of a poor Indian—a *margarita!*'

The climax had come. The heaving bosom could bear silence no longer; the insult was unendurable.

'Base wretch!' cried she, in a voice of compressed agony, 'stand aside from my path!'

'Not yet,' answered Ijurra, grasping the bridle more firmly. 'I have something farther to communicate'—

'Villain! release the rein!'

'Before I do, you shall promise—you shall swear'—

'Again! let go! or this bullet to your heart!'

I had sprung from out the thicket, and was running

forward to her rescue. I saw her right hand on high, and something shining in its grasp. It was a pistol. Its muzzle was turned upon Ijurra.

No doubt the resolute character of her who held it was well known to him, for the threat produced an immediate effect; the coward relaxed his hold, the reins dropped from his fingers, and with a mingled look of hatred and fear, he stepped back a pace.

The moment the bridle became free, the steed, already startled by the spur, bounded forward, and after half-a-dozen springs, both horse and rider disappeared behind the screen of the palmettoes.

I was too late to play the knight-errant. The 'ladye faire' had not needed my help; she neither saw nor heard me; and by the time I arrived upon the ground, she had passed out of sight, and Ijurra was alone.

CHAPTER L.

AWKWARD ODDS.

Ijurra was alone, and I continued to advance to the spot where he was standing. His back was towards me, for he still fronted in the direction in which Isolina had galloped off. He had followed her with his eyes, with a cry of disappointed rage, with a threat of malignant vengeance.

The sound of his own voice hindered him from hearing mine, and he was not aware of my presence, when I paused scarcely three feet from where he stood, and directly behind him. I held my sword drawn; I could have thrust him in the back, through and through again, before he could have offered either defence or resistance. He was completely in my power.

Fortunate was it for him at that moment that I had been bred a gentleman, else in another instant his lifeless body would have lain at my feet. A plebeian blade would have made short work with the ruffian, and I confess that my instincts of fair-play were sorely tried. I had before me a man who had sought my life—a deadly foe—a deadly foe to her I loved—a perjured villain—a murderer! With such titles for himself, he had none to the laws of honour; and I confess that for one short moment, I felt like ignoring his claim. 'Twas but for a moment: the thought revolted me. Wicked and worthless as he was, I could not stab him in the back.

I leaned forward, and tapping him upon the shoulder, pronounced his name.

It was the first intimation he had of my presence; and starting as if hit by a bullet, he turned face towards me. The flush of anger upon his cheek suddenly gave place to a deadly pallor, and his eyes became set in that peculiar stare that indicates an apprehension of danger. This he must have felt keenly, for my determined look and drawn sword—to say nothing of the surprise by which I had come upon him—were calculated to produce that effect.

It was the first time we had stood face to face, and I now perceived that he was a much larger man than myself. But I saw, too, that his eye quailed, and his lip quivered at the encounter. I saw that he was cowed; I felt that I was his master.

'You are Rafael Ijurra?' I repeated, as he had not made answer to my first interrogation.

'Sí, señor,' he answered hesitatingly. 'What want you with me?'

'You have some documents there (he still held the papers in his hand); a portion of them belongs to me. I shall trouble you to hand them over.'

'Are you Captain Warfield?' he asked, after a pause, at the same time pretending to examine the superscription upon the commissary's letter. I saw that his fingers trembled.

'I am Captain Warfield—you ought to know by this time?'

Without noticing the insinuation, he replied: 'True—there is a letter here bearing that address. I found it upon the road: you are welcome to it, señor.'

As he said this, he handed me the commissary's order, still retaining the other documents.

'There was an enclosure? I perceive you have it in your hand. I beg you will make me equally welcome to that.'

'Oh! a note signed Ramon de Vargas? It was an enclosure?'

'Precisely so; and of course goes along with the letter.'

'O certainly; here it is, señor.'

'There is still another little document in your possession—a safeguard from the American commander granted to a certain lady. It is not yours, Señor Ijurra! I beg you will deliver it to me. I wish to return it to the lady to whom it belongs.'

This was the bitterest pill I had yet presented to him. He glanced hastily first to the right and then to the left, as if desirous of making escape. He would fain have done so, but I kept him under my eye, and he saw that my hand was ready.

'Certainly there is a safeguard,' replied he after a pause, and with a feigned attempt at laughter. 'Tis a worthless document to me; 'tis at your service, sir captain;' and as he handed me the paper, he accompanied the act with another sorry cackinnation.

I folded the precious documents, and thrust all three under the breast of my coat; then placing myself in fighting attitude, I cried out to my adversary to 'draw and defend' himself.

I had already noticed that he wore a sword, and, like myself, it appeared to be the only weapon he carried. I saw no pistols upon his person. I had none myself—nothing save a light cut-and-thrust sword. It was far slighter than the sabre of my antagonist, but it was a weapon that had seen service in my hands, and I had perfect confidence in it. I had no fear for the result against so cowardly an adversary; I was not awed, either by his heavier blade, or the superior size of his person.

To my astonishment, he hesitated to unsheath his sword!

'You must draw,' I shouted with emphasis. 'You or I have now to die. If you do not defend yourself, I shall run you through the body. Coward! would you have me kill you with your blade in its sheath?'

Even the taunt did not nerve him. Never saw I so complete a poltroon. His white lips trembled, his eyes rolled wildly from side to side, seeking an opportunity to escape. I am certain that could he have hoped to get clear, he would at that crisis have turned and run.

All at once, and to my surprise, the coward appeared smitten with courage; and grasping the hilt of his sabre, he drew the blade ringing from its scabbard, with all the energy of a determined man! His reluctance to fight seemed suddenly to have forsaken him. Had I mistaken my man? or was it despair that was nerving his arm?

His cowed look had disappeared: his eyes flashed with fury and vengeance; his teeth gritted together; and a fierce *carajo* hissed from his lips.

Our blades met—the sparks crackled from the creasing steel, and the combat began.

Fortunate for me, that, in avoiding the first lunge of my antagonist, I had to turn half round; fortunately I turned so soon, else I should never have left that glade alive.

As I faced in the new direction, I saw two men running towards us, sword in hand. A single glance told me they were guerrilleros. They were already within ten paces of the spot, and must have been seen long before by Ijurra.

This was the key to his altered demeanour. Their

approach it was that had inspired him with courage to begin the fight, for he had calculated the time when they should be able to get up, and assail me from behind.

'Hola!' shouted he, seeing that I had discovered them—'Hola! El Zorro—José! anda! anda! Mueran los Yankies! al muerte con el picaro!'

For the first time, I felt myself in danger. Three swords to one was awkward odds; and the red giant, with a companion nearly as large as himself, would no doubt prove very different antagonists from the poltroon with whom I was engaged. Yes, I was conscious of danger, and might have retreated, had I deemed such a course possible; but my horse was too far off, and the new-comers were directly in the path I should have to take to reach him. I could not hope to escape on foot; I well knew that these men run as lightly as Indians, for we had often proved their capacity in that accomplishment. They were already too near. I should be overtaken, struck down, pierced, with my back to the foe.

I had no time to reflect—just enough to leap back a pace or two, so as to bring all three of them in front of me, when I found my sword clashing against their blades, and parrying their blows one after the other.

I can describe the unequal combat no further. It was a confused medley of cut and thrust, in which I both gave wounds and received them. I was wounded in several places, and felt the warm blood running under my clothes and over my face. I was wearied to death, and every second growing weaker and fainter. I saw the red giant before me with his hand raised on high. His blade had already drawn my blood, and was crimsoned at the point; it was about to descend with a finishing-stroke. I should be unable to parry it, for I had just exhausted my strength in guarding against a blow from Ijurra. My hopeless peril wrung from me a cry of despair.

Was it my cry that caused the blade to drop from the hand of my antagonist, and the uplifted arm to fall loosely by his side? Was it my cry that created the consternation suddenly visible in the faces of my foes? I might have fancied so, had I not heard a sharp crack from behind, and seen that the arm of El Zorro was broken by a shot!

It seemed like the awaking from some horrid dream. One moment I was battling, face to face, with three desperate men; the instant after, their backs were towards me, and all three were running as for life!

I followed them with my eyes, but not far; for at twenty paces off they plunged into the thicket, and disappeared.

I turned in the opposite direction. A man was running across the open ground with a gun in his hand; he was advancing toward the spot where I stood. It was he who had fired the shot. I saw that he was in Mexican costume; surely he was one of the guerrilleros—he had aimed at me, and wounded his comrade?

For some seconds, I fancied that such might be the case. Evidently he was bolder than any of the three, for he continued to advance, as if determined to attack me alone!

I placed myself in readiness for this new antagonist, taking a fresh grasp on my sword, and wiping the blood from my eyes, that I might the better receive him.

It was not until he was close to the point of my blade, that I recognised the long ape-like arms, and crooked mateless limbs of Elijah Quackenboss!

CHAPTER LI.

AN OFFICIAL BLACK-LIST.

The ranger, after delivering his fire, had not waited to reload, but ran forward with the intention of joining me in the hand-to-hand fight, though he carried

no other weapon than his empty gun. But this would have been an efficient arm in such hands; for, despite his unsymmetrical build, Dutch Lige was stalwart and tough, and would have been a full match for any two of my assailants, had they stood their ground. But the crack of the gun had set them off like deer. They fancied, no doubt, that a stronger force was near; perhaps they remembered the terrible rifles of the trappers, and no doubt believed it was they who had arrived to the rescue. Indeed, such was my own belief, until I saw the oddly costumed ranger bounding towards the spot.

A glance satisfied me that I owed my preservation to Lige's love of botanical science. A large globe-shaped cactus plant, bristling like a hedgehog, hung dangling from the swivel of his gun—it was thus carried to save his fingers from contact with its barbed spines—while stuck into every loop and button-hole of his dress could be seen the leaves and branchlets, and fruits and flowers, of a host of curious and unknown plants. He had been herborising in the woods; and coming by chance within earshot of the scuffle, had scrambled through the bushes just in time to spoil the *coup-de-grâce* intended by El Zorro.

'Thanks, Quackenboss! thanks, my brave friend! you came in good time: you have saved me.'

'But a poor shot I've made, capten. I ought to have broken that red devil's skull, or sent my bullet into his stomach; he's got off too easy.'

'It was a good shot: you broke his arm, I think.'

'Ach! 'twas a poor shot; the cactus spoiled my aim. You hurt, capten?'

'I am wounded, but not mortally, I think. I feel a little faint: 'tis only the blood. My horse—you will find him yonder—among the trees—yonder. Go, Lige; bring my horse—my horse!'

For some minutes, I was out of the world. When consciousness came back, I perceived that my steed had been brought up, and stood near. The botanist was bending over me, and binding up my wounds with strips torn from his own shirt. He had one boot on; the other stood by, full of water, a portion of which he had already poured down my throat, and with the rest he proceeded to bathe my temples and wash the blood from my face.

This done, I soon felt refreshed and strong enough to mount; and having climbed into the saddle, I set out for the rancharia, my companion half guiding, half leading my horse.

By the path which we followed, we should have to pass close to the hacienda and within sight of it; but night had come on, and the darkness would hinder us from being observed. It was what I now desired, though I had left the cerro with hopes and wishes directly the reverse. With a red gash upon my forehead—my uniform torn and blood-stained—I feared being seen, lest my invalid appearance should create unnecessary alarm. But we passed on without meeting any one, either by the hill or upon the main road, and in half an hour after, I was safe within my *caserío* in the house of the *alcaldé*. * * *

The incidents of the day preyed upon my spirits, and I was far from feeling easy about the future. I knew that my betrothed would be true till death, and I felt ashamed that I had doubted her, even for a moment. About her loyalty I had no uneasiness, and I mentally vowed never more to give way to suspicion.

It was no thought of that that now troubled me, but an anxiety about *her personal safety*; and this grew stronger the more I pondered upon it, till it assumed almost the form of a fear.

The man who had used such bitter threats, and behaved with so much rudeness, would scarcely stop at anything. 'Tis true I had deprived him of much of his power over her, by stripping him of the dangerous

documents; but it was not the time, nor was he the man to stand upon nice distinctions of legality, where jealousy and cupidity were the incentives to action. Holding a sort of irresponsible office as the chief of what was less a patriotic guerrilla, than a band of brigands, it was difficult to tell what such a monster might or might not attempt. In our absence from the post the ruffian would be full master of the neighbourhood. What deed might he not accomplish with impunity, holding his power directly from the unprincipled dictator, whom he was accustomed to imitate as a model, and who would indorse any act of villainy, provided it was the act of one of his own satellites. I shuddered as I reflected.

The reappearance of Ijurra and his band—for I doubted not that his followers were near—their reappearance in that vicinity, and at such a crisis—just as we were being withdrawn—had something ominous in it. They must have known ere this of the plan of campaign designed for the American army. Wheatley's rumour had proved well founded. The new commander-in-chief, Scott, had arrived upon the ground, and three-fourths of the 'army of occupation' had been draughted to form the expedition destined to act upon Vera Cruz. As this greedy general stripped our old favourite 'Rough and Ready' of only his best troops, we had the consolation of knowing that the 'rangers' were among the 'picked;' though, for all that, many of us would have preferred remaining with the brave veteran who had already led us so often to victory. I can answer for Wheatley and myself; I might also vouch for Holingsworth, though far different were his motives for wishing to remain on the Rio Grande. His sweetheart was revenge—in his breast long cherished—to his heart faithful and true.

I have said that our design must have been known ere this; indeed the army was already in movement. Troops and brigades were marching upon Brazos, Santiago, and Tampico, there to be embarked for the south, and all that were to go had received their orders. The provinces on the Rio Grande were not to be entirely abandoned, but the army left there was to have its lines contracted, and would therefore cover much less ground. Not only was our little post to be deserted, but the neighbouring town, which had long been the head-quarters of a division, was also to be evacuated. No force of our army would remain within fifty miles of the rancheria; and perhaps no American troop would ever again visit that isolated village. The reflection rendered me more than melancholy.

No doubt of it—the enemy was apprised of our movements. In our special case—that we the rangers were to march on the following morning—was well known to the people of the neighbourhood. It had been known to them for several days; and it had not passed unobserved by us that the citizens of the place—those who were not Ayankieados—had lately shewn themselves more sulky and inhospitable, in proportion as the time approached for our departure. This *brusquerie* had led to several street-conflicts, in which knives had been drawn and blood spilled, and much 'bad blood' begotten on both sides.

Another circumstance was not unnoticed amongst us. Ribald pasquinades, rudely written, and accompanied by threats of proscription, were at this time thrust under the doors of such of the citizens as had been friendly to us. Even the *alcaldé* had received some documents of this character—perhaps emanating from a jealous *tiendero* who had looked with bitter eye upon the courtship of Wheatley and Conchita. It was not till afterwards I learned that similar missives had 'come to hand' in a quarter that more concerned myself.

Some scouted the absurdity of these acts, alleging that they sprang from personal enmity, or originated in the mob-patriotism of the *leperos*. It was not so, as

I afterwards learned; the government of the country, or at all events, several of its prominent members, countenanced the meanness; and at their instigation, a 'black list' was made out in every town and village through which the American army had occasion to pass. Let the minister, Señor O—, make answer to this accusation.

I was musing on this disagreeable theme, after my return from the cerro, and endeavouring to sketch out some plan for the safety of my betrothed during my absence; but my thoughts proved barren. With a sort of faint hope that the villain Ijurra might yet fall into our hands, I had despatched Holingsworth—nothing loath for the duty—with a party of rangers upon his trail, and I was impatiently awaiting their return.

The voice of Wheatley aroused me from my reverie.

'Well, lieutenant, what is it?'

'Only that precious boy,' answered he, with a significant smile, at the same time ushering 'Cyprio' into the room.

The lad carried a note, which I opened. A green sprig of juniper was enclosed, and the simple word '*tuya*' was written in pencil. I knew the symbol well. The juniper is *tuya* in that most beautiful of tongues, and *tuya* from a lady signifies 'yours.'

'Anything more?' I asked of the messenger.

'Nothing, Señor Capitan,' answered the intelligent boy; 'only to inquire if you had arrived safe.'

She had been anxious then!

I separated the branchlet into two equal parts: one I placed in my bosom; the other, having fervently kissed, I enclosed in a folded sheet, upon which I wrote the words:

'*Tuyo—tuyo—hasta la muerte!*'

Cyprio bore back my parting message.

At midnight, Holingsworth and his party came in from the scout. Nothing had been seen of the guerrilla.

PROGRESS OF TASMANIA.

ENOUGH has been said of late about the Australians by all manner of people; but as we do not often hear anything on the subject from themselves, here follows a brief summary of what the inhabitants of the Britain of the South, as they fondly call Tasmania, have thought proper to print concerning their own position and prospects. Let us just remark, in passing, that we find no fault with this ambitious appellation; for the island, like our own, has picturesque scenery, excellent harbours, climate and soil suited for agriculture, forests of fine timber, and unlimited deposits of coal, iron-ore, limestone, and so forth.

In March 1851, the total population of Tasmania was 69,187, of whom 34,070 were adult males; 15,996 adult females, and 19,121 children of both sexes. This was about two months before the surprising gold discoveries in the neighbouring colonies, and we see at once what were the consequences. The arrivals during the year numbered 6076; the departures, 6613. In 1852, the arrivals were 15,203; the departures, 21,917. In 1853, there was a pause in this process of depopulation: 14,977 persons came to the island, and 12,684 left it. At the end of this latter year, there was a positive decrease of 23 per cent. in the number of men, and a very sensible disturbing influence on the social and domestic condition of the colony was the result. On the other hand, the number of children had multiplied from 27 per cent. in 1851, to 36 per cent. in 1853—the germ of future increase.

Not less marked is the effect on matrimony: in 1851, the number of marriages was 992; 1213 in 1852; and 1479 in 1853, when the number of the adult

population, as seen above, was much diminished. Who does not see in this the return of fortunate diggers from the gold-fields eager to find wives to share their sudden wealth?

We take a look at the convicts: of these, the servile class of the colony, there were, of both sexes, in 1851, 20,069; in 1852, 19,105; and in 1853, 16,745. Here we observe the effect of Her Majesty's Order in Council for the stoppage of transportation to Van Diemen's Land; the number decreases rapidly, and by the time the next census is taken, there will probably be no convicts as a class to enumerate. We find that in August 1854, the total number of convicts was 13,456; of whom 10,174 were earning their own living, and 3282 only were maintained at the government cost. An estimate was then made—the verification of which we have not yet heard of—that 10,000 would be released from their convict condition in April 1856; while of the remainder, more than half would live by their own earnings. In 1854-5, the estimates for convict expenses were £205,385; and £132,553 in 1856.

Trade and commerce exhibit returns still more striking. In 1851, the value of the imports was £641,609; in 1852, £860,488; in 1853, £2,273,397; an amazing increase, being at the rate of £34, 9s. 4d. per head of the population—an increase only exceeded by that of the colony of Victoria. The exports for the same years amounted respectively to £665,790, £1,509,883, £1,756,316.

The whale-fishing declined wofully in the same period; from 40 colonial and 9 foreign ships, down to 7 and 2; adventurers, instead of chasing leviathans across the ocean, preferred the enterprise and excitement of digging for nuggets. The timber-trade, on the contrary, comes out bravely. In 1844, the value of timber exported was £3577; in 1853, nearly half a million. The trade suffered, as did many others, in 1851, being £23,000 under 1850; but the demand for boards, planks, joists, &c., to shelter the thousands of emigrants who poured into Melbourne, sent it up to £89,000 in 1852, and to the much greater sum in the following year. This was something like prosperity. It lured back to the Tasmanian forests many of the gold-seekers, who found that the gold-fields were, after all, less profitable, and much more precarious, than the rewards offered to steady labour in felling and sawing timber.

Agriculture suffered by the departure of all the farm-labourers who could get away; excepting potatoes, the exports in 1853 were not more than one-seventh of what they were in 1851. By the side of this decrease, it is remarkable that there is no decrease in the quantity of wool exported. There was also a slackening in ship-building, yet the number of steamers plying in the colony increased from two to five.

As regards money, the whole amount of coin in the banks and military-chest, in 1850, was £239,417; in 1852, it was £621,419; and in 1853, £1,375,352—all exclusive of bills of exchange and paper-currency. Taking the average of the population, the bank deposits in 1853 amounted to £28, 8s. 10d. per head.

The penny-post experiment has proved not less satisfactory at the antipodes than here: the penny rate within the colony and compulsory pre-payment were established in 1853; and in that year the receipts were £9880, while in 1852, they were £8308.

Among industrial resources, we find sixty different trades and manufactures carried on in the colony, and here something occurs as to the rate of wages. In 1851, the daily pay of carpenters, masons, and bricklayers was 5s.; in 1853, it was 15s., and a similar increase prevailed in all other trades, somewhat higher in towns than in the country. Simultaneously, there was a great rise in the price of provisions—500 per cent. in some instances; and we are informed that the

trebling of wages was 'not so very unreasonable when compared with the enhanced cost of provisions, fuel, and rent, and, indeed, of every article of consumption; and it may be affirmed that a mechanic with a family was much better off with his ordinary wages in the cheap times.'

Again: with the first rush to the Diggings, house-property sunk so much in value, that it could only be sold with difficulty at a nominal price. 'But ere long the streets of Hobart Town and Launceston began to swarm with lucky diggers and numerous visitors—the former bent on enjoying the fruits of their success with their families and friends, and the latter to take up their abode more or less permanently, attracted by our superior climate, and our more quiet and better protected towns.' The consequence was a scrambling for houses, and a rise of 400 per cent. in rents. The number of houses in the colony in 1848 was 7629; in 1851, it was 11,844.

Just one word about the climate, by way of conclusion. The mean temperature near Hobart Town, deduced from ten years' observations, is 52°81; and the mean rain-fall for the same period nearly 21 inches annually, which differs but little from the mean annual rain-fall of London.

The Britain looked down on by the Southern Cross is thus seen to afford matter for reflection and instruction to the Britain over which the Great Bear casts his eye. In addition to the points of resemblance enumerated at the outset, the former has a Royal Society, active and learned, from whose *Proceedings* the facts and particulars have been derived for the present article.

LIFE RETURNING;

AFTER WAR-TIME.

O life, dear life, with sunbeam finger touching
This poor damp brow, or flying freshly past
On wings of mountain winds, or clasped fast
In links of visionary embraces, clutching
Me from the yawning grave—
Can I believe thou yet hast power to save?

I see thee, O my life, like phantom giant,
Stand on the hill-top, large against the dawn;
Upon the night-black clouds retreating drawn;
In aspect wonderful, with hope defiant,
And so majestic grown,
I scarce discern the image as my own.

Those mists lift off, and through the vale resplendent
Behold the pathway of my years prolong!
Not without labour, yet for labour strong;
Not without pain, but pain sublimed, transcendent,
That by divinest laws
Heart unto heart, and all hearts upwards, draws.

O life, O love—your diverse tones bewildering
Make silence, like two meeting waves of sound,
And force a lull in this world's noisy round:
I dream of wifely white arms, lip of children—
Never of ended wars,
Save kisses sealing honourable scars.

Peace! No more battles: save the combat glorious
To which all earth and heaven do witness stand:
The sword of the spirit taking in my hand,
I shall go forth, for in new fields victorious
The King yet grants that I
His servant live, or His good soldier die.

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THE FICTIONIST'S WORLD.

Fictionists usually profess to paint the world as it is—to 'hold the mirror up to nature;' but it is certain they do not, and highly doubtful whether they could. It seems to be felt as necessary in a novel to assume the existence of men both better and worse than are commonly found in the ordinary world; also, that the reader will approve of views in social philosophy contrary to those he sanctions and acts upon in his daily life. The matter appears puzzling at first, for one would *a priori* suppose that a true counterfeit presentment of life was most likely to give the amusement which we look for in a work of fiction. Account for it as we please, the fact undoubtedly is so, that there is a traditional set of characters for the drama and the novel, readily recognisable as such, and standing quite apart from the actual people we meet with in society; likewise, a peculiar way of treating them and making them work, as conventional as common life, but considerably different.

Everybody will at once understand what is here meant, after he shall have seen a few illustrations.

In the actual world, as we well know, there is always a presumption in favour of people of wealth and station. If a society of a philanthropic nature is looking out for a set of directors whose names may give it respectability, it does not willingly adopt poor or obscure men. It takes men who are known to stand well with their bankers. If the said directors are called upon to consider the cases of certain applicants, whose certificates will they regard as the most to be depended on? Not those of poor obscure people, but those of men of substance and social distinction. When individuals of any rank whatever are choosing guardians for their children, or trustees to manage their estates, do they choose the poorest of their acquaintances for the duty? No, they select the very richest friends they have. Even in a case of evidence as to a simple matter of fact, suppose a gentleman testifies to one thing, and a poor person to another, shall we not find that the former is preferred almost without a moment of hesitation? Now, I think it may be fairly assumed that men would not proceed upon these principles in matters affecting their interests, unless experience had satisfied them that the principles are correct, and consequently safe. It is not that every poor man is held as necessarily dishonest or unvarnished, or every rich man the reverse. We can readily understand it to arise from simply this consideration, that, supposing the natural tendencies of rich and poor to be equal, there is an influence in education, exemption from small temptations, fear of disgrace, and other circumstances, as affecting the

wealthy, which is not to be looked for in equal force among the poor—and no discredit to them that it is so.

With the novelist, all this is reversed. In his narrative, the presumption is always in favour of the poorer party. Ten to one, the rich man is a grasping oppressor, and the poor one a noble fellow, a pattern of all the virtues both of his own and other classes, only unfortunate in suffering unjustly under his long-pursed neighbour. Very often the whole interest of the story depends on bringing some paragon of righteous poverty through frightful difficulties placed in his path by iniquitous opulence. I do not say that such circumstances are impossible, or that they never occur; I do not profess either to extol the rich or depreciate the poor. I merely remark, that when men of any grade whatever deliberate for a selection of persons to be intrusted with any important charge, they act upon an assumption exactly the opposite. They judge of men as bankers judge of them, which is precisely the reverse of the way they are judged of by the fictionist.

The fictionist makes a kind of acknowledgment that wealth is regarded with deference in the actual world, but sees in this nothing but a mean spirit of mammon-worship. Very likely, in his own actual life, he finds that poor friends are able to do him little service, and very often require loans from his purse, if he has one; while rich people give good dinners, are surrounded with objects gratifying to good taste, never require to lay his purse under contribution, sometimes can say a good word for him with dispensers of patronage, and are altogether persons whom it is useful to him to know. Such are, at least, the experiences of ordinary mortals in the world, and, while they have needs and appetites, they will continue to be actuated by such considerations. One does not see, in actual society, any great occasion to declaim about a matter so simple and so natural. In the novel, however, it is a great and prevailing sin, never enough to be condemned. There the writer who himself practises it, turns it into every conceivable form of ridicule for the gratification of readers who never think of acting upon any other principle.

And see how this works itself out in the special characters. In the real world, we are continually meeting with self-raised men, who display cultivated taste and good-manners, and who make a generous and rational use of their wealth. You will generally find, too, in such men, a moderation of tone in perfect keeping with their original humility, and anything but a disposition to overlook or slight old friends. In the novelist's world, I need scarcely remind you how the new rich man is described—from M. Jourdain to

Mr Bounderby, nothing but a vulgar, purse-proud fool. This is the more unreasonable, since there is nothing the fictionist is more solicitous about than to bring windfalls of fortune to poor men. Are we to understand that men are only respectable while poor, and become fools and tyrants when enriched. If so, can our novelist be justified in enriching anybody?

It seems specially the delight of fiction to take up merit in lowliness and distress, and exhibit it pressing on through all difficulties to brilliant results. An obscure and nameless adventurer, who can sketch, and has no letters of introduction, that is the type of a novelist's favourite. He becomes prescriptively interesting in appearance, and by right of ancient usage, obtains, at a first and chance interview, the affections of the nasty rich gentleman's daughter. In actual good society, it is universally held as very naughty conduct in a young lady, when she opens her ears to lovers unrecognised as respectable persons by her papa and mamma; and there are plenty of reasons in morals and good taste why this view should be taken of the case. But in fiction, it seems to be supposed that nothing else will excite sympathy and interest. There, an approvable, above-board lover, who was making £1500 a year at the bar or as manager of a company, would never do. I have sometimes thought of making a collection of all the Belvilles, Altamonts, and Delacours who have been the heroes of novelists from first to last, in order to see if there was a single quality or circumstance about any of them such as a decent father might, could, or should have approved of. My belief is they would have all been found wanting in the first elements of eligibility. If such be the case, it is a mere mockery to ask gravely if fiction can be considered as representing human life.

Perhaps we may go a little further, and say there are connections of characters and circumstances frequently occurring in actual life, but which, though they are by no means devoid of interest in their own way, fiction never has taken, and never will take up. In the annals of law-courts, it is quite as common for the poor as for the rich man to be in the position of a persecutor. A man in difficulties imagines himself possessed of some claim upon a neighbour of substance, or, what is quite as serviceable, sees some chance of turning a quirk of the law in his favour, against the said neighbour, so as to extort a sum of money. With the aid of some inferior practitioner, he will raise an action, and put his substantial adversary to no small trouble and expense, not to speak of irritation of mind. Here there is a necessary injustice on the side of the plaintiff, for, whether he loses or gains his action, he will pay nothing, having nothing wherewithal to pay; so that the opposite party must at least lose the amount of his expenses. Such things occur every day, being simply speculative assaults of one set of men upon the property of another; and it is obvious that they must often involve curious circumstances, and many distressful emotions. But fiction knows well that any such case in its pages would wholly fail of effect.

Fiction, then, is not and cannot be a true reflex of life. Nor are the reasons, perhaps, discreditable either to the writers or their readers. In the actual world, we must be guided by worldly rules and maxims, or we perish. There is therefore no thought of a practical dissent from our social morality. But we at the same time see in social things much that leaves us unsatisfied, and the accidents which make one man rich and another poor, are of the number. We are all glad, occasionally, to be rapt away into an ideal world, where good is dealt out on a different principle, where obscurity is no impediment to merit, where the woes of poverty are redressed, where natural qualities, albeit external, assert a superiority over those which fortune has conferred, where the conventional is over-

ruled by the impulses of the heart. It refreshes us to be made, even for a moment, to believe in such a system of things. For, though we may in reason acknowledge that, on the whole, things are well ordered in this world, still the evils that remain unremedied, and which, apparently, can never be wholly avoided, make a painful impression on us. Fiction, as by a charm, puts all to rights. It gives us the scheme of providence we should ourselves have chosen. Here, at least, we are at liberty to act—for we act with the actors—as our best feelings would dictate, however otherwise our practice must needs be in the real world.

GLIMPSES OF AFFAIRS IN AMERICA

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

The reader has been conducted through a history—such as it is—of American slavery, and been made acquainted with some prominent features in its character. He perceives that, as a carefully nourished institution, it imparts a tone to the whole social system of the United States, interweaves itself with the national constitution, laws, usages, sentiments, the most vital principles of public polity.

Though marvellous in many respects, this institution has not seemingly attained its full proportions. It is still growing. Sixty-seven years ago, under a million—now approaching five millions—soon there will be ten millions of human beings in the condition of 'chattels personal'—a nation of slaves within a nation of freemen, a people dangerous in their numbers and sense of wrong, dangerous as an engine of intestine discord, in the event of hostilities with an unscrupulous foreign enemy.

Can no practicable measures be devised to arrest this monster evil in its desolating course? We may be better able to reply to this inquiry after glancing at the causes which have conspired to bring about present results.

First, and at the foundation of the whole mischief, lie the provisions of the federal constitution, which, as formerly shewn, pledge the whole states to maintain slavery inviolate in any individual state where it exists—which authorise a method of representation in the House of Representatives, based on a certain numerical proportion of slaves; whereby the southern faction gains thirty votes—and which, by giving national efficacy to a fugitive slave law, bring the whole country within the operation of southern institutions.

Practically, the constitution of the United States is incapable of change. To amend it, there would need to be a very effective rousing of public feeling throughout the various states. Congress must be besieged with petitions—which would have little effect, constituted as that body now is. Supposing this difficulty to be overcome, a proposal for amendment must be concurred in by two-thirds of both branches of congress—hopeless. Supposing this difficulty also overcome, conventions to take the matter into consideration must be called by the legislatures of the several states. Lastly, the decision of the conventions must be ratified by three-fourths of the states; by which is inferred the consent of six of the slave states—hopeless. To all appearance, therefore, reform is constitutionally impossible.

Second. With such constitutional advantages in its favour, as well as by superior address, the southern party has obtained such political supremacy, as enables it to secure northern votes. Having thus a majority in congress, it has from time to time, by legislative measures, extended slavery over newly acquired territories; and judging from recent elections, it has now a greater power of doing so than ever.

Third. Northern selfishness, by which freedom and

independence are bartered for place, pay, commercial monopoly, and other material interests.

Fourth—although this might almost be placed first—There is the universal desire to support the Union, which, having attained great eminence and glory, is, right or wrong, idolised to a very extraordinary degree.

Fifth. Fears of destroying this object of worship, along with the blinding effects of political partisanship, produce a Public Opinion that acts despotically in suppressing freedom of speech; wherefore, all who express a detestation of slavery, and agitate for its restriction or extinction, are proscribed as 'abolitionists'—a name, in popular acceptance, synonymous with everything that is infamous.

Sixth. The propagation of corrupt doctrines by religious teachers of almost every denomination, to the effect that slavery is an institution beneficently designed by Providence for the spiritual welfare of its victims. And along with this agency may be classed the dissemination of pro-slavery sentiments, and the ridicule of anti-slavery efforts, by a great part of the press, which takes its tone from Public Opinion.

Seventh. The prejudice respecting colour throughout the greater part of the free states; and the notion, generally, that the negro is from nature of an inferior and servile race.

Eighth. The continually growing demand for cotton, before which every consideration of humanity, or dread of consequences, disappears.

Some other causes might be assigned; as, for example, party violence by mobs at elections, by which quietly disposed and respectable persons are driven from the field of politics, and power handed over to those who aim as much at selfish ends as the public advantage. And then, to account for these scenes of violence, as well as for much newspaper abuse, we might allude to the strange practice of discharging almost all government-officers and appointing new ones, according to political changes, by which a state of disorder is kept up in the country by all classes of office-seekers.

Out of this complication of causes, we leave any one to say how American slavery is to be alleviated. Congress has only a power of restraining it from entering the territories—and even this power is not undisputed. Slavery can be legally abolished only by the separate action of each individual state; and within each slave state there exists a dominating power, apparently impervious to any reasonable proposition on the subject. Not even the respective legislatures of these states could relax the slave code, without a very general consent of the people. In the matter of slavery, Vigilance Committees are above all law. And measures for emancipation, supposing them attempted, might be followed by revolution.

It is not to be supposed that an evil so conspicuous, so fraught with probabilities of mischief, and, to say the least of it, so damaging to the character of those by whom it is cherished, should have escaped the notice of Americans. But unfortunately, it has never attained the position of a public or generally discussed question—it seems as though an impression prevailed that nothing could be made of it, or that for certain reasons it was improper to speak of it at all. Slavery, in short, is a kind of tabooed subject in the States. It is not an agreeable thing to think of, certainly not to talk about.

When tourists, in their curiosity to arrive at the truth, refer to this grievous evil, they find little to put in their note-book. The best they get is the pious remark, 'that slavery is one of those sad evils which will doubtless pass away in God's own good time.' And, thus, worthy people consoling themselves with a highly edifying sentiment, go placidly to sleep, and leave slavery to take its chance. It must be deemed

odd that this great people, renowned for their shrewdness, should for any reason shrink from the open discussion of a social question which so intimately concerns their welfare. 'Abolition' haunts them like a spectre. Let us have a look at this terrible apparition.

A number of years ago, there sprang up anti-slavery societies, differing considerably in their views. Some of the older associations have disappeared, others with more vitality have become permanent. The American Anti-slavery Society, located at New York, takes the lead among existing institutions. Massachusetts has several associations in vigorous operation, the chief one, as we believe, being called the Massachusetts Anti-slavery Society, which began in 1832, and holds annual festivals of much oratorical importance. This society was formed 'on the ground of the Absolute Sin of Slaveholding, and the Duty of Immediate and Unconditional Emancipation.' The president is William Lloyd Garrison; and among the office-bearers or adherents are other leading abolitionists—Wendell Phillips, Samuel May, Edmund Quincy, Maria M. Chapman, Lucy Stone, Lucretia Mott, and Theodore Parker. The abolitionists, represented by these and similar societies, will make no compromise on the subject of slavery; nor do they design to work through religious or political organisations. They declare, there is an inherent wickedness in slavery, with which there can be no association. It is not clear to us from their writings what is their plan for effecting 'immediate emancipation.' We presume, they merely insist that the whole of the slaves should be instantly liberated, without compensation to owners, and without any preparation, educational or otherwise, for the enjoyment of freedom. A number of the members are Non-resistants—a class of persons who repudiate the federal constitution, and decline to take any part in elections. Those who entertain these ultra views, desire to dissolve the Union, in order to be entirely rid of any connection with the South.

Next comes the Liberty party, which also advocates immediate emancipation, but does not think so badly of the constitution, and accordingly is opposed to a dissolution of the Union. Its members do not withdraw from their church relations, on account of slavery, and hope to effect their purposes by moderate means. Many of the party are connected with societies, which rely on the diffusion of religious knowledge in the South as one of the best plans for promoting anti-slavery sentiments in that quarter.

We believe the Liberty party is now pretty nearly swallowed up in the new Republican party. Europeans have heard much lately of the Republicans, and it is interesting to know what really is their anti-slavery doctrine. Properly speaking, they are not abolitionists at all. No doubt, many members would wish immediate emancipation, and their papers and orations in favour of liberty are unexceptionable. But the members generally are only Free-soilers. They disclaim any intention of meddling with slavery where it exists, and will be satisfied with seeing it kept out of the territories, which would doubtless be a great point gained. They do not advocate a dissolution of the Union; though it is not unlikely, should other projects fail, that they will come to that. They have confident anticipations of carrying Fremont as president in 1860, and live on in this hope. To this great political organisation belong Charles Sumner, Hall, Giddings, Chase, Henry Ward Beecher, Seward, and Horace Greeley.

Finally, we might mention the party called Union-savers, represented by Fillmore, who look upon slavery as a bad thing in principle, but deprecate all agitation on the subject. By lending themselves politically to the democrats, they sink the question of slavery altogether, and serve materially to impose that restraint

on free opinion which is so injurious to the cause of freedom.

It will be observed that among these parties there is only one entitled to be called true abolitionists; all the others postponing the question of emancipation, or subordinating it to certain political and religious considerations.

As a reason for persecuting abolitionists, it has been alleged that their object is to stir up mischief in the South; that by means of tracts and other agencies, they endeavour to spread incendiary doctrines, and place the owners of slaves in constant danger of insurrection and loss of property. It is further alleged, that the laws against teaching slaves to read, are a consequence of these attempts to promote discontent through the press; and that the proceedings of abolitionists generally having greatly exasperated the slaveholders, the condition of slaves was now very much worse than if there had been no abolition movement. There is perhaps some truth, but also some error, in these statements.

It may, we think, be candidly admitted that the ultra-abolitionists—like the old English Puritans and the Scotch Covenanters—take extreme views of the subject, are rather intractable, and from conscientious but not extensively appreciated motives, do not scruple to denounce what they consider to be a great national sin. Thus, they give offence. Their language is occasionally coarse and irreverent. For example, one of Garrison's common expressions is, that 'the United States constitution is a Covenant with Death, and an Agreement with Hell'—an abuse of Scriptural phraseology not exactly accordant with modern notions. It may be also allowed that the anti-slavery cause has been sullied by unseemly party differences, and that, assuming the worst qualities of sectarians, its adherents have too often demonstrated a spirit of intolerance and persecution.

Whatever may have been the opinions entertained respecting abolitionist doctrines, the time has come when they must be spoken of at least in terms of extenuation. The occurrences of the last twelve months have immeasurably advanced the anti-slavery cause in the minds of Europeans; and we may add, that on the relative situation of abolitionists and slaveholders a new and more distinct light has been thrown. The recent declaration by leading organs in the South, that slavery was there and there for ever—that no plan of emancipation would be listened to—that slavery is a natural and proper institution—that free society has been a failure—that the whole free coloured and poor white population of the States should be reduced to perpetual bondage—that the foreign slave-trade ought to be revived—together with eulogies on slavery by the Governors of a state, and also by a President of the United States—declarations by the highest authorities that there is an inherent vitality in slavery which will insure its illimitable growth; and a distinct avowal of the design to absorb new countries for the sake of protecting and greatly extending the institution—these extraordinary announcements, along with the unprovoked and unredressed outrages committed by Missourians in Kansas, the brutal assault of Brooks on Mr Sumner, not to speak of other barbarities, defended and gloried in—all this, we say, entirely alters the aspect under which we are to view the operations of the abolitionists. As long as the world was under the impression that a calm consideration of emancipation was postponed in consequence of the intemperate harangues of what were deemed a body of fanatics, the slaveholders commanded that degree of sympathy which was thought to be due to their undesired and very unfortunate situation. But now, with the facts before us, we are at a loss to see how the matter is to be treated in the same indulgent spirit.

Lamenting the past rudeness with which abolitionists

have pressed their opinions—believing they would have more successfully promoted their aims by using milder persuasives—persons of enlarged views will join us in looking beyond the Faneuil Hall and Exeter Hall aspect of the anti-slavery cause. This cause is not to be regarded merely as it affects the blacks, but the whites—not merely the South, but the North—not merely the United States, but the whole family of mankind. All the communities on earth are interested in the solution of this mighty question—which, like other social questions of any consequence, has had to pass primarily through the hands of agitators who care little for conventional respectabilities. The question, we apprehend, has now got beyond the narrow sphere of anti-slavery societies. Supposing that the whole of the associations were dissolved and done with, that no such men as Garrison, Wendell Phillips, or Sumner were in existence, we return to general principles, and hope it will not be thought intrusive, if we ask the American people to be so good as explain, *what they propose to do with four millions of negro slaves and their progeny?*

Abolition principles are said to be making progress in the North. The protracted struggle in Kansas affords evidence of a desire somewhere, to outflank slavery on its own ground. Still there is a universal disinclination to meddle with southern institutions. Admitting that an important end would be gained by excluding slavery from Kansas, is there not the great south and south-west at disposal? From Texas and New Mexico, a number of new slave states may be carved out. We are aware that by the more sanguine class of American writers, it is confidently believed that Mexico, peopled as it is by mixed breeds hostile to American usages, will form an impregnable barrier to slavery in the south-west. How like one of the delusive fancies ordinarily indulged on the subject! With power in the hands of the pro-slavery party, and under a pressure for labour, the absorption of Mexico, Central America, and Cuba, is only a question of time and expediency. The very mixture of breeds in Mexico invites aggression. To meet the growing scarcity and costliness of negroes, there lies in that doomed country ample material at hand, ready for seizure and interstate deportation. For anything the present generation can tell, the South, Mexico included, may, some hundreds of years hence, form a great free republic of blacks, the refuge of oppressed colour. Such, indeed, is likely to be the case; but before that era comes round, what suffering, what convulsions, what bloodshed!

Slavery, we repeat, is seemingly destined to push far beyond its present limits. Is no check practicable?

The Constitution—it can do nothing.

The Republicans—they possess little political power; and, besides, they propose to act solely through the constitution.

The North—the majority of its representatives faithless; confidence in politicians gone.

The Anti-slavery Societies—a scattered body, with unfashionable views, and no political weight.

Enlightened Opinion—suppressed by mob violence and outvoted; the less opulent and more numerous classes being democrats, and supporters of the slave power.

The South—resolute in maintaining its institutions, and master of the situation.

Patience: the next decennial census will add to the number of members in congress from the free states; the free states will be increased in number by Minnesota, Nebraska, Oregon, and Washington—perhaps so much the worse; more democratic votes, more political manœuvring, more slavery?

There exists a hope of modifying slavery, by a diversion of the cotton-trade from America, and by a removal of protective duties. A falling off in the

demand for American cotton, by lessening the demand for negroes, would affect the slave-breeding states, and dispose them to adopt freedom. By the removal of protection, the present compact between North and South would be greatly shaken. The former point is for the consideration of Englishmen; the latter for that of Americans.

There is another hope to which we may call attention. It is the possibility of creating a free state in Western Texas, by means of the German and other European immigrants who have settled in that slave section of the Union. Whether the Free-soilers may here be able to outflank slavery, is doubtful; but the attempt will be made, and the people of England need not be surprised to learn that the outrages by slaveholders in Kansas are re-enacted on a scale of greater desperation near the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

We would not willingly resign our faith in the capacity of Americans for overcoming dangers and difficulties. They possess a wonderful power of rallying when things are at their worst. Some grand movement, inspired by virtuous indignation and despair, may dislodge the oligarchy which controls public policy on the slave question. New Washingtons, Franklins, and Quincey Adamases may arise, to sustain the cause of freedom, now basely pronounced to be a failure. It is consoling to know that sudden and unforeseen changes for the better take place in the social as in the physical atmosphere. Luther's reformation was precipitated by the sale of some paltry indulgences. The fear of abolitionism, which now, like a superstition, hangs over the United States, preventing the dispassionate consideration of a subject of momentous concern, may, from some unforeseen cause, be speedily and happily dispelled.

Looking at matters as they stand, however, making every allowance for contingencies, we sorrowfully admit that these events do not seem probable. To be quite plain: there appear—at least on the surface—to be but two expedients, by which this fearfully embarrassed question is to be solved—Revolution, Insurrection, both to be earnestly deprecated.

Lately, apart from the old-school abolitionists, there have sprung up societies in Massachusetts and other quarters, with the distinctly professed object of dissolving the Union; in order that the free states may no longer be associated with, or made responsible for, slave institutions. Which states are to be disunited, these societies do not mention; that apparently being left to chance. They expect to operate through petitions to congress—hopeless. The law, under the constitution, by peaceful means, is against them; and with the universally prevailing respect for the Union, which with Americans is a kind of sub-religion, we do not imagine that the doctrines of the Disunionists will meet with wider acceptance than those of the Abolitionists, of which they are only a new version.

By writers who have taken notice of this new movement, Disunion is disapproved of, on the ground that if effected, slavery would be maintained with greater vigour in the South; they even speculate on the probability of some millions of abject whites in the southern states being made slaves. We think differently. The withdrawal of the northern states from the confederacy, whether peacefully or by armed force, would so shake and weaken the whole fabric of southern institutions, that an insurrection by the slaves would be inevitable—slavery would dissolve in a sea of blood.

The South knows this. It has often, in its vaunting and reckless mode of speaking, threatened to quit the Union. Let it try.

Feeling its power, the North, if true to itself and animated by higher motives, could in a short space of time extinguish slavery. It could say to the South: 'Unless you proceed to follow our example, and make

provision for the gradual emancipation of your slaves, the partnership between us must be dissolved; we must quit the confederacy, and be to you in future a foreign country.' A resolute but friendly address in these terms from an aggregate convention of free states is what civilisation would point to, instead of a resort to arms. But what a glow of patriotism—what an arousing of sensibilities—what a casting forth of selfishness—what a disruption of venerated traditions—what an enlightening of the masses—must ensue before the North assumes this grand attitude! It will not do so. The execution of the threat would be Revolution.

A declaration of independence by Massachusetts, or any other single state, is equally, if not more improbable; for that would be equivalent to civil war—an issue not likely to be contemplated. We would not, however, say, with any certainty, that Massachusetts would tamely submit to a very lengthened repetition of the indignities to which it has latterly been subjected by federal agencies. Spectators at a distance wait with some interest to see which is to be the last outrage that is to revive the spirit of Bunker's Hill.

The consideration of pacific adjustment being deliberately rejected, and Disunion, Revolution, or Civil War abjured—the case is not mended. Slavery goes on uninterruptedly in its course. The sore spreads, festers, and the longer a corrective is delayed, the disease becomes worse, the danger more imminent.

One trembles at the fatal alternative: Revolution—Insurrection. Can insurrection be avoided either way? Revolution would produce insurrection. Successful insurrection would be followed by revolution; for we can scarcely expect that the North would remain in union with a nation of blacks.

But while the whole federal power may be brought to suppress revolt, how can the slaves be successful in insurrection? War with one of the great European powers would furnish the means at once! God forbid that we should advocate such a crisis; but the history we have been tracing leads the mind, however reluctantly, to such a possibility; and it is impossible to avoid seeing that events are within the range even of probability which would render insurrection, if it occurred, not only formidable, but successful. If these pages awaken, before it is too late, some of the more powerful minds of America to the catastrophe to which, in the eyes of dispassionate observers, the history of their country seems tending, I shall not have written in vain.*

W. C.

THE SOFT-HEARTED POSTMAN.

VERY true, sir, as you say; there are many more young lads employed as postmen than a few years ago. But how can you wonder at it, when you consider how the business has been degraded, sir! How could it be expected that men like me, who for years have taken an interest in their business, should be content to shove letters into boxes at the very doors that used to open so briskly to them! No, sir, it was more than my human nature, at anyrate, could stand; and, bad as trade is, I'd fifty times rather die selling greens and new-laid eggs—when I've got them—than go rat-tatting down the street putting letters into boxes!

Well, sir, I can't see the saving of time, always excepting the houses of the haristocracy, and pretty nigh all them had boxes before the general order was issued. But I don't mean them. Where I felt the injury

* The reader having now before him the salient points of a very important question, we must refer him for the rest of the author's speculations, and the statistics that bear upon the subject, to a volume just published, entitled *Slavery and Colour in America*, by William Chambers, author of *Things as they are in America*, &c.

of the boxes, was in the comfortable easy-going kind of houses, or in the four delivery-a-day districts; pretty houses that kept their two or three servants, yet where the young ladies weren't too high to rush to the door before the servant could come and take the letters. Bless you, sir, boxes ain't no convenience at such houses; I was never kept waiting; and you'll see the difference of putting letters into a pretty white hand, which often belonged to a sweet face, and shoving them into a hole. Ugh! no wonder I couldn't stand it!

Yes, sir, I thought you'd understand the feeling. Besides, when a man has been long on one beat, he soon gets to know the sort of letters that are liked best, those that one doesn't care for, and those blue, thin, common papery ones that people would much rather be without. A man who takes an interest in his letters even gets to know certain handwritings; and when I was a young chap—not bad-looking either—many's the turn I've given the pretty faces watching me round a square. If I got in my sorting a letter, the very brother to lots I had been delivering at one house for a month past—bold free writing, but with a loving touch about the name, *always* Miss, and a fine firm seal—I used to put it last in my packet, and go past the house where a pretty face was watching me behind the blind, and so right round the square. When I got back, the pretty face was still watching me, only with an anxious clouded look; and then I'd give a start, and run up the steps, as though I had just discovered it; and the door would open suddenly before I reached it, and—oh, how I did long to stop and see her read it! But one grows softer-hearted as one grows older: at least I did.

Oh, of course, sir, we are not always welcome; and many a time I have seen calm faces that did not seem expecting anything, change to such a deadly pale, when I handed in a black-edged letter. I had a habit of touching my hat at such times; *they* didn't often see it; but it did no one any harm, and used to do me good, I think. Then, as I grew older, and saw a face at the window that couldn't bear much waiting, that looked *real* anxious, I got into a way of not looking at her if I had letters for the house, and not *the* one. If I did not look at her, I had to wait till the servant came; but if I looked up quick, I used to hear the little feet come through the hall; and sometimes I got what I've heard called a grateful look—and yet I didn't write the letters. Of course they weren't all so kind as that. Some used to take the letters as though they were pieces of wood. I've heard the feet come flying along the hall, and then the door would open slowly, and the letter be received as if it were no manner of consequence. Well, of course, I had my laugh at that when I had got away. No, the only boxes I knew at such houses were Christmas-boxes, and capital ones they were, and given cheerfully too. I suppose grand people are too high to care for their letters like that, or else how they can bear to have them commented upon, and handed about from one servant to another, and at last served up all stale on a silver waiter, I can't think. I know their ways from a sister of mine who has lived in high families. Why, letters treated like that, ain't no better than my greens when they've been handled all day—they lose all their crispness.

Well, sir, I can't wholly agree with you there: there *was* interest in the city business, and a fearful one sometimes. Not so much of the softer kind; though I *have* seen young chaps fire up red-hot when I handed in a dainty little white note along with the blue ones. But I've seen merchants set their teeth, and draw their breath hard, as they tore open letters that were to carry life or death, as ruin or success followed their ventures. Ah, I've seen many a sad scene in the city; because it's easy to guess what you don't see, from what you do. I remember well a house in one of the

narrow city-lanes, where the office was on the ground-floor, and the rest was a private house—a small one, altogether not more than ten rooms, I should say; but there were only five people, a gentleman and his daughter, and three servants. The clerks—there were four of them—had nothing to do with upstairs. The young lady *was* a lady, and no mistake; rather small, with beautiful fair hair, and dark blue eyes, with such a mouth—ah, she was pretty—and always dressed in such light pretty muslins, that I remember I used to wonder how she kept them so clean in the smoky city. I used to wonder, too, why she lived there, instead of in her proper place out in the country, for they were rich enough then for that; but I heard from an old covey, that she was the last of a large family, and had left a nice place they had in Surrey, to come and live in the city, that she might be more with her father. Of course, I did not like her the less for that. How I got to see her, was in this way. I came at last to go up the first pair of stairs pretty regular every day, with one of those letters I've been talking of, only somehow, I never quite liked the writing: there was a stroke now and then slipped out in the direction, more than in the name, that used to make me think him a *hard* one; and the sweet lady, like many another, soon got a habit of opening the door for me. I went on in this way pretty nigh three months, and had noticed during that time the old gentleman looking paler and more anxious than usual; when one day, I handed him in his letters, and then began my usual tramp up stairs. As I came down again, I happened to look through the glass door, when I saw the poor gentleman had fallen back in his chair, with the blood gushing out of his mouth, and a letter, that had fallen from his hand, lying open on the floor. All the clerks seemed out, for he was alone, so I went in; and before I called any one from up stairs, I took the letter, folded it up, and as his desk was locked, put it in my pocket. It was a bold thing to do, certainly; but the feeling came strong over me that the crash had come, and that it would be better none of the clerks should see that letter. Then I went up stairs, and with a single knock, that sounded queer to me then, told the servant, who, I suppose, told her mistress as well as she could. Of course there was great confusion and sending for doctors, and I could not get a minute to give the letter to the poor young lady; besides, I did not dare stay longer, for I had half my letters to deliver; so away I went with the letter in my pocket, and many a sour look, and word too, I got for being so late that morning.

You may suppose, sir, I felt very uncomfortable till I had done, for I thought if the old gentleman came to his senses, and asked for the letter, and they knew nothing about it, it would spoil all, and make him worse. As soon as I could get done, I went and asked to see the young lady, for I was determined to give it only to her. They seemed to think it strange; but at last she came, looking so grave, but very quiet; and I told her, poor dear, as well as I could, as I gave her the letter, and said where I had found it, that I was afraid the news contained in it had made her father break the blood-vessel, and inquired if he had asked for it. She said no: he was not allowed to speak; but he seemed very anxious about something, and kept entreating her with his eyes. So I told her, if I might make so bold, I thought she had better say to him she had the letter safe, and no one had seen it. She asked, in a sort of maze, what did I think could be in the letter to make him ill, and why had I taken it. Well, I saw she had not a suspicion of what was coming on her, and so I just said that business sometimes went wrong, and perhaps something had happened to trouble the old gentleman; and she seemed so forlorn-like, that I could not help asking her if she hadn't better write and ask some aunt or cousin to come and stay with her. It was a great liberty, and I often wondered how

I could do it; but she seemed to take it quite naturally, and said no; there was no one she could ask, and she could manage very well; she—and she hesitated a little—had a kind friend. Well, sir, the news of the failure did not get abroad for a week, and I think that week of quiet saved the poor gentleman; and for that week I still went regularly up stairs with the letter to comfort the young lady; but the day of the failure I went up as usual, from habit, and not till my hand was at the knocker did I see there was no letter. I snatched my hand away, as if the knocker were fire, and slunk down the stairs as softly as I could, for it came upon me all at once. I knew then, for certain, that he was a hard one, and was so ashamed of him, that I could not bear all that day to think of the young lady. Next morning, though I was almost sure how it would be, I looked quite anxiously for a letter, and, as I expected, there was none. At the end of a week, as I was sorting, I came on a great thick packet in his writing, and then I saw it was indeed all over. They were her letters—pretty loving ones, I am sure—which the scoundrel had sent her back. Well, sir, I was getting old then, as I said before, and I was such a fool, that for the life of me, I could not make up my mind to take them that delivery. However, I found waiting only made bad worse, besides it was against the rules; so the next time I went and gave, I'm afraid, a very poor knock, for I was dreading she might come, as I had heard the old gentleman was better. And there she was when the door opened; and when I tried to hold out the packet as if it were nothing, she—I shall never so long as I live forget her face—took them more steadily than I gave them, and quietly shut the door; but, poor dear, I heard the sob for all that. I never saw her after: they went away out of my beat; and though I have often asked, I never could get news of them.

Yes, sir, it's very true, postmen used to see something of life, but that's all over now. I don't suppose I could do much for you in the greenery line; but if you'd patronise my new-laid eggs, I've got some Cochinchinas that I expect will lay regular all the winter, and I'll be proud to supply you, sir.

PATENT WARFARE.

I find it extremely amusing to follow the monthly revelations of the *Mechanics' Magazine*, touching what is doing in the world of science. It is true I often meet with matters too deep for me, and abstruse calculations which I do not even attempt to follow; but I turn with infinite pleasure to the monthly list of new patents for 'inventions and improvements.' There I dive into the very arcana of progress, and feel great satisfaction in reflecting that no one can keep his secrets from me, even if he chooses to secure to himself, by patent, the pecuniary advantages of them, with which, in fact, I have no desire to interfere.

It was in this way I came, last month, upon something in the way of invention, which so far transcends all my previous ideas of the legitimate functions and usual operations of the Patent Office, that I cannot resist the temptation of setting down a few observations upon it.

The subject to which I allude is neither more nor less than a proposed patent for war; I say, 'for war;' because, if everything goes on, as usual in such cases, according to the 'specification, no other sort of warfare but that carried on under the patent will be available or possible.

I have sometimes thought that the specification, by which each intending patentee is obliged to declare what it is he purposes securing to himself exclusively, ought, if possible, to be kept secret at least for a time. It would have been peculiarly desirable in this case; because the gentleman seeking to secure

the exclusive right to destroy his fellow-creatures by wholesale—to smother whole armies, and to burn whole fleets 'with certainty and dispatch,' cannot, unfortunately, obtain his object without in the very act disclosing to the whole world how this work of extermination is to be accomplished. The application for this patent was actually 'hushed up' during the war, 'lest its publication should prove detrimental to Her Majesty's service;' but it is now brought forward again, and, as I say, the murder is out with a vengeance. No human power can now recall the sound of trumpet which has gone forth, or snatch from the lips of mankind the fruit of this deadly tree of knowledge. It is now patent to all, that with a few barrels, more or less, of naphtha, and a few pills of potassium, fortified places must be abandoned by the bravest and most resolute defenders; fleets, no matter how numerous, powerful, or well-manned, must be speedily enveloped in devouring flames, which all the waters of the sea cannot extinguish; and even armies on dry land can be shewn that there is a fire which their fire surpasses, as much as that of the hero of Blackheath did that of the chemists.

Nothing can be more curious than the dry, scientific mode in which this subject is treated in the paper before us. This quality, it is true, is common to all works and treatises upon military operations. I well remember the peculiar feeling excited in my mind by reading such works; that while my blood was curdling with horror at the anticipated results of certain deadly combinations, the writer coolly dismissed the subject by speaking of the enemy—always in such cases 'represented by unity,' as the sum-books say—in some such way as this: 'He will in this case be either driven back with great loss, or destroyed.' Still, in ordinary cases, the immolation was not entire, the enemy was not absolutely exterminated; and to find now, therefore, the destruction of whole fleets or armies at one swoop reduced to a cool scientific formula, impresses my mind in a proportionate degree. I feel at a loss to believe that I am reading what was written by a man; and I beg it may be understood that if I have treated the subject at all in a spirit of badinage, it is only because I am incredulous as to the efficacy of the means at the disposal of the patentee for effecting wholesale annihilation, and teaching the world at large to do the same.

'In order to carry out this invention,' says the writer in the magazine, 'he takes coal-tar, naphtha, alone or in combination with other materials, and causes the same to be conveyed to a hostile stronghold, naval battery, or fort, by the following means. In attacking the sea-faces of such strongholds or fortifications as Cronstadt, Malta, or Sebastopol, where there is scarcely any tide, but a sufficient depth of water, he freights with the before-mentioned materials submarine steam-vessels, or vessels rendered shot-proof, having iron compartments or tanks specially adapted for containing the same, and despatches them to the enemy's works; in front of which, by means of pumps, hose, and suitable outlets, a sufficient quantity of the composition is discharged upon the surface of the water surrounding or bordering the fort or battery. He then places a ball of potassium in the entrance of the tube or hose, by means of suitable cocks or taps, and renews the pumping, so as to force the ball of potassium through the tube into the water, when, by its great affinity for oxygen, it will immediately take fire on rising to the surface, and inflame the entire quantity of composition previously transmitted. The consequence is the formation of a dense, black, suffocating fog or vapour, which envelops the fort or battery, rushing into the casemates or embrasures, and driving away the gunners and all engaged therein. He keeps up the supply of the composition for a sufficient period, so that the attacking vessels

can approach sufficiently near to destroy the enemy's works, already rendered untenable and incapable of resistance. Fortresses such as the above named are to be rendered harmless by this process, and destroyed without loss of life to the attacking vessels.'

I give the above as a specimen only. The same materials, we are told, may be combined in many ways, and applied to projectiles of various kinds. The principle is the same in all cases. The 'suffocating fog' is to smother all who are not within reach of the actual fire; and submarine boats are to shoot to the surface on which floats a hostile fleet those deadly materials which are to insure its destruction without risk to those below. It is no longer a pity—as it was—that villainous saltpetre should be dugged out of the bowels of the harmless earth, and many a good tall fellow destroyed by its agency: it is villainous potassium, and still more execrable naphtha, which some future popinjay shall denounce as the exterminators of tall and short fellows alike!

So curious do I think the article to which I am now referring, and which is merely an amplification of the specification itself, that I could willingly linger over it until I had exceeded reasonable limits. There is, however, one paragraph which strikes me as indicating a degree of nicety and perfection in the use of the formidable powers now placed at our disposal, which deserves a little further attention.

We are informed that 'where the destruction of an enemy's vessels is not desired, the hostile fleet is permitted to enter a channel, or to take up any position chosen for its attack; the inflammable material is then discharged, and ignited at moderate distances from the various vessels composing the fleet, precautions being taken to regulate the supply in such a way, that, while the flames are not suffered to approach and injure the vessels, the black fog enshrouds the fleet in impenetrable darkness, and destroys their crews simultaneously with the stifling vapour. The operation being completed, the atmosphere is allowed to regain its natural purity, and possession of the fleet may then be obtained.' This precision and accuracy reminds one of what is said of Nasmyth's steam-hammer, which, while it can forge an anchor of many tons' weight, may be used to crack a hazel-nut.

It would further appear that the shot-proof batteries of iron, worked on water by steam, are to be completely powerless in the hands of this patentee. He can, from below, envelop them in noxious gases, which are sure to be drawn down into the engine-room by the draught of the furnace, destroying the engineers, and rendering attempt at escape hopeless.

One more quotation: 'Land-batteries furnished with well-served, long-ranged guns, firing the M'Intosh shells, filled with combustible material, would effectually protect a town or harbour from the attack of an enemy's fleet; or even a few shot-proof vessels having well-served guns, firing such shells, would not only keep a hostile fleet in check, but scatter on the vessels a vast shower of burning material, causing a general conflagration.'

Troops attempting to pass through a defile or mountain-pass have no chance at all. Masses of cotton, or other fibrous material, steeped in naphtha, are to be placed in their way, ignited, and 'the supply kept up by hose from some convenient high place; and so the men must all perish miserably from want of air—'suffocated in absolute darkness!'

Such is the new character which war is destined to assume 'under the patent.' The thing which strikes us most forcibly, is the disadvantage at which we shall compete with other nations. We are required, it would seem, to secure to an individual, by patent, the advantages arising from the use of materials which other nations, now that the thing is made public, can use against us; just as if when gunpowder was first

invented, and its composition made known to all the world, the country of the inventor could turn it against aggressors only by paying a royalty for permission to do so. I cannot but think that, in the event of a war, this would place us in rather an awkward predicament.

This subject is, on the whole, very 'suggestive,' to use a favourite phrase; and no doubt it will be felt so before very long. The brilliant army of 'coachmen and guards' of my boyish days, has so completely gone down before the onslaught of the dusky corps of stokers and pokers, that I feel I ought not to wonder if the cavalry and infantry who still hold their ground on land, and the blue jackets who man our noble ships at sea, were to disappear in a short time, leaving their places to a tarry brigade of submarine boatmen, a dozen regiments of 'wagon-train,' destined for the transport of naphtha, and a corps of engineer chemists, to be employed in the concoction and administration of potassium pills.

I have treated this matter, according to my present view of it, as one which exhibits the lengths to which theory will sometimes carry its votaries, rather than as worthy of serious faith in the professions of the patentee.

If, upon further examination, however, his project can be realised, and patent warfare becomes a great fact in modern history, it may be the means of effecting an indirect good, through the power of insuring the total extinction of all who engage in war on either side. When the ingenuity of man shall have at length devised the means of effecting this, all war must cease as a matter of course; and nations must find some other mode of settling their quarrels and adjusting their differences. Would it not, then, be a good plan, if, by mutual consent, a general patent for peace was to be granted to this ingenious inventor, instead of a patent for war, and that all civilised nations were to bind themselves not to infringe his rights by making use of his discoveries without his consent? Thus he would become a grand arbiter and peace-preserver; and his power of allowing any one of the contracting parties, if aggrieved, to 'pitch' into the wrong-doer with this dangerous compound of bituminous substances, and smoke him in his fortresses like an old fox in his den, would be sure to act as a salutary check upon the rest, and keep them on their good-behaviour. This looks plausible, and may be useful; but the question may be asked: Would it pay?—What would the patentee say to it? It is clear that he proposes advantages, no doubt pecuniary ones, to himself, by the sale of royalties; and we do not yet know the price at which he is willing to allow us to destroy our enemies: as for our enemies, they will destroy us by the use of his invention without asking his permission.

In short, if this invention really answers to the specification, the inventor must have counted largely on the stupidity of the country in asking for a patent, and the country must have acknowledged his judgment to be quite correct by granting it.

LOUIS XVI. ON THE SCAFFOLD.

HISTORIANS of all political shades have till recently told us that Louis XVI. submitted himself with pious resignation to the fate which awaited him; and that, attended to the scaffold by the courageous Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont,* a relative of the late Maria Edgeworth, he tranquilly surrendered his soul into the hands of its Maker, which, as it winged its flight on high, was accompanied by these famous words of the

* Firmont is the name of a small estate in the county of Longford, about five miles distant from the seat of the Edgeworth family at Edgeworthstown, celebrated some thirty years ago for a philanthropic college, founded there in 1818 by the late Mr Lovell Edgeworth, and which was much admired and praised by Sir Walter Scott, while on a visit to Miss Edgeworth during the summer of 1835.

confessor: '*Montez au ciel, fils de Saint Louis!*'—(Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!) But Louis Blanc's *History of the Revolution* gives a version as new and as startling as it is opposite and extraordinary.

'At ten minutes past ten,' he says, 'the procession reached the foot of the scaffold. It had been erected in front of the palace of the Tuileries, in the square called after Louis XV., and near the spot where stood the statue of the most corrupt of kings—a king who died tranquilly in his bed. The condemned was three minutes descending from the carriage. Upon quitting the Temple, he had refused the over-coat which Clery, his valet-de-chambre, had offered him, and now appeared in a brown coat, white waistcoat, gray breeches, and white stockings. His hair was not disordered, nor was any change perceptible in his countenance. The Abbé de Firmont was dressed in black. A large open space had been kept round the scaffold, with cannon on every side; while beyond, as far as the eye could reach, stood an unarmed multitude. When the executioner came to open the door of the carriage, Louis, in a tone of authority, ordered him to take care of his confessor. Having alighted, Louis fixed his eyes upon the soldiers who surrounded him, and, with a menacing voice, cried: "Silence!" The drums ceased to beat, but, at a signal from their officer, the drummers went on again. "What treason is this?" he shouted. "I am lost! I am lost!" For it is evident that up to this moment he had been clinging to hope. The executioners now approaching him to arrange his dress, he repulsed them haughtily, and himself removed the collar from his neck. But all the blood in his frame turned into fire when they sought to tie his hands. "Tie my hands!" he shrieked. A struggle was inevitable; it came. "It is indisputable," says Mercier, "that Louis fought with his executioners." The Abbé Edgeworth stood by, perplexed, horrified, speechless. At last, as his master seemed to look inquiringly at him, he said: "Sire, in this additional outrage, I see only a last trait of the resemblance between your majesty and the God who will give you your reward." At these words, the indignation of the man gave way to the humility of the Christian, and Louis said to the executioners: "I will drain the cup to the dregs." They tied his hands, they cut off his hair, and thus leaning on the arm of his confessor, he began, with a slow tread and sunken demeanour, to mount the steps of the guillotine. Upon the last step, however, he suddenly roused himself, and walked rapidly across to the other side of the scaffold, when, by a sign commanding silence to the drummers, he exclaimed: "I die innocent of the crimes imputed to me." His face was very red, and, according to the narrative of his confessor, "his voice was so loud that it could be heard as far as the Pont Tournant." Some other expressions were distinctly heard: "I pardon the authors of my death; and I pray God that the blood you are about to shed may never be visited upon France!" He was about to continue, when his voice was drowned by the renewed rolling of the drums, at a signal which, it is affirmed, was given by the comedian Dugazon, in anticipation of the orders of Santerre. "Silence! Be silent!" cried Louis XVI., losing all self-control, and stamping violently with his foot. Richard, one of the executioners, seized a pistol, and took aim at the king. It was necessary to drag him along by force. With difficulty fastened to the fatal plank, he continued to utter terrible cries, only interrupted by the fall of the knife, which struck off his head. This was immediately shewn by the executioners to the people, who shouted in reply: "Long live the Republic!"

Such is the version of M. Louis Blanc, a French political refugee at present in this country, and we confess we have never before found anything of the kind in the various accounts we have perused of that great political tragedy of the first French

Revolution. As a contrast to this statement, we shall here produce the narrative we have found in a work published in Paris about two years ago, entitled *Anecdotes of the Reign of Louis XVI.**

'*The Execution.*—People have been accustomed to read the account given of Louis XVI.'s death by royalist historians; we prefer publishing the article of a republican journal of the time. As the editor of that journal had voted for the death of the king, he felt no sympathy for the victim; and should we possess no other version than the one we quote, the king's last dying moments cannot appear otherwise than truly Christian-like, truly admirable.'

The article commences with an account of the prison-hours of Capet, as the republicans called the king, on the day when his sentence of death was notified to him; but as this does not differ materially from that of the common authorities, we pass on to the nearer preparations for the dreadful morrow.

'The minister of justice had brought the confessor with him in his carriage, and when the former withdrew, the king asked for his own family. Thereon a municipal officer repaired to the females' department, and said to Antoinette: "Madame, a decree authorises you to come and see your husband, who is desirous to see you and your children!" At nine that evening the whole family visited him, when there were screams, and tears, and sobs for some time. After that, they were all a little calmer, and separated at half-past ten; but as they were leaving him, the king asked of his guards if he might see his family once more on the morrow-morning, to which he was answered affirmatively, and then he supped by himself. During the family interview, the confessor had been concealed in one of the towers of the Temple prison, but when the family left, he joined Louis Capet. Some time after, this confessor presented himself before the sitting council, and informed them, that as Louis wished mass to be said, it would be expedient to have the necessary things got ready; whereupon the council gave their orders, and the vicar of Saint-François d'Assise supplied all the requisites. Louis supped as usual, spent a part of the night with his confessor, and both retired to rest, in different chambers, at two o'clock, Clery receiving Louis's orders to be with him by five. He slept well; and Clery entered his room at the hour appointed, dressed him, and arranged his hair, which, while being done, Louis took from off his watch-chain a wedding-ring, upon which his own and his wife's initials, as well as the date of their marriage, were engraven. At half-past six he heard mass, partook of the sacrament, and spent the rest of the time, up till eight o'clock, with his confessor. He then asked for a pair of scissors, which the council, after deliberation, refused him. When the moment of departing for the place of execution arrived, he asked to be left alone for a few minutes. He then handed the small ring mentioned to Clery, saying to him: "Give this to my wife, and tell her that I separate from her with sorrow and anguish." He also gave him for his son a silver watch-seal, upon which the crown of France was engraved, and a small packet of the hair of all his family for the queen, adding: "Say to her that I ask pardon for not having sent for her as I promised; but it was only to spare her the pangs of a cruel separation." He also wished to hand a paper to one of the municipal guards, who refused taking charge of it; but another of them took it. It was his will and testament. He requested that Clery should be allowed to remain with his family; and then he took his departure with calmness, without being bound, and accompanied by the citizen-lieutenant Labrasse, a sergeant-major of gendarmerie, and his confessor. He was observed asking several times for his hat, which was given him.

* Librairie de L. Hachette et Cie., Rue Pierre-Sarrasin, Paris.

When near the staircase, he wanted to speak privately to a person present, but was prevented from so doing by the lieutenant. "Oh, fear nothing," said he. He then descended the flight of steps, and crossed the court-yard on foot, through a double row of gendarmes. When he reached the carriage, which was the mayor's own private one, he went in first, followed by his confessor, and the lieutenant and sergeant-major; the former next to him, and the two latter placing themselves opposite to him. While on the way, he read the prayers for the dying and the Psalms of David. The greatest silence reigned around. On arriving at the Place de la Révolution (the square since called after Louis XV.), he several times recommended his confessor to the special care of the lieutenant, and then alighted. He was instantly given up to the executioner. He took off his coat and cravat with his own hands, and only kept on his plain swanskin vest. At first he would not allow his hair to be cut off or his hands to be tied; but after a few words from his confessor he submitted. He then mounted the scaffold, advanced towards the left side, his face being very red, and looking for some minutes on the objects around, inquired if the drums would not cease beating. He wished to go forward to speak to the vast concourse collected, but several voices cried out to the executioners, who were four in number, to do their duty. Nevertheless, while being strapped to the fatal plank, he distinctly pronounced these words: "I die innocent; and it is my wish that my blood may be of use to the French people, and that it may appease the wrath of Almighty God." At ten minutes past ten o'clock, his head was severed from his body, and then held up to the people, when from all sides the cry of "Long live the Republic!" was instantly heard. Louis's remains were placed in an osier pannier, taken off in a cart to the churchyard of the Madeleine, and interred in a grave between two layers of quicklime. A guard was placed over it for a couple of days.—*Les Révolutions de Paris.*

Let the reader 'look on this picture and on that,' and determine which of the two is the more consistent with the general character and bearing of Louis.

Perhaps we may close this brief notice by following the melancholy contents of that osier pannier to its grave of quicklime, and shewing the anxiety felt even by the regicides to treat the remains of the king with decency and decorum.

'On the 20th of January 1793,' says Renardon, 'the executive power communicated to M. Picavez, the vicar of the parish of La Madeleine, their instructions relative to the obsequies of his majesty Louis XVI.; but the worthy vicar, not feeling himself equal to the fulfilling of a task so onerous and so painful, feigned illness, and advised me, as his principal curate, to fill his place, and to take upon myself the responsibility of carrying out the orders of the executive power. My first answer was a positive refusal, because none perhaps ever loved the king more than myself; but I at last consented, as M. Picavez made me comprehend the disagreeable consequences which might accrue to us both, if I persisted in my refusal. On the morning of the following day, therefore, the 21st of January, after having made sure that everything ordered by the executive power—such as the quantity of quicklime, and the depth of the grave, which, as well as I can remember, was to be either ten or twelve feet—had been punctually attended to, I went, accompanied by the late Abbé Damoreau, and took up my position at the gate of the church, and there awaited, in solemn silence, the arrival of the royal corpse. When I claimed the body of his majesty, the members of the department and of the commune replied to me that they had received orders not to lose sight of it for a moment; so we were obliged to accompany them to the cemetery situated

in the Rue d'Anjou St Honoré. When we reached and entered it, I obtained profound silence, and then the royal corpse was delivered up to us. It was clad in a white vest (*piqué blanc*), gray silk breeches, and stockings of the same. We chanted the vesper-service, and recited all the prayers in use for the service of the dead; and truth commands me to say that the vast populace around, whose cries and vociferations but so lately rent the air and chilled the heart, listened in the most religious silence to the prayers and orisons offered up for the repose of his majesty's soul. We then withdrew in silence, after so painful a ceremony, and a *procès verbal* (authenticated report) was drawn up on the spot by the *juge de paix*. On my return to the church, I drew up myself, and inscribed a funeral act, in due form, in a plain register-book, which was seized and carried off by the revolutionary committee, on the compulsory closing of that church.'

In the midst of a nicely laid out garden, formerly the cemetery of La Madeleine, at the extreme end of the Rue d'Anjou, and open to the public, stands the Chapelle Expiatoire, erected after the Restoration in memory of Louis XVI.; and even to this day, after the turmoils of revolution and subversion, that expiatory edifice is always crowded on every 21st of January.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LII.—THE ROUTE.

It was a struggle between Aurora and the moon which of them should rule the sky, when our bugle rang its clear *réveille*, rousing the rangers from their slumber, and startling their steeds at the stall. The goddess of morning soon triumphed, and under her soft blue light, men and horses could be seen moving about, until the bugle again sounded; this time to 'boot and saddle;' and the rangers began to form in the plaza, and prepare for the route.

A single wagon with its white tilt and long team of mules, already 'hitched up,' stood near the centre of the square. It constituted the whole baggage-train of the corps, and served as an ambulance for our invalids. Both baggage and sick had been safely stowed, and the vehicle was ready for the road. The bugler, already in his saddle, awaited my orders to sound the 'forward.'

I had climbed to my favourite 'smoking-room,' the azotea. Perhaps it was the last time I should ever set foot on those painted tiles. My eyes wandered over the plaza, though I little heeded what was passing there. Only the salient points of the picture were noted by me—steeds under saddle and bridle; men buckling on folded blankets, holsters, and valises; a few already in the saddle; a few more standing by the heads of their horses; and still another few grouped around the door of the *pabperia*, having a last drink of *mezcal* or *catalan* with their swarthy Mexican acquaintances. Here and there, in front of some adobe hut, might be observed a more tender leave-taking. The ranger fully equipped—with arms, haversack, and canteen—leaning against the heavy bars of a window, with face turned inward, as though he was talking to some prisoner through the grating of a jail. But he is himself the real captive, ensnared during his short sojourn, and still held in chains by the olive-skinned *poblano*, whose dark liquid eyes may be seen on the other side of the *reja*, flashing with love, or melting with sad tenderness at the prospect of parting.

Others, again, are bidding their *adieu* in retired corners, under the shadow of the church walls, or in groups of four or five more openly in the plaza itself. Early as is the hour, the people have all arisen; and

not a few of the brown, rebosa-clad, short-skirted wenchers are already on their way, *jorro* on head, to the fountain. There the pitchers are filled, and lifted on their heads—perhaps for the last time—by the rangers, who perform the office with all the rude grace in their power. Then follows a profusion of smiles and bows, and a dialogue, on the ranger's part extending to the whole of his Spanish, which consists of the phrase:

'Mucho bueno, muchacha!'

The usual reply, accompanied with a display of pretty white teeth, is:

'Mucho bueno, caballero! mucho bueno Tejano!' given in like ungrammatical phrase, in order that it may be intelligible to the person to whom it is addressed.

I have often been surprised at the success of my great uncouth followers with these *petite* dark-eyed damsels of Anahuac; but, indeed, many of the rangers are not bad-looking men. On the contrary, there are handsome fellows among them, if they were only put into clean shirts, and a little more closely shaven. But woman's eye is keen-sighted in such matters: she easily penetrates through the disguise of dust, the bronze of sun-tan, and the shaggy mask of an ill-kept beard; and no eye is quicker in this respect than that of the fair Mexicana. In the big, apparently rude, individual, called a 'ranger,' she beholds a type of strength and courage, a heart that can cherish, and an arm that can protect her. These are qualities that, from all time, have won the love of woman.

It is evident they are not all friends whom we are leaving behind us. Hostile faces may be observed, many of them, peering from open doors or windows. Here and there a sulky lepero swings about in his blanket, or cowers by the corner of the street, scowling savagely from under his broad-brimmed hat. Most of this class are absent—as long since ascertained—with the guerrillas; but a few still remain to give shadow to the picture. They regard the approaches towards the women with ill-concealed anger; and would resent this soliteness if they dared. They confine the exhibition of their spite to the dastardly meanness of ill-treating the women themselves, whenever they have an opportunity. No later than the night before, one of them was detected in beating his sweetheart or mistress or the crime, as was alleged, of dallying too long in the company of a Tejano. The Tejano, in this case, took the law into his own hands, and severely chastised the jealous *pelado*.

Even in the hurried glance which I gave to these scenes of leave-taking, I could not help noticing an expression on the faces of some of the young girls that had in it a strange significance. It was something more than sadness: it was more like the uneasy look that betokens apprehension.

Perhaps the state of mind I was in magnified my perceptions. At that moment, a struggle was passing in my own breast, and a feeling of irresolution lay heavy upon me. All night long had my mind dwelt upon the same thought—the danger that menaced my betrothed—all night long I had been occupied with plans to avert it, but no reasonable scheme had I succeeded in devising.

It is true the danger was only hypothetical and undefined, but it was just this supposititious indefiniteness that caused the difficulty in providing against it. Had it assumed a tangible shape, I might more easily have adopted some means of avoiding it: but no—it remained a shadow, and against a shadow I knew not what precautions to take. When morning broke, I was still struggling under the same nervous indecision.

Problematical as was the peril my fancy had formed, there were moments when it appalled me—moments when my mind laboured under a painful presentiment, and I could not cast the load by any act of volition. With all my philosophy, I could not fortify myself

against the belief that 'coming events cast their shadows before;' and, spite of myself, I kept repeating in thought the weird prophetic words. Upon my soul, certainly, there were shadows, and dark ones; if the events should have any correspondence with them, then there was misery before me.

I have termed the danger in which Isolina was placed indefinite: it was not so indefinite, after a slight analysis; it was directly traceable to the presence of Rafael Ijurra. True, there were other sources of apprehension; other perils surrounded her, arising from the disturbed state of the country—but these did not point at her in particular. That frontier province had been for years in a distracted condition—by revolution or Indian invasion—and war was no new thing to its people. In the midst of strife had the fair flower grown to perfect blooming, without having been either crushed or trodden upon. Isolina de Vargas was a woman of sufficient spirit to resist insult and cast off intrusion. I had just had proof of this. Under ordinary circumstances, I had no fear that she would be unequal to the emergency; but the circumstances in which she now stood were not of that character; they were extraordinary and to an extreme degree. In addition to the light thrown upon Ijurra's designs by his own menacing confession, I knew other particulars of him. Holingsworth had helped me to a knowledge of this bad man, and that knowledge it was that rendered me apprehensive. From a nature so base and brutal, it was natural I should dread the worst.

But what could I do? I might have thrown up my commission, and remained upon the spot, but that would have been worse than idle. I could not have protected myself, much less another. The rangers once gone from the place, my life would not have been safe there for a single hour.

Only one plan suggested itself that had the semblance of feasibility—to seek another interview with Isolina—her father as well—and adjure them to remove at once from the scene of danger. They might go to San Antonio de Bexar, where, far removed from hostile ground, they could live in safety till the war should be ended.

It was only at the last moment that this happy idea came into my head, and I reviled myself that I had not conceived it sooner. The chief difficulty would lie in the opposition of Don Ramon. I knew that he was aware of the *friendship* that existed between his daughter and myself, and furthermore, that he had opposed no obstacle to it; but how could I convince him of the necessity for so sudden an expatriation as the one I was about to propose? how should I persuade him of the peril I myself dreaded? and from such a source!

Another difficulty I might encounter—in the proud spirit of Isolina herself. Much did I fear she would never consent to be thus driven from her home, and by such a poltroon as she knew her cousin to be. She had cowed and conquered him but the day before; she feared him not; she would not be likely to partake of my painful apprehensions. My counsel might be disregarded, my motives misconstrued.

The time, too, was unfavourable. We must be on the march by sunrise—so ran our orders—and already the day was breaking. I cared not much for this: I could easily have overtaken my troop; but it was a delicate matter—that could only be excused by a certain knowledge of danger—to awake a gentleman's family at such an hour, even for the purpose of warning them. Moreover, should my advice prove fruitless, I reflected that my visit—which could not be made in secret—might aid in bringing about the very danger I apprehended. A circumstance so extraordinary could not fail to be noticed by all.

It was thus that I was held in irresolution, while my troop was forming for the march.

At the last moment, thanks to the thoughtful Holingsworth, a compromise offered. He suggested that I should send my advice in writing. In that I could be as explicit as I pleased, and bring before my protégés all the arguments I might be able to adduce—perhaps more successfully than if urged by a personal appeal.

My comrade's suggestion was adopted; and in haste, but with a fervour resulting from my fears, I penned the admonitory epistle. A trusty messenger was found in one of the *Ayankieados*, who promised, as soon as the family should be stirring, to carry the letter to its destination.

With my heart somewhat relieved of its load, though still far from light, I gave the order to march. The bugle rang clear and loud, and its cheerful notes, as I sprang into the saddle, combined with the inspiration borrowed from my buoyant steed, produced a soothing effect upon my spirit.

CHAPTER LIII.

CAMP GOSSIP.

It was but a short-lived light—a passing gleam—and soon again fell the shadow, dark as ever. Strive as I might, I could not cast the load that weighed upon my bosom; reason as I would, I could not account for its heaviness.

It was natural that a parting like ours should produce pain, and misgivings as to the future. My life was to be staked in the lottery of war; I might fall on the field of fight; I might perish by camp-pestilence—a foe that in the campaign kills more soldiers than sword or shot—the many perils of flood and field were before me, and it was natural I should regard the future with a degree of doubtfulness. But it was not the contemplation of all these dangers that filled me with such a terrible foreboding. Strange to say, I had a forecast that I should survive them. It was almost a conviction, yet it failed to comfort me. It comprehended not the safety of Isolina. No—but the contrary. Along with it came the presentiment, that we should never meet again.

Once or twice, as this dread feeling became most acute, I reined up my horse, half resolved to gallop back; but again the wild idea passed from me, and I continued irresolutely on.

Something of prudence, too, now restrained me from returning: it would no longer have been safe to go back to the rancharia. As we issued from the piazza, we could hear distant jeering, and cries of '*Mueran los Tejanos!*' It was with difficulty I could restrain the rangers from turning to take vengeance. One, the worse for mezcal, had loitered behind, under the influence of the drink, fancying himself secure. Him the *pelados* had 'bonnetted,' and otherwise maltreated. They would have murdered him outright, but that some of them, more prudent than their fellows, had counselled the mob to let him go—alleging that the Tejanos were yet 'too near, and might come back.'

Again I had strife with my men: they would have returned and fired the place, had I permitted them. Fortunately, he who had been ill treated was a good-for-nothing fellow—scarcely worth the sympathy of his comrades—and I was well satisfied at his having received a lesson. It might be useful, and was much needed, for 'straggling' was one of the ranger-crimes most difficult to cure.

Along the road, we saw signs of a guerrilla. Shots were fired at us from a hill; but a party sent to the place encountered no one. Horse-tracks were observed, and once a brace of mounted men were seen galloping away over a distant slope. It might be the band of Ijurra, and doubtless it was so; but we fancied at the time that Canales himself was near; and as an encounter with his large and well-organised force would

be a very different affair from a skirmish with the other, we felt the necessity of advancing with caution.

The prospect of a 'fight' with that noted partisan created quite an excitement in the ranks. To have captured Canales—the 'Chapparal Fox,' as the Texans termed him—or to have made conquest of his band, would have been esteemed a feat of grand consequence—only inferior in importance to a pitched battle, or the taking of 'Game-leg' (Santa Anna) himself.

I confess that to me the idea of measuring strength with the famed guerrillero was at that moment rife with charms; and the excitement derived from the hope of meeting him, for a while abstracted my mind from its painful bodings.

But we reached the town without seeing aught of the Chapparal Fox. It was not likely that he was on that road; or if so, he took care not to shew himself. Canales fought not for glory alone, and the rangers were not the foes he cared to encounter. Rich baggage-trains were the game he was used to hunt, and our solitary 'company-wagon,' filled with frying-pans, camp-kettles, sick soldiers, and tattered blankets—half alive with those charming little insects of the genera *pulex* and *pediculus*—had no attractions for the gallant guerrillero.

On reaching the town, we were surprised to find that the division had not yet moved. It was to have marched on that morning, but a countermand had arrived from head-quarters, delaying the movement for some days—perhaps a week.

This was rare news to me; and as soon as I heard it, my mind became occupied with projects and anticipations of a pleasant nature. I had hoped that we would be sent back to the rancharia, but alas! no—our orders were to remain with the division.

As every available building was occupied by troops the rangers, as usual, were treated as 'outsiders,' and compelled to take to the grass. Half a mile from the town, a spot was shewn us for our camp. It was on the banks of a pretty rivulet; and there, having picketed our steeds, stretched our canvas to the sun, and washed the dust from our faces, we made ourselves at home.

I did not remain long by the camp. As soon as our tents were fairly pitched, I left them, and walked back into the town—partly to get more definite information as to the future movements of the army, and partly with the design of indulging a little in the social feeling. I had some old comrades among the different regiments of the division; and after such a long spell of rustication, I was not indisposed to refresh my spirit by the renewal of former fellowships.

At head-quarters, I learned definitely that we should not march for a week at the least. So far good; and after hearing this, I proceeded to the *fonda*, the rendezvous of all the jovial spirits of the army. Here I encountered the friends of whom I was in search; and for a short while I found respite from the thoughts that had been harrowing me.

I soon gathered the current 'camp gossip,' and learned who were the 'newspaper heroes' of the hour, over many of whose names my friends and I could not restrain either our satire or laughter. It appeared that the men of deeds were scarcely known beyond the limits of the army itself, while others, who in the field of battle had actually played the poltroon, had at home become household words in the mouths of the people. One general, whom I myself saw hiding in a ditch during the rage of battle, was the theme of speech, sentiment, and song. The newspapers were filled with praises, and the windows with pictures of 'gallant dragoon officer,' who had somehow obtained the credit of capturing a battery. My rangers cried 'Bah!' when I told them this. They themselves were the men who had first galloped over those Mexican guns!

'Keeping an editor in pay' was a standing sarcasm applicable to more than one of our generals; and the 'army correspondent' taking advantage of this pruriency for fame, lived well, and swaggered in proportional importance.

Ah, glory! what sacrifices men make for thee upon the shrine of conscience! For my part, I do not think I could feel happy under the credit of a feat I had not performed. Surely the consciousness of having done a deed is of itself a sufficient reward? He is but an unhappy hero who is not a hero to himself!

Pleasanter gossip I heard about the relations existing between our troops and the people of the town. Many of the inhabitants had grown quite *Ayankieado*, in consequence of our excellent behaviour towards them. Our conduct was compared with that which they had lately experienced at the hands of their own army. The latter is in the habit of seizing property at pleasure, on pretence of using it for the defence of the state. We, on the contrary, pay for everything—round prices too—in bright American dollars. The ricos and merchants prefer this system, and would have no objections to making it permanent. Outrages are few on the part of our soldiery, and severely punished by the general. Our enemies contrast the modest bearing of the American soldier with the conceited strut and insolent swagger of their own gold-bedizened *militarios*, who are wont on all occasions to 'take the wall' of them. It is only outside the lines, between stragglers and leperos, that the retaliation system is carried on so fiercely. Within the walls, everything is order, with a mildness too rare under martial law. Private property is strictly regarded, and private dwellings are not occupied by our troops. Even the officers are not billeted in private houses; and many of them have to make shift in rather uncomfortable quarters, while most of the soldiers live under canvas. This state of things is scarcely satisfactory to the troops; and some grumbling is heard. There is no complaint, however, from the Mexicans, who seem rather astonished at so much forbearance on the part of their conquerors.

I doubt whether, in the whole history of war, can be found a conquest characterised by equal mildness and humanity, as is the 'Second Conquest of Mexico.'

It is principally for this reason the people have grown so well affected towards us. But there is another, perhaps, not less potent. From the extensive operations we are now about to undertake, they see that we mean war in earnest; and the belief has become general, that a large 'annexation' will follow; that perhaps the whole valley of the Rio Grande will become American territory. It is but human nature in them to do homage to the rising sun.

The ricos are better disposed towards us than the common people; but this enigma is easily explained. The latter are more *patriotic*—that is, more ready to fight for native tyranny, than accept freedom from a foreign hand. 'Tis so in all lands. In the event of a war with England, the black slave of Carolina would range himself by the side of his master, and prove the bitterest foe to the enemies, not of his freedom, but of his country.

The *familias principales* of Mexico have good reasons for being friendly to us. They have a stake to lose, which, under their own government, has been ill guarded for them. No wonder they should desire to come under the broad protecting wings of the northern eagle.

I found that another species of 'annexation' had been going on during my absence. One of our officers had become annexed to a wealthy *señorita* of the place, and the marriage-ceremony had been performed with great pomp and splendour. Another was talked of as being *fiancé*; and it was expected that the example would find numerous imitators.

I need not say that I was much interested by these *novedades*, and I returned with lighter heart to the camp.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE RUINED RANCHO.

The pleasant excitement caused by my visit to my old comrades was soon over; and having nothing to do but lounge about my tent, I became again the victim of the same painful bodings. I could not shake them off.

Subtle and mysterious is the spirit-world within us; certainly does it seem to have prescience of the future. Is it an electric chain connecting what is, with what is to be? Or is it the second-sight of instinct? Certainly there are times when something within whispers a warning, as, in the physical world, God's wild creatures are warned from without of the earthquake and the storm. How often do we experience the realisation of portentous dreams? Why should not the waking soul have also its moments of clairvoyance?

As I lay stretched upon my leathern *cátré*, I gave way to such reflections. I soon succeeded in reasoning myself into a full belief in foreknowledge; and my apprehensions were proportionately strengthened. But I had conceived a design, and the prospect of putting it in execution somewhat relieved me from the heaviness I had hitherto felt.

My new project was to take a score of my best men, to ride back the road we had come, place the party in ambush near the hacienda, while I alone should enter the house, and further urge the counsels I had committed to writing. If I should find that these had been already followed, so much the better—I should be assured, and return content; but I felt almost certain that Don Ramon had rejected them. At all events, I was determined to know the truth—determined, moreover, to gratify my longing for one more interview with my beloved.

I had warned the men and fixed the hour—as soon as it was dark enough to conceal our departure from the camp.

I had two reasons for not starting earlier—first, because I did not wish this *private scouting* to be known at head-quarters. It is true that in such matters we rangers had the advantage of regular troops. Though belonging to the division, our duty was usually detached from it, and we were rarely 'missed' when absent. There was thus a sort of pleasant independence in my command, which I for one fully appreciated. For all that, I did not desire the whole world to know of an expedition like the one projected.

My second motive for going in the night was simple prudence. I dared not take the whole of my command along with me without permission from above. The absence of the corps without leave would certainly be noticed, even were it but for a few hours; and with the smaller party I intended to take, caution would be requisite. Should we move along the road before it was deserted, some swift messenger might carry the tidings *en avant*, and get us into trouble.

I designed to start at the earliest hour of darkness, so that I might not alarm the hacienda by a midnight visit. An hour and a half of constant riding would bring me to its gate. * * *

At the last moment of twilight we were in our saddles; and rode silently into the chapparal that skirted our camp. After fling for some distance through a narrow path, we debouched upon the up-river road—the same that conducted to the rancheria.

The trappers, Rube and Garey, acting as scouts, went forward in the advance. They were on foot—their horses remaining behind with the party.

It was a mode of march I had adopted after some experience in bush-fighting. The scouts of a marching

force should always go on foot, whether the main body be dragoons or infantry. In this manner they can take advantage of the ground; and by keeping under cover of the timber, are enabled to reconnoitre the angles of the road in a much safer way than when on horseback. The great danger to a scout—and consequently to the party for which he is acting—lies in his being *first* seen, and the risk is greater when he is mounted. The horse cannot be drawn under cover without an effort; and the sound of the hoof may be heard; whereas in nine cases out of ten, a man on foot—that is such a man as either Rube Rawlings or Bill Garey—will discover the enemy before he is himself seen, or any ambushade can be attempted. Of course the scout should never advance beyond the possibility of retreating upon the party he is guiding.

With full confidence in the men who had been sent forward, we rode on, timing our pace, so as not to overtake them. Now and then we caught a glimpse of them, at the further end of a long stretch, skirting the bushes, or stooping behind the cover, to reconnoitre the road in advance. To our chagrin, it was clear moonlight, and we could distinguish their forms at a great distance. We should much have preferred a darker night.

The road we were travelling upon was entirely without habitations; most of it ran through light chapparral forest, with neither clearing nor homestead. One solitary *ranchito* stood at about equal distances between the town and the *rancheria*; and was known among the rangers by the familiar sobriquet of the 'half-way house.' It was a poor hovel of yucca, with a small patch around that had once grown yams, chilipepper, and a stock of maize for whoever had inhabited it; but its occupants had long since disappeared—the prowling soldier-robber from the camp had paid it many a visit, and its household gods lay broken upon the hearth. The *tortilla* stone and *comal*, red earthen ollas, calabash cups, bedsteads and benches of the *caña vaquera*, a whirling spindle, an old stringless *jarana* or bandolon, with other like effects, lay in fragments upon the floor. Mingling with these were cheap coloured wood-prints, of saints and Saviour, that had been dragged from the walls, and with the torn leaves of an old Spanish *misa*, trampled in dust and dishonour.

I paint this tableau of ruin, not that it was in any way connected with the events of our narrative, but that it had strangely affected me. On the day before, as we rode past, I had halted a moment by the little *ranchito*, and contemplated the scene with a feeling of melancholy that amounted almost to sadness. Little thought I that a still sadder spectacle awaited me in that same spot.

We had approached within less than half a mile of the *ranchito*, when a strange medley of sounds reached our ears. Human voices they were, and borne upon the light breeze we could distinguish them to be the voices of women. Occasionally harsher tones were heard mingling in the murmur, but most of them had the soft rich intonation that distinguishes the female voice.

We all drew bridle, and listened. The sounds continued in the same confused chorus, but there was neither song nor joy in the accents. On the contrary, the night-wind carried upon its wings the voices of 'lamentation and wailing.'

'There are women in trouble,' remarked one of my followers in a loud suggestive tone.

The remark caused all of us simultaneously to ply the spur, and ride forward.

Before we had galloped a dozen lengths, a man appeared coming from the opposite direction, and advancing rapidly up the middle of the road. We saw it was the scout Garey; and, once more reining up, we awaited his approach.

I was at the head of the little troop, and as the

trapper drew near, I could see his face full under the light of the moon. Its expression was ominous of evil tidings.

He spoke not until he had laid his hand upon the pommel of my saddle, and then only in a subdued and saddened tone. His words were:

'Thar's ugly news, capt'n.'

O that terrible foreboding!

'News?—ill news?' I stammered out; 'what, for Heaven's sake?—speak, Garey!'

'They've been playin' the devil at the *rancheria*. Them ruffins hez behaved wuss than Injuns would a done. But come foward, capt'n, an see for yurself. The weemen are clost by hyar at the shanty. Rube's a tryin' to pacify them, poor critters.'

O that terrible foreboding!

I made no response to Garey's last speech, but rode forward as fast as my horse could carry me.

A brace of minutes brought me up to the *ranchito*, and there I beheld a spectacle that caused the blood to curdle in my veins.

CHAPTER LV.

A CRUEL PROSCRIPTION.

The open space in front of the hovel was occupied by a group of women—most of them young girls. There were six or seven; I did not count them. There were two or three men, Mexicans, mixed up in the group. Rube was in their midst, endeavouring in his broken Spanish to give them consolation and assurance of safety. Poor victims! they needed both.

The women were half-naked—some of them simply *en chemise*. Their long black hair fell loosely over their shoulders, looking tossed, wet, and draggily. There was blood upon it; there was blood upon their cheeks in seams half dried, but still dropping. The same horrid red mottled their necks and bosoms, and there was blood upon the hands that had wiped them. A red-brown blotch appeared upon the foreheads of all. In the moonlight, it looked as if the skin had been burnt. I rode closer to one, and examined it: it was a brand—the fire-stamp of red-hot iron. The skin around was scarlet, but in the midst of this halo of inflammation I could distinguish, from their darker hue, the outlines of the two letters I wore upon my button—the well-known 'U. S.'

She who was nearest me raised her hands, and tossing back from her cheeks the thick clustered hair, cried out:

'*Miralo, señor!*'

O Heaven! my flesh crept as I looked upon that source of that crimson hemorrhage. Her ears had been clipped off—they were wanting!

I needed no farther uplifting of their hair to satisfy me that the others had been served in like manner; the red stream still trickling adown their necks was evidence enough.

The men, too, had been similarly abused. Two of them had suffered still farther mutilation. They held up their right arms before my face—not their hands. *There were no hands.* I saw the hanging sleeve, and the blood-steeped bandage on the stump. Their hands had been chopped off at the wrists. Horrid sight!

Both men and women gathered around me, clasping my knees, and uttering prayers and entreaties. No doubt, most of them were known to me by sight; but their features were now unrecognisable. They had been the friends and sweethearts of the corps, and my followers were already addressing them by name. The lovers of one or two were present, and embraced them.

One appeared more richly costumed than the rest, and upon her my eyes had fallen, as I first rode up. I almost dreaded to approach her, as she stood

a little apart; but no—it could not be—she was not tall enough; besides, the ruffians would not dare'—
'Your name, señorita?'

'Conchita, señor—la hija del alcalde.'

The tears burst from her eyes, mingling with blood as they ran down her cheeks. Oh, that I too could have wept! Poor Wheatley! he was not with us. He had yet to receive the blow: it would soon fall.

My heart was on fire; so were those of my followers. They swore and foamed at the mouth. Some drew pistols and knives, calling out to me to lead them on. Never saw I men in such a frenzy of rage: the most cold-blooded among them seemed to have suddenly gone mad.

I could scarcely restrain them, till we should hear the tale. We guessed it already; but we needed some details to assist us in executing vengeance. It was told by many mouths, interrupting or confirming one another. One of the men was more coherent—Pedro, who used to sell mezcal to the troop. To him we listened. The substance of his story was as follows:

Shortly after we had left the rancharia, it was entered by the guerrilleros with cries of '*Viva Santa Anna! Viva Mexico!*' and '*Death to the Yankees!*' They commenced by breaking open several *tiendas*, and drinking mezcal and whatever they could find. They were joined by the mob of the place—by *leperos* and others. Pedro noticed the *herredero* (blacksmith) and the *matador* (cattle-killer) taking a conspicuous part. There were many women in the mob—the mistresses of the guerrilleros, and others of the town.

After drinking a while, they grew more excited. Then was heard the cry: '*Mueran los Ayankieados!*' and the crowd scattering in different directions, entered the houses, shouting, '*Saqueños afuera! matenlos!*' (Drag them out! kill them!) The poor girls and all who had been friendly to the *Americanos* were dragged into the piazza amidst the oaths and execrations of the guerrilla, and hisses and hootings from the mob. They were spit upon, called by filthy names, pelted with mud and melon-rinds, and then some of the crowd cried out to mark them, so that their friends the *Tejanos* should know them again. The women were more furious than the men, and excited the latter to the deed, calling to the blacksmith:

'*Traiga el fierro! traiga el fierro!*' (Bring the branding-iron!)

Others cried out: '*Sacan las orejas!*' (Cut off their ears!)

The brutal blacksmith and butcher, both half drunk, obeyed the call—willingly, Pedro alleged. The former used the branding-iron, already prepared, while the latter performed his bloody office with the knife of his trade!

Most of the guerrilleros wore masks. The leaders were all masked, and watched the proceedings from the roof of the alcalde's house. One Pedro knew in spite of his disguise; he knew him by his great size and red hair: it was the *salteador*, El Zorro. Others he guessed at; but he had no doubt it was the band of Don Rafael Ijurra—nor had we.

Had they left the rancharia before Pedro and the others came away?

Pedro thought not; he and the other victims, as soon as they got out of the hands of the mob, had fled to the chapparal, and were making for the American camp when met by our scouts. They were straggling along the road one after the other; Rube had detained them by the rancho, till we should come up.

Pedro feared that they were not all—that there were other victims; the alcalde, he feared, had been worse than mutilated—he had been murdered.

This last information the poor fellow imparted in a whisper—at the same time casting a sorrowful look towards Conchita. I had not the courage to inquire farther.

The question arose whether we should send back for more men, and wait till they arrived, or advance at once to the rancharia. The former was negated with unanimous voice. We were strong enough, and vengeance was impatient. I was joyed by the decision; I could not have waited.

The women were directed to continue on to the ranger-camp; Pedro, mounted behind one of the men, should go with us. We needed him for purposes of identification.

We were about to move forward, when a figure appeared along the road in the direction we were going to take. On coming within sight of us, the figure was seen to skulk and hide in the bushes. Rube and Garey ran rapidly forward, and in a few minutes returned bringing with them a Mexican youth—another of the victims!

He had left the scene of his sufferings somewhat later than the rest.

Was the guerrilla still in the place?

No; they were gone from the village.

'Whither?' was the anxious interrogatory.

They had taken the up-river road, towards the hacienda de Vargas. They had passed the boy as he lay concealed among some aloes; he had heard their cries as they rushed past.

'What cries?'

They shouted: '*Mueran al traidor y traidora! Mueran al padre y hija! Isolina la p—t—a!*'

'O merciful God!'

A FISH WITHOUT A POSITION.

WHAT'S in a name? I asked myself contemptuously as a passer-by exclaimed: 'What an odd fish!' Now, what is an odd fish? 'He whose father was a good old sole, and his mother a little common plaice,' a punster might reply; but not so the frequenters of the Crystal Palace: these will tell you that I am the oddest of odd fish, and that of all the wonders locked up in the water—that great storehouse of nature—there is none greater than myself. Perhaps, kind human, you may not have been among the number of my visitors, and consequently may not have seen me in the Crystal Palace, in one of those watery prisons called aquariums, where my confinement is rendered still more irksome by the gold and silver fish which share my captivity, only, like pert lackeys, to dazzle my eyes by their tinselled liveries, and disturb my repose by their purposeless activity. To you, then, to whom I will presume myself a stranger, I introduce myself as the *Lepidosiren anectens*, or mud-fish, whose ancestral home is in the river Gambia, and whose power of adaptation is so great, that, on the subsidence of the stream, it forms for itself a membranous covering, and enshrouding itself, Cheops-like, in a cocoon of mud, awaits on the river's bank the return of the waters, continuing frequently for eight months in a state of torpor.

To exchange a mud-hut for a palace of crystal may be thought an exaltation not to be despised; but it was not thus with me. My Egyptian bondage was light indeed, compared with the confinement of the voyage, and the subsequent suffering in the Crystal Palace; where I was placed by Captain Chamberlayne, about six months since, in company with two other mud-fish, and the mummy of a grandfather, whose sarcophagus and remains you may see, alas! at the foot of my aquarium. It is not, however, the bodily suffering of which I complain, though I have had enough of that; no, rather it is the mental disorder—the disorder so prevalent in England, and so dreaded

by her children—I mean the want of position. We mud-fish had no acknowledged and recognised place. We were like too many whom we saw around us, odd fish like ourselves—perhaps like you, dear human—gasping and struggling for a position, dreading nothing so much as to lose their place in society; nay, we were more to be pitied than these, for we had no position to lose; we were not even classed in the great family of nature. When we claimed to belong to the fishes, we found that our anatomy more nearly allied us to reptiles; when we would have settled on the earth, we were sent back to the Gambia. All this was the more trying, because, some ten years since, a mud-fish had been brought over, and its habits, structure, and peculiarities had been subjects of investigation and speculation. We might, therefore, have reasonably expected our proper place assigned to us immediately on our arrival in England. Not so, however. We were no sooner placed in our new abode, than we found ourselves in the hands of that great reigning power Science—science, who is ever seeking to enlarge her dominion and increase her subjects; ever investigating, and never wearying; examining all causes, judging all effects, despising no means, compassing all ends. We became, then, subjects of science. The naturalist examined our four propellers—scarcely legs, scarcely fins—our snake-like body, and animal head; the medical world descanted on our lungs and digestive organs; and the mechanist commented on our rudder-like tail and peculiar 'build;' and so the scientific world discussed, and the everyday world wondered, and the ignorant world laughed; and to-day we are fishes; yesterday, we were reptiles; to-morrow, perhaps, we shall be mere links!

There were not those wanting who tried to find a family likeness for us in England; some asserting that Camden and Fuller had made mention of us among the worthies of Lancashire: the one saying that 'at a place called Sefton in the above county, upon turning up the turf, men find a black deadish water, with small fishes therein;' and the other, that 'the men of this place go a-fishing with spades and mattocks.' Some, again, traced in us a strong resemblance to eels. Now, this comparison would have been odious to us, had not the eel been called by the ancients the offspring of Jove, and had it not, too, been consecrated by Roman tears; for it was when Crassus was reproached in the senate, by Domitius, with 'Foolish Crassus! you wept for your murena' (or lamprey), that Crassus retorted: 'That was more than you did for your two wives.' Eels, therefore, are a matter of history, and, so far, we were not offended; but when we were associated with lizards, and even the low-bred, ditch-loving newt, our indignation knew no bounds. We are not cold-blooded—no, by the three ventricles of our African hearts, the blood of the Pharaohs boiled within us at the insult offered to the mummies of our ancestors! Disputes without soon created dissensions within, and our new abode became the scene of many quarrels. Our morning meal of frogs was seldom partaken of without contention; and one day, in a frenzy of passion, I fell upon and devoured one of my companions, which had raised a question about my fins. This act of fury was much resented by my remaining relative, which sought many occasions of revenge, and spent his miserable existence in reviling at me and at fate, and in pining for his native mud; until one day, a desperate leap into the tank below, saved him at once from my pursuit and the investigation of science. He sleeps, as I understand, at the bottom of the tank—it may be, in a cocoon of English mud. Meanwhile, I, sad, solitary, and almost blind, drag on my wretched life, a creature without a position, an intermediate form, a chrysalis of the waters, neither flesh nor fowl, perhaps not even an 'odd fish.'

THE EVENING-STAR.

THE evening-star watched by the moon,
In a sweet trance of sad devotion;
Still fond and faithful all alone,
Within the heaven's wide ocean—
Alone, untiring in her love,
She sat while dews were round her weeping,
'Mid all the heavenly sentinels,
The only one unsleeping.

Thus I will be, dear love, to thee,
When night and loneliness enfold thee;
Still whispering low and fervently,
What in bright days I told thee—
Still gazing from my heart of hearts,
On that loved face divinely beaming,
'Mid world and worldlings all alone,
Wrapped in my golden dreaming!

E. O. D.

PARADISE OF THE OLD.

I have no means of obtaining any satisfactory data to shew the proportions which different ages bear to another in China, or the average mortality at different periods of human life; yet to every decade of life the Chinese apply some special designation. The age of 16 is called 'the Opening Degree;' twenty, 'Youth expiring;' thirty, 'Strength and Marriage;' forty, 'Officially Adult;' fifty, 'Error-knowing;' sixty, 'Cycle-closing;' seventy, 'Rare Bird of Age;' eighty, 'Rusty-visaged;' ninety, 'Delayed;' one hundred, 'Age's Extremity.' Among the Chinese, the amount of reverence grows with the number of years. I made, some years ago, the acquaintance of a Buddhist priest living in the convent of Tien Tung at Ningpo, who was more than a century old, and whose people of rank were in the habit of visiting, in order to shew their respect and to obtain his autograph. He shewed the civility to give me a very fair specimen of his writing. There are not only many establishments for the reception of the aged, but the penal code provides special punishments for those who refuse to relieve the poor in their declining years. Age may also be pleaded in extenuation of crime and in mitigation of punishment. Imperial decrees sometimes order presents to be given to all indigent old people in the empire.—*Sir John Bowring in the Transactions of the China Branch of the Asiatic Society, Part V.*

DRESS-PARTIES IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

One very usual subject in the tombs, is the reception of guests at a party; and Egyptian artists, fully alive to caricature, have sometimes shewn that the little follies of gossip, display of finery, and conceit, were as common those days as in later times. Here, a man of fashion arriving in his curriole long after the other guests assembled, thinks to increase his consequence by affectation, as well as by the number of his attendants running-footmen; there, women examine, with the eye envious or curiosity, the jewellery of a neighbour; and profusion of gold and silver vases set out on the sideboard proclaim, by their utter uselessness on the occasion, the love of display alone procured them a place in the festal chamber. In another place, the consequence of a master and mistress of the house is indicated by submissive obeisance made to them by the dancers, musicians hired to entertain the company; and as the principal people who gave these entertainments were of the priestly class, we learn, that however they may lecture the people on the propriety of considering this a mere passage to a future state, and of mortifying their appetites for pleasure, they were themselves by no means averse to the good things of this world, and enjoyed the comforts like the rest of the community.—*Wilkinson's Egyptians in the Time of the Pharaohs.*

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CAPTAIN DODD AT SEA.

In the year 1813, there was launched upon the Clyde a vessel, whose name, when the history of ocean steam-navigation comes to be written, will be honourably remembered in connection with the first steam-voyage upon British seas. This vessel was the *Argyle*, a packet of seventy tons' register, measuring in her keel twenty-nine feet, with sixteen feet of beam, and fitted with engines of fourteen horse-power, and paddle-wheels of nine feet in diameter. She had two cabins—one in the fore-castle, the other in the stern. In her *raist* was the engine, with the boiler on the starboard side, and the cylinder and fly-wheel on the larboard. Her smoke was carried off by a funnel, which also did duty as a mast, and was rigged with a large square sail. A gallery, upon which the cabin-windows opened, projected on each side so as to form a continuous deck, interrupted only by the paddle-boxes—an arrangement which had the further effect of making the vessel appear larger than she really was. On the outside of the hull, eighteen large port-holes were painted, which, with the two she displayed upon her stern, made the *Argyle* look so formidable to those to whom a steamer was a novelty, that it was stated in a Committee of the House of Commons by several naval officers that, if they had met her at sea, they would have endeavoured to reconnoitre before attempting to bring her to.

The packet, such as we have described her, had been plying for a year between Glasgow and Greenock, when she was purchased by a London company with the intention of running her between that city and Margate. But a serious difficulty had first to be overcome. It was necessary to bring her round by sea from the Clyde to the Thames; and, notwithstanding the success which had six years before attended the enterprise of Stevens of Hoboken in navigating a steamer from the Hudson to the Delaware, it was the general opinion of nautical men that vessels of the new construction were unfitted to brave the open sea. There was then in London a man of the name of Dodd, who had served in the navy, had afterwards distinguished himself as an engineer and architect,* and who, finally, driven by misfortunes to intemperance, almost literally died in the streets a beggar. To him the task was intrusted. Dodd accordingly arrived in Glasgow in April 1815, and with a crew of eight persons—a mate, an engineer, a stoker, four seamen and a cabin-boy, boldly put to sea about the middle of May. His

voyage at first was far from auspicious. The weather was stormy, the sea ran high in the strait which separates Scotland from Ireland, and, either through ignorance or negligence, the pilot during the night altered the course of the vessel, so that they ran a great risk of being wrecked. Dodd tells us that he had given orders that the steamer should be steered so as to gain the Irish coast by the morning; but at break of day a heavy gale was blowing; and it was discovered that, instead of being off the coast of Ireland, they were within half a league of a lee-shore, rock-bound, about two miles to the north of Port-Patrick. To attempt to beat off, in the teeth of the gale, by the united power of steam and sails, Dodd found to be impossible. Depending, therefore, entirely on the efficiency of his engine, he laid the vessel's head directly to windward, and ordered the log to be kept constantly going. The plan succeeded. The vessel began slowly to clear the shore, going direct in the wind's eye at the rate of something more than three knots an hour. Having thus acquired a sufficient offing, he bore away for Loch Ryan, and gained the Irish coast. On the 24th of May he entered the Liffey, being firmly of opinion that no other power than that of steam could have saved the vessel from destruction.

We have hitherto followed the account of the voyage as published by Dodd himself in the *Morning Chronicle* of June 15, 1815, and as afterwards embodied in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons. Henceforth, however, in recounting the further fortunes of the adventurers, we shall avail ourselves, in preference, of the equally authentic, but far more picturesque narrative of Mr Weld, the secretary and historian of the Royal Society, by whom Dodd was accidentally joined in Dublin. The following extract from that gentleman's journal at once exhibits his reasons for embarking in the enterprise, and describes very pleasingly the excitement caused in the Irish capital by the arrival of the *Thames*, as Dodd, before leaving Glasgow, had re-christened the *Argyle*:

'On the 25th May 1815, I heard by accident that a steam-vessel had arrived at Dublin. I immediately went to see her, and found her on the point of starting with a number of curious visitors upon an experimental trip in the bay. I was so much pleased with all that I saw and heard concerning her, that, having previously intended to proceed to London, I determined to request Captain Dodd to receive me as a passenger, and to be permitted to accompany him throughout the voyage. He at once consented; and my wife having resolved on sharing the dangers of the voyage with me, we proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for our departure'—arrangements which, we may add

* He projected the Thames Tunnel, proposing to carry it from Rotherhithe to Tilbury at an estimated cost of under £1,000,000.

parenthetically, comprehended all and probably more than would now be required for a voyage to America. 'On the 28th of May, being Sunday, we left the Liffey at noon. Many persons embarked with us from curiosity, but only to cross the bay as far as Dunleary [now Kingstown], where they landed. Unfortunately, the sea was very rough, which occasioned the most violent sea-sickness amongst the passengers. Several naval officers were on board, who were unanimous in declaring it to be their firm opinion that the vessel could not live long in heavy seas, and that there would be much danger in venturing far from shore. I deemed it right to inform my wife of this opinion; but, although she suffered greatly from sea-sickness, she persisted in her intention of accompanying me; and that evening, after having passed some hours on land at the house of a friend, the vessel put to sea, we being the only passengers. The shore was covered with several thousands of spectators, who cheered and wished us a prosperous voyage.'

The sea was comparatively calm as the vessel steamed into the Bay of Dalkey, and the passengers calculated on a pleasant voyage during the night; but when beyond the shelter of the coast, they found it to be as rough as ever. 'The motion of the vessel differed essentially from that of a sailing-vessel; the action of the wheels on the water at each side prevented her rolling. The most disagreeable movement was felt when the waves struck the vessel on the beam; but even then, her peculiar construction was advantageous, for the coverings which enclosed the wheels acted as buoys, and contributed to keep the vessel afloat. On such occasions, the noise produced by the sudden compression of the air within the wheel-boxes was frightful. After having sustained a concussion on one side, a second was generally felt on the other by a sort of reaction, and a third, but much more feeble, succeeded, after which the vessel preserved a regular motion for several minutes. I do not recollect ever experiencing more than three of these concussions in rapid succession, and their invariable effect was to terminate the rolling motion, which sometimes lasts a long time in sailing-vessels. It cannot be denied that the concussions occasioned temporary alarm, accompanied as they were by the noise which has been mentioned, and by the shaking of the whole vessel; but no permanent inconvenience resulted: on the contrary, the equilibrium, as I have stated, was soon re-established, and the vessel, as sailors say, pursued a *dry course*, bounding so lightly over the waves that during the entire voyage we were not once wetted even by the spray.'

The voyagers soon left far behind them all the vessels which had sailed from Dublin with the same tide, and the following morning about nine o'clock were off Wexford. The dense smoke which issued from its mast-chimney being observed from the heights above the town, it was concluded that the vessel was on fire. All the pilots immediately put off to its assistance; and nothing could exceed their surprise, mingled with disappointment, when they saw that the ship was in no danger whatever, and that their hopes of salvage were at an end.

The weather had now become so stormy, that Captain Dodd determined to put into the port, his great object, as Mr Weld says, being to navigate the vessel safely to London, rather than, by using great dispatch, to expose her to unnecessary risk.

At two o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, May 30, Dodd put again to sea, and steered for St David's Head, the most westerly point of Wales. During the passage across St George's Channel, one of the blades of the starboard paddle-wheel got out of order. The engine was stopped, and the blade cut away. Some hours after, a similar accident befell the larboard-wheel, which was remedied in the same manner. The loss of

one blade in each paddle made no apparent difference in the progress of the vessel. Fortunately, when the accident occurred, the sea was very calm, and all the shoals had been passed.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, twelve hours after leaving Wexford, the steamer reached the Pass of Ramsay, between the island of that name and St David's Head. There the adventurers remained for three hours to oil the engine, and to give the steamer who had not quitted his post for an instant since leaving Wexford, a little rest. There, too, as at Wexford, boats put out from different parts of the coast to the assistance of the vessel, which they believed to be on fire. Leaving Ramsay, they commenced steaming through the straits and across St Bride Bay. The weather had now become unfavourable, and the sea ran alarmingly high in the bay. 'The waves, indeed, were of such magnitude, that when engulfed between them, the coast, although very high, could not be seen; but the vessel held her way most gallantly over all.' A small fleet of merchant-vessels left the Straits of Ramsay with the voyagers; but the passage of the bay alone, the latter had left them so far behind, as to be able to see only their masts.

On the south side of St Bride's Bay, between Skom Island and the mainland, there is a dangerous passage called Jack Sound. Their pilot warned them against attempting this passage excepting at high-water, and with a favourable wind, as there were several formidable whirlpools which would seize the vessel, and carry her on the rocks. Captain Dodd, however, who trusted the power of his engine, insisted on going through the sound, in order to save five hours and another night at sea. 'The pilot,' says Mr Weld, 'reiterated his remonstrances, at the same time trembling with fear; but we passed through all the whirlpools with the greatest ease. Nothing, however, can be conceived more frightful than the aspect of some of the rocks, and especially of those called *The Bishop and his Clerk*, which are the scene, annually, of numerous shipwrecks. Had we been in a sailing-vessel, our position would have been most perilous; but our steam was all-powerful, and brought us safely into Milford Haven. As they were steaming up the harbour, they met a government mail-packet proceeding from Milford Waterford with all her sails spread. They had passed her about a quarter of a mile, when Captain Dodd determined to send some letters by her to Ireland. The *Thames* was immediately put about, and in a few minutes she was alongside of the packet-ship, and sailed round her, notwithstanding the latter continued under-way. The captain and passengers wrote a few letters, put them on board the packet, sailed round her once again, and then continued their course to Milford.

During the whole of the 31st of May and the 1st of June, the adventurers had ample occupation in Milford in satisfying the curiosity of numerous naval officers who were anxious to see the *Thames*, and to examine her engine, as well as to test her marine powers. It became necessary also to cleanse the hull, which had not been done since leaving Glasgow. She had appeared to Mr Weld on the passage that it was becoming filled by degrees with salt, and he had questioned the engineer on the subject, but had been assured that not an atom had been formed there. Of course, when the boiler was examined, it was discovered that Mr Weld was right, and the engineer wrong.

Late on the evening of the 31st, they again put to sea, in company with the *Myrtle* sloop-of-war, the captain (Bingham) and a company of ladies aboard the steamer, anxious to see how she would behave in a rough sea. The *Myrtle* was obliged to hoist royals and studding-sails to keep up with the *Thames*, and at last, crowding all sail, she could get very little ahead. 'Had the steam been fully up,' says Mr Weld in a private letter, 'we should

beaten her. But our great superiority was yet to be shown. Dodd, in his gallantry, determined to carry the ladies back to Milford, instead of consigning them to an open boat; which he accordingly performed, and left the sloop-of-war far behind; and when we returned to go to sea, we found she had anchored, being unable, owing to the failure of the wind, 'to reach her former station.'

On Friday morning, the voyagers were in the middle of the Bristol Channel, with no land visible; but towards evening, they discovered the high coast which terminates England on the west. As the weather, however, again assumed a gloomy aspect, their new pilot—for the other had been discharged at Milford—judged that it would be imprudent that night to double the Land's End, so that Dodd determined to shape his course towards St Ives. On approaching the shore, a crowd of small vessels was seen making towards the steamer with all possible speed by means of sails and oars. At St Ives, as elsewhere, the alarm had been taken on seeing a vessel, supposed to be on fire, steering towards the town, and all the disposable craft immediately put to sea. 'The pilot-boats of this station,' says Mr Weld, are, without exception, the finest I have ever seen. They carry two sails and six rowers. When they were told that we did not want them, they tacked about, and severally sought to out sail each other. In the course of about seven miles, we outran all of them upwards of a mile. These sea-faring men then told us, that our vessel was the first that could surpass them in swiftness, and that they easily approached ships-of-war and custom-house cutters, which are deemed the quickest sailers. All the rocks commanding St Ives were covered with spectators; and when we entered the harbour, the aspect of our vessel appeared to occasion as much surprise amongst the inhabitants as the ships of Captain Cook produced amongst the islanders of the South Sea. This was no novelty to us, for wherever we had coasted along, we were the object of equal astonishment, until the public papers, in announcing the arrival of a steam-boat in the Irish Channel, and giving some explanation of the mode in which the vessel was moved, in some measure diminished the wonder of the spectators, though not their curiosity.'

As the port of St Ives affords no shelter from the north-east wind, and as it began to blow very heavily when that point, it was found advisable to carry the vessel into the port of Hale, four miles distant, where the anchor was cast at the mouth of the river, in a position of perfect safety.

The operation of doubling the Land's End had from the first been represented as by far the most difficult and dangerous part of the voyage; and Mr and Mrs Weld had accordingly gone across the neck of land to the south coast, where they thought of remaining until the vessel came round. But as one of the motives which had led them to undertake the voyage was its novelty as well as its novelty, they resolved, instead of waiting for the *Thames*, to return to Hale, and to save with the steamer's crew the dangers of the passage round the Land's End.

At four o'clock on Monday, the 5th of June, the weather appearing milder, they accordingly re-embarked; but in doubling Cornwall Head, the most northern of those two great promontories which terminate England on the west, a tremendous swell from the Atlantic met them, whilst the tide, which ran strongly down St George's Channel, combining with the swell, raised the waves to such a height, as to render their position in the highest degree alarming. The vessel seemed to suffer considerably, and the repeated collisions against the paddle-boxes terrified the pilot, who now heard them for the first time. Night approached without any port being within reach,

excepting that which they had left, and which was now too distant to think of regaining. Such was the state of things, when 'Captain Dodd observed that the vessel sailed better before the waves than in any other direction; he therefore spread some sails, and made a long tack, close-hauled, so as to get out of the latitude when the swell struggled against the tide; and at the end of some hours, we doubled the Land's End, and found ourselves in a comparatively tranquil sea. We were then at the entrance of the British Channel, which is always calmer than the Irish Sea; the sun shone out in great brilliancy, and the coast unfolded all its beauties of woods, villages, and rich cultivation, as we glided along.'

At eleven o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, June 6, the adventurers arrived at Plymouth. The harbour-master, who had never seen a steam-vessel before, was as much struck with astonishment when he boarded the *Thames*, as a child is in getting possession of a new plaything. 'The sailors ran in crowds to the sides of their vessels as we passed them, and mounting the rigging, gave vent to their observations in a most amusing manner.'

The whole of Wednesday was taken up in shewing the capabilities of the steamer to the port-admiral and to the naval officers who went on board.

At noon on the following day they left Plymouth, and steamed, without interruption, to Portsmouth, where they arrived at eleven o'clock in the morning of Friday, having accomplished 155 miles in twenty-three hours.

At Portsmouth, astonishment and admiration were, if possible, more strongly evinced than elsewhere. Tens of thousands of spectators assembled to gaze at the *Thames*; and the number of vessels that crowded around her was so great, that it became necessary to request the port-admiral to assign the voyagers a guard, in order to preserve some degree of order. They entered the harbour in the most brilliant style, steaming in, with the assistance of the wind and tide, at the rate of from twelve to fourteen miles an hour. A court-martial was sitting at the time on board the *Gladiator* frigate, but the novelty of the steam-boat presented an irresistible attraction; and the whole court went off to her excepting the president, who was obliged by etiquette to retain his seat until the court was regularly adjourned.

On Saturday, the 10th of June, the port-admiral, Sir Edward Thornborough, sent his band and a guard of marines at an early hour on board, and soon afterwards followed in person, accompanied by three admirals, eighteen post-captains, and a large number of ladies. The morning was spent very pleasantly in steaming amongst the fleet, and running over to the Isle of Wight. The admiral and all the naval officers expressed themselves delighted with the *Thames*.

From Portsmouth the steamer proceeded to Margate, which was reached on Sunday morning the 11th, where she remained until the following day, when the captain and passengers embarked for their final trip, at half-past eight in the morning, and about six in the evening arrived at Limehouse, where they moored. As usual, they passed everything on the Thames—all the fast-sailing Gravesend boats, pleasure-boats, West-Indiamen, &c. The following table, taken from Mr Weld's journal, shews the distances from Dublin in nautical miles, and the time occupied in performing them: From Dublin to Kingstown, 8—1½ hours; Kingstown to Wexford, 67—13¼ hours; Wexford to Ramsay, 63—11 hours; Ramsay to Milford, 18—4½ hours; Milford to St Ives, 110—19 hours; St Ives to Plymouth, 118—19 hours; Plymouth to Portsmouth, 155—23 hours; Portsmouth to Margate, 129—20½ hours; Margate to Limehouse, 90—9 hours; total, 758 nautical miles—121½ hours. The *Thames*, we may mention, carried fifteen tons of coal, her

consumpt being, on the average, a ton for every hundred miles. The distance between Portsmouth and Margate was, however, performed with an expenditure of something less than that quantity.

So ended this memorable voyage, the first, if we except the comparatively insignificant adventure of Stevens in America, ever performed by a steam-boat on the open seas. And it seems strange that, with such satisfactory practical evidence in favour of ocean steam-navigation, steam-packets were not at once adopted, and that it should have been left for a Scottish company in 1818 to institute a line of steamers between Greenock and Belfast, the first of which, the *Rob Roy*, of about thirty horse-power, and ninety tons' register, was built and launched by David Napier in that year.

A MOTLEY COLLECTION OF MOTTOES.

THE honourable and facetious Judge Haliburton, in the course of an address lately delivered by him at Manchester, is reported to have said, among other sly pokes in the national ribs which he took the opportunity of administering, that he had been 'a good deal amused by looking over a book that applied to no part of the world but England, called the Peerage-book, and reading the quaint mottoes of the nobility contained therein.' I confess to having been inexpressibly shocked when I read this irreverent paragraph. My attention was called to it by the extraordinary demeanour of my wife. Instead of the calm and supercilious glance with which that exemplary and highly connected woman usually skims through the columns of the *Morning Post* not containing the fashionable intelligence, I observed with astonishment that her light-blue eyes flashed with indignation, her aquiline nose curled with scorn, her flaxen ringlets quivered with emotion, and her whole slim and aristocratic, not to say bony, person underwent the feminine and expressive operation of 'bridling up.' And no wonder! Every right-minded and well-regulated British matron would shudder with horror at such an unprincipled attack upon her favourite reading. Oh, sacrilegious Sam Slick! when you can connect the awful volume that forms a manual of devotion to thousands of the best families in England, with anything so low as fun or amusement—when you can treat the idol before which society, in this country, bows down and worships, with no more respect than if it were a ridiculous Chinese *joss*, your organ of veneration must, I fear, be very imperfectly developed. And oh, ye men of Manchester! oh, ye profane cotton-manufacturers! ye have much to answer for, if, as is reported of you, ye encouraged the colonial wag with shouts of applause! 'No, no, Justice Haliburton,' I indignantly exclaimed. 'You may laugh, and welcome, at our Peace Society—you may twit the heads of our colonial department with knowing nothing whatever about the colonies intrusted to their charge—you may crack your jokes about our army administration—you may even quiz our prime-minister! but there is one thing you may not do—you may not make fun of our Peerage-book: that time-honoured institution, at least, must be held sacred.'

Such were my sentiments as I laid down the newspaper and opened Debrett, with a view of refuting the aspersions that had been cast upon its aristocratic pages. I say *were*, because, to my astonishment, I discovered that the illustrious Clockmaker was right. The mottoes of the nobility are quaint—very quaint. There are between 400 and 500 of them, and an exceedingly queer and miscellaneous jumble of odd-ends they are—quite a literary hotch-potch, consisting of moral maxims, quotations from Horace, specimens of alliteration, battle-cries, jingling rhymes, patriotic sentiments, atrocious puns, and wise saws, in all languages—ancient, modern, and mediæval.

Latin appears to be the favourite heraldic dialect, and then French; English comes third; and the remainder are in Irish, Gaelic, Welsh, Italian, Spanish, and Greek. Of Irish mottoes, there are three specimens. *Lam dearg Erin* is the red hand of Ireland that distinguishes the Lords O'Neill; and *Crom a boo* and *Shannet a boo* form the war-cries of the Duke of Leinster and Lord Fitzgerald and Vesey. *A boo*, which we recognise at once, from its eccentric termination, as a sample of the purest Milesian, means *for ever*; and *Crom* and *Shannet* are names indicating the respective families to which they belong. *Crom* was a castle in the county Limerick, that formerly belonged to the Dukes of Leinster. Of Italian mottoes, there are two instances—that of the Dukes of Bedford, *Che sarà sarà* (What will be, will be), and Lord Dormer's *Cio che Dio vuole, io voglio* (What God wills, I will). The only Spanish one belongs to the Duke of Marlborough: *Fiel pero desdichado* (Faithful though unfortunate). Greek gets only half a motto, but of that I shall have occasion to speak hereafter; and the English, French, and Latin ones are, like the advantages in an auctioneer's advertisement, 'too numerous to particularise.' The gems of the collection, however, that I have kept for the last as a kind of *bonne bouche*, are undoubtedly Welsh. I warn the reader beforehand not by any means to attempt to pronounce the fearfully and wonderfully constructed syllables I am about to place before him. He is merely to wonder at and admire them, as he would some rare and curious animal in the Zoological Gardens, which he is requested by the keeper not on any account to touch. For instance, would anything short of a tetanic convulsion of the epiglottis produce the sounds necessary to convey the meaning—if meaning it have—of Lord Mostyn's motto: *Heb ddw Hddym Ddwadyddan*? Six poor unfortunate little vowels to eighteen tall consonants! They are like Falstaff's 'half-pennyworth of bread' to his intolerable quantity of sack. In the subscription of Lord Dinorben's coat-of-arms, *Rhad dw a rhyddid*, they are jostled in even more unmannerly way. If mottoes are to be considered in any degree emblematical of the dispositions of their owners, the Welsh noblemen must be very eccentric characters indeed!

After a careful perusal of the Peerage-book—and a very fatiguing operation it is—I find that the mottoes of the nobility may be divided into five distinct classes: the highly moral, the characteristic, laconic, eccentric, and comic.

The first-mentioned class, I am happy to say, greatly preponderate. Under this head I include the loyal, patriotic, philanthropic, and sentimental. *Dies et nox dicit* heads a long list of equally pious and moral sentiments; and there are no less than thirty mottoes commencing with the word *Virtue*, and praising its beauty and power. Supposing each nobleman to adopt his own motto: 'Virtue,' says the Earl of Abingdon in Latin, 'is stronger than a battering-ram;' 'Virtue is a sheet-anchor,' cries Lord Gardner; 'It is equal in the opinion of Lord Howard of Effingham, 'to a thousand shields;' 'Virtue alone ennobles,' adds Lord Wallcourt; 'It overcometh envy,' exclaims the Earl of Cornwallis; 'It flourishes for ever,' chimes in Lord Belmore with enthusiasm. There is nothing like virtue, cry half-a-dozen other noblemen. *Virtus est fides, virtus et labor, virtus et the protection of Heaven*, 'virtue, and nothing but virtue,' sing the aristocratic chorus, is our 'watchword, our shield, our buckler, our guide, counsellor, and friend.' It is gratifying to know that faith is nearly as much appreciated as virtue by the hereditary nobility of England—*Faith and love, Faith and hope, Faith and courage, Faith and fortitude*, being the burden of a great number of their mottoes. The advantages of strength and courage are much insisted on, but generally in connection with

or more of the cardinal virtues. *Fortis et fidele* is the motto of Lord Talbot of Malahide; 'Nothing is difficult to the brave and faithful,' embodies the principle of Lord Muskerry. Honour and honesty are of course in great request: 'Honour is the reward of virtue,' says the Earl of Ferrers, and 'of fidelity,' adds Lord Boston; *Honesta quam splendida!* ejaculates Viscount Barrington in a burst of admiration—'How magnificent are the acquirements of honour!' Others breathe the most devoted loyalty, the most exalted patriotism, the purest philanthropy—in fact, if the English nobility only act up to their mottoes, the House of Lords must be a perfect tabernacle of goodness!

Characteristic mottoes are principally the property of illustrious naval and military heroes, or distinguished lawyers, who have been raised to the peerage for professional achievements. Thus, Lord Nelson's was *Palma qui meruit ferat*, although a more appropriate one for Britain's greatest naval commander would have been the immortal sentence imperishably connected with his name: 'England expects that every man will do his duty.' The Duke of Wellington's, *Fortune, the companion of valour*, though applicable enough to the great captain's career, bore no reference to his deeds of arms, it having been used by his family for many generations. The *Avancez* of Lord Hill is a model motto for a soldier—short, sharp, and decisive; and Lord Hood's *Ventis secundis*, a sailor's grateful expression of how much he was indebted to the fickle element for his success. Now-a-days, however, an admiral would be more inclined to sing the praises of steam. Peers sprung from the law have been generally either practical or legal in their choice of a sentence to illustrate their escutcheon. Thus, the dignity of labour is asserted in the *Labore* of Lord King, and the *Labor ipse volupatus* of Lord Tenterden. Lord Abinger's is *Suis stat viribus* (He stands in his own strength). Lord Brougham is for 'The king, the law, and the people;' Earl Camden, 'The judgment of our peers, or the law of the land.' Lord Ellenborough, whose patronymic was Law, and who may be said to have been so both by name and nature, selected *Compositum jus fasque animi*, which Debreit rather freely renders, Law and equity. Lord Erskine, in his motto, upholds *Trial by Jury*; and in *Ultra pergere* (to push on and keep moving) is exhibited Lord Lyndhurst's love of progress, and no doubt the secret of his high position. Bishops are supposed to be so upright and learned, so full of Latin, Greek, and morality, that they require neither mottoes nor supporters—at all events, they have none.

On the principle, I suppose, that brevity is the soul of wit, a number of mottoes consist of only one word. Lord Hawke has, very appropriately, a falcon for his crest, and *Strike* for his motto, as the first lord of that name did, most effectually, when he pounced upon the French fleet off the West Indies, in the year 1747. The adjective *Firm* characterises Lord Stair; and the word *Fight* appears to constitute the rule of conduct of the pugnacious Earls of Rosslyn. *Thus* is the extremely short and incomprehensible watchword of Lord St Vincent; and the *Through* of the Duke of Hamilton is only partly explained by his crest, which is a tree with a frame-saw nearly 'through' it. I have no doubt that thereby hangs a tale. Leaving the monosyllables, we come to the short but singularly expressive maxim of the Dukes of Buccleuch, who, judging from their motto, appear to think that the whole duty of man lies in the verb *Amo*. The Lords Dundas hopefully believe that all one has to do to get on in the world is to *try*—*Essayez* cry they, and I think they are right. The Earls of Elgin, descended from Bruce, are modest, yet proud: in *Fuimus* (We have been), they point, of course, to the fact that the Bruces were once the royal line of Scotland. *Grip fast*, say the tenacious Lords Rothes, whose crest, to harmonise with their motto, instead of a mild-looking demi-griffin

proper, should have been a bull-dog rampant. *I dare*, cries the bold Earl of Carnwath. *Je pense*, says the meditative Lord Wemyss. *Je pense plus*, replies the Earl of Mar, in a friendly spirit of emulation. *Lead on* is the war-cry of Lord Hotham, which is hardly so chivalrous as the *Follow me* of the Marquis of Breadalbane. *Ready, aye Ready*, is the characteristic motto of the Napier family. If a pen could be substituted for the crescent which, grasped by a hand, forms their crest, the sentence would be still more appropriate. *Agincourt, St Vincent, and Algiers*, are words commemorative of deeds performed by the ancestors of Lords Wodehouse, Radstock, and Exmouth. The motto of Lord Mexborough, *Be fast*, can hardly be considered good advice to the younger branches of the family, if the meaning of the word 'fast' be taken according to the modern acceptance of the term.

A great many will be found to merit more particularly the expression applied to them by the Attaché. The *Flecti non frangi* of Lord Palmerston is curiously opposed in spirit to the *Frangas non flectes* of the Duke of Sutherland. *Bella, horrida Bella* is the queer motto of the ancient family of O'Bryen; and *Let Curzon hold what Curzon held*, apparently points to some time when a Lord Howe, tenacious of his rights, refused to let go, or tried to get back, some family property. The quintessence of eccentricity, however, is displayed in the incomprehensible motto of the Marquis of Conyngham; no one but Sir Bernard Burke could unveil the mystery that lies hid in the words, *Over fork over!*

Others derive their claim to notice from an absurd jingle or alliteration which appears to have been the principal object of the original framers of mottoes. The *Numen lumen, astra castra* of the Earl of Balcarres is a specimen of the former, and *Dum spiro spero* of Viscount Dillon of the latter. A dozen such might be cited: the *Fortiter, fideliter, feliciter* of Lord Rathdown—*Un roy, une foy, une loy*, of the Marquis Clanricarde—*Data fata secutus, Non quo sed quomodo, Nunc aut nunquam, Via trita via tuta, Tâche sans tâche*; and many more.

I now approach a most distressing part of my subject. Dr Johnson's opinion of punning is well known. 'A man who would make a pun,' said the great lexicographer, 'would pick a pocket.' Judged by this standard, the morals of the ancestors of many of our highest nobility must have been in a most lamentable condition. Such a collection of flagrant quibbles and atrocious puns as are contained in the pages of Debreit, it has seldom been my lot to meet with even in *Punch*. There are some, indeed, which that privileged joker would not have the face to insert without the explanation, that they came from his insane contributor, or were dropped into his letter-box by some miscreant in the garb of a gentleman, who made his escape before a policeman could be found to take him in custody. The least harmless of these heraldic outrages is the double-faced motto of the Vernon family—*Vernon semper floret*, which may mean, as an interrogation, Does not the spring always flourish? or affirmatively, Vernon always flourishes. This is bad enough; but what will the unsuspecting reader say when I tell him that the motto unblushingly paraded before the world by the Lords Fortescue is *FORTE scutum, salus ducum?* or that *Cavendo tutus* is a feeble and unprincipled pun on the family name of the Duke of Devonshire, whose patronymic is Cavendish? In the same way, the paternal appellation of the Earl of Enniskillen being Cole, his motto is *Deum COLE, regem serva!* In the apparently innocent sentences, *Ne vile fano* and *Ne vile velis* are embodied, I regret to say, the family names of the Earls of Westmoreland and Abergavenny, Fane and Neville. In the laudable sentiment, *Nummi et patriæ astro*, the designation of its proprietor, Lord Ashton, is surreptitiously shadowed forth; and it is

difficult to believe that in the *TEMPLA quam dilecta* of the Dukes of Buckingham, their hereditary cognomen of Temple designedly lies hidden. The malice aforethought displayed in the *Fare fac* of Lord Fairfax, and the *Festina lente* of Lord On-slow, will rouse the indignation of all honest men. I have much pleasure in dragging the two following literary man-traps to light; they might perhaps escape the notice of a casual observer; but they are none the less dangerous for being cleverly concealed. Lord Falmouth's motto is, *Patientie passe science*, apparently indicating, in the French language, the simple maxim, that patience surpasses knowledge, but really covering an unworthy quibble on the word patience; and in Lord Maynard's *Manus justa nardus*, the first and last syllable of his name are contained in the first and last word of his motto. After this, I seem to lose all confidence in human nature. I look through Debrett with a jaundiced eye, and fancy I can detect a pun lurking under every coat-of-arms. I fear to trace the innocent-looking aphorism, Bear and Forbear, to its heraldic resting-place, lest I should discover that its accompanying crest is a bruin's head gules, or a couple of animals of the same species, standing on their hind-legs, and collared and chained *argent*, as supporters.

The first Marquis of Londonderry may have harboured no evil designs when he chose the motto *Metuanda corolla draconis*, but after the melancholy instances I have quoted, how can I be sure of his honesty? I know that an ancestor of his raised a troop of horse when Londonderry was invested in the reign of William III.—the family has always been a cavalry family—they have for supporters a couple of hussars, one on a bay, the other on a gray, *guardant*; what assurance, then, have I that in the words, 'a dragon's crest is to be feared,' a horrible *double-entendre* has not been perpetrated, and that the crest or plume of a *dragon's* helmet is not covertly alluded to? Again, is it my fault that I eye with suspicion the eccentric motto of the Lysaght family? Instead of being the exclamation of some member of a mediæval Peace Society inveighing against the atrocities of war, may not the words bear reference rather to a domestic combat, in which some noble and indignant husband has apostrophised his beautiful but rebellious better-half as 'Bella, horrida Bella?' The well-known fact that Arabella was a favourite name for high-born ladies during the middle ages, reduces almost to a certainty this dreadful suspicion. In the same way, I look at the *Reparabit cornua Phœbe* of Lord Polwarth as I would at a barrel of gunpowder. My distrust is painfully augmented when I discover that the feminine element preponderates to an alarming extent in his coat-of-arms. As a crest, I find a lady richly attired, holding in her right hand the sun, and in her left hand a crescent, while, for supporters, are two mermaids holding mirrors in their hands, *all proper*. Is not this confirmation strong that some subliminary Phœbe is thus obliquely hinted at? But I will not pursue this melancholy subject any further. There is no necessity to multiply instances of the mental imbecility that must have pervaded society in general, when such lamentable attempts at jocularly were current among the upper classes. They were, indeed, the dark ages. One more example, and I have done. As a crowning specimen of heraldic depravity, I place before the reader the most deep-laid and designing *double-entendre* that ever shocked the susceptibility of an unfortunate tuft-hunter. The family name of the Lords Henniker is Henniker-Major. Their motto is *Deus MAJOR columnus*, and not satisfied with this, over their crest is inscribed with shameless effrontery, and with total disregard of the aspirate, the audacious apothegm, *Τὸν ἀριστεῖν ἐνέκα!* Such atrocity requires no comment. It surpasses in duplicity the motto of the rich tobaccoist who, on the advice of a wolf in sheep's clothing calling

himself a friend, adopted as an inscription for the panels of his newly set up carriage, the appropriate but double-barrelled sentence, *Quid rides*. Punning in Latin is bad enough in all conscience; but there is one offence that evinces a greater amount of moral turpitude—a lower depth of mental degradation—and that is, punning in Greek! The police ought to interfere in such cases. I close Debrett with a sigh, and agree with Sam Slick that the mottoes of our nobility, as recorded in the Peerage-book, are decidedly 'quaint.'

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

THIS is the courteous phrase in which the impossible contributor is addressed by the universal editor, with the cool malignity, perhaps, in addition, of the editor's compliments; and it is like receiving your rich uncle's affectionate blessing as his last bequest, instead of something you had expected in the 3 per cents.

From the outside of the editorial letter, generally, nothing can be gathered except Hope, which builds her nest in the very loopholes of the direction, and in the official wafer whereon the name of the awful journal is inscribed. But sometimes the communication takes the form of a big parcel, with the indelicacy of 'Not approved' outside, so that the very postman sees it; and you know at once that it is your epic in twelve cantos, or your transcendental essay upon the Origin of Evil, come back to the talented author, with 'Two shillings, if you please, for overweight.' Or these immortal efforts never come back at all, from which circumstance you suppose them to be accepted, and take in the judicious periodical for three months running, whereas no expectation can have less grounds upon which to stand even on tiptoe. When you have written, at last, to know at what date to expect these lights to appear, and receive no reply, you request, in a great rage, that they may be returned immediately; whereupon you are informed by a neat lithograph, that the Megatherium Magazine is never answerable for its rejected manuscripts. Or, again, no lithograph comes; upon which you presently call at the sacred office, and a little boy standing upon his head behind the counter, reverses that position to inform you that he 'don't know nothing about no papers,' and then instantly re-performs his favourite feat. Nay, suppose—for we may suppose anything—that one of these deathless works is at length published—that you believe yourself to have laid the foundations of a colossal fortune as well as a posthumous reputation—and that, above all, you have made your friends believe so, too—how very distressing it is to be informed, and not without some little impertunity, that 'the circumstances of the Megatherium are such as to preclude any pecuniary compensation to its esteemed contributor.'

My favourite nephew, aged seventeen, being thwarted in his choice of a profession, which had fallen upon that of his beloved father, who keeps foxhounds, fined for himself, in the second place, upon literature, which he knew to be pursued by his gifted uncle, myself; and this was the dexterous way in which I threw him off that scent: I brought him into my study, and shewed him my largest desk, which has been to him, I know, from early youth an object of mysterious awe and reverence. 'My son,' said I—adopting the style of *Rasselas*, Prince of *Abyssinia*, the *Arabian Nights*, and Mr W. M. Thackeray, which I find to be as good as any for domestic didactics—'would'st thou learn how steep and slippery is the road to fame, read here: Thou seest before thee more than one hundred manuscripts, written with pain, research, and application, upon as many different subjects. This, where the lines run evenly, two and two, beginning at the same place and ending in a similar monosyllable, is poetry, the language of the gods; this, where the words are often underlined or italicised, in order to shew where the point lies more

perspicuously, is, of course, a humorous article; and this again, where the writing is interspersed with capital letters—such as Beauty, True, Undying, Ideal, Human, and the like—of course is a branch of metaphysics, at once the most useful and the most entertaining of sciences. Essays, sermons, statistics, novels, poems, and tragedies, I have tried my hand at all of them, and not, in my opinion, without credit.'

'I see,' cried the impetuous youth—'I see,' while his heart beat high with a noble emulation; 'and why should not I do the same as you, nunkey?'

'Listen!' said I solemnly. 'When I was your age, I had already written as much again as you see here. At eight years old, I composed a heroic poem upon the subject of Hengist and Horsa, our early conquerors; at nine, an essay upon their respective characters; at ten, a tragedy, terminating in their deaths. I did not fetter myself pusillanimously with the actual facts, but caused the royal brothers to expire at an eating-match for the sovereignty, in the presence of their assembled nobles. *These three works are still in manuscript—unseen, unpublished, and unacted.* During the above period, I answered the ornithological conundrum of the Cottage Beehive, in hopes of obtaining its premium of a thousand copies, which, however, was "awarded to our clever young correspondent B." It was awarded, my son; but whether it was ever given to B. or not to B.—as the poet says—or whether B. existed, that is a question.

'I composed also more acrostics for the Conservative journal of my native county than you would easily imagine, and transferred them—upon rejection by that malignant print—to the Radical organ, which infidel and revolutionary paper refused them likewise. I have, I flatter myself, at various times, written under the protection of every letter in the alphabet; but "D. A. M." was invariably reminded that blasphemy was not wit; or "K. I. S.," that there was a point where gaiety degenerated into indecency. Nor was I more fortunate in my more ambitious aliases. "Quill Pen" was always told to mend himself; "Juvenis," to buy a spelling-book; and "Paterfamilias"—for in despair I tried that once—to stick to his home-affairs, and leave off writing rubbish. The idol of my heart was still, however, the periodical press; and I rose from beneath the wheels of its Juggernaut-car a wilder devotee than ever. The hopeless passion of appearing in print was born with me, I believe, just as much as our family name of Waggles; and it is not more likely to depart, than for the Queen, unsought, to grant me her letters-patent to assume the arms and title of Montmorenci. My genius, my enthusiasm, upon every subject was ready laid—as the housemaids say—and only required the lucifer-match of sympathy, applied by my dear mother, to cause it to burst forth into manuscript. She considered—bless her loving soul!—my Hengist and Horsa to be upon a level with any of the historical plays of Shakspeare; while your respected grandfather, whose tracts, as you remember to have heard, have had a European, and even an African reputation, and who disinherited your papa for keeping hounds, insisted that there was not enough of the religious element in either author. His connection with the Weekly Scourge for Sinners, was not of the smallest use in introducing me into that periodical, an amusing little sketch which I had sent for consideration being returned by the editor with a marginal request, written in red ink, that I should take care of my precious soul.

'You have heard it often remarked in your domestic circle that Uncle Waggles has written for the *Times* for many years, and you perhaps have revered him accordingly: be sure that it is for your good, then, that I now confess to you that the effect of these epistles—except in their secret influence upon the mind of the editor—has not been great, nor certainly of a general nature. Whenever a grievance has been

detected, at home or abroad, or the least excuse has offered itself for addressing the leading journal, I was always indeed the first as well as the last in the field of correspondents; but the letters were none of them ever published. The Family Hodge Podge, yonder, was the fiftieth journal in which my soul has yearned to expand itself without success; and upon my failure there, I determined to leave all serial literature to its receipts and recipes for ever. Since then, however, and alas! I have been as constant a contributor—a rejected contributor, that is—to everything as I was before: I found myself, the very next day, composing a tale called the Screw, the Lever, and the Plummet-rule, which I afterwards sent to the Freemason's Intelligencer, sealed with a pair of compasses, and signed—I regret to acknowledge—"Brother Smith."

'This disease of *cacoëthes scribendi*, my son, is as hard to combat as dram-drinking or—which I am afraid will be a familiar image—cigar-smoking: avoid it while you may. I forgot to say that oftentimes my sorrow for these many disappointments poured itself forth in song; but I have not wooed the muse with any greater success than the young person, whoever she may be, who presides over unrhythmical compositions. Here are fifty lines from a little lyric—if you'd like to read them—entitled "Never," sent a month ago to the Weekly Coronal, and, need I say, rejected. The time is gone by for poetry in this country, as it is for nervous prose.

'Now, my dear nephew, what do you think of literature as a profession, a livelihood? Quite right and sensible. Go, tell your father that you will be a bishop instead. I'm sorry to turn you out of the study; but when I have finished this passage for *Punch*, I have got to scribble off a little entertaining something for the *Ecclesiologist*.'

PHOTOGRAPH OF A NEGRO TOWN.

HAVING casually expressed a desire, or rather intention, to go over the town—Malagueah in Western Africa—it appeared to have been communicated to the king, and I very soon had a man in attendance, who announced himself as my deputed guide. He was one of the king's messengers, who, probably, had been selected for the office on account of his presumed proficiency in the English language; an acquirement which greatly enhanced his general merits in his own estimation, as well as in mine; and this, with an expression of great good-humour in his countenance, was a tolerable set-off to rather unprepossessing features, of which a prodigious large mouth was the most conspicuous, with, what is rather uncommon among Africans, very irregular coarse teeth: but here, again, nature or habit had counterbalanced the defect, by making that capacious organ the most indefatigable exponent of its owner's self-sufficiency. His costume comprised simply four articles—a long blue shirt, with the usual amplitude of sleeves; a pair of thick-soled native slippers; a small, black, close-fitting cap; and, of course, a gree-gree suspended round his neck. He manifested some impatience to be doing the honours of his office; and that I might judge of his paces beforehand, or gain some idea of his general energy, he continued taking rapid strides backwards and forwards in front of the piazza; stopping suddenly at intervals, and casting an inquiring look at my movements, whilst I remained writing off the immediate current of my thoughts at the table, which had been removed from the inner chamber for my accommodation. In truth, just then, I had no very vehement desire to go forth. The piazza was unusually free from loungers, and, happily, the two or three it contained were taciturn; an agreeable coolness prevailed under the projecting roof, and with it a soft subdued light, quite different

from the broad hot glare of the mid-day sun outside, in which my expectant cicerone was taking his exercise.

But my impatient attendant at once settled the matter by coming to a full stop, taking a dead aim at me with his 'English,' and letting off an appeal to my sympathies which there was no resisting.

'Come, come, ole man!' exclaimed he, 'you go? See town, eh? Fine town, fine walk—berry fine, eh, yes!' and I at once yielded to the half remonstrance, half command, and put aside my papers.

Passing from the yard through the *lodge*, I was going to call it—but the *zadingy*, the native designation, would be better—we proceeded to the right, between walls on either side, which defined the width of the streets at about ten feet, their height being about seven feet, covered at the top with dry palm-leaves and long grass overlapping, to counteract the influence of the sun's rays upon the consolidated mixture of mud and clay of which they were composed, and which presented a yellowish-brown surface, embellished here and there with some fissures and cracks. These street-walls ramify the whole town, extending to the outer wall which surrounds it. At every thirty feet, or thereabout, we come to a lodge or *zadingy*, like the one I had just left; and this leads into a yard or enclosure containing a certain number of houses, that may be regarded as a small walled parish of the town. One *zadingy* occasionally serves for an entrance to two separate enclosures, by having two doorways in the inner wall. At a few of the open spaces which occasionally occur, where one street runs into another in an oblique direction, I observed a circle in the centre, of large rude stones—not, as with us, for the protection of the pious, but consecrated to extempore prayer. It was very evident that general convenience had dictated the direction of the streets, rather than any regard to regularity, the necessary points of communication with the several separate establishments being the chief object. It seemed pretty evident, during my subsequent intercourse with the people, that a prescriptive right existed among them, maintained by mutual good-will and the simplicity of their habits, to pass and repass, without concern, through one another's premises, whenever occasion called for it. This, however, may be considered a prevalent custom among most African tribes, and, indeed, among most primitive peoples.

Notwithstanding the prevailing sameness in the formation of the yards and the structure of the dwellings, they presented distinctive features, and a general attention to order and cleanliness calculated to arrest and gratify the attention of a stranger. In some instances, the houses were rather larger than the majority, thatched and finished with greater nicety, the raised terraces of the piazzas smoother on the surface and sharper at their angles, and many of them were decorated with ornamental borders and quaint figures, somewhat of the Egyptian character, generally worked in the mud composition when in a plastic state, and then coloured red or white. The interior of the houses was remarkable only for simplicity; even the domiciles of the chiefs, which presented no higher distinction than an assortment of firearms and other weapons ranged against the walls. In some dwellings, likewise, the rudely constructed chests common to all were in greater number and larger bulk. The contents of these chests were, probably, a scanty wardrobe, with a hoard of precious knickknacks—*gree grees* that had lost their virtue, or whose virtue combined afforded greater security than a Bramah-lock; probably, also—most probably—a few pieces of European cloths, some heads of American tobacco, and perhaps a copy of, or, more likely, some extracts from the Koran. In some instances, a few mats of superior quality were spread upon the floor, or upon a dais within a

niche which occasionally appeared in the wall, or a platform projecting from it, forming a quadrangular space of about six feet by four, for sleeping.

The dwellings were always round, resembling stunted towers, with a beam placed horizontally across the top of the wall supporting an upright pole. Rough branches of trees rise from the wall to near the top of this pole; and being placed close together, and covered with layers of dried grass, constituting the thatch, they give the building the form of a tent; but occasionally, and more especially in the houses occupied exclusively by the women and children, several extra beams are placed across, on which coarse mats are spread for the reception of store rice or corn; and in the vicinity of these dwellings, the large wooden mortars for cleaning rice, wooden bowls, calabashes, mats, and baskets, with other simple household articles, are commonly to be seen, together with some fowls picking up their living, and giving the place a look of home.

The rafters are simply rough limbs of trees, and the flooring of earth. Wooden flooring would at once become the refuge and nursery of the vermin which so invariably abound within the tropics wherever Europeans locate themselves; while the ruder habitations of the natives are comparatively, if not wholly, free from them. The raised terraces upon which the dwellings of which I am now speaking stand, and the hard compact texture of the composition, serve still further to ward off this nuisance, although the roofs are subject to the inroads of rats, which frequently find a secure retreat within the thick thatch.

In passing through some of these houses, I found the cool uniform temperature within them particularly striking; and for a moment it even produced an acute sense of chilliness. The air being admitted only through two opposite doors, a constant draught is kept up; and it may be questioned whether, with all our science and ingenuity, we could better succeed in accomplishing the object, or in constructing habitations more suitable to the climate and the exigencies of the people; whilst the luxuriant growth of fruit-trees in their vicinity dispenses here and there an agreeable shade, and gives a peculiar charm to their general aspect. One circumstance, however, struck me as militating in some degree against the promotion of coolness, and this was the close proximity of most of the houses in the yards; but within the tropics, it is shade rather than coolness which the native tribes most covet.

A town so laid out and constructed as the one I have thus attempted to describe, and which may be taken as a specimen of the larger towns generally in these regions, presents, if not actual security from aggression, at least serious obstacles to a successful assault by native enemies. With the points of ingress through the outer walls barricaded, the fire of musketry, with which the people are pretty familiar, opens upon the assailants through small apertures; and small loopholes are also pierced at short intervals in the walls themselves. Suppose an entrance to be effected, however, the invaders find every wall in the town, and every *zadingy*, pierced in a similar manner, and every separate yard a citadel in itself. Malagueah is rather a large town, and the number of such 'citadels' is consequently considerable. Although the *zadingies* have no gates, and the dwelling-houses no doors, these are scarcely needed, since, with forests close at hand, there is a ready supply of rough timber for barricades. I was much struck with the paucity of inhabitants visible, and these consisting chiefly of women and children. Some of the yards appeared wholly deserted, and others with only a few valetudinarians collected in the piazza of one house; the bulk of the male population being absent at their 'farms'—a designation given to every patch of ground appropriated to culture—or following whatever other avocations necessity or

inclination had dictated. Collectively, however, the population was estimated at about 3000.

For these particulars, I am indebted to my own observation; but still I could have done little without my guide. Nor am I less indebted to him as master of the ceremonies betwixt the 'lion' he was leading and its interested beholders, than for his laudable efforts in pacifying the screaming infants, and the more lively apprehensions of the elder class of youngsters, who scampered off in all directions on my approach, and were to be seen here and there peering from some nook and corner to which they had retreated. My indefatigable conductor seemed to have computed the precise number of 'yards' within the town, and the portion of time that required to be allotted to each of them, on the assumption that I was to visit them all; so that by the time I had seated myself in a piazza, and shaken hands with the men, and he had beckoned to and joked with the women, and then discharged a voluble description of my characteristics and habits, his peroration was ended with a spring upon his feet and a transition from *soo-soo* to English in reiterating, on every occasion: 'Come, *ole man!* you come—fine yard, eh?—fine house—fine woman, eh?—berry fine!—yes!' and away he then went with prodigious strides, his loose slippers clattering like castanets, and his long loose sleeves provoked into a mighty perturbation by the action of his arms. He was a character to amuse for a time, till the time came for putting him under some restraint; and that time arrived when we had reached the extremity of the town where the outer walls run parallel with the river. Conscious, perhaps, that, as a 'government officer,' he was fulfilling his instructions by shewing me only *over* the town, it was evidently not his intention to shew me *out* of it; and so I became the leader in turn, and, passing through the public zadingy, we at once entered upon the high-road, which runs parallel with the walls, and, to the right, leads to the town of Mellicourie, at the head of the river, about fourteen miles distant. Unlike the ordinary beaten tracks which come under the name of roads in Africa, this was about forty feet wide, perfectly straight and level, and carpeted with grass as far as the eye could reach. It was flanked on either side by luxuriant forest timber. 'Fine road,' exclaimed my companion; 'berry fine, eh?—*os—os road—os here,*' pointing to the spot where we stood—'*os dere,*' waving his hand towards the distance in the vista—'*os back—ras—os-ras—berry fine, berry—eh?—yes!*' by which I acquired a vague notion, afterwards confirmed, that it was the race-course. I could not resist walking about a mile in the cool shade of this beautiful avenue, contemplating the several varieties of fine timber, and the wild luxuriance of the underwood; the treading upon the soft greenward, and the breathing of a pure-tempered atmosphere, affording a grateful contrast after traversing the uneven streets in the open glare of the sun and the reflected heat from the walls and sandy soil. In returning, we still kept on the outskirts of the town at a right angle with the road, and leading towards another entrance, having the forest still on one side of us; and here my companion certainly brought me completely at fault as he directed my attention to what he termed *berry-bush* in his usual strain of commendation—'*Fine berry-bush—you see—berry fine, eh?—yes!*' Presently, however, I discovered, in a more open situation between the stems of the trees, several small hillocks identical in form with our common graves; and which at once conveyed to me the fact, that this portion of the forest was the '*bury-bush,*' or *burying-ground*. On taking a more extensive survey of this region of death, I could not discover the slightest distinction in these mementoes of mortality, or any sign by which one might be identified from another. One and all alike, they collectively proclaimed to the living that 'underground precedence is a jest,' and the

Greek epitaph, slightly paraphrased, might serve for each of them:

My name—my country—what are they to thee?
What, whether base or proud my pedigree;
Perchance I far surpassed all other men;
Suppose I fell beneath them all—what then?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou see'st a grave,
Thou know'st its use; it holds—perchance a SLAVE!

Perhaps, after all, I might have acquired the needful information, or have fully satisfied my curiosity by sauntering leisurely through the town *without a guide*. I might, with perfect nonchalance, have entered the private enclosures, popped my head into this house or that, till I had established a preference in my own mind, or until some sable damsel, perhaps, had established that preference for me. I might have jumped into the first or best hammock that presented itself, called for light for my cigar, palm-wine, jelly-coco-nuts, or whatever fruits might be courting my wayward fancy from some neighbouring trees—frightened all the children out of their wits—played tricks with the women—tried the temper or temperament of the men—'pitched into' my guide for calling me 'old man'—invaded the sanctuary of the mosques—and, finally, have subscribed my initials or my name upon the walls, in order to assist tradition in commemorating the visit of an 'Englishman' to the place. But I contemplated none of these things, and did none of them. The maxim, 'when at Rome, do as Rome does,' is not limited in its application to the eternal city; the proud boast of an Englishman, that 'his house is his castle,' simply enunciates a principle of constitutional liberty of which he is happily participant; but that boast becomes at once a reproach upon him who, whether Englishman or not, cannot reconcile patriotism with a regard to the rights of others, and who heedlessly, not to say lawlessly, invades the domicile of the unoffending 'savage.'

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE GUERRILLA.

I STAYED to hear no more, but drove the spur against the ribs of my horse, till he sprang in full gallop along the road. Eager as were my men to follow, 'twas as much as they could do to keep up.

We no longer thought of scouts or cautious marching. The trappers had mounted, and were galloping with the rest. We thought only of time.

We rode for the hacienda de Vargas, straight up the river. Although it was beyond the rancheria, we could reach it without passing through the latter—which lay some distance back from the stream. We could return to the village afterwards, but first for the hacienda. There I wished to arrive in the shortest time possible. The miles flew behind us, like the dust of the road.

Oh, should we not be in time! I feared to calculate the length of the interval since the boy had heard that rabble rout. Was it more than an hour? Five miles to the rancho, and he on foot. Had he travelled rapidly? Yes, here and there; but he had made a stop: some men had passed him, and he had hidden in the bushes till they were out of sight. He had been more than an hour on the way—nearly two, and one would be enough for the execution of the darkest deed. Oh, we should not arrive in time!

There was no delay now. We were going at top-speed, and in silence, scarcely exchanging a word. Alone might be heard the clattering of hoofs, the chinking of bits, or the ringing of steel scabbards.

Neither the slimy gutter nor the deep rut of *carreta* wheels stayed our advance; our horses leaped over, or went sweltering through them.

In five minutes we came to the *rinconada*, where the road forked—the left branch leading to the village. We saw no one, and kept on by the right, the direct road to the hacienda. Another mile, and we should reach the house; a quarter of that distance, and we should come in sight of it; the trees alone hindered our view of its walls. On—on!

What means that light? Is the sun rising in the west? Is the chapparal on fire? Whence comes the yellow gleam, half intercepted by the trunks of the trees? It is not the moon!

'Ho! the hacienda is in flames!'

'No—it cannot be? A house of stone, with scarcely enough timber to make a blaze! It cannot be that?'

It is not that. We emerge from the forest; the hacienda is before our eyes. Its white walls gleam under a yellow light—the light of fire, but not of a conflagration. The house stands intact. A huge bonfire burns in front of the portal; it was this that caused the glare through the forest.

We draw up, and gaze upon it with surprise. We behold a huge pile—the material supplied from the household stack of dry fagots—a vast blaze drowning the pale moonshine. We can see the hacienda, and all around it, as distinctly as by the light of day!

For what purpose this holocaust of crackling *acacias*?

Around the fire we behold many forms, living and moving. There are men, women, dogs, and saddled horses. Huge joints are roasting over the red coals, and others, roasted, are being greedily eaten. Are they savages who surround that blazing pile? No—we can see their faces with full distinctness, the white skins and black beards of the men, the cotton garments of the women; we can see *sombreros* and *serapés*, cloth cloaks and *calzoneros* of velvet, sashes and sabres; we can distinguish their voices as they shout, sing, and carouse; we note their lascivious movements in the national dance—the *fandango*. No Indians they! 'Tis a bivouac of the guerrilleros—the ruffians for whom we are in search.

O that I had listened to the voice of prudence, and adopted the strategy of a surround! But my blood was boiling, and I feared to lose even a moment of time, lest we might be too late. But one or two of my followers counselled delay, and, as the event proved, they were the wisest. The rest, like myself, were impatient for action.

The word was given; and like hounds, fresh loosed from the leash, we rushed forward with charging cheer.

It was the madness of fools. Well knew our enemy the hoarse Texan 'hurrah!' It had been shouted to terrify them, when there was no need. They would never have stood ground.

The shout warned them, causing them to scatter like a herd of deer. The steep hill proved too heavy for our horses; and before we could reach its summit, the main body of the guerrilla had mounted and scampered off into the darkness. Six of them fell to our shots, and as many more, with their *she*-associates, remained prisoners in our hands; but as usual that subtle coward had contrived to escape. Pursuit was idle; they had taken to the dark woods beyond the hill.

I thought not of pursuit; my mind was bent on a far different purpose.

I rode into the *patio*. The court was lit up by the glare of the fire. It presented a picture of ruin. Rich furniture was scattered about in the verandah and over the pavement, broken or tumbled down. I called her name—the name of Don Ramon. Loudly and earnestly did I raise my voice, but echo gave the only reply.

I dismounted, and rushed into the verandah, still vociferating, and still without receiving a response. I hurried from room to room—from *cuarto* to *sala*—from *sala* to *saguan*—up to the *azotea*—everywhere—even to the *capilla* in the rear. The moonbeams gleamed upon the altar, but no human form was there. The whole house was deserted; the domestics—even the women of the *cocina*—had disappeared. My horse and I seemed the only living things within those walls—for my followers had remained outside with their prisoners.

A sudden hope gleamed across my heart. Perhaps they had taken my counsel, and gone off before the mob appeared? Heaven grant it might be so!

I rushed out to question the captives. They should know, both men and women: they could certainly tell me.

A glance shewed me I was too late to receive information from the men. A large *pecan* tree stood at one corner of the building. The firelight glared upon it; from its branches hung six human forms with drooping heads, and feet far from the earth. They had just ceased to live!

One told me that the *herredero* was among them, and also the cruel *matador*. Pedro had identified both. The others were *pelados* of the town, who had borne part in the affair of the day. Their judges had made quick work, and equally quick had been the ceremony of execution. Lazos had been reeved over the limbs of the *pecan*, and with these all six had been jerked up without shrift or prayer!

It was not revenge for which I panted. I turned to the women; many of these had made off, but there were still a dozen or more in the hands of the men. They looked haggard with drink; some sullen, and some terrified. They had reason to be afraid.

In answer to my questions, they shook their heads, but gave me no information. Some remained doggedly silent; others denied all knowledge of Don Ramon or his daughter. Threats had no effect. They either knew not, or feared to tell what had befallen them. O heaven! could it be the latter?

I was turning away angered and despairing, when my eyes fell upon a figure that seemed to skulk under the shadow of the walls. A shout of joy escaped me as I recognised the boy Cyprio; he was just emerging from his place of concealment.

'Cyprio?' I cried.

'*Si señor's*,' answered he, advancing rapidly to where I stood.

'Tell me, Cyprio! where are they gone—where—where?'

'*Carrai señor's!* these bad men have carried the *dueño* away; I do not know whither.'

'The señora? the señora?'

'Oh! *cavallero!* es una cosa espantosa!' (It is a terrible thing.)

'Quick, tell me all! Quickly, Cyprio!'

'*Señor's*, there came men with black masks, who broke into the house and carried off the master; then they dragged out Doña Isolina into the patio! *Ay de mi!* I cannot tell you what they did before—*pobre señorita!* There was blood running down her neck and all over her breast: she was not dressed, and I could see it. Some went to the *caballeriza*, and led out the white horse—the steed that was brought from the *llanos*. Upon his back they bound Doña Isolina. *Valga me dios!* such a sight!'

'Go on!'

'Then, *señor's*, they led the horse across the river, and out to the plain beyond. All went along, to see the sport, as they said—*ay de mi!* such sport! I did not go, for they beat and threatened to kill me; but I saw all from the hill-top, where I had hidden myself in the bushes. O *Santissima Maria!*'

'Go on!'

'Then, señores, they stuck *cohetes* in the hips of the horse, and set them on fire, and pulled off the bridle, and the steed went off, with fire-rockets after him, and Doña Isolina tied down upon his back—*pobre señorita!* I could see the horse till he was far, far away upon the *loma*, and then I could see him no more. *Dios de mi alma! la niña esta perdida!*' (Alas! the young lady is lost.)

'Some water! Rube! Garey! friends—water! water!'

I made an attempt to reach the fountain in the patio; but, after staggering dizzily a pace or two, my strength failed me, and I fell fainting to the earth.

CHAPTER LVII.

TAKING THE TRAIL.

I had merely swooned. My nerves and frame were still weak from the blood-letting I had received in the combat of yesterday. The shock of the horrid news was too much for my powers of endurance.

I was insensible only for a short while; the cold water revived me.

When consciousness returned, I was by the fountain, my back leaning against its parapet edge; Rube, Garey, and others were around me. From my dripping garments, I perceived that they had drenched me, and one was pouring a fiery spirit down my throat. There were men on horseback, who had ridden into the patio—the iron hoofs causing the court to ring. They were rangers, but not those who had left camp in my company. Some had arrived since, and others were still galloping up. Those girls had reached the ranger camp, and told their tale. The men had not waited for orders, or even for one another, but rushing to their horses, took the road in twos and threes. Every moment, a horseman, or several together, came riding forward in hot haste, carrying their rifles, as if ready for action, and uttering loud cries of indignation.

Wheatley had arrived among the foremost. Poor fellow! his habitual buoyancy had departed; the gay smile was gone from his lips. His eyes were on fire, and his teeth set in the stern expression of heart-consuming vengeance.

Amidst the hoarse shouting of the men, I heard screaming in the shriller voices of women. It came from without.

I rose hastily, and ran towards the spot: I saw several of the wretched captives stripped to the waist, and men in the act of flogging them, with mule-quirts and pieces of raw-hide rope.

I had feared it was worse; I had feared that their captors were inflicting upon them a *retaliation in kind*. But no—angry as were my followers, they had not proceeded to such a fiendish extremity.

It required all the authority of a command to put an end to the distressing spectacle. They desisted at length, and the screeching and affrighted wretches were permitted to take themselves away—all disappearing rapidly beyond the light of the fire.

At this crisis, a shout was raised: 'To the rancheria, to the rancheria!' and instantly a party, with Wheatley and Holingsworth at its head, rode off for the village. Pedro went along with them.

I waited not for their return; I had formed a plan of action for myself, that would admit of no delay in its execution.

At first, stunned by the blow, and the distraction of my swooning senses, I had not been able to think; as soon as the confusion passed, and I could reflect more clearly, the course I ought to pursue was at once apparent. Vengeance I had felt as the first impulse, and a strong desire to follow up the fiend Ijorra—night and day to follow him—though the pursuit should lead me into the heart of the hostile ground.

This was but a momentary impulse: vengeance must be stifled for the time. A path was to be taken that widely diverged from that of the retreating guerrilla—the trail of the white steed.

Mounting Cyprio, and choosing from my band half-a-dozen of the best trackers, was the work of a moment. In another, we were in the saddle; and descending the hill, we plunged rapidly through the stream, crossed the skirting timber, and soon reached the open prairie.

Under Cyprio's guidance, we found the spot desecrated by that cruel display. The ground was trampled by many hoofs; fragments of paper—powder-blackened—broken rocket-sticks, and half-burnt fuses, strewed the sward—the pyrotechnic *reliquiæ* of the fiendish spectacle.

We halted not there. By the aid of our guide and the moonlight, we rode clear of the confusion; and taking up the trail of the horse, struck off upon it, and were soon far out upon the prairie.

For more than a mile we advanced at a gallop. Time was everything. Trusting to the intelligence of the Mexican boy, we scarcely scrutinised the track, but made directly for the point where the horse had been last seen.

Cyprio's information did not deceive us. A *motte* of timber had served him as a mark: the steed had passed close to its edge. Beyond it, he had seen him no more.

Beyond it, we found the tracks, easily recognisable by Rube, Garey, and myself. There was a peculiarity by which we were prevented from mistaking them: three of the prints were clearly cut in the turf—almost perfect circles—the curve of the fourth—of the off fore-foot—was interrupted by a slight indentation, where a piece had been broken from the hoof. It had been done in that terrible leap upon the rocky bed of the barranca.

Taking the trail again, we kept on—now advancing at a slower pace, and with a greater degree of caution. Late rains had moistened the prairie-turf, and we could perceive the tracks without dismounting. At intervals, there were stretches of drier surface, where the hoof had scarcely left its impression. In such places, one leaped from the saddle, and led the way on foot. Rube or Garey usually performed this office; and so rapidly did they move along the trail, that our horses were seldom in a walk. With bodies half bent, and eyes gliding along the ground, they pressed forward like hounds running by the scent, but, unlike these, the trackers made no noise. Not a word was spoken by any one. I had no list for speech; my agony was too intense for utterance.

With Cyprio I had conversed upon the harrowing theme, and that only at starting. From him I had gathered further details. No doubt, the matador had performed his office. O God! without ears!

Cyprio had seen blood; it was streaming adown her neck and over her bosom: her slight garments were stained red with it. He knew not whence it came, or why she was bleeding. He was not present when that blood had been drawn; it was in her chamber, he thought. She was bleeding when the ruffians dragged her forth!

Belike, too, the *herredero* had done his work? Cyprio had seen the blacksmith, but not the *fierra*. He heard they had branded some at the plazza, among others the daughter of the *alcaldé*—*pobre Conchita!* He did not see them brand the Doña Isolina.

The ruffian deed might have been accomplished for all that; there was plenty of time, while the boy lay hid.

How was she placed upon the horse?

Despite my heart's bitterness, as I put these interrogatories, I could not help thinking of the Cossack legend. The famed classic picture came vividly before

my mind. Wide was the distance between the Ukraine and the Rio Bravo. Had the monsters who re-enacted this scene on the banks of the Mexican river—had these ever heard of Mazeppa? Possibly their leader had; but still more probable that the fiendish thought was original.

The fashion at least was. Cyprio had seen and could describe it.

She was laid longitudinally upon the back of the steed, her head resting upon the point of his shoulder. Her face was downward, her cheek touching the withers. Her arms embraced the neck, and her wrists were made fast under the animal's throat. Her body was held in position by means of a belt around her waist, attached to a surcingle on the horse—both tightly buckled. In addition to this, her ankles, bound together by a thong, were fastened to the croup, with her feet projecting beyond the hips!

I groaned as I listened to the details.

The ligature was perfect—cruelly complete. There was no hope that such fastenings would give way. Those thongs of raw-hide would not come undone. Horse and rider could never part from that unwilling embrace—never, till hunger, thirst, death—no, not even death could part them! O horror!

Not without groans could I contemplate the hideous fate of my betrothed—of her whose love had become my life.

I left the tracking to my comrades, and my horse to follow after. I rode with loose rein, and head drooping forward; I scarcely gave thought to design. My heart was well-nigh broken.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE VOYAGEUR.

We had not gone far when some one closed up beside me, and muttered a word of cheer; I recognised the friendly voice of the big trapper.

'Don't be afeerd, capt'n,' said he, in a tone of encouragement; 'don't be afeerd! Rube an me'll find 'em afore thar's any harm done. I don't b'lieve the white hoss 'll gallip sur, knowin thar's someb'dy on his back. It war them gim-cracks that sot him off. When they burn out, he'll come to a dead halt, an then'—

'And then?' I inquired mechanically.

'We'll get up, an your black'll be able to overhaul him in a jump or two.'

I began to feel hope. It was but a momentary gleam, and died out in the next instant.

'If the moon 'ud only hold out,' continued Garey, with an emphasis denoting doubt.

'Rot the moon!' said a voice interrupting him; 'she's a gwine to guv out. Wagh!'

It was Rube who had uttered the unpleasant prognostication, in a peevish, but confident tone.

All eyes were turned upward. The moon, round and white, was sailing through a cloudless sky, and almost in the zenith. How, then, was she to 'give out?' She was near the full, and could not set before morning. What did Rube mean? The question was put to him.

'Look ee 'ander!' said he in reply. 'D'ees see thet ur black line, down low on the paraiza?'

There appeared a dark streak along the horizon to the eastward. Yes, we saw it.

'Wal,' continued Rube, 'thur's no timber thur—ne'er a stick—nor high groun neyther: thet ur's a cloud; I've seed the likes afore. Wait a bit. Wagh! In jest ten minnits, the durned thing'll kiver up the moon, an make thet putty blue sky look as black as the hide o' an Afrikin nigger—it will.'

'I'm asferd he's right, capt'n,' said Garey, in a depending tone. 'I war doubtful o' it myself: the

sky looked too near. I didn't like it a bit: thar's always a change when things are better'n common.'

I needed not to inquire the consequences, should Rube's prediction prove correct; that was evident to all of us. The moon once obscured by clouds, our progress would be arrested: even a horse could not be tracked in the darkness.

We were not long in suspense. Again the foresight of the old trapper proved unerring. Cumuli rolled up the sky one after another, until their black masses shrouded the moon. At first, they came only in detached clouds, and there was light at intervals; but these were only the advanced columns of a heavier body, that soon appeared, and without a break, spread itself pall-like over the firmament.

The moon's disc became entirely hidden from our view; her scattered beams died out, and the prairie lay dark as if shadowed by an eclipse.

We could follow the trail no farther. The ground itself was not visible, much less the hoof-prints we had been tracing; and halting simultaneously, we drew our horses together, and sat in our saddles to deliberate upon what was best to be done.

The consultation was a short one. They who formed that little party were all men of prairie or backwoods experience, and well versed in the ways of the wilderness. It took them but little time to decide what course should be followed; and they were unanimous in their opinion. Should the sky continue clouded, we must give up the pursuit till morning, or adopt the only alternative—follow the trail by torch-light.

Of course the latter was determined upon. It was yet early in the night; many hours must intervene before we should have the light of day. I could not live through those long hours without action. Even though our progress might be slow, the knowledge that we were advancing would help to stifle the painfulness of reflection.

'A torch! a torch!'

Where was such a thing to be procured? We had with us no material with which to make one; there was no timber near! We were in the middle of a naked prairie. The universal mezquite—the *algar obia glandulosa*—excellent for such a purpose, grew nowhere in the neighbourhood. Who was to find the torch? Even Rube's ingenuity could not make one out of nothing.

'Ecoutez, mon capitaine!' cried Le Blanc, an old voyageur—'écoutez! vy me no ride back, et von lanterne bring from ze ville Mexicaine?'

True, why not? We were yet but a few miles from the rancheria. The Canadian's idea was a good one.

'Je connais,' he continued—'know I, pe gar I ze ver spot où—vere—sont cachées—hid les chandelles magnifiques—von, deux, tree big candles—vax, vax'—

'Wax-candles?'

'Oui—oui, messieurs! tres grand comme un bâton; ze ver chose pour allumer la prairie.'

'You know where they are? You could find them, Le Blanc?'

'Oui, messieurs—je connais: les chandelles sont cachées dans l'église—zey are in ze church hid.'

'Ha! in the church?'

'Oui, messieurs; c'est un grand sacrilège, mon Dieu! ver bad; mais n'importe cela. Eef mon capitaine permis, vill allow pour aller Monsieur Quack'boah, he go chez moi; nous chercherons; ve bring ze chandelles—pe gar ve bring him!'

From the mixed gibberish of the voyageur, I could gather his meaning well enough. He knew of a depository of wax-candles, and the church of the rancheria was the place in which they were kept. I was not in a frame of mind to care much for the sacrilege, and my companions were still less scrupulous. The act was determined upon, and Le Blanc and

Quackenboss, without more delay, took the back-track for the village.

The rest of us dismounted, and picketing our horses to the grass, lay down to await the return of the messengers.

CHAPTER LIX.

TRAILING BY TORCH-LIGHT.

While thus inactive, my mind yielded itself up to the contemplation of painful probabilities. Horrid spectacles passed before my imagination. I saw the white horse galloping over the plain, pursued by wolves, and shadowed by black vultures. To escape these hungry pursuers, I saw him dash into the thick chaparral, there to encounter the red panther or the fierce prowling bear—there to encounter the sharp thorns of the acacias, the barbed spines of the cactus, and the recurring claw-like armature of the wild aloes. I could see the red blood streaming adown his white flanks—not his blood, but that of the helpless victim stretched prostrate along his back. I could see the lacerated limbs—the ankles chafed and swollen—the garments torn to shreds—the drooping head—the long loose hair tossed and trailing to the earth—the white wan lips—the woo-be-speaking eyes—Oh! I could bear my reflections no longer. I sprang to my feet, and paced the prairie with the aimless unsteady step of a madman.

Again the kind-hearted trapper approached, and renewed his efforts to console me.

'We could follow the trail,' he said, 'by torch or candle light, almost as fast as we could travel; we should be many miles along it before morning; maybe before then we should get sight of the steed. It would not be hard to surround and capture him; now that he was half-tamed, he might not run from us; if he did, he could be overtaken. Once in view, we would not lose sight of him again. The saynyora would be safe enough; there was nothing to hurt her: the wolves would not know the "fix" she was in, neither the "bars" nor "painters." We should be sure to come up with her before the next night, and would find her first rate; a little tired and hungry, no doubt, but nothing to hurt. We should relieve her, and rest would set all right again.'

Notwithstanding the rude phrase in which these consolatory remarks were made, I appreciated the kind intent.

Garey's speech had the effect of rendering me more hopeful; and in calmer mood, I awaited the return of Quackenboss and the Canadian.

These did not linger. Two hours had been allowed them to perform their errand; but long before the expiration of that period, we heard the double trampling of their horses as they came galloping across the plain.

In a few minutes they rode up, and we could see in the hands of Le Blanc three whitish objects, that in length and thickness resembled stout walking-canes. We recognised *les chandelles magnifiques*.

They were the property of the church, designed, no doubt, to have illumined the altar upon the occasion of some grand *día de fiesta*.

'Voilà! mon capitaine!' cried the Canadian, as he rode forward—'voilà les chandelles! Ah, mon Dieu! c'est von big sacrilège, et je suis bon Chrétien—buen Catolico, as do call 'im ze dam Mexicaine; bien—ze bon Dieu we forgive—God ve pardon vill pour—for ze grand necessitie; sure certains he vill me pardon—Lige et moi—ze brave Monsieur Quack'bosh.'

The messengers had brought news from the village. Some rough proceedings had taken place since our departure. Men had been punished; fresh victims had been found under the guidance of Pedro and others

of the abused. The trees in the church enclosure that night bore horrid fruit.

The alcaidé was not dead; and Don Ramon, it was supposed, still survived, but had been carried off a prisoner by the guerrilla! The rangers were yet at the rancheria; many had been desirous of returning with Le Blanc and Quackenboss, but I had sent orders to the lieutenants to take all back to camp as soon as their affair was over. The fewer of the troop that should be absent, the less likelihood of our being missed, and those I had with me I deemed enough for my purpose. Whether successful or not, we should soon return to camp. It would then be time to devise some scheme for capturing the leader and prime actor in this terrible tragedy.

Hardly waiting to hear the story, we lighted the great candles, and moved once more along the trail.

Fortunately, the breeze was but slight, and only served to make the huge waxen torches flare more freely. By their brilliant blaze, we were enabled to take up the tracks, quite as rapidly as by the moonlight. At this point, the horse had been still going at full gallop; and his course, as it ran in a direct line, rendered it more easy to be followed.

Dark as the night was, we soon perceived we were heading for a point well known to all of us—the prairie mound; and, under a faint belief that the steed might have there come to a stop, we pressed forward with a sort of hopeful anticipation.

After an hour's tracking, the white cliffs loomed within the circle of our view, the shining selenite glancing back the light of our tapers, like a wall set with diamonds.

We approached with caution, still keeping on the trail, but also keenly scrutinising the ground in advance of us—in hopes of perceiving the object of our search. Neither by the cliff, nor in the gloom around, was living form to be traced.

Sure enough the steed had halted there, or, at all events, ceased from his wild gallop. He had approached the mound in a walk, as the tracks testified; but how, and in what direction had he gone thence? His hoof-prints no longer appeared. He had passed over the shingle, that covered the plain to a distance of many yards from the base of the cliff, and no track could be found beyond.

Several times we went around the mesa, carrying our candles everywhere. We saw skeletons of men and horses with skulls detached, fragments of dresses, and pieces of broken armour—souvenirs of our late skirmish—we looked into our little fortress, and gazed upon the rock that had sheltered us; we glanced up the gorge where we had climbed, and beheld the rope by which we had descended still hanging in its place: all these we saw, but no further traces of the steed!

Round and round we went, back and forward, over the stony shingle, and along its outer edge, but still without coming upon the tracks. Whither could the horse have gone?

Perhaps, with a better light, we might have found the trail; but for a long hour we searched, without striking upon any sign of it. Perhaps we might still have found it, even with our waxen torches, but for an incident that not only interrupted our search, but filled us with fresh apprehension, and almost stifled our hopes of success.

The interruption did not come unexpected. The clouds had for some time given ample warning. The big solitary drops that at intervals fell with plashing noise upon the rocks, were but the *avant-couriers* of one of the great rain-storms of the prairie, when water descends as if from a shower-bath. We knew from the signs that such a storm was nigh; and while casting around to recover the trail, it commenced in all its fury.

Almost in an instant our lights were extinguished, and our bootless search brought to a termination.

We drew up under the rocks, and stood side by side in sullen silence. Even the elements seemed against me. In my heart's bitterness, I cursed them.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

LOOKING on the surface of things, it might be thought there was nothing but politics to talk about—how the elections went, and so forth. However, science and art have not ceased to advance as an undercurrent: mathematicians have made further discoveries in their favourite science, and sent the results to the Royal Society in papers very learned, and very abstruse. Chemists have not been idle, as will ere long be demonstrated. Among them, Dr Marcey is realising experiments which Gulliver the voracious once saw at Laputa; he, the doctor, being engaged in an elaborate investigation of the nature and properties of fecal matters, and not without important consequences. Some part of his researches has appeared in the *Philosophical Transactions*, and now he has carried the inquiry further, and exhibits beautifully formed crystals of a new substance, to which he gives the name *accretine*.—Dr Herapath is studying the optical character of certain alkaloids, quinin and cinchonidin, as chemists call them, and has obtained some singularly interesting results, which come in with the manifold phenomena of light.—Mr Faraday's views on the *Conservation of Force*, as mentioned in our last, have already met a rejoinder from a partisan of the old doctrine; hence, we may hope ere long to see these views presented in a popular form.—And when we add that Major-general Sabine is occupied with a voluminous work on terrestrial magnetism, which is to embody everything at present known on that interesting subject, it will be seen that science has not abated her thoughtful labours while the nation has been speaking out its mind on political affairs.—The science of magnetism has suffered a loss by the death of Dr Scoresby. He was devoted to it, and we hear that his decease was hastened by over-exertion in his late voyage to Australia, which resulted in confirming his theory for correcting the compass on board iron ships in both hemispheres.

We mentioned not long ago Professor William Thomson's theory for signaling rapidly by telegraph, by means of what he calls 'condensed pulses,' to be reduced to practice some day on the Atlantic telegraph. So far, everything promises well for success: the United States Congress have approved the measures for laying down the cable; and the government will lend two of their most powerful steamers to assist in the work. Our Admiralty will also lend two; and the project is, that the four shall meet about the middle of the Atlantic, when, two of them being laden with the halves of the cable, the wires will be united, and the vessels, steering in opposite directions, will pay out cable till the shore on either side is reached. The other two steamers are to keep near at hand to render assistance in case of need.—Meanwhile, Mr C. V. Walker has discovered an ingenious method of signaling on a railway—in other words, of enabling the guards of a disabled train to ask for help from the nearest stations in either direction. It has been

for some time in use on the South-eastern Railway—one of the most efficient telegraph lines in the kingdom—and answers its purpose so well, that we see no reason why it should not be generally adopted. To describe it in few words, we must premise that by a peculiar arrangement of the battery apparatus, Mr Walker keeps the 'line-wire' in what he calls a null condition. Suppose, then, that a train breaks down. The guard, who carries with him a slender iron rod, hooks one end of it to the null-wire, and with the other touches one of the rails; whereupon, seeing that magnetic currents are constantly passing along the rails, a shock or impulse is at once transmitted from the rail, through the rod, and along the line-wire to the stations. Each touch becomes a signal; and by a simple code combining six touches, the nature of the assistance required may be indicated, for, as is easy to imagine, such a method involves no spelling out of words on a dial-plate. Here, then, is a great desideratum accomplished; simple, and yet effectual. Its importance is recognised by an account of it having been read at a meeting of the Royal Society, as may be seen in the *Proceedings* of that learned body.

Apropos of the Society: we promised to report progress concerning them. They are now removed to their new and commodious quarters in Burlington House, where, for the benefit of science, the Linnean and Chemical Societies are to lodge under the same roof. The apartments which the Society have occupied in Somerset House since 1780, will now, we believe, be converted into government offices; and so the memorable associations that haunt therein, will be disturbed by the intrusion of bustling clerks, with tape, desks, and easy-chairs.

Mr Palliser's project for an exploration of parts of the Hudson's Bay Company's territory lying beyond the Red River Settlement and the Saskatchewan, is approved by government, and some of the party are already on the way to the scene of their labours. Among them there will be a botanist, mineralogist, and geologist; so that we shall get trustworthy information concerning the natural resources of the country, as well as its topography and capabilities. Some three or four years ago, we mentioned a report published by the Geographical Society on the region in question, in which its general features were described—a fertile land, rivers and lakes teeming with fish, and picturesque withal. When the present expedition shall have accomplished its task, we shall doubtless hear of a brisk immigration from Canada West and the adjacent States. Among the instruments with which the explorers will be supplied, are those necessary for taking magnetic observations—the phenomena being, as is well known, of especial interest in the higher latitudes. Seeing that the instruments were verified at the Kew Observatory, and that a committee of the Royal Society gave counsel as to the scientific objects of the expedition, the best results may be hoped for.

Yet another is to be added to the list of travellers who have perished while exploring the interior of Africa, if the news be true that Dr Vogel was assassinated after leaving Kuksa with the hope and intention of reaching the Nile. As will be remembered, he went out three years ago accompanied by twoappers, to join Dr Barth. The latter has returned in safety; and we trust that the rumour of his follower's death will turn out to be unfounded.—The Leichardt exploring-party are still missing in Australia, and late accounts from the colonies mention a searching expedition as likely to be set on foot.

Another example of what can be done with coloured bricks and good workmanship towards improving street-architecture, may now be seen in Fetter Lane—a site by no means favourable. It is a four-story building, intended for a printing-office; and with its harmonious colours, arched windows, ornamental cornice and

chimneys, proves to demonstration that a place of business need not be ugly. The streets of London are so eminently capable of improvement in this particular, that we gladly notice a favourable fact.—We hear from time to time of Model Lodging-houses opened in provincial towns—as recently at Ipswich—implying an advance in social arrangements, yet, from some cause, these houses in London do not flourish. Either the rents are too high, or there is too much of going up and down stairs, or the regulations are such as not to leave sufficient freedom to the ordinary class of tenants. The latter is probably the most powerful cause. We heard recently of an eminent manufacturing firm in Suffolk who built comfortable rooms as lodgings for the single men in their employment. No objection was made to the amount of rent, or to the accommodation; there was everything that an artisan could require for comfort and self-respect, and yet the rooms were left untenanted. ‘The men,’ said one of the firm, ‘prefer a pigsty with liberty, to decent quarters with regulations. And liberty has a wide meaning—from leave to be dirty, to license to tittle.’

The Institute of British Architects have submitted the name of Mr Owen Jones to the Queen, as one worthy the award of the Royal medal; and they purpose giving their ‘Soane Medallion’ and ‘Medal of Merit’ to the two best designs for a metropolitan hotel. They announce, moreover, as subjects for future prizes: ‘The application of wrought iron to structural purposes’—‘The influence of local materials on English architecture;’ and they promise a tangible honour ‘for the best design in not less than five drawings, for—a marine sanitarium, or building for the temporary residence of a limited number of convalescents belonging to the middle and upper classes of society.’ The Institute do not confine themselves to the merely useful, as Mr Papworth’s paper lately read before them, ‘On Beauty in Architecture and its Alliance with the Past,’ abundantly testifies.

Certain agricultural chemists in France have discovered that pounded glass is profitable in cultivation of the land; and M. Paul Thénard is making experiments on a great scale with the pulverised slag of blast-furnaces. This slag he believes to be equivalent to feldspathic rock, and eminently attackable by the agents present in the soil and atmosphere; for the constituents are silicates, anhydrous potash, and iron. He has set up the necessary machinery for pulverising the stubborn lumps, and promises to publish his results as soon as they are justified by practice. Should they confirm the results obtained on a smaller scale, what an opening there will be for a new branch of industry, in the preparation of a fertiliser from heaps of refuse, at present regarded as a nuisance; and what profit Staffordshire will make out of its hideous mountains of waste!

Schoenbein, pursuing his experiments on ozone, finds certain facts, apparently unimportant in themselves, but not so in their relations to chemical science. He shows that an alcoholic solution of two kinds of mushrooms—*Boletus luridus* and *Agaricus sanguineus*—colourless in itself, turns blue under the influence of ozone; and that the expressed juice of these same mushrooms contains an organic matter capable of transforming oxygen into ozone.—A series of test-experiments for ozone, made last year at Birmingham, confirm the conclusions arrived at in other towns in England and on the continent. ‘When the wind blew from the country,’ says the observer, ‘a fair, or probably a full quantity of ozone was indicated; but when the current of air had passed over the town, or came from the colliery district, there was no indication of it, excepting in high winds, when traces of it were noticed.’—Professor Rogers of Boston, United States, from a similar course of experiments, inclines to believe that the presence of ozone is dependent on certain winds. During easterly

or southerly winds, for example, he found ozone to be nearly or quite undiscoverable, but abundant on a change to the west or north-west. As there is much greater contrast in respect of dryness and moisture among the winds of the United States than of this country, it is not improbable that, from a long course of observations, something like a law may be arrived at for this remarkable atmospheric constituent.

The nursery established in Algeria by the French government, at the instance of the Société d’Acclimation, prospers with some of its productions. Three plants of caoutchouc (*Ficus elastica*) brought from Coromandel twelve years ago, are now ‘nearly ten mètres high, and eighty centimètres in circumference at one mètre from the ground, and the branches extending horizontally cover a great space.’ These trees were tapped in 1855, in order that specimens of Algerine caoutchouc might appear in the Paris Exhibition. The *Croton sebiferum*, from China, is also successful, having begun to yield fruit, and the sugar-sorgho. This latter plant, says M. Hardy, the director, ‘secretes on the surface of its stalks, at full maturity, a white resinous powder, from which candles could be made. A hectare of sorgho gives more than a hundred kilogrammes of this substance.’ As yet, the attempts made to acclimatise wax and tallow-bearing plants, the gutta-percha and Peruvian bark, have failed.

There is a project for starting a manufactory of perfumes in Algeria, originating in M. Millon’s ingenious researches. In a description of his process, we are told that, ‘to avoid the alterations which flowers undergo on drying or distillation, he separates the aromatic part by dissolving it in a very volatile liquid, which is afterwards expelled by distillation. With such a solvent, the distillation is attended by no inconvenience, for it may be performed at a low temperature.’ The best solvents are ether and sulphuret of carbon. ‘Properly managed, there is very little loss of the solvent, and the distillation is rapidly performed, much more rapidly, and with a larger quantity of leaves and flowers, than by the ordinary method. But the gathering of the flowers should be done at the proper time of day for each flower. Thus, the carnation gives off its perfume after an exposure of two or three hours to the sun. Roses, on the contrary, should be gathered in the morning as soon as well open; the jasmine before sunrise.’ By this process the perfume becomes isolated, and may be kept exposed to the air for years without alteration. The project becomes important by the side of the fact, that the annual value of the perfumes exported from France is 30,000,000 francs.

Last year, in consequence of accidents arising out of the use of brine in food, the Council of Health of Paris were charged to inquire into the subject. We reproduce a passage from their report: ‘The use of brine as a condiment or seasoning in the nutriment of man has hitherto had no injurious effect, and nothing authorises the opinion that an economical process so advantageous for the poor should be proscribed. The same is not true of the abuse which is made of this substance in the nourishment and in the treatment of the diseases of certain animals, especially swine and horses. Authentic facts and recent experiments shew that the mixture of brine in considerable quantity with food may produce real poisoning. In all cases, brine preserved too long or in contact with rancid meat should not be employed except with the greatest care, and after it has been purified by skimming off all the scum which forms on the surface.’

By way of conclusion—Mr Tooke has published the last volume of his *History of Prices*. Having now exceeded the age of fourscore, he leaves the continuation of the interesting subject to younger hands. Three striking points come out on perusal of the book, which, in brief, are, that in Mr Tooke’s opinion, the rate of

interest will not for a long time, if at all, be lower than at present; that the price of provisions will rise rather than fall; and that a great financial crash is imminent in France.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

The Amazons in New York have commenced this year's campaign by petitioning the legislature for women's rights. The petition is referred to the judiciary committee, of which it is supposed Judge Fort will be the chairman. Last session, this judge gave the following report on the same question: 'The petitioners ask that there may be established by law an equality of rights between the two sexes. The judiciary committee is composed of married and single gentlemen. The bachelors on the committee, with becoming diffidence, have left the subject pretty much to the married gentlemen. These have considered it with the aid of the light they have before them, and the experience married life has given them. Thus aided, they are enabled to state that ladies have the best piece and choicest titbit at table, the warmest place in winter, and the coolest place in summer. They have their choice on which side of the bed they will lie, front or back. A lady's dress costs three times as much as that of a gentleman; and at the present time, with the prevailing fashion, one lady occupies three times as much space in the world as a gentleman. It has thus appeared to the married gentlemen of your committee, being a majority—the bachelors being silent for the reasons mentioned, and also, probably, for the further reason that they are still suitors for the favours of the gentler sex—that if there is any inequality or oppression in the case, the gentlemen are the sufferers. They, however, have presented no petition for redress, having doubtless made up their minds to yield to an inevitable destiny. On the whole, the committee have concluded to recommend no measure, except that, as they have observed several instances in which husband and wife have both signed the same petition—in such case they would recommend the parties to apply for a law authorising them to change dresses, so that the husband may wear the petticoats, and the wife the breeches, and thus indicate to their neighbours and the public the true relation in which they stand to each other.'

FISHING IN CHINA.

It has been supposed that nearly a tenth of the population derive their means of support from fisheries. Hundreds and thousands of boats crowd the whole coast of China—sometimes acting in communities, sometimes independent and isolated. There is no species of craft by which a fish can be inveigled which is not practised with success in China—every variety of net, from vast seines embracing miles, to the smallest hand-flet in the care of a child. Fishing by night, and fishing by day—fishing in moonlight, by torchlight, and in utter darkness—fishing in boats of all sizes—fishing by those who are stationary on the rock by the sea-side, and by those who are absent for weeks on the wildest of seas—fishing by cormorants—fishing by divers—fishing with lines, with baskets, by every imaginable decoy and device. There is no river which is not staked to assist the fisherman in his craft. There is no lake, no pond, which is not crowded with fish. A piece of water is nearly as valuable as a field of fertile land. At daybreak, every city is crowded with sellers of live fish, who carry their commodity in buckets of water, saving all they do not sell to be returned to the pond or kept for another day's service.—*Sir John Bowring in the Transactions of the China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, Part V.*

IDENTITY OF DYAK AND EUROPEAN GAMES.

Games are practised among them, some of which astonished us by their similarity to those practised by the peasantry of Europe; particularly that of climbing up a large pole, previously greased to render the achievement difficult of performance, and to the top of which a piece of pork is attached. The meat is the reward of the person

whose agility renders him the first to attain this eminence, and the frequent failures in the attempts call forth from the gazing crowds bursts of laughter as loud and long-continued as from those who gaze at the similar spectacle at an English country-fair. . . . I observed the children playing at peg-top precisely as do those of England; but their tops had no iron pegs, and more resembled those which at school we used to call whipping-tops. I looked on the game with delight, and saw the spinning-top, the mark for the others, receive several smart blows; but they appeared to be of very hard wood, and though driven to some distance, were never broken.—*Low's Sarawak.*

D A Y.

NIGHT's shades are waning fast—approaching Dawn,
A gray dim phantom, creeps along the sky,
With ashen lips, and face all blanched and wan,
And silver-dusky eyes of vacancy,
And spectral form revealed mysteriously
Down to her ghostly middle, and the rest
All lost in pearly mist, that floatingly
Seems her gray garments trailing low on Earth's
expansive breast.

With cold wan breath that dims the shivering star,
She parts the sable curtains of the night,
And the east portal of the sky unbars—
And straight a shower of faintest purple light
Plays strangely round her brow of dusky white
With mystic glimmer—and her wavering form
Wanes in dissolving radiance from the sight,
As grow the herald tints of day more eloquent and
warm.

Pale amber waves of light, in billowy floods,
Surge grandly in upon the waking sky,
With soft faint green, like tint of April woods,
And rich warm crimson, blent exquisitely—
Till misty hills blush with the brilliancy,
And on their glowing tops stands laughing Day
With outspread wings, steeped in each gorgeous dye,
And crown of radiant horny beams, that round her
temples play.

Clad in his own bright loveliness he stands—
Blue floating eyes look on the world below,
And burnished hair, loosed from its gleaming bands,
Falls o'er his frame with undulating flow—
Red beamy lips, and cheeks of ruddy glow,
Fresh flowery zone, and fair green-sandalled feet,
And fleecy robes that flutter to and fro
In the pure healthful radiant gush of his own
breathings sweet.

Laughing he stands, and floods of sunny light
From each fair burning tress shakes down on earth,
And views with smiles his seraph-image bright
That the sweet waking waters mirror forth—
Till Nature stirs, and with a smile of mirth
Unveils her placid face, all fresh with dews,
And lifts her temples for that gift of worth,
The crown of Light, flung sparkling down from the
bright hands profuse!

E. H. C. B.

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A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

SOMETHING TO DO.

I PREMISE that these thoughts do not include *married women*, for whom there are always plenty to think, and who generally think quite enough of and for themselves: therefore let them be! They have cast their lot for good or ill, have realised in greater or less degree the natural vocation of our sex—woman joined to man. They must find out its comforts and its responsibilities, and e'en make the best of both. It is the single women, belonging to those supernumerary pale ranks, which, political economists tell us, are yearly increasing, who most need thinking about.

First, in their early estate, when they have so much in their possession—youth, bloom, and health giving them that temporary influence over the other sex which may result, and is meant to result, in a permanent one. Secondly, when this sovereignty is passing away, the chance of marriage lessening, or wholly ended, or voluntarily set aside, and the individual making up her mind to what, as respect for Grandfather Adam and Grandmother Eve must compel us to admit, is an unnatural condition of being.

Why this undue proportion of single women should almost always result from over-civilisation, and whether, since society's advance is usually indicated by the advance, morally and intellectually, of its women—this progress, by raising women's ideal standard of the 'holy estate,' will not necessarily cause a decline in the very unholy estate which it is most frequently made—are questions too wide to be entered upon here. I have only to deal with facts—with a certain acknowledged state of things, perhaps impossible of remedy, but by no means incapable of amelioration.

But, granted these facts, and leaving to wiser heads their cause and their cure, I, a woman, have a right to say my say—out of practical observation and experience. And looking around upon the middle-classes, which form the staple stock of the community, it appears to me that the chief canker at the root of women's lives is the want of something to do.

Herein I refer, as this chapter must be understood especially to refer, not to those whom ill or good fortune queries, is it not often the latter?—has forced to earn their bread; but to 'young ladies,' who have never been brought up to do anything. Tom, Dick, and Harry, their brothers, has each had it knocked into him from school-days that he is to do something, to be somebody. University, house, shop, or college, afford him a clear path on which to concentrate all his energies and efforts. He has got the grand *pabulum* of the human

soul—occupation. If any inherent want in his character, any unlucky combination of circumstances, nullify this, what a poor creature the man becomes!—what a dawdling, moping, sitting-over-the-fire, thumb-twiddling, lazy, ill-tempered animal! And why? 'Oh, poor fellow! 'tis because he has got nothing to do!'

Yet this is precisely the condition of women for a third, a half, often the whole of their existence.

That Providence ordained it so—made men to work, and women to be idle—is a doctrine that few will be bold enough to assert openly. Tacitly, they do, when they preach up lovely uselessness, fascinating frivolity, delicious helplessness—all those polite impertinences and poetical degradations to which the foolish, lazy, or selfish of our sex are prone to incline an ear, but which any woman of common sense must repudiate as insulting not only her womanhood, but its Creator.

Equally blasphemous, and perhaps even more harmful, is the outcry about 'the equality of the sexes;' the frantic attempt to force women—who, nine-tenths of them, are ignorant of and unequal for their own duties—into the position and duties of men. A pretty state of matters would ensue! Who that ever listened for two hours to the verbose confused inanities of a ladies' committee, would incontinently go and give his vote for a female House of Commons? or who, on the receipt of a lady's letter of business—I speak of the average—would wish thereupon to have our courts of justice stocked with matronly lawyers, and our colleges thronged by

Sweet girl-graduates with their golden hair?

As for finance, in its various branches—if you pause to consider the extreme difficulty there always is in balancing Mrs Smith's housekeeping-book, or Miss Smith's quarterly allowance, I think, my dear Paternal Smith, you need not be much afraid lest this loud acclaim for 'women's rights' should ever be more than 'great cry and little wool.'

No; equality of the sexes is not in the nature of things. Man and woman were made for, and not like one another. One only 'right' we have to assert with the opposite sex—and that is as much in our own hands as theirs—the right of having something to do.

That both sexes were meant to labour—one 'by the sweat of his brow;' the other, 'in sorrow to bring forth'—and bring up—'children'—cannot, I fancy, be questioned. Nor, when the gradual changes of the civilised world, or some special destiny, chosen or compelled, have prevented that first, highest, and in earlier times almost universal lot, does this accidental fate in any way abrogate the necessity, moral, physical,

and mental, for a woman to have occupation, in other forms.

But how few parents ever consider this? Tom, Dick, and Harry, aforesaid, leave school and plunge into life; 'the girls' likewise finish their education, come home, and stay at home. That is enough. Nobody thinks it needful to waste a care upon them. Bless them, pretty dears, how sweet they are! papa's nose-gay of beauty to adorn his drawing-room. He delights to give them all they can desire—clothes, amusements, society; he and mamma together take every domestic care off their hands; they have abundance of time and nothing to occupy it; plenty of money, and little use for it; pleasure without end, but not one definite object of interest or employment; flattery and flummery enough, but no solid food whatever to satisfy mind or heart—if they happen to possess either—at the very emptiest and most craving season for both. They have literally nothing whatever to do, except to fall in love; which they accordingly do, the most of them, as fast as ever they can.

'Many think they are in love, when, in fact, they are only idle'—is one of the truest sayings of that great wise bore, Imlac, in *Rasselas*, and it has been proved by many a shipwrecked life, of girls especially. This 'falling in love,' being usually a mere delusion of the fancy, and not the real thing at all, the object is generally unattainable or unworthy. Papa is displeased, mamma somewhat shocked and scandalised; it is a 'foolish affair,' and no matrimonial results ensue. There only ensues—what?

A long dreary season, of pain real or imaginary, yet not the less real because it is imaginary, of anger and mortification, of impotent struggle—against unjust parents, the girl believes, or, if romantically inclined, against cruel destiny. Gradually this mood wears out; she learns to regard 'love' as folly, and turns her whole hope and aim to—matrimony! matrimony in the abstract; not the man, but any man—any person who will snatch her out of the dulness of her life, and give her something really to live for—in short, something to do.

Well, the man may come, or he may not. If the latter melancholy result occurs, the poor girl passes into her third stage of young-ladyhood, fritters or mopes away her existence, sullenly bears it, or dashes herself blindfold against its restrictions; is unhappy, and makes her family unhappy; perhaps herself cruelly conscious of all this, yet unable to find the true root of bitterness in her heart: not knowing exactly what she wants, yet aware of a morbid, perpetual want of something. What is it?

Alas! the boys only have had the benefit of that well-known juvenile apothegm, that

Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do:

it has never crossed the parents' minds that the rhyme could apply to the delicate digital extremities of the daughters.

And so their whole energies are devoted to the massacre of old Time. They prick him to death with crochet and embroidery needles; strum him deaf with piano and harp playing—not music; cut him up with morning-visitors, or leave his carcass in ten-minute parcels at every 'friend's' house they can think of. Finally, they dance him defunct at all sort of unnatural hours; and then, rejoicing in the excellent excuse, smother him in sleep for a third of the following day. Thus he dies, a slow, inoffensive, perfectly natural death; and they will never recognise his murder till, on the confines of this world, or from the unknown shores of the next, the question meets them: 'What have you done with Time?'—Time, the only mortal gift bestowed equally on every living soul, and,

excepting the soul, the only mortal loss which is totally irretrievable.

Yet this great sin, this irredeemable loss, in many women, arises from their ignorance. Men are taught as a matter of business to recognise the value of time, to apportion and employ it: women, rarely or never. The most of them have no definite appreciation of the article as a tangible divisible commodity at all. They would laugh at a mantua-maker who cut up a dress-length into trimmings, and then expected to make out of two yards of silk a full skirt. Yet that the same laws of proportion should apply to time and its measurements—that you cannot dawdle away a whole forenoon, and then attempt to cram into the afternoon the entire business of the day—that every minute's unpunctuality constitutes a debt or a theft (lucky, indeed, if you yourself are the only party robbed or made creditor thereof!): these slight facts rarely seem to cross the feminine imagination.

It is not their fault; they have never been 'accustomed to business.' They hear that with men 'time is money;' but it never strikes them that the same commodity, equally theirs, is to them not money, perhaps, but *life*—life in its highest form and noblest use—life bestowed upon every human being, distinctly and individually, without reference to any other being, and for which every one of us, married or unmarried, woman as well as man, will assuredly be held accountable before God.

My young-lady friends, of from seventeen upwards, your time, and the use of it, is as essential to you as to any fathers or brothers of you all. You are accountable for it just as much as they are. If you waste it, you waste not your substance, but your very souls—and that which is your own, but your Maker's.

Ay, there the core of the matter lies. From the hour that honest Adam and Eve were put into the garden, not—as I once heard some sensible preacher observe—'not to be idle in it, but to dress it and to keep it,' the Father of all has never put one man or one woman into this world without giving them something to do there, in it and for it: some visible, tangible work to be left behind them when they die.

Young ladies, 'tis worth a grave thought—what, if called away at eighteen, twenty, or thirty, the most of you would leave behind you when you die? Much embroidery, doubtless; various pleasant, kindly, illegible letters; a moderate store of good deeds; and a cart-load of good intentions. Nothing else—save your name on a tomb-stone, or lingering for a few more years in family or friendly memory. 'Poor dear!—! what a nice lively girl she was.' For what benefit accruing through you to your generation, you might as well never have lived at all.

But 'what am I to do with my life?' as once asked me one girl out of the numbers who begin to feel aware that, whether marrying or not, each possesses an individual life, to spend, to use, or to lose. And herein lies the momentous question.

The difference between man's vocation and woman's seems naturally to be this—one is abroad, the other at home: one external, the other internal: one active, the other passive. He has to go and seek out his path; hers usually lies close under her feet. Yet each is as distinct, as honourable, as difficult; and whatever custom may urge to the contrary—if the life is meant to be a worthy or a happy one—each must resolutely and undoubtedly be trod. But—*how?*

A definite answer to this question is simply impossible. So diverse are characters, tastes, capabilities, and circumstances, that to lay down an absolute line of occupation for any six women of one's own acquaintance, would be the merest absurdity.

'Herein the patient must minister to herself.' To her is the choice so easy, and the field of duty so unlimited, that she need puzzle very long over what she ought to

do. Generally—and this is the best and safest guide—she will find her work lying very close at hand: some deontological tastes to condense into regular studies—some faulty household quietly to remodel—some child to teach, or parent to watch over; or, all these being needless or unattainable, to try and extend her service out of the home into the world, which perhaps never at any time so much needed the help of us women. And hardly one of its charities and duties can be done so thoroughly as by a wise and tender woman's hand.

Here occurs another of those plain rules which are the only guidance possible in the matter—a Bible rule, too—'*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.*' Question it not, philosophise not over it—do it!—only do it! Thoroughly and completely, never satisfied with less than perfectness. Be it ever so great or so small, from the founding of a village-school to the making of a collar—do it 'with thy might;' and never lay it aside till it is done.

Let each day's account leave this balance—of something done. Something beyond mere pleasure, one's own or others'—though both are good and sweet in their way. Let the superstructure of life be enjoyment, but let its foundation be in solid work—daily, regular, conscientious work: in its essence and results as distinct as any 'business' of men. What they expend for wealth and ambition, shall not we offer for duty and love—the love of our fellow-creatures, or, far higher, the love of God?

'Labour is worship,' says the proverb: also—nay, necessarily so—labour is happiness. Only let us turn from the dreary, colourless lives of the women, old and young, who have nothing to do, to those of their sisters who are always doing something—women who, believing and accepting the universal law, that pleasure is the mere accident of our being, and work its natural and most holy necessity, have set themselves steadily to seek out and fulfil theirs.

These are they who are little spoken of in the world at large. I do not include among them those whose labours should spring from an irresistible impulse, and become an absolute vocation, or it is not worth following at all—namely, the 'gifted' women, writers, painters, musicians, and the like. I mean those women who lead active, intelligent industrious lives: lives complete in themselves, and therefore not giving half the trouble to their friends that the idle and foolish virgins do—no, not even in love-affairs. If love comes to them accidentally, or rather providentially, and happily, so much the better!—they will not make the worse wives for having been busy maidens. But the 'tender passion' is not to them the one grand necessity that it is to aimless lives; they are in no haste to wed: they have got something to do; and if never married, still the habitual faculty of usefulness gives them in themselves and with others that obvious value, that fixed standing in society, which will for ever prevent their being drifted away, like most old maids, down the current of the new generation, even as dead May-flies down a stream.

They have made for themselves a place in the world: the harsh, practical, yet not ill-meaning world, where all find their level soon or late, and where a frivolous young maid, sunk into a helpless old one, can no more expect to keep her pristine position, than a last year's leaf to flutter upon a spring bough. But an old maid who deserves well of this same world, by her ceaseless work therein, having won her position, keeps it to the end.

Not an ill position either, or unkindly; often higher and more honourable than that of many a mother of ten sons. In households, where 'Auntie' is the universal referee, nurse, playmate, comforter, and counsellor: in society, where 'that nice Miss So-and-so,' though neither clever, handsome, nor young, is yet impossible to be omitted or overlooked: in charitable works,

where she is 'such a practical body—always knows exactly what to do, and how to do it:' or perhaps, in her own house, solitary indeed, as every single woman's home must be, yet neither dull nor unhappy in itself, and the nucleus of cheerfulness and happiness to many another home besides.

She has not married. Under heaven, her home, her life, her lot, are all of her own making. Bitter or sweet they may have been—it is not ours to meddle with them, but we can any day see their results. Wide or narrow as her circle of influence appears, she has exercised her power to the uttermost, and for good. Whether great or small her talents, she has not let one of them rust for want of use. Whatever the current of her existence may have been, and in whatever circumstances it has placed her, she has voluntarily wasted no portion of it—not a year, not a month, not a day.

Published or unpublished, this woman's life is a goodly chronicle, the title-page of which you may read in her quiet countenance; her manner, settled, cheerful, and at ease; her unflinching interest in all things and all people. You will rarely find she thinks much about herself; she has never had time for it. And this her life-chronicle, which, out of its very fullness, has taught her that the more one does, the more one finds to do—she will never flourish in your face, or the face of Heaven, as something uncommonly virtuous and extraordinary. She knows that, after all, she has simply done what it was her duty to do.

But—and when her place is vacant on earth, this will be said of her assuredly, both here and Otherwhere—'*She hath done what she could.*'

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LX.—THE SOMBERERO.

The horses cowered under the cold rain, all of them jaded and hungry. The hot dusty march of the morning, and the long rough gallop of the night, had exhausted their strength; and they stood with drooped heads and hanging ears, dozing and motionless.

The men, too, were wearied—some of them quite worn out. A few kept their feet, bridle in hand, under shelter of the impending cliff; the others, having staggered down, with their backs against the rock, had almost instantly fallen asleep.

For me was neither sleep nor rest; I did not even seek protection against the storm, but standing clear of the cliff, received the drenching shower full upon my shoulders. It was the chill rain of the 'norther;' but at that moment neither cold *norte* nor hot *sirocco* could have produced upon me an impression of pain. To physical suffering I was insensible. I should even have welcomed it, for I well understood the truth, proverbially expressed in that language, rich above all others in proverbial lore—'*un clavo saca otro clavo,*' and still more fully illustrated by the poet:

*Tristesas me hacen triste,
Tristesas salgo a buscar,
A ver si con tristezas
Tristesas puedo olvidar.*

Yes, under any other form, I should have welcomed physical pain as a neutraliser of my mental anguish; but that cold norther brought no consolation.

Sadly the reverse. It was the harbinger of keen apprehension; for not only had it interrupted our search, but should the heavy rain continue but for a few hours, we might be able neither to find or further

to follow the trail. It would be *blinded*—obliterated—lost. Can you wonder that in my heart I execrated those black clouds, and that driving deluge?—that with my lips I cursed the sky and the storm, the moon and the stars, the red lightning and the rolling thunder?

My anathema ended, I stood in sullen silence leaning against the body of my brave horse, whose sides shivered under the chilly rain, though I felt not its chill.

Absorbed in gloomy thought, I recked not what was passing around me; and for an unnoted period I remained in this speechless abstraction.

My reverie was broken. Some expressions that reached my ear told me that at least two of my followers had not yet yielded to weariness or despair. Two of them were in conversation; and I easily recognised the voices of the trappers. Tireless, used to stern struggles—to constant warfare with the elements, with nature herself—these true men never thought of giving up, until the last effort of human ingenuity had failed. From their conversation, I gathered that they had not yet lost hope of finding the trail, but were meditating on some plan for recovering and following it.

With renewed eagerness I faced towards them and listened; both talked in a low voice. Garey was speaking, as I turned to them.

'I guess you're right, Rube. The hoss must a gone thar, an if so, we're boun' to fetch his tracks. Thar's mud, if I remember right, all roun' the pool. We can carry the candle under Dutch's sombrero.'

'Ye-es,' drawled Rube in reply; 'an ef this niggur don't miskalk'late, we ain't a gwine to need eyther cannell or sombrairay. Lookkee yander!'—the speaker pointed to a break in the clouds—'I'll stake high, I kin mizyure this hyur shower wi' the tail o' a goat. Wagh! we'll hev the moon agin, clur as iver in the inside o' ten minnits—see ef we haint.'

'So much the better, old hoss; but hadn't we best first try for the tracks; time's precious, Rube'—

'In coorse it ur; git the cannell an the sombrairay, an le's be off then. The rest o' these fellurs hed better stay hyur; thu'll only bamfoozle us.'

'Lige!' called out Garey, addressing himself to Quackenboss—'Lige! gi' us yur hat a bit.'

A loud snore was the only reply. The ranger, seated with his back against the rock, and his head drooping over his breast, was sound asleep.

'Durned sleepyhead!' exclaimed Rube, in a tone of peevish impatience. 'Prod 'im wi' the point o' yur bowie, Bill! Rib-roast 'im wi' yur wipin-stick! Lam 'im wi' yur laryette!—gi' 'im a kick i' the guts!—roust 'im up, durn 'im!'

'Lige!—ho!—Dutchy!' cried Garey, approaching the sleeper, and shaking him by the shoulder; 'I want your sombrero.'

'Ho! wo! stand still! Jingo, he'll throw me. I can't get off; the spurs are locked. Ho! wo! wo!'

Rube and Garey broke into a loud cachinnation that awakened the rest of the slumberers. Quackenboss alone remained asleep, fighting in his dreams with the wild Indian horse.

'Durned mulehead!' cried Rube after a pause; 'let 'im go on at thet's long's he likes it. Chuck the hat off o' his head, Bill! we don't want *him*—thet we don't.'

There was a little pique in the trapper's tone. The breach that the ranger had made, while acting as a faithful sentinel, was not yet healed.

Garey made no further attempts to arouse the sleeper, but in obedience to the order of his comrade,

lifted off the hat; and, having procured one of the great candles, he and Rube started off without saying another word, or giving any clue to their design.

Though joyed at what I had heard, I refrained from interrogating them. Some of my followers who put questions received only ambiguous answers. From the manner of the trappers, I saw that they wished to be left to themselves; and I could well trust them to the development of whatever design they had conceived.

On leaving us, they walked straight out from the cliff, but how far they continued in this direction it was impossible to tell. They had not lighted the candle; and after going half-a-dozen steps, their forms disappeared from our view amidst the darkness and thickly falling rain.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE TRAIL RECOVERED.

The rangers, after a moment of speculation as to the designs of the trappers, resumed their attitude of repose. Fatigued as they were, even the cold could not keep them awake.

After a pause, the voice of Quackenboss could be heard, in proof that that heavy sleeper was at length aroused; the rain falling upon his half-bald skull had been more effective than the shouts and shaking of Garey.

'Hillo! Where's my hat?' inquired he in a mystified tone, at the same time stirring himself, and groping about among the rocks. 'Where is my hat? Boys, did any o' ye see anything o' a hat, did ye?' His shouts again awoke the sleepers.

'What sort of a hat, Lige?' inquired one.

'A black hat—that Mexican sombrero.'

'Oh! a black hat; no—I saw no black hat.'

'You darned Dutchman! who do you expect could see a black hat such a night as this, or a white one eyther? Go to sleep!'

'Come, boys, I don't want none o' your nonsense: I want my hat. Who's got my hat?'

'Are you sure it was a black hat?'

'Bah! the wind has carried it away.'

'Pe gar! Monsieur Quack'bosh—votre chapeau grand—you great beeg 'at—est il perdu?—is lost!—c'est vrai? Pardieu! les loups—ze wolfs have it can't away—have it mangé—eat? c'est vrai?'

'None o' your gibberish, Frenchy. Have you got my hat?'

'Moi! votre chapeau grand! No, monsieur. Quack'bosh—vraiment je ne l'ai pas; pe gar, no!'

'Have you got it, Stanfield?' asked the botanist, addressing himself to a Kentucky backwoodsman of that name.

'Dang yar hat! What shed I do wi' yar hat? I've got my own hat, and that's hat enough for me.'

'Have you my hat, Bill Black?'

'No,' was the prompt reply; 'I've got neery hat but my own, and that ain't black, I reckon, 'cept sich a night as this.'

'I tell you what, Lige, old fellow! you lost your hat while you were a ridin the mustang just now: the hoss kicked it off o' your head.'

A chorus of laughter followed this sally, in the midst of which Quackenboss could be heard apostrophising both his hat and his comrades in no very respectful terms. He continued to scramble over the ground in vain search after the lost sombrero, amidst the jokes and laughter, uttered at his expense.

To this merriment of my followers I gave but little heed: my thoughts were intent on other things. My eyes were fixed upon that bright spot in the sky, that had been pointed out by Rube; and my heart gladdened, as I perceived that it was every moment growing brighter and bigger. The rain still fell thick

and fast; but the edge of the cloud-curtain was slowly rising above the eastern horizon, as though drawn up by some invisible hand. Should the movement continue, I felt confident that in a few minutes—as Rube had predicted—the sky would be clear again, and the moon shining brightly as ever. These were joyous anticipations.

At intervals I glanced towards the prairie, and I listened to catch some sound—either the voices of the trappers, or the tread of their returning footsteps. No such sounds could be heard.

I was becoming impatient, when I perceived a sudden waif of light far out upon the plain. It seemed to be again extinguished; but in the same place, and the moment after, appeared a small, steady flame, twinkling like a solitary star through the bluish mist of the rain. For a few seconds it remained fixed, and then commenced moving—as if carried low down along the surface of the ground.

There was nothing mysterious about this lone light. To Quackenboss only it remained an unexplained apparition; and he might have mistaken it for the *fata morgana*. The others had been awake when Rube and Garey took their departure, and easily recognised the lighted candle in the hands of the trappers.

For some time the light appeared to move backwards and forwards, turning at short distances, or as if borne in irregular circles, or in zigzag lines. We could perceive the sheen of water between us and the flame, as though there was a pond, or perhaps a portion of the prairie, flooded by the rain.

After a while the light became fixed, and a sharp exclamation was heard across the plain, which all of us recognised as being in the voice of the trapper Rube. Again the light was in motion—now flitting along more rapidly, and as if carried in a straight line across the prairie.

We followed it with eager eyes. We saw it was moving further and further away; and my companions hazarded the conjecture that the trappers had recovered the trail.

This was soon verified, by one of themselves—Garey—whose huge form, looming through the mist, was seen approaching the spot; and though the expression of his face could not be noted in the darkness, his bearing betokened that he brought cheerful tidings.

'Rube's struck the trail, cap'n,' said he in a quiet voice as he came up: 'yonder he goes, whar you see the bleeze o' the cannon! He'll soon be out o' sight, if we dont make haste, an follow.'

Without another word, we seized the reins, sprang once more into our saddles, and rode off after the twinkling star, that beacons us across the plain.

Rube was soon overtaken, and we perceived that, despite the storm, he was rapidly progressing along the trail, his candle sheltered from the rain under the ample sombrero.

In answer to numerous queries, the old trapper vouchsafed only an occasional 'Wagh,' evidently proud of this new exhibition of his skill. With Garey, the curious succeeded better; and as we continued on, the latter explained to them how the trail had been recovered by his comrade—for to Rube, it appeared, was the credit due.

Rube remembered the mesa spring. It was the water in its branch that we had seen gleaming under the light. The thoughtful trapper conjectured, and rightly as it proved, that the steed would stop there to drink. He had passed along the stony shingle by the mound—simply because around the cliff lay his nearest way to the water—and had followed a dry ridge that led directly from the mesa to the spring-branch. Along this ridge, going gently at the time, his hoof had left no marks—at least none that could be distinguished by torch-light, and this was why the trail had been for the moment lost. Rube, however, remembered that

around the spring there was a tract of soft, boggy ground; and he anticipated that in this the hoof-prints would leave a deep impression. To find them he needed only a 'kiver' for the candle, and the huge hat of Quackenboss offered the very thing. An umbrella would scarcely have been better for his purpose.

As the trappers had conjectured, they found the tracks in the muddy margin of the spring-branch. The steed had drunk at the pool; but immediately after had resumed his wild flight, going westward from the mound.

Why had he gone off at a gallop? Had he been alarmed by aught? Or had he taken fresh affright, at the strange rider upon his back?

I questioned Garey. I saw that he knew why. He needed pressing for the answer.

He gave it at length, but with evident reluctance. 'Thar are wolf-tracks on the trail!'

CHAPTER LXII.

WOLVES ON THE TRACK.

The wolves, then, were after him!

The trackers had made out their footprints in the mud of the arroyo. Both kinds had been there—the large brown wolf of Texas, and the small barking *coyote* of the plains—a full pack there had been, as the trappers could tell by the numerous tracks. That they were following the horse, the tracks also testified to these men of strange intelligence. How knew they this? By what sign?

To my inquiries, I obtained answer from Garey.

Above the spring-branch extended a shelving bank; up this the steed had bounded, after drinking at the pool. Up this, too, the wolves had sprung after: they had left the indentation of their claws in the soft loam.

How knew Garey that they were in pursuit of the horse?

The 'scratches' told him they were going at their fastest, and they would not have sprung so far had they not been pursuing some prey. There were footmarks of no other animal except theirs, and the hoof-prints of the steed; and that they were after him was evident to the trapper, because the tracks of the wolves covered those of the horse.

Garey had no more doubt of the correctness of his reasoning, than a geometrician of the truth of a theorem in Euclid.

I groaned in spirit as I was forced to adopt his conclusion. But it was all probable—too probable. Had the steed been alone—unembarrassed—free—it was not likely the wolves would have chased him thus. The wild-horse in his prime is rarely the object of their attack—though the old and infirm, the gravid mare, and the feeble colt, often fall before these hungry hunters of the plains. Both common wolf and *coyote* possess all the astuteness of the fox, and know, as if by instinct, the animal that is wounded to death. They will follow the stricken deer that has escaped from the hunter; but if it prove to be but slightly harmed, instinctively they abandon the chase.

Their instinct had told them that the steed was not ridden by a free hand; they had seen that there was *something amiss*; and in the hope of running down both horse and rider, they had followed with hungry howl.

Another fact lent probability to this painful conjecture: we knew that by the mesa were many wolves.

The spring was the constant resort of ruminant animals, deer and antelopes; the half-wild cattle of the *ganaderos* drank there, and the tottering calf oft became the prey of the *coyote* and his more powerful congener, the gaunt Texan wolf. There was still another reason why the place must of late have been the favourite prowl of these hideous brutes: the debris of our skirmish had furnished them with many a midnight banquet. They had ravened upon the

blood of men and the flesh of horses, and they hungered for more.

That they might succeed in running down the steed, cumbered as he was, was probable enough. Sooner or later, they would overtake him. It might be after a long, long gallop over hill and dale, through swamp and chapparal; but still it was probable those tough, tireless pursuers would overtake him. They would launch themselves upon his flanks; they would seize upon his wearied limbs—upon hers the helpless victim on his back: both horse and rider would be dragged to the earth—both torn—parted in pieces—devoured!

I groaned under the horrid apprehension.

'Look thar!' said Garey, pointing to the ground, and holding his torch so as to illuminate the surface; 'the hoss has made a slip thar. See! hyar's the track o' the big wolf—he hes sprung up jest hyar; I can tell by the scratch o' his hind-claws.'

I examined the 'sign.' Even to my eyes it was readable, and just as Garey had interpreted it. There were other tracks of wolves on the damp soil, but one had certainly launched himself forward, in a long leap, as though in an effort to fasten himself upon the flanks of some animal. The hoof-mark plainly shewed that the steed had slipped as he sprang over the wet ground; and this had tempted the spring of the watchful pursuer.

We hurried on. Our excited feelings hindered us from pausing longer than a moment. Both rangers and trappers shared my eagerness, as well as my apprehensions. Fast as the torches could be carried, we hurried on.

Shortly after parting from the mesa, there occurred a change in our favour. The lights had been carried under hats to protect them from the rain. This precaution was no longer required. The storm had passed—the shower ceasing as suddenly as it had come on; the clouds were fast driving from the face of the firmament. In five minutes more, the moon would shine forth. Already her refracted rays lightened the prairie.

We did not stay for her full beam; time was too precious. Still trusting to the torches, we hurried on.

The beautiful queen of the night kept her promise. In five minutes, her cheering orb shot out beyond the margin of the dark pall that had hitherto shrouded it, and her white disc, as if purified by the storm, shone with unwonted brightness. The ground became conspicuous almost as in the day; the torches were extinguished, and we followed the trail more rapidly by the light of the moon.

Here, still in full gallop, had passed the wild-horse, and for miles beyond—still had he gone at utmost speed. Still close upon his heels had followed the ravenous and untiring wolves. Here and there were the prints of their clawed feet—the signs of their unflagging pursuit.

The roar of water sounded in our ears: it came from the direction in which the trail was conducting us; a stream was not far distant.

We soon diminished the distance. A glassy sheet glistened under the moonlight, and towards this the trail trended in a straight line.

It was a river—a cataract was near, down which the water, freshened by the late rain, came tumbling, broken by the rocks into hummocks of white foam. Under the moonlight, it appeared like an avalanche of snow. The trappers recognised an affluent of the Rio Bravo, running from the north—from the high steppe of the Llano Estacado.

We hurried forward to its bank, and opposite the frothing rapids. The trail conducted us to this point—to the very edge of the foaming water. It led no further. There were the hoof-marks forward to the brink, but not back. The horse had plunged into the torrent!

CHAPTER LXIII.

ACROSS THE TORRENT.

Surely was it so. Into that seething rapid the steed had launched himself—where the spume was whitest, and the rocks gave out their hoarsest echoes. The four hoof-prints, close together upon the bank, shewed the point from which he had sprung, and the deeply indented turf testified that he had made no timid leap. The pursuers had been close upon his heels, and he had flung himself with desperate plunge upon the water.

Had he succeeded in crossing? It was our first thought. It appeared improbable—impossible. Notwithstanding its foam-bedappled surface, the current was swift, and looked as though it would sweep either man or horse from his footing. Surely it was too deep to be forded. Though here and there rocks were seen above the surface, they were but the crests of large boulders, and between them the impetuous wave ran dark and deep. Had the horse lost footing? had he been forced to swim? If so, he must have been carried with the current—his body submerged—his withers sunk below the surface—his helpless rider—

The conclusion was evident to all of us. All felt the conviction simultaneously. No—not all. There came a word of comfort from the oldest and wisest—a word that gave cheer to my drooping spirit.

'Wagh! the hoss hain't swum a lick—*he hain't*.'

'Are you sure, Rube? How can you tell?' were the quick interrogatories.

'Sure—how kin I tell—i'deed, how,' replied Rube, a little nettled at our having questioned his judgment. 'What the divul's yur eyes good for—all o' yur? Lookse, hyur! and I'll shew ee how I tell. D'ees see the colour o' thet water?—it ur as brown as a bufler in the Fall; thurfor its fresh kin down; and jest afore the shower, thur want more'n half o' it in the channel. Then the hoss mout a waded 'crosst hyur, eary as fallin off a log, and then the hoss *did* wade acrosst.'

'He crossed before the rain?'

'Sure as a shot from Targuts. Look at the tracks! Them wur made afore a drop o' rain kin down: ef they hednt, they'd a been a durned sight deeper in the sod. Wagh! the hoss got safe acrosst 'thout wettin a hair o' his hips. So far as drownin' goes, don't be skeart 'bout that, young fellur! the guri's safe enough yit.'

'And the wolves? Do you think they have followed across the stream?'

'Ne'er a wolf o' 'em—ne'er a one. The vaminits hed more sense. They knowd thur legs wan't long enough, an thet ur current wud a swep 'em a mile afore they kud a swum half-way acrosst. The wolves, they stayed on this side, I reck'n. Look hyur—hyur's thur tracks. Wagh! thur wur a wheen o' the filthy beasts. Geehosopat! the bank ur paddled like a sheep-pen.'

We bent down to examine the ground. Sure enough, it was covered with the tracks of wolves. A numerous band had crowded together on the spot; and as the prints of their feet pointed in all directions, it was evident they had not gone forward, but brought to a stand by the torrent, had given up the chase, and scattered away.

Pray heaven it was no mere conjecture!

With Rube it was a belief; and as I had grown to put implicit reliance in the old trapper's wood-craft, I felt reassured. Rube's opinions, both as to the steed having safely crossed, and the discomfiture of the wolves, were shared by the rest of my followers—not one of whom was a mean authority on such a subject. Garey—second only to his older comrade in the working out of a prairie syllogism—gave Rube's statement his emphatic confirmation. The steed was yet safe—perhaps, too, the rider.

With lighter heart I sprang back into the saddle.

My followers imitated the example, and with eyes scanning the stream, we rode along the bank to seek for a crossing.

There was no ford near the spot. Perhaps where the steed had passed over the stream might have been waded at low-water; but now, during the freshet, the current would have swept off horse and man like so much cork-wood. The rocks—the black waves that rushed between them—the boiling, frothing eddies—discouraged any attempt at crossing there; we all saw that it was impracticable.

Some rode up stream, others went in the opposite direction.

Both parties met again with blank looks; neither had found a crossing.

There was no time to search further—at least my impatience would no longer brook delay. It was not the first time for both my horse and myself to cross a river without ford; nor was it the first time for many of my followers.

Below the rapids, the current ran slow, apparently ceasing. The water was still, though wider from bank to bank—a hundred yards or more. By the aid of the moonlight, I could tell that the bank on the opposite side was low and shelving. It could be easily climbed by a horse.

I stayed to reason no further. Many a hundred yards had Moro swum with his rider on his back—many a current had he cleft with his proud breast many times more rapid than that.

I headed him to the bank, gave him the spur, and went plunging into the flood.

Plunge—plunge—plunge! I heard behind my back till the last of my followers had launched themselves on the wave, and were swimming silently over.

One after another we reached the opposite side, and ascended the bank.

Hurriedly I counted our number as the men rode out; one had not yet arrived! Who was missing?

'Rube,' answered some one.

I glanced back, but without feeling any uneasiness. I had no fear for the trapper; Garey alleged he was 'safe to turn up.' Something had detained him. Could his old mare swim?

'Like a mink,' replied Garey; 'but Rube won't ride her across; he's afeared to sink her too deep in the water. See! yonder he comes!'

Near the middle of the stream, two faces were observed rippling the wave, one directly in the wake of the other. The foremost was the grizzled front of the old mustang, the other the unmistakable physiognomy of her master. The moonlight shining upon both rendered them conspicuous above the dark brown water; and the spectacle drew a laugh from those who had reached the bank.

Rube's mode of crossing was unique, like every action of this singular man. Perhaps he adopted it from sheer eccentricity, or may be in order that his mustang might swim more freely.

He had ridden gently into the water, and kept his saddle till the mare was beyond her depth—then sliding backward over her hips, he took the tail in his teeth, and partly towed like a fish upon the hook, and partly striking to assist in the passage, he swam after. As soon as the mare again touched bottom, he drew himself up over the croup, and in this way regained his saddle.

Mare and man, as they climbed out on the bank—the thin skeleton bodies of both reduced to their slenderest dimensions by the soaking water—presented a spectacle so ludicrous as to elicit a fresh chorus of laughter from his comrades.

I stayed not till its echoes had died away; but pressing my steed along the bank, soon arrived at the rapids, where I expected to recover the trail. To my joy, hoof-marks were there, directly opposite the point

where the steed had taken to the stream. He must have waded then.

Thank heaven! at least from that peril has she been saved!

POOR NUMBER TWO!

If the poor 'creaking wheel' cannot be mended, it is too hard to deny it at least the privilege of complaint. There is something sweet and soothing in knowing that our sufferings are regarded with sympathy and compassion. I consider myself a very hardly used person; but I think my grievances might be remedied if they were only properly made known in the proper quarter.

This society of ours, in England, is composed, locomotively speaking, of numbers 1, 2, and 3. We are ticketed off in business-like style, and sent, with more or less of ceremony, to our respective ends of the train. 'First class higher up, sir; please walk this way!' says an obsequious official, with smiling countenance. 'Second class lower down; make haste!' cries another. 'Third class in front, by the engine; get along, will ye!' shouts a third; and thus we get to our seats at last. Now, I cheerfully take my place in the class number two, and all I ask is that the railway companies should hold to their bargain, and treat me as that number.

It is proverbial that corporations have no consciences, and I am quite sure that no individual shareholder would have the barbarity, if it rested with his individual vote, to condemn me to sit all the way from London to Edinburgh on a hard board, when it is known how small a fraction the use of a cushion would subtract from the fare I have actually paid for my seat. I am reminded that in highly civilised England alone is this misery inflicted on second-class passengers. In Germany, Belgium, France, and Italy, to my certain knowledge, it is not so; and what I require, in all humility, is, a reason why English arrangements are so different. It is, to say the least, an ungracious, grinding, hard-hearted proceeding, to tell all the respectable middling classes of England, that if they cannot afford first-class fares, they shall pay for their deficiency in sore bones. As I have said, economy cannot be the object, for the cost of a little more comfortable accommodation would be absolutely infinitesimal. The plain design is to force as many persons as possible into the first-class carriages, by rendering the second-class as uncomfortable as may be. This argues a short-sighted as well as a selfish view of the matter, as I propose to shew. As long as one class is cheaper than another, it will always be found that a great many persons will prefer the temporary suffering entailed by inconvenient travelling, to the outlay of a larger sum. They do this because they must do it; and it is contemptible to punish them for a laudable spirit of economy. In another point of view, it is short-sighted. As long as the families of clergymen, country doctors, and middling gentry of all sorts, can travel only by submitting either to the too great cost of first-class, or the manifold inconveniences of second-class carriages, so long they will stay at home, except when compelled by necessity to do otherwise. I conceive that if the directors of railway companies are ignorant of this, they know very little of the true state of the case. I have said that they, as corporations, cannot be expected to have either conscience or humanity; and I therefore do not make an appeal to either quality. My object is to shew them that their present system is altogether a mistaken one as regards their dividends.

I speak from personal experience when I say, that their language to the public is: 'We make our own arrangements; you are not obliged by us to travel; and if you don't like what we offer you, you can stay at home.' This is the declaration of war held out by

the companies, and it remains to be seen whether they have adopted the wiser course. I am not one of those who wish to travel at the expense of the shareholders: all I wish them to understand is this, that they get far less out of me in the long-run by taking up the tone they have assumed, than if they met me half-way in a conciliating spirit.

It is my private opinion, that as railways are entirely a parliamentary institution, parliament should superintend all the details of the system which it has created and forced upon the public, as well as the daily government-train. Failing this, it only remains that those who feel with me should endeavour to obtain a fair consideration of their claims. The object I have in view is not that fares should be lower than at present. I may think that it would pay better to lower them, but I have not the same proof of the fact as of the other things I here allege. What I chiefly complain of is, that second-class passengers are subjected not only to the calm and deliberate infliction of the 'horse-box' system, but that, having paid the stipulated fare, they are not even allowed to enjoy what they have paid for. This is quite evident. It is just as much a trick of the directors to drive third-class passengers, properly so called, into the second-class carriages, as to force these latter into the first: consequently, most trains run only first and second class; and those who are charged a certain price, for the express reason that it is proportionably high enough to keep them select, are compelled to travel with the class below themselves.

Every one knows that, especially in the manufacturing districts, mechanics and working-people are constantly passing and repassing at all hours of the day; they want to get home, or to their destination to-day, at a certain hour—they never think of waiting for the parliamentary train to-morrow. As the stages are commonly short, a few pence or even shillings make but slight difference in comparison with the evil of delay, and the result is, that no third class being provided, they travel second class. Thus, I have seen, between Leeds and Manchester, for example, a constant succession of oily mechanics, some tipsy, some sober, along with hobnailed farm-labourers, and females of anything but respectable appearance, thrust in at every station upon those, who, as I have just said, had paid a second-class fare, expressly with the intention and understanding that they were to be protected—in virtue of that fare—from travelling in company with that class of the community which conventionally is called third or fourth class. It is easy to say: 'These people pay as you do; it is not for us to turn them away.' I know all that perfectly well; but I say that the inevitable result is, that since you will not have carriages by which this class of persons would willingly travel, and since you cannot force me, against my will, to spend money I cannot afford in first-class fares, the result is, that as far as possible, I stay at home. This is not only my own case as an individual, but it affects a numerous party, of which I am the type; and if the real sentiments of our middling gentry could be as frankly expressed in conversation as mine are now, it would be found that the hinderance to travelling effected by the present arrangements is far greater than directors would readily believe. The fact is, that when persons habitually use first class, they have no reason to complain; and those who do not, have a natural shyness in admitting this incident of their social position. I am fully convinced, that a great many people of the class I have in view, endure all the annoyance and suffering entailed on them when they do travel; that they and their families are restrained, just as I and mine are, in their excursions, by the causes stated above; and yet that they shrink from exposing the evil to the eyes of their neighbours, by seeming, even, to know what are the grievances of poor number two. It is more genteel to talk about

the luxury of modern locomotion, to praise the comfortable appointments of first-class carriages, &c., than to complain of aching bones and violated proprieties encountered in second-class.

I know that John Bull is, in some respects, a much-enduring animal; the *Bos piger* is slow to anger, especially when everybody else is in the same pickle as himself; but I confess I never could account to my own mind for the apathy shewn to the grievances of which I complain, except on the principle, that, in the very act, the man who *does* complain, does so at the expense of his gentility.

Do you suppose that those young officers whom I travelled with the other day from Dover to London, and who occupied the inner half of a divided 'horse-box,' would be heard at their club or mess-room inveighing against hard boards and a half-tipsy groom in a shabby livery? No, my brother of the middle rank, we do the thing; we execrate the 'rascally system;' we are up to all its iniquities; we would, if we could, put the whole body of directors for a month to ride, night and day, in a ballast-truck, and think it too good for them: in a word, brothers, we suffer; but we are too genteel to say anything about it. It is just because, for these reasons, there is no chance of bringing to bear on this question a regular pressure of public opinion, that I trust a fair statement of the simple truth, in a popular and widely circulated journal, may have the effect of giving an impulse in the right direction to that mass of discontent, of whose existence I have ample proofs. It may thus come to be suggested to those in power, that they themselves suffer by their ungenerous treatment of the public; and possibly a better state of things may yet be brought about.

I, for one, do complain that, in the fitting-up of second-class carriages, such utter negligence is shewn of the comfort of the traveller; but, supposing the vehicles to remain as they are, is it not monstrous and insulting to the last degree, that no accommodation should be provided in ordinary trains for that class of persons represented by number three? It cannot be expected that these people will be always inoffensive, and always even presentable; but so long as they submit to necessity, and pay the extra fare, they are voted on a par with all second-class passengers, and unhesitatingly ushered into their company. This is not their fault; the blame lies entirely with the cupidity of railway managers, who gladly adopt this additional mode of driving people into first-class fares. Again, even in trains where there are nominally third-class carriages, there is constantly an insufficient number of them, and the surplus passengers are bundled into the second-class. So strongly is this abuse felt, that the project is seriously discussed, of forming a sort of compact among travellers to avoid as much as possible second-class travelling altogether. It is said, with great truth, 'If we must travel without any selection of our company, we may as well save our money, and go third class at once.' It is also certain that foreigners express the most unmitigated astonishment at the English system, and the patience of those who submit to it as if unaware of its hardships and injustice. Still, I am sadly mistaken if, but for their habitual tenderness for their poor gentility, they would not soon let it be known that they are fully aware of their position—that they cordially resent it, but that the only revenge they can take is to stay at home as much as possible.

It can scarcely be, that I am so isolated in my feelings, habits, and circumstances, as that a vast number of persons of moderate fortune do not sympathise in the sentiments I here express. At the moment when I write this, I am leaving home for a journey to the house of a relative some 200 miles distant. But for the expense of first-class travelling, I should have formed probably a party of three

persons. Not that I should have the slightest hesitation in going, accompanied by females, into the second-class, if it only was second-class conveyance. My knowledge, however, of the fact that no third-class carriages run with ordinary trains, and that therefore all sorts of people belonging properly to that class are invariably waiting to be conveyed by such trains as they can get to suit their exigencies, deters me altogether from thinking of increasing my party.

I consider this a perfectly fair illustration of my meaning. My object has been to shew that if a fair and rational regard were had to the reasonable complaints of us middle-class people—if we were left in quiet possession of our own carriages—if they were less in the horse-box style—and if means were not so obviously employed to compel us to 'take a first class,' whether we like it, or can afford it, or not—we should be better customers, and the companies and their dividends would be largely the gainers in the end.

VISITING MY WIFE'S RELATIONS.

My engagement with dearest Carry was a very long one indeed; there were tremendous obstacles in the way, by which the course of our true love was perpetually being brought up short and impeded. Carry is the offspring of the Reverend Claude Winkwerd; which was the son of Geoffrey Winkwerd of the Hall; which was the son of Sir Ralph Winkwerd, knight; at which point that pedigree stopped, for good and sufficient reasons: but she is also the issue of Margaret Lorraine; which was the daughter—by her second marriage with Colonel Slasher—of the Lady Blanche Trevor; which was the daughter of Lord Sleightovand—eighth baron—by which gap the Winkwerd family broke into Burke's *Peerage*, and even got connected in some extremely discreditable manner with royalty itself. Carry was therefore of course entitled to expect a good match, or, in other words, a husband with either blood or money. Now, my ancestral, or (being the second of my race, I should rather say) my paternal, name is Biles, and there is little in my income to excuse it. I had nevertheless enough to live upon, and to maintain my wife in something more than gentility, which was the Winkwerd horror. I could afford her a pony-chaise, that is, and a lady's-maid. The Rev. Claude had also a whole quiver full of daughters besides Carry, and found, perhaps, some little difficulty in supplying every arrow with a beau. Above all, I was an orphan, and had not a relative upon the face of Europe. Anything of that sort would have made our union hopeless; but my two younger brothers—both in the small-coal line—withdrew themselves, fortunately, to South Australia, and have gone under the general head of 'our colonial relations' ever since. They are now considered to be rather subjects of congratulation than disgrace; being always understood and described by my wife's family as a sort of merchant-princes, who head the untitled aristocracy of the other hemisphere.

Nevertheless, my connection with the Winkwerds is what a Biles, without my advantages, would describe as rather ticklish; and there are still such a number of 'ps' and 'qs' to be minded, and so many favourite expressions and quotations to be apologised for when amongst them, that I let the rectory and its inmates, as much as possible, alone. There was always some magnificent person being feasted and flattered up there by Mrs Winkwerd, in preparation for the matrimonial sacrifice, and I felt that I was in the way. 'My eldest daughter, Lady Toppingtower,' was well enough to talk about to people who did not know that her husband, Sir Richard, resided at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and visited his native land on Sundays only. But there was nothing attractive to a possible son-in-law in 'my dear child, Mrs Biles.' Carry was pitted, you see, for her condescension in having parted with herself at

such an alarming sacrifice to me. 'Poor dear Carry,' her sisters said, 'was very happy, they really believed—as if it were the eighth wonder of the world that she should be so; and yet if I were inclined to tell tales, there were others of the same family at one time who laid themselves out pretty distinctly for— But the Bileases were ever a chivalrous race, and I will not be the first of their short line to justify myself at the expense of Blanche, or Rose, or Kitty—of whom, however, I must say one was as bad as the other. Emily, the youngest and prettiest of the Winkwerds, was very different from the rest also in everything else: she was my wife's twin-sister, and the two were as like one another—with the trifling exception of a little mole under Carry's left ear—as a couple of peas. I could not, of course, be always looking for this mole, and I once put my arm round Emily at a picnic, and kissed her behind a lilac-tree, in mistake. 'I suppose, Mr Frederic, you meant it for Carry,' said she good-naturedly, and pretending to be disappointed. My wife took the greatest care after this circumstance to construct a code of signals, whereby we might recognise each other at once; and the accident, so far as I know at least, did not happen again. Emily was a dear good girl, and quite unspoiled, although she was the show-daughter of them all. It was quite clear to my respected mother-in-law that none of the rest would marry—Carry having already degraded herself—while Emily remained in the house single; so that it was determined she should do it at once, and give an opportunity to the three who had less time to spare. She received, to her extreme discomfort, twice the pin-money of any of her sisters, and was continuously apparelled in the most gorgeous array. Her masters for all the arts were increased and multiplied, and she was—if I may be allowed the expression—trotted out before eligible visitors pretty considerably.

I had the privilege of being useful to the family in recommending my old friend Jack Camellair to paint her portrait; and he achieved an admirable likeness. He and I had been great chums at school, but our walks in life had since diverged widely. I stuck from the first, like a respectable man, to business, and parted with it not till I could do so comfortably; he, from making clever caricatures of the ushers, had taken so to painting, poor fellow, as absolutely to choose it for a profession; living in the winter, so far as I could make out, nowhere; and during the summer months, under a little white umbrella. I had bought, for old acquaintance' sake, some early landscapes of his—of very great promise, I was told; and two or three later ones were just beginning to attract public notice, or I should never have persuaded Mrs Winkwerd to employ him at all; but, to my thinking, he lived a miserable life. He said, however, that he was twice as jolly as I was at all times, even at portrait-painting—a thing he hated, and only busied himself with when especially hard up; and that he did not doubt he should be one day as rich as Turner, and with all the world for his Ruskins. His face—so much of it at least as his hair, whiskers, and moustaches permitted of your seeing—was very fine; and he was accomplished and agreeable enough to please the Winkwerds, as an amusing sort of drawing-room artisan, immensely. He was suffered to do and say things that Frederic Biles, Esq., would have shrunk from in such company like a guilty thing; and, on his part, liked the rectory-folks so well, that, after taking Emily's likeness, he took that of the other sisters and their mother for love. He was employed upon the portrait of the Rev. Claude himself—with his hand upon a volume of sermons, surmounted by the *Peerage*—when a circumstance occurred, which, if I may use such a form of words, put poor Jack's nose out of joint, and settled his business for him very completely.

This was the arrival of no less a person than Ambrose Slasher, Esq., connected by family ties with the Winkwerds, and by red tape with the government then in power, being the paid *attaché* to Her Majesty's legation at Honolulu, and in a fair way to represent the empire there himself, when an opportunity should offer. He was not a wise man, he was not a good man, and he was not a rich man; but he was a sucking diplomatist likely enough in this glorious constitution of ours to become one of those three. The great mother Britannia is not wont to leave a scion of her Sleightvands to wither on L.600 a year, and Mrs Winkwerd knew it. Ambrose, although by no means 'so bald that you might see his brains,' was getting thin about the poll, grave in demeanour, slow of speech, pompous of aspect, and generally in accordance with his profession. I did not think he was at all a suitable husband for dear Emily, at first; and the more I saw of him the less I admired my respected mother-in-law's choice; but I am aware that a Biles can scarcely be a judge of such high matters. I have a portrait of him by Jack Camellair, which I would not part with for L.50, although I dare say Ambrose himself would give 5s. to have it burnt. If only knowledge puffeth up, I should like to know what ignorance has done to the *attaché*, to give him such a swollen appearance. He put down the Rev. Claude upon all occasions; he received all Mrs Winkwerd's servilities as his just dues, and was in no degree mollified or put in good-humour by them; he treated the young ladies with a sort of graceful scorn, and he was rude to Emily herself; yet all, except the last, seemed charmed with him. Jack's most perfect *mots* were now unheard in the applause that greeted the great man's heavy pleasantries; his raciest anecdotes were cast into the shade by some dull reminiscence of the diplomatist's foreign travel. I am afraid that Mr Thomas Moore's epitaph on a tuft-hunter applies more to women than to men:

Apollo for a star they quit, and Love's own brother for an earl's.

I was angry at the change of behaviour among the Winkwerds generally towards Jack, on Mr Slasher's arrival, but I was sincerely grieved at that of Emily. She was in a very short time engaged to be married to this gentleman, it was true—it was in order to be present at the wedding that I was an unwilling guest at the rectory at this time; but this was no reason why she should follow Ambrose's stupid lead in regard to the poor painter. My wonder was how he stood it at all, and I privately recommended him to depart and leave the Rev. Claude just as he was, without a complexion and with sketchy legs; but Jack said: 'No; when he had taken an order, he liked to execute it;' mimicking my best business manner, and quoting my favourite phrase. Emily had been once, I thought, the most pleased with him of all, but now she offered him the cold-shoulder—and a good deal of it, as her style of dress permitted her to do—upon all occasions. She never failed to give the poor fellow a set-down when the diplomatist chanced to be present, and laughed heartily at his describing some obscure street in Honolulu as the habitation of tailors and artists. As Camellair observed, indeed, in allusion to this delicacy, Mr Slasher was 'a deuce of a fellow among eggs with a stick,' which was a word-picture of the man as good as tongue could paint. Still there was no pretence of affection on the part of the bride-elect; she had been disposed of by private contract some five weeks ago, and was to be given away without reserve on the ensuing Friday to Cousin Ambrose: that was the agreement; and she had determined, apparently, to abide by it; only at times when the diplomatist's partook—it was but rarely—of a little too much of the *entente cordiale*, I observed her shiver, poor girl,

as though, if I may so express myself, a goose was walking over her grave. She had been brought up in the Winkwerd school, however, and had well learned its lessons long ago; that was what I comforted myself with until the Wednesday evening before her wedding-day—although, indeed, my wife was very miserable about the match; declaring that her sister was about to be sold into bondage, which she truly was, and to a mere government organ; but then, who was to put a stop to it? I had sauntered out after dinner with a cigar, glad enough to escape from the bustle of the house, where everything was being got in readiness for the guests of the next day, and was strolling through that part of the grounds which is called 'the Wilderness,' when I came suddenly upon my wife sitting upon a moss-bank bathed in tears.

'Now, my dear Carry,' said I, 'do give over this wailing over your poor little Emily. If the girl likes the fool, it is all a matter of taste, about which, you know, there is no disputing; if she doesn't like him, she should let him hang himself in his Honolulu ribbon before she should become Mrs Slasher. What must be, must be, and therefore I don't make myself wretched about it; although, for my part, I'd just as soon see her married to, to—I looked about for a sufficiently base comparison, and thought myself rather fortunate at last in saying—"to that unfortunate penniless vagabond, Jack Camellair."'

'Would you, indeed, dear Mr Frederic?' sobbed my little Emily—for it was the one without the name under her left ear I had been speaking to. 'O please, please, my good dear brother, to help us.' Poor passionate girl! The suffocating mask thrown off, and the weary part laid by for a little while, how different she looked from the Emily of an hour ago!—but infinitely wretched, and yet, to my mind, how far better through those tears! 'I don't like Mr Ambrose at all, for I am afraid of him,' she went on pathetically. 'I don't think he is very kindhearted; and, and, and my dear brother, for your own loving wife's sake, save me from this terrible man!'

'My eye and so and so,' said I, 'apologising to you at the same time, Miss Emily, for the vulgarity, but this is a precious pickle. What can the voice of Biles avail you, lifted up against the whole Winkwerd chorus and the Sleightvand echo in the distance? I am sure I will insult Mr Slasher in any way you please, or even have a turn-up with him at fisticuffs—having been in trade, of course pistols are out of the question—when and where he chooses; but as to opposing your respected mother and the rest of your noble family in conclave, I could not do it, even for your sweet sake. I durst not, and that's the truth. "What is Miss Emily's objection?" would be the very natural remark, and I am sure I should not know how to answer it. You appeared to be very much satisfied with him; and, indeed, he is as good as half-a-dozen others who— Well, my dear child, don't intend to be cruel and unkind, but since you don't love anybody else—'

'Ah, but I do, dear Mr Frederic,' she sobbed—'do: I do so very much love your friend, Mr Jack Camellair.'

'What!' said I, feeling scarcely less astonished and horror-struck than Mrs Winkwerd could have felt herself—'what! you daughter of a hundred kings, you pampered little pet of your family, are you prepared to lodge under a white umbrella, like the Great Mogul called Babo, to slave at mixing nasty colours to sit as a model in all kinds of ridiculous costumes to be hung up in exhibitions as "A Moorish Peasant Girl," "An Eastern Hour," or as "Passion: a Study?" Do you know what an exceedingly disreputable profession painting is? Are you aware—to use a stronger expression—what an excessively contemptible person Jack'—

'Yes, Fred, she knows all that, and more besides,' said the rich low voice of my handsome vagabond-friend. 'I have heard something of what you have said to my dear love, and I think there is much truth in it, and am sure you meant it well. My art is not, indeed, a very remunerative one; but even in that respect, I am better off than you imagine. If I have my health, I shall do very well as to money-matters, I don't doubt; at present, however, I confess I want a little help. I have two companion-pictures, "The Wooing," which you know, and the other, "The Winning," which has still some details to be worked in; you will lend me, Fred, I know, L.500 upon these two; that will suffice to last us in some quiet pretty place, less distant, if less fashionable, than Honolulu; and for interest, Emmy dear [think of this journeyman painter's having already cut it so short with this descendant of royalty as 'Emmy!'], pay the usurer beforehand with a kiss.' And as sure as I sit here and write it, my cigar was thereupon tenderly removed from the corner of my mouth, and the prettiest pair of lips (save one) in the world applied them in its place five times before I could even think of saying 'Don't' or 'For shame!' 'There, that'll do,' said Jack, rather impatiently, and with the air of a man who had conferred a favour: 'now, that's settled.'

Well, the name of Biles upon a check for L.500 was as good, and perhaps better, than that of any Slasher or Sleightvand of them all; and as I really felt for the poor girl, and hated the diplomatist, and knew Jack to be a thoroughly good fellow at heart, I gave them my autograph for the amount without more words, upon the condition that I should know nothing of their plans whatever, be they what they would; so that I might enjoy anything which might suddenly occur as much as anybody else, and afterwards be able to lay my hand upon my heart and deny everything; for I had that wholesome terror of Mrs Winkwerd, that I would as soon have been a party to a scheme of some Italian greyhound for carrying off the young of a princess, as to the abduction of the glory of the Winkwerds by Jack Camellair. Having thus washed my hands, then, of the whole concern, I finished my cigar, and sauntered back to where the attaché, over his third bottle, was patronising universal nature as perceived in her July glory through the open French windows of the dining-room. He was just the sort of man who, when he has got his wine, begins to compliment the general arrangements of Providence, and 'looking in a tumbler in a glass,' who 'smooths his chin, and strokes his hair, and says the earth is beautiful.' He regarded Emily herself in the light of an ornament fabricated for his pleasure, calculated to adorn the Honolulu embassy, and do credit to his magnificence. 'She has much to learn, has Emily, Mr Biles,' he was good enough to confide in me that very evening; 'but she is pliant, and will become our position, we do not doubt.'

'Your excellency'—said I.

'Not yet, sir,' he interrupted, with one of his most gracious inclinations.

'Your excellency'—I went on all the same—'is a great master, and the pupil is apt.'

The silly fat state-functionary liked meaningless propensities of that kind beyond measure, as I knew, and was set bowing like a mandarin for several minutes.

On the next day, most of the wedding-company arrived: Lady Toppingtower, the married sister, who bore a sort of painful resemblance to Emily herself—she brought a half-starved-looking French maid with her, of whom she seemed to stand, nevertheless, in no little awe, and did not present a favourable example in any way of the bliss of high alliances: the Lord Sleightvand, a plump, jovial old nobleman, who

seemed to have met with nothing up that long life-journey of his but carriages full of other jovial noblemen, and amusing beggars by the roadside, who stood on their heads for pennies, and were thankful for them: the Hon. and Rev. Swete Smilar, his brother, a gentleman of the most urbane grace, who had come express from Windsor to perform the mystic ceremony between his beloved cousin Emily, and his most respected and talented connection, Her Majesty's attaché—these two with a costly gift and a stilted phrase apiece for the young bride; and another Swete Smilar from his crack regiment at Gibraltar, with a Mediterranean jewel for her waist, and a kiss for his cousin's brow, which he claimed and imprinted to the astonishment of the groom-elect, before us all. There were no fewer than five aunts—two of the Winkwerd, and three of the Trevor family, one of the latter of whom I was given to understand was made of money. She was made of a good number of other things besides, however; and Jack Camellair expressed to me a private wish to take two sketches of her, to be entitled 'Before,' and 'After,' which he reckoned would become popular: the one with her false eyebrows, hair, teeth, colour, and figure on; and the other without these accessories. There were also eight bridesmaids, selected exclusively from the families of the landed gentry; and the rectory was full.

The Rev. Claude, I will do him the justice to say, was, with the exception of my dear Carry, the only person who did not seem thoroughly satisfied with the pending event: he was perpetually expressing his delight about it, and asking the opinion of everybody upon the subject, which he intended should be given only in one way. He came down from his pedestal so great a number of steps even, as to demand mine. 'Don't you think, sir, that Mr Ambrose gives one quite the idea of one of England's diplomatists?' To which I assented fervently. He went about the house shaking hands with all sorts of people he did not care for, in a nervous fill-up-the-time sort of manner, and kissing his poor Emily perpetually, as though she were about to take some doubtful or hazardous step. Whenever this happened, all her stateliness melted away at once, and she rested on her dear father's bosom like a rose-bud touched with the dew. Once, I am perfectly certain, she was about to tell him something, and make a regular scene, only she caught two pair of eyes fixed upon her at that very moment—Mr Ambrose Slasher's, saying rather languidly, but with quite sufficient malice, nevertheless: 'What! you're sorry to go away from home, are you, and afraid to trust yourself to my tender mercies, young woman?' and Jack's, appealing to her with the expression of his own 'Tullus Aufidius,' in last year's Exhibition, where he is evidently remonstrating with Coriolanus, besought by his mother: 'Now you won't go, surely, in a moment of filial indiscretion, and wreck all our little plans.'

What Jack's plans were, as I have said, I knew nothing about; but my fears for their discovery made the day pass wearily enough. I should have thought, if it had not been for a certain tender gratefulness in Emily's 'Good-night' that evening, that all hope of out-manoeuvring the attaché had died away. That great man sat up half the night in the library with an enormous desk, transacting the fag-ends of his bachelor-business—burning love-letters, and destroying locks of hair, as he would have had us believe, and did not retire till about one o'clock. I heard his stately step ascend the stairs with official regularity; and presently—for he slept in the adjoining chamber—the deep bass notes proclaim that one of Britannia's guardians was relaxing his perpetual vigilance. I strove to keep awake to catch more interesting sounds which might betoken that his rest was being taken every advantage of. I thought I heard a fairy tread upon

the landing outside, then two soft voices whispering, and the French window beneath slide open, as though under the influence of salad oil; but it may have been, as I told Carry, who heard it also, nothing but the cats. 'There's somebody getting into the house,' said she; but I gave her my word of honour that there was certainly nothing of that kind, but quite the reverse.

Early in the morning she got up, tearful, to go to her sister's room. She came back, as I expected, almost immediately, white and trembling. 'Frederic, Frederic, what do you think has happened? Mr Camellair and Emily have run away!' I was pretending to be fast asleep just then, but I could not help blurring out: 'Well, I'm very glad to hear it;' then recollecting myself, and before she had time to attack me: 'Very glad that Emily has got a fine day; what did you say about Mr Camellair?' but I'm half afraid my wife suspected me.

What an awful row there was in a few minutes! I heard Mr Slasher pulling on his patent-leather boots with the most undiplomatic expressions; I heard a tumult of sobs from the bridesmaids' chambers, who were sleeping four in a room, and I saw them like a Greek chorus, at their doors, in white; I caught a glimpse of Aunt Belinda Trevor, sans teeth, and almost sans everything, as she stood at her threshold, anathematising the fugitives, and announcing her intention of erasing Emily from her will; I heard the man in the crack regiment laughing out of the next window but three, until exhausted, and afterwards he began again; I heard my own name uttered vehemently by my respected mother-in-law, and I locked my door and retreated into my bed at once. 'Mr Biles, do you know anything about this? Mr Biles! Mr Biles!' and at that inoffensive monosyllable, the whole household seemed to rally around my door. 'When did they go? How did they get away? Where have they run to? Where's the key of the stable, Mr Biles?' (Clever Jack, to hide the key of the stable!) 'I don't know,' was my answer to everything that was asked of me, until I lost my patience, when I varied my reply by adding, 'and I don't care.'

Catching the young couple was luckily out of the question, for they had taken the only four horses—the horses that were provided for the *other* husband—five hours ago with them, and it was only thirty miles to the Scotch border.

I told Slasher it was of no use his getting into a passion with me, and he contented himself at last with abusing all painters, and Jack in particular. 'I saw rogue in his eyes when I first looked at him,' said he; but, as Camellair remarked when he heard of this: 'Perhaps it was only the reflection.'

The magnifico, indeed, although very savage, was not the sort of man to die of a broken heart; the three remaining Winkwerd girls, indeed, set to work so vigorously to comfort him, that, in course of years, Blanche, the plainest, married and kept him in the family after all. Until that happened, the name of Camellair was forbidden to be breathed at the rectory, but there was soon afterwards a great reconciliation. I had got my L.500 back long before then—the 'Winning' alone, when finished, fetched the whole of the money—and Jack had found himself famous. To the original of his celebrated picture of 'The First Born,' which hangs in half the drawing-rooms of Mayfair, I had the pleasure of being godfather; and I brought the first 'proof before letters' down to the Rev. Claude with my own hands. 'Why doesn't he come and finish my picture?' said the old gentleman, with the tears standing in his eyes at the sight of his grandson. Jack came down, like a good fellow, with his little family to the rectory at once. My respected mother-in-law set her—if she will pardon the expression—set her back up at him at first most uncommonly; but lately,

since he has become an R.A., and is likely to be knighted, she has not been able to resist his delightful manners. He has given me the go-by in her good graces very easily, and she calls him 'John,' whereas during the whole of my long connection with the honourable self, I have never passed the limit of 'B.' Jack makes as much at home as his excellency himself—who is his excellency now—enjoys Honolulu; and besides that, he has the satisfaction of working for it.

SALMON AND THE SALMON-TRADE

OUR recent observations on the science of pisciculture shewed that, by artificial aid, we could so assist the operations of nature, as greatly to multiply our stock of fish; more particularly those belonging to the salmon family. The article Pisciculture traced the fish from the egg or spawn till it was a few months old, leaving it in its reception-pond as salmon-fry—a tiny fish, not more than an inch and a half in length. Even while in this state, the infant salmon has attracted great attention, and from its youth up has afforded much scope for the learned speculations of our naturalists as any other branch of natural history. There has been no end of controversy about the genus *Salmo* and from its birth, to the time when it finds its place on the table, in the shape, perhaps, of *côtelettes de saumon à l'Indienne*, it has been the subject of innumerable wars—on paper—most of them carried on in the pages of the transactions of learned societies, and therefore accessible to the general public.

The most important of the many controversies which have arisen in connection with the natural history of the salmon, is undoubtedly that relating to the parr, which some persons scarcely allow to be settled as the young of that fish, notwithstanding evidence that has been brought before them in the course of the controversy. The question at issue is primarily, whether the plentiful little fish, known in Scotland as the parr, and in England as the smolt, was really the young of the salmon, and became in the course of time first a smolt, then a grilse, and change of all, assuming the noble shape of the grown fish; and second, at what time the change from the parr to the smolt took place. As we have already hinted, the amount of controversy on the subject has been great, some writers contending that the parr is a distinct fish, totally unconnected with the salmon, living and dying, in fact, without changing its condition; while others asserted, and, as time tells us, more truth, that it became in the course of nature a smolt, and then changed in due time to the delicate fish so prized by epicures for the table, and so valued by men of commercial tastes for its capability of being changed into gold. Considering the parr question being effectually settled by the experiments at Montfield, we propose in the present paper to add ourselves to a consideration of an equally important branch of the salmon question—supply and demand.

In recent papers, we indicated the vast food-recess which the skill of man might gather from the sea. The fecundity of fish in general is something so monstrous as to be truly wonderful, and seems to offer a continuous and almost boundless supply. This was at once apparent, when we state that a single cod has been estimated to contain 9,384,000 eggs, and a flounder weighing twenty-four ounces has contained

nearly a million and a half; whilst the herring, the mackerel, and other fishes are known to be equally prolific. The salmon is a most productive fish, the roe varying between 1500 and 5000. When we take into account this enormous power of replenishment peculiar to the fish-world, it is not easy to realise the fact of constantly decreasing supplies of salmon, a fish so carefully watched, and so much protected by legislation; but a little inquiry into the matter affords a ready solution of the apparent mystery. We will enumerate some of the drawbacks which have led to the yearly decline in the supply of this valuable commodity.

One of the greatest causes of scarcity is the few fish which are now allowed to arrive at maturity. When the eggs are deposited naturally, Sir Humphry Davy calculates that only about 800 out of every 17,000 of them arrive at the phase of marketable salmon. Our readers are already familiar with the enemies of the spawn, and the dangers to which it is exposed, when left unguarded at the mercy of its various enemies. The dangers awaiting the advent of the young fish into the river, when they are pond-bred, are no less destructive. The moment they escape from their nursery at Stormontfield, their sorrows begin, and they are certainly as numerous, if not so traditional, as those of the young bear. In the parr state, they are esteemed a dainty morsel by various other fishes, such as the yellow trout, the pike, eel, &c.; and even their own mothers and fathers—awful cannibals that they are!—swallow them by the dozen. In reference to the voracity of that fresh-water shark, the pike, Mr. Buist, the superintendent of the Tay fisheries, states the following facts. Some gentlemen having sent a trout-net manufactured for Highland loch-fishing, asked leave to test its powers on one of the Tay fishing-stations. 'The trial was made about the middle of May, at a place in the Tay near to where the Almond joins it. At the first sweep, they hauled there sixty-seven pikes, and in killing them, they secured several vomiting salmon-fry. This raised the curiosity of those who were engaged in fishing, and the persons to whom the pikes were given were desired to examine their stomachs. This was done, and every one was found to have less or more of salmon-fry in different stages of digestion; many of them had five fry. If such destruction as this occurred at one place, what must it be in the whole of the Tay and its tributaries?' One great use of the breeding-stations will be the protection afforded to these parrs. They are not set at liberty till they have reached the parr state, and are therefore better able to protect themselves; but even as smolts they cannot escape the numerous 'dangers of the deep' incidental to the life of all kinds of fish, which are notorious for preying on each other, and few of which ever reach the 'scar and yellow leaf' of old age. If the sea-going smolts escape the numerous dangers which await them in the river, they are menaced, on entering salt water, by a horde of enemies. Crowds of different kinds of fish of the *gadida* family are lying in wait for them. That this is a trying ordeal for the shoal of beautiful young smolts, may be estimated from the fact that as many as seven or eight have been taken from the stomach of a single coal-fish. The dolphin, the sunfish, the porpoise, the cod-fish, and many others, are particularly fond of smolts. Otters, too, are remarkable for their penchant for all kinds of fish, and are particularly fond of the choicest cut of a young salmon or a tender grilse; indeed, the fish after being seized by this animal, is frequently found left

at the side of the river, with only a bite or two taken out of the shoulder, and the rest quite good for food. Both the sethe (coal-fish) and the syth are found in shoals watching for the smolts, and numerous others of the great monsters of the deep lie in wait for the young of the salmon—their unerring instinct teaching them when these fish will appear. The perils of the salmon, from the day the egg is deposited, till the period when the fish reaches the fishmonger's counter, are so numerous as to prevent more than this allusion to them at present.

Another of the many causes which tend to decrease the supply, is thus stated by Mr. Daniel Ellis, in a *résumé* of the House of Commons' Report, which was published some years ago in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*. 'The evidence in this Report,' he says, 'goes to prove that the productiveness of the salmon-fish has decreased, and is decreasing, in almost all the rivers in the United Kingdom; but this decrease arises, not so much from the changes in the habits of the fish, or in the condition and circumstances of our rivers, as from the operation of injudicious laws in relation both to the times and modes of fishing; from the prevalence of most destructive practices and incredible abuses in almost all our rivers; and from the indulgence of a too greedy spirit of gain, which, instead of waiting for the natural production of the golden egg, cuts up at once the animal that can produce it.'

One of the 'destructive practices' above alluded to, is certainly a deadly drain upon the productive powers of the fish. We allude to the system of poaching, which is so extensively carried on during 'close time.' Few of our readers can have any idea of the immense numbers of salmon which are destroyed by this cause, and at the very time when they are at their greatest value, intent on the propagation of their kind; indeed, on the very spawning-bed itself, the 'deadly leister' is hurled, with unerring aim and mighty force; and the slain fish, safely hidden in the poacher's bag, is carried off to be sold and kippered for the English market. A party will start at nightfall, and dividing into two companies, sweep the Tweed with a net from shore to shore, and capture everything of the salmon kind that comes within reach. A person comes at a time arranged, and carries away the spoil, which he pays for at the rate of threepence per pound-weight. The takes, upon such occasions, average from ten to forty fish. The first night upon which our informant—a weaver—went out, the result was seventeen large fish—three of which weighed ninety pounds. Upon the second occasion, the take was much larger—thirty-eight salmon of a smaller size being the reward of their iniquity; weighing, in the aggregate, 640 pounds, and producing in cash L.8 sterling, divided among eleven people. Single fish are frequently killed on the spawning-bed; the male salmon being preferred, as its flesh is not in so bad a condition as that of the female. Sometimes both male and female are transixed at a single stroke!

The farm-servants at the farm-steadings near the river frequently indulge in the same 'sport'—sport which Mr. Younger of St Boswells pithily describes as being 'desperate, daring, devilish, and cruel.' The farmer, having no interest in protecting the fish, and sometimes not objecting to a share of the spoil, allows the matter to take its regular course. The necessary lights are furnished out of the resinous roots of the pine-tree. These provided, a band of men, numbering twenty or thirty individuals, are collected; and disguised in ragged clothes, and with blackened faces or masks, they proceed to the 'reds,' or spawning-beds, and lighting their torches, begin their unholy work, undeterred by the water-bailiffs, some of whom, collected on an adjoining height, may perhaps be viewing the picturesque scene, afraid to interfere.

We may just cite one other cause which must certainly affect the health of the fish, both in their infantile condition and in their more mature state—that is, the rapidly changing condition of our salmon-rivers. It must be borne in mind, that since the time of the sitting of the House of Commons' committee, a perceptible change must have taken place in many of our streams in consequence of the erection of mills, manufactories, &c., which discharge all the used water, frequently poisoned with dye-stuffs, &c., into the very channels frequented by the breeding-fish. It is no doubt essential that manufactories should be erected within easy reach of water-power; but is it necessary that the used water should be again turned into the stream from whence it was drawn pure, poisoned with mineral or vegetable colours? Could it not be collected and used up as liquid-manure? Are there no chemical processes which would render it of value, or which might, at any rate, neutralise its baneful effects on fish? We noted, in the evidence given before a committee of the House of Commons, as to a recent water-bill for Edinburgh, that one of the gentlemen connected with some kind of manufactory on the banks of the Water of Leith, stated that he had never seen a living fish within a mile or two of the place. A writer in an agricultural work says, that 'draining the land on the banks of rivers is said to have injured them as fishing-rivers, by destroying their equability; that is, before the draining, the rain that fell upon the land found its way to the rivers with difficulty, and so kept the streams equable for long; now it finds its way to the rivers at once, and consequently causes a heavy flow all at once, but that over, leaves the river habitually low.' The disappearance of salmon from the Mersey is stated to be in consequence of the river Irwell bringing down to it all the filth of Manchester; and the disappearance of the fish from some of the rivers of Norway is supposed to result from the immense quantity of timber-dust sent into the water from the various mills.

One other regulating element in the supply of salmon is the fact, that the parrs are not afforded the same protection as we accord to the smolt. Hundreds of them are killed by juvenile anglers without the slightest remorse. A smart little fellow, spending his vacation on the banks of the Isla, writes home in triumph to his father that he and grandpapa had caught 390 'parries' in a day. Think of that! Why, if only the odd 90 fish had been allowed to arrive at maturity, they might, in the course of nature, have added a large sum to the national wealth of the country. We know a respectable widow, living on the banks of a salmon-river, who fed her pigs on the parrs caught by her children. The Ettrick Shepherd waxes eloquent on the destruction of these infant salmon, and calls this spoliation 'a loss and a grievance of dreadful enormity.' In another part of an article on the subject, he says: 'Let the proprietors of rivers only think of the millions of these precious fry with which every Cockney angler's basket in the United Kingdom is stuffed, and without which that species of fishermen would get no sport.' The Shepherd estimates the destruction by each angler at about twenty dozen a day, or 40,000 per annum. 'It is worthily of legislative interference,' says Mr Hogg, and we quite agree with him. Smolts are protected with the utmost rigour of the law. Only a few weeks ago, a respectable tea-dealer from Edinburgh, angling in the Tweed, had the misfortune to capture a few—ten, we think, was the number—when, lo! he was pounced upon, and soon found out his error, by having to pay a fine, and expenses amounting to L.5, besides bringing an advocate from Edinburgh to defend him in a local court. Why protect the smolts and neglect the parr, now that it is known to all to be the young of the salmon?

Twopence per pound-weight used to be at one time

the usual retail-price of salmon in Scotland. That was before Mr G. Dempster of Dunnichen had discovered the art of packing it in ice, or the steam-boat railway-engine had been invented to whirl it off to London, Manchester, or Liverpool, or the still more distant continental markets to which Mr Saunders Billinggate informs us it is now sent in its fresh state. This discovery of Mr Dempster may be said to have been the means of commencing the Scotch and Irish salmon-trade, which has proved so great a source of wealth to the proprietors, as the price soon began to rise when London came into competition with local markets. This discovery has undoubtedly been an inducement to that overfishing which has been tending in later years to reduce the supplies. The great desire to obtain profit from the fishings, has led to a much greater anxiety to kill fish than to breed them. It is quite certain that we shall never again hear of salmon being sold at twopence per pound. In these days, a good fish, in one of the fashionable west-end fish-shops in the early London season, is worth as much as a prime sheep. A person having access to a file of the *Times* will be able to trace the gradual increase in the price of salmon in late years, during which it has progressed from season to season, till it has reached the present rate of 2s., 3s., and sometimes even 5s. per pound-weight in London. And even in provincial towns much nearer the sources of supply, 2s. a pound can be readily obtained for the best parts. The old proverb of one being dearer at Newcastle than anywhere else can be illustrated in the salmon-trade, as we have seen from experience that the fish is fully 10 per cent. dearer on the banks of the Tay, where it is caught, than in Edinburgh.

There can be no doubt of the great value of salmon as an article of commerce. Princely revenues were at one time derived from the rivers in which the fish was wont to abound. Even yet, with a supply which is yearly diminishing, the money derived from salmon-fisheries must form a considerable item in the rent-rolls. We may instance the case of Lord Glenelg who has drawn from the Tay a sum amounting to more than L.100,000 during the last thirty-five years. The salmon and grilse supplied for this sum run from 10,000 to 28,000 a year. As shewing what a small lottery salmon-fisheries are, we may state that, in 1811, when 10,000 fish were taken, the rental of the station alluded to was L.4000; and that in 1842, when the capture was 28,453 fish, the rental was L.1000 less. Indeed, we have some cause for wonder in the matter of fishery rentals, seeing that various economists who have written on the subject, say that for several years past the fisheries have been an annual loss to the lessees. If we calculate the income for the last years specified above, we have the following result. Averaging the fish at 6s. each, gives us a total sum of L.2500 for the 10,000 year, shewing a loss of L.1500 while on the other year there is a profit of upwards of L.4000. The average number of fish captured on the fishery of Kinfauns for ten years, about the end of the last century, was—salmon, 8720; grilse, 1714. That was before the existence of stake-nets. In the first twenty years of the present century, the average catch of salmon fell to 4666, and the grilse numbered 1666. After the stake-nets were removed, and in the next twenty years from 1815 to 1824, the number of salmon caught was 9010, while the grilse amounted to 8700. This is illustrative of the value of the Tay fisheries, and may be mentioned that the stations from Perth to Newburgh, ten in number, have produced the following income for the years named—namely, in 1851, L.7810; in 1852, L.6098; in 1853, L.6962; in 1854, L.7762; in 1855, L.8417; and it may be stated generally, that although the rents drawn from some of the fisheries are less than before, the average shows an increase.

The difference on particular rents is, however, striking: thus, Lord Gray's, at one time as high as L.4000, was let in 1855 at little more than L.2000; whilst at a different station, which was at one period let for L.91 per annum, now brings in an annual revenue of L.500.

The commercial fisheries on the Tweed, which are those of the lower part of the river, have been for some years past very unproductive, excepting the season of 1854. We need not extend our figures further back than from 1821 to 1825, when the average produce of salmon and grilse was, in round numbers, 100,000 per annum. Ten years after the latter year, the number caught was 22,642 salmon, and 87,707 grilse. In 1845, after a lapse of other ten years, the figures are 8962 salmon, and nearly 70,000 grilse; but in 1855 the take was much smaller, the numbers being about 6000 salmon, and only 15,000 grilse. The seasons of 1816 and 1842 are remarkable for the large takes of grilse both in this river and in the Tay, and it would be curious to ascertain from practical men the reasons for this—many of them, it is said, can foretell very good or very bad seasons. In 1842, the take of grilse on the Tweed was close on 110,000, which was certainly an immense number. But their destruction in such wholesale quantities is perfect madness; they should be allowed to continue their species before being killed. The two or three shillings derived from each of these grilse would in a year or two have been as many pounds. No wonder the salmon gets every year more and more a rarity, when so many of the young fish are slaughtered in the grilse state. So far as the parent fish is concerned, Lord Gray's fishings alone (on the Tay) seem equal to the whole of the commercial fishings on the Tweed. The rental of this river was at one period as high as L.20,000; it has been successively L.12,000 and L.10,000, but now it is less than L.5000; and fishing-stations which used to yield fish in tens of thousands, are now reduced to hundreds. At one station on the Tweed, where 17,000 fish have been taken, only a few hundreds can be caught. We may state, however, that a great number of salmon are taken before they can get into the river—because at stations five miles on either side of Tweedmouth, large numbers are fished, equalling perhaps half of the quantity taken by the river fishermen. An intelligent writer on the subject of the Tweed-fisheries says, in August last year: 'The tendency is still downwards, especially with grilse; and I regret to say that, so far as this season has gone, salmon are not more than one-third of what they were last year—grilse are considerably short of what they were last year, although it was the worst upon record.'

It is difficult to obtain reliable statistics on the salmon-produce of our rivers in Scotland, there is so much jealousy on the subject between rival tacksmen, that this we have ascertained to be true, as was stated by witnesses before one of the committees of the House of Commons, 'that the skill and perseverance of the fishers are now so great, that, under the stimulus which ready markets and high prices afford, very few of the clean salmon which once pass up our rivers, are again permitted to return to the sea.'

The English salmon-fisheries are now so much decayed as to be unworthy of consideration as a source of national wealth. Although the Thames formerly produced a number of fine fish, we believe the capture of a single salmon in that river is an event of special rarity. Fish are still taken in the Severn and some of the other rivers of England, but not to any great extent. London and the English markets generally are therefore almost entirely indebted to Scotland and Ireland for their abundant supplies of this delicacy, which, by means of ice-packing and steam-carriage, is placed on the dining-tables of London and Paris in a state of freshness which ought to satisfy the most fastidious appetite.

'Justice to Ireland' demands that we should devote a portion of our space to a notice of the Irish salmon-fisheries, which are of great antiquity, and which were, up to the year 1842, remarkably productive. And although they have fallen off in their supplies since that period, a vast quantity of salmon is still derived from the rivers of green Erin. In Ireland, as in Scotland, there was at one time a perfect glut in the salmon-market. Antiquaries mention that the fishermen of Lough Neagh and the Bann complained more frequently of the bursting of their nets through the overgreat take of fish, than of any want. Indeed, salmon, Evelyn says, was so plentiful in the Irish rivers, as to be hunted and dived for by dogs. In these early days, most of the fish, as was the case in Scotland, must have been salted; and we know that in that state large parcels of it were sent to England, and still larger supplies to the Catholic countries of the continent, where it was profusely used on fast-days. The trade, upon the discovery of steam, and such modes of packing as admitted of its being sent in a fresh state to the English and other markets, received a new stimulus, and the fishers obtained better prices than when it was sold in its pickled or dried state. Salmon can be easily and expeditiously carried from Ireland to Liverpool, and the value of the fish, as retailed in its fresh state, is at present about four times that of the best mutton.

The Irish salmon-fisheries seem in former days to have been even more productive than those of Scotland, and as they are more numerous and much larger, the annual quantity of fish was measured by hundreds of tons. It has been stated in evidence by Sir Richard de Burgo that, in his opinion, by means of proper development, the salmon-fisheries of the former country would speedily attain a yearly value of two millions sterling, instead of nearly L.300,000, which was about their value in 1847. We have no statistics since those of last year as to the Irish fisheries, but it is quite certain that there is a great falling off in the supplies, just as in Scotland, and no doubt from the same causes. 'So plentiful were salmon at one time in the Bann, that, according to Mr Finlay, 1400 have been caught at a single haul, and 1000 at a succeeding one.' Mr Worthington says: 'The average take of salmon annually at the chief salmon-rivers at that period (1842), may be taken at about 200 tons each; the Foyle fishery, in 1842, produced nearly 300 tons. Shortly anterior to 1842, in one town on the Shannon (Glin), L.8000 worth of salmon was sold in one season. The great fishery of the Moy, at Ballina; the Blackwater at Lismore; and last, not least, the Erne at Ballyshannon, produced also their hundreds of tons.'

We do not propose to enter into the question of salmon legislation, or to discuss the varied modes of capture, which have frequently formed matter of controversy; we may just allude, however, to one other matter connected with the salmon question, and that is, the diversity of interests occasioned by the numerous proprietary of such of our great rivers as contain this fish. There have been many proposals and suggestions made on the subject, and we cannot help feeling that the fishing interests are too numerous for the safety of the fish and the increase of the supply. When each man who leases a fishing is intent on spoliating his own division of the river, making, as a matter of trade, the most of his particular interest, the general interest must suffer in the long-run. Could the whole proprietors of a particular river not form themselves into a joint-stock company for the purpose of breeding and fishing for the general interest? This would be better than spoliating at particular stations, at the risk of impoverishing others. The upper portions of the river could be appropriated to breeding-ground, and the fishing could be managed at one or two particular

stations. In connection with this, a great extension of the artificial hatching system might take place, and so the salmon would increase and multiply, and become a property of greater value than it ever was before.

STANZAS.

STILL the same, ever the same, this outward face of things!

Time but toucheth it gently; little the change it brings.

Here where we sat together spreadeth the self-same tree—

Curved and matted the branches, just as they used to be.

Even the rich-toned lichen keepeth its place and form,

Mellowing the old gray oak-bark, tinting it sunset-warm.

Grandly the dome of beech-trees archeth the old wood o'er;

Vividly fretteth the sorrel the deep brown beech-leaf floor.

Even the delicate flowers cling to the self-same spot;

Meadow-sweet decks the river, and blue forget-me-not;

Close to the feathery larch-tree the woodbine clingeth still,

The wild-rose scents the valley, the golden gorse, the hill.

Cruel, O cruel Nature! put away the treacherous veil!

Put away the smile of mockery—tell us a truer tale!

Shatter the painful image of thy changeless trees and stones!

Thou art a whited sepulchre all full of mould'ring bones!

Green is the grass above our graves; dearer the death below;

No wood-songs bring our music back—it ceased too long ago;

Why should thy soulless beauty, then, thus everlasting seem,

The while our living flowers fade, and vanish like a dream?

Thus spake I, standing lonely in the old unchanging scene,

Marking the empty setting where the living gems had been;

But the solemn voice of Nature rose on the wind and said:

'Why wilt thou still be seeking the living amid the dead?

The seed and the berry moulder, and the hard stone mouldreth not;

But where rise the beauteous flowers?—where the seed and the berry rot.'

J. M. H.

LOW VALUE OF LIFE IN CHINA.

While so many elements of vitality are in a state of activity for the reproduction and sustenance of the human race, there is probably no part of the world in which the harvests of mortality are more sweeping and destructive than in China, producing voids which require no ordinary appliances to fill up. Multitudes perish absolutely from want of the means of existence—inundations destroy towns and villages and all their inhabitants; it would not be easy to calculate the loss of life by the typhoons or hurricanes which visit the coasts of China, in which boats and junks are sometimes sacrificed by hundreds and by thousands. The late civil wars in China must have led to the loss of millions of lives. The sacrifices of human beings by executions alone, are frightful. At the moment in which I write, it is believed that from 400 to 500 victims fall daily by the hands of the headsman in the province of Kwang-tung alone. Reverence for life there is none, as life exists in

superfluous abundance. A dead body is an object of little concern, that it is sometimes not thought worth while to remove it from the spot where it putrefies on the surface of the earth. Often have I seen a corpse under the table of gamblers—often have I trod over a putrid body at the threshold of a door. In many parts of China there are towers of brick or stone, where toothless—principally female—children are thrown by their parents into a hole made in the side of the wall. There are various opinions as to the extent of infanticide in China, but that it is a common practice in many provinces admits of no doubt. . . . Father Ripa mentions, that of abandoned children, the Jesuits baptised in Peking alone not less than three thousand yearly. I have seen ponds which are the habitual receptacle of female infants, whose bodies lie floating about on their surface.—*Sir John Bowring.*

COAL-OIL.

The production of oil from coal is not a new discovery, but the discovery of coal-beds in this country of character to yield a sufficient amount of oil to pay the expense of extraction, has but recently been made. In Scotland, the Boghead coal has for several years been used solely for distillation, being far too valuable for fuel. The oil from this coal is used upon the English and French railways, and the demand is always in excess of the supply. Railway managers prefer it to the best sperm oil. In Nova Scotia, there is another deposit of coal, the Prince Albert Mine, which also yields a good quality of oil; and these, with the exception of the Breckinridge, are the only localities yet known where the coal yields a sufficient quantity of oil to pay the expense of manufacturing. Since the experiments of the Breckinridge company were made with such a successful result, the whole country has been explored for oil-bearing coals, but thus far the experiments have resulted in disappointment. No coal has been yet found which could be made to yield more than one-half the results of the Breckinridge. It is of course could not come into competition with it. While experiments with this coal had fully satisfied the party engaged in them of its great value as an oil-producer, the company was at once formed, under the management of the Messrs Cairns, who made a contract for a series of years with the Breckinridge Coal-company for a supply of their coal, and commenced putting up works for manufacturing oil at Cloverport, Kentucky—the shipping point on the Ohio River of the Coal-company. When the whole plant has been set up, the product of the company will be 15,000 gallons crude, or 13,000 gallons refined oil, per week. This would give 780,000 gallons per annum.—*New York Tribune.*

NEW DECIMAL MONETARY SYSTEM.

This system (from the *Argus* Australian paper), based on the 5s. or crown-piece, has the merit of not disturbing the value of the existing paper, gold, or silver currency.

Paper, L.5,	= 20 crowns,	= 2000
Gold—		
Sovereign, L.1,	= 4 " ,	= 400
Half-sovereign, 10s.,	= 2 " ,	= 200
Crown,	= 1 " ,	= 100
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Five-shilling piece,	= 1 " ,	= 100
Half-crown,	= 50	
Florin,	= 40	
Shilling,	= 20	
Sixpenny-piece,	= 10	
Threepenny-piece,	= 5	

The author of the above proposes a new paper of L.2, 10s.—10 crowns, 1000 cents—and L.1, 50 crowns, 500 cents; but the less appearance of money there is at first, the better chance the decimal system have.

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OUR FRIEND THE GOVERNOR.

We were bound for Madras direct, with liberty to call at the Cape. Madeira, with its balm-breathing atmosphere and sunny clime, had long since been left astern. The warm sunshine, genial breezes, clear skies, and deep-blue waters of the tropics, wherein our gallant craft was wont to 'steal silently on her course,' were to us but as pleasant memories of the past, the more to be regretted from the chilly reception we experienced from the keen and cutting blasts that too soon proclaimed the inhospitality of those dreary regions of the far south, whither we were slowly progressing. The change was anything but agreeable, especially when we found ourselves driven a long way out of our course by a succession of south-easterly winds. However, at this juncture, when every one on board was in despair from the tedium and monotony of a passage that was becoming absolutely insupportable, the old adage of 'it's an ill wind that blows nobody good' was verified, in a way that was both agreeable to ourselves, as well as beneficial to the worthy individual whose strange history forms the subject of the present paper. How this was brought about was briefly as follows:

As was then frequently the case, we were one afternoon beating under double-reefed topsails against a strong south-easterly gale. A heavy sea was running. Dark masses of portentous-looking clouds swept rapidly across the sky, apparently pausing in their aerial flight for the purpose of warning us of the coming gale, of which they were the precursors. Still the old craft staggered on, and rolled and pitched, and lurched through the seething waters, in defiance of the storm, which momentarily increased in force, and the waves in size. It was a cheerless scene; we saw the officer of the watch, who paced the poop in gloomy meditation, and a few old salts who varied their pleasant occupation of knotting yarns under the lee of the weather-bulwarks, by skillfully dodging the white cataracts that occasionally invaded their retreat, whose soul was visible on deck.

Between decks, everything was equally uninviting, and not the least, the close stifling atmosphere inescapable from closed ports and hatches. Round the stowage-lanterns, whose oscillating rays revealed the long and dreary perspective of the bulkheads, which, at every roll and lurch, creaked and groaned a melancholy discord to the shrill but unceasing trouble of the gear aloft, were grouped a few of our adventurous of the passengers, who, weary of the confinement of their cabins, determined to show themselves on deck, and brave the fury of the elements.

Thither also the present writer repaired, and in their congenial society awaited the arrival of his respected commander, with whom, as midshipman of the watch, he had the honour of an invitation to dine that afternoon. Seven bells were struck: as the last sound floated away to leeward, the portly form of the captain emerged from the hatchway, and the hitherto almost deserted decks suddenly assumed a most animated appearance. Crowds of cuddy servants, headed by their chief, the steward, hurried to and fro, laden with the good things our gallant host had provided; the prospect of enjoying them being enhanced by our hearing him give the order to the officer of the watch to 'let her fall off four points, and round in the weather-braces.' During the execution of this most welcome command, we entered the dining-cabin, which, to our gratification, was graced by the presence of some of the fairer portion of our fellow-voyagers, whose appearance was to be attributed to the late desirable change. At the conclusion of the banquet, and after the usual toast of 'absent friends' had been done justice to, Captain Soanso begged to propose as the next one, 'Our friend the governor.' This was also duly responded to by some, under the impression that it referred to their mutual friend at Madras, and by others in happy unconsciousness as to whom the honour was intended for.

'That you may not be under an erroneous impression,' said the captain, 'I must inform you that the social position of my governor is neither so high, nor his seat of government so distant as the personage you imagine.'

'Who is he then?' inquired Major-general Mango, leisurely sipping his glass of port. 'I thought you intended the compliment for my friend Sir Harry.'

'By no means, general,' replied the commander; 'I have not the honour of so distinguished an acquaintance. But to satisfy your curiosity, I may as well tell you that we are now steering a direct course for my old friend's seat of government, which is about 150 miles distant; and if the wind stands, I hope, in the course of to-morrow morning, to have the pleasure of introducing you all to Corporal Glass, the governor of the island of Tristan d'Acunha.'

'Dear me, how delightful!' exclaimed several of the ladies, excited at the bare prospect of even a temporary relief to the dreary monotony of their daily existence. 'Do, pray, Captain Soanso, tell us all about him. Is he a real Robinson Crusoe?'

'Almost,' replied the captain, who, in obedience to his fair friends' request, then proceeded: 'Tristan d'Acunha, Nightingale, and Inaccessible Islands, form a group at about an equal distance of thirty miles from each other,

and 1500 miles from the Cape. The two latter are desolate; the former inhabited by a few English, whose advent and subsequent career have quite an air of romance.

'Whilst Napoleon Bonaparte was a prisoner in St Helena, the British government imagining that the French might occupy Tristan d'Acunha, as an intermediate point of communication with that island, determined on frustrating any such intention, by sending a detachment of soldiers from the Cape to garrison the island. When all fear of the escape of Bonaparte was at an end, the men were withdrawn; but several of them, including Glass, who had obtained his discharge, had become so much attached to their island-home, that they begged permission to return to it, and provide for their families, by cultivating good ground without paying rent, and occasionally going out to sea after seals and sea-elephants, and exchanging the skins and oil thus obtained for necessaries, with passing ships. Permission being granted, they soon afterwards sailed for their destination, being, by the kindness of their officer, plentifully supplied with all sorts of seed and different kinds of stock wherewith to commence their new undertaking.

'Soon after their arrival at the island, an event occurred which caused the utmost excitement amongst the colonists, and for a time had the effect of considerably increasing their limited society. It was this. One November morning, in the year 1821, a strange-looking craft, of indescribable rig, was observed standing in towards the island. No one could make her out. What could she be? where from? whither bound? severally exclaimed the astonished gazers as the boxlike-looking affair slowly and wearily approached their shores. To be in readiness to have the problem solved, and receive the strangers with the hearty welcome their evident state of exhaustion required, Glass and his companions proceeded to the landing-place, where the distressed mariners soon afterwards arrived. On landing, their tale was soon told. They proved to be a portion of the crew of the *Blenden Hall*, East Indiaman, which had been recently lost on Inaccessible Island during one of those fogs that are so prevalent round its inhospitable shores. The greater portion of her crew and passengers still remained on the island, obtaining a precarious subsistence from the flesh of sea-elephants, seals, penguins, and their eggs, the island being destitute of anything else, with the exception of a small supply of brushwood for firing. Two months after their shipwreck, a boat, or rather a case, was formed of the planks of the wreck, for the purpose of going to Tristan d'Acunha to obtain assistance. Six of the crew embarked in her, but were never heard of afterwards. A second boat of a similar description was then built, which, as it will have been seen, was more fortunate in the perilous undertaking, and arrived safely at Tristan d'Acunha after a weary and dangerous pull of thirty miles.

'On hearing the foregoing account, Glass gallantly determined to effect the rescue of the forlorn party, and without delay launched two of his whale-boats, and with a good supply of bread, butter, milk, and other necessaries, started with his companions on their humane expedition. After three trips, in which they ran the greatest danger of being swamped or blown away to sea, Glass had the satisfaction of bringing off the whole party, and landing them in his sea-girl home, where they received the utmost attention during the remainder of their stay. Here the united community assisted at the marriage of one of the seamen of the *Blenden Hall* with a young maid-servant of one of the passengers, who determined on remaining on the island and sharing the fortunes of its governor.

'For several years after this occurrence, nothing worthy of note disturbed the monotonous quiet of

their lives. Their families increased, and their stock thrived and multiplied. They generally have a good supply of corn when the harvest turns out favourably, and an abundance of very large and fine potatoes. For a supply of clothes and many other necessaries, the islanders are entirely dependent on passing ships. So you may imagine, ladies and gentlemen,' continued the captain, 'with what joy an Indiaman full of passengers is welcomed in that distant part of her majesty's dominions, and how thankfully the most trifling gift is appreciated by these worthy people.'

Captain Soanoo having brought his narrative to a close, the dinner-party soon afterwards dispersed, profoundly impressed with the necessity of a cordial co-operation with our gallant host in his kindly plans for ameliorating the somewhat desolate condition of the poor islanders.

Great was the commotion when the captain's intention became publicly known. The news flew through the ship like wild-fire. Nowhere was the excitement more intense than in the midshipmen's berth, and on no one had the intelligence a more surprising effect than on Bobstay, our junior youngster, who, having formed a romantic attachment for Elizabeth, the pretty lady's-maid, as a matter of course proposed an elopement to the land of the free, which, however, was most prudently negatived by the fair lady herself.

'Eight bells, there: come, bear a hand; and there out, Harry—there's land ahead!' sung out one of my messmates the next morning at the early hour of four.

Under the peculiar circumstances of the case, my jump from my hammock landed me on deck; a second into my blanket-trousers; and a third, up the main-ladder to the upper-deck, where the tall conical top of the island of Tristan d'Acunha—rising some 300 feet above the level of the sea—could be plainly seen, looming like some monster phantom through the gray of the early morning light. During the night the wind had considerably decreased, and the ship was running down towards the island under all plain sail. As the hours flew by, and the sun rose, and shone on the then tranquil and glittering sea, the scene was one of the most intense interest; and as we lessened our distance, the markings of the island became more and more distinct. Perpendicular cliffs, burned green and red by an extinct volcano, rose to an immense height above the sea, and then inclined inward, covered with wood; only to rise again bare and sloping to the apex of the mountain, which was capped with a cloud as white as the snow beneath. Innumerable sea-birds, from the little petrel to the stately albatross, floated round the summits of the lofty cliffs; the huge wings of the latter apparently motionless, yet swift as the 'arrow's flight,' as the bird glided through the aerial space towards its wild retreat in the inaccessible crevices of the rocks of the island.

As we rapidly advanced on our course, we could plainly see, by the aid of our glasses, numerous seals and sea-otters basking and playing on the ledges of rocks at the base of the cliffs, where, in close proximity, gambled those shapeless masses, with almost human faces, known as sea-elephants. It was an exciting scene, and everybody was on deck enjoying the pleasant change attendant on a smooth sea and fine weather. Passengers were everywhere busy with the Dollonds, and asking innumerable questions of those who had previously visited the locality, the replies being scarcely heeded, as fresh novelties came crowding one after another.

Presently, a wreath of smoke was seen rising from a point of low land, and floating away in voluminous clouds to leeward.

'There goes the bonfire!' exclaimed the captain. 'We shall soon see the island-boat coming out from the land.'

'Do they usually make this kind of signal?' inquired one of the passengers.

'Invariably,' replied the captain. 'Whenever a vessel heaves in sight, the islanders are always on the alert; and to attract attention, whenever a ship is near enough to see it, they set fire to a large heap of brush-wood, constantly kept in readiness for the purpose.'

'Here comes the boat!' exclaimed several voices, as a handsome whale-boat, manned with four sturdy rowers, was observed dashing out from the land, and pulling rapidly in the direction of the ship.

'Round her to, and shorten sail, Mr Bowline: we will not venture in any further,' said the commander, as we opened the point, on which was proudly waving the Union-jack, and saw the white surf rolling in on the landing-place, though it was comparatively calm outside.

As the ship came up sluggishly in the wind, dragging through the dense mass of sea-weed that surrounds the island, she quickly felt its force, which was not so perceptible while running. Sail was then reduced to the top-sails, jib, and spanker, for the weather round these islands is dangerous and deceitful in the extreme. At one moment, a ship may be sailing with scarcely enough of wind to fill her sails; and the next, a puff will come down the mountain, and carry everything by the board, unless precaution be taken in time. During our visit, the wind happened to be light while we lay to off the island, and the barometer was very high; but we had scarcely left it, when a gale came on suddenly from the northward, with the usual accompaniments of a heavy sea and thick rainy weather.

In the meanwhile, the state-barge for the nonce, containing the governor, came alongside. On reaching the quarter-deck, both himself and comrades were received with a hearty welcome by every one who had the pleasure of a personal introduction. Glass was a stout, hearty-looking man, and appeared rejoiced to see us. Through the liberality of the passengers, he was presented with a good stock of clothes, blankets, and books, our kind-hearted captain adding a fine calf, and various sorts of grain for seed, besides other stores too numerous to mention. It appeared on inquiry that a large increase in the population had taken place since the captain's last visit; the number now amounting to forty-one, exclusive of the governor's son, who was absent on his travels.

The interchange of presents having taken place—first from the island being a magnificent pig, one of the numerous wild ones that luxuriate along its sea-bound shores, a leg of which, by the by, fell to the share of our hungry mess—an expedition to the lake was determined on, which, with the exception of the ladies, was accompanied by the whole of the passengers.

Under the skilful pilotage of the governor in person, a rather fatiguing pull through the mass of tangled sea-weed soon brought the party to Falmouth Bay, where a landing was effected without difficulty. Ours being the first Indianman that had called at the island for four years, the advent of so large a party caused considerable bustle amongst the delighted inhabitants, especially when it became known that a public ceremony, unprecedented in the annals of that solitary and distant spot, was about to take place.

After a pleasant stroll through the settlement, where every house was open with the most lavish hospitality, and a minute inspection of the live-stock, which amounted to fifty head of cattle, nearly a hundred sheep, besides pigs and poultry *ad infinitum*, the inhabitants were assembled in the presence of one of the passengers, who, being a clergyman, took advantage of the opportunity to baptise twenty individuals of both sexes, from the infant of a few months old to the youth of eighteen. After an impressive address, which was listened to with great attention, a baptismal

register was made out, and delivered to Glass, as a lasting memorial of this important era in the uneventful history of these primitive people, the younger portion of whom had never even seen a clergyman before.

At the close of the service, as if in honour of the occasion, the boom of a gun from our gallant ship was borne across the water. From the lowering appearance of the distant horizon, we were not very far wrong in interpreting it as a signal from Mr Bowline, who was evidently getting impatient at the delay. Even the old craft herself appeared to sympathise with her chief officer, and as if in deprecation of the danger of a more protracted stay in that wild locality, anticipated her departure by a series of low courtesies in a long farewell to its iron-bound coasts. Accordingly, shortly afterwards, the party embarked, and after a lengthened farewell, left their new-made friends to their pristine solitude. And with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, the little flotilla struck out for its destination, which it reached in safety shortly afterwards. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and the old craft was staggering along under as much sail as she could carry to a freshening gale, which soon carried her far from our friend the governor and his lonely isle.

HOW TO FILL YOUR BASKET.

How? Why, there are many ways.

The editor, for instance, as he sits at his desk poring over the voluminous manuscripts kindly proffered to him by aspiring poets, novelists, or moralists, discriminates between the suitable and unsuitable; and the result is, that the former are placed in the printer's hands, while the latter, if not returned, get into basket.

How? The rag-picker could answer the question, by informing us that *his* only chance is to be astr before the busy world has doffed its night-cap, that he may pick his rags in peace, and be sure to fill his basket.

The basket we allude to at present, however, is the *angler's* basket. Angling was a mania of ours in the olden time, and we laughed in our sleeve at those of our brethren who were content with a creel of medium size. We equipped ourselves likewise with flies of every hue, bait-hooks of every size, rods of the most ingenious workmanship, and we would not like to say how many spare tops; pocket-books with elaborate interiors, capable of containing tackle for a ten years' residence in Norway, pirns, lines, and gut exhaustless; and with some dozen casts—each fly differing from its neighbour—wound round our white beaver; and so we would take our journey northward, inwardly resolved to leave an immortal line of glory behind us wherever our piscatorial steps should stray. Strange, however, our success was never commensurate with our preparations; we had miscalculated the season, taken the river at its worst time, were harassed by others pertinaciously whipping the water a hundred yards further down the stream, or had failed to strike the precise infinitesimal degree of shade of the flies on the water that day. We never failed, in short, to find an ingenious excuse; and as we drew in our chair towards the fire in the snug parlour of the 'Gordon Arms,' to describe our sport to others of a similar persuasion, we blessed those never-failing apologies—thunder in the air, white clouds, and the clearness of the water. 'If,' exclaimed we, 'those white clouds had but cleared off, how gloriously must the fine half-pounders have risen to our "Professors"!'.

Angling having been, as we said, a mania of ours, well do we remember how tedious was the month of April, and how often, whilst busied in our ducky counting-house in the city, recollections of that

glorious week in May last year would come over us; how often, too, we permitted the thrilling anticipation of our week's holiday in the north, not yet enjoyed, to blend with our anxieties respecting the money-market, or dealings in the Corn Exchange!

May arrived; we bade, alas! too short an adieu to our companionable ledgers and cash-books; and year after year, about the beginning of May, we were the envy of our brother-clerks for a whole fortnight.

We now find that nothing but—we must out with it—*sheer ignorance* was the reason why we never filled our basket! And we have lately received a complete solution of the why and wherefore: the truth is, that the generality of man was, up to the year 1857, devoid of the true secret of filling his basket with—trout!

Thanks to Mr Stewart, we have now before us a neat, handy little three-and-sixpenny volume, *The Practical Angler, or the Art of Trout-fishing, more Particularly Applied to Clear Water*,* containing certain hints and rules, which, had we known them when sojourning at the 'Gordon Arms' in those days, must, we are positive, have lent us the power of filling even our large basket, and saved us from resorting to the apologies of 'thunder in the air' and 'clear water!'

But it is our firm belief that neither we, nor any one else, ever dreamed of the possibility of killing fifteen or twenty pounds' weight of trout per diem, in a clear running stream. As for ourselves, we might fish ever so assiduously, and follow the course of the river for miles, casting our large gaudy flies far out on the stream, and following their motions with eager eye, without catching more than a couple of dozen by dinner-time. But then we erred in fishing *down*, since our intended prey is always looking *up*; we erred in using large gaudy flies; we erred in casting a *long* line. Mr Stewart's long and careful experience has taught him, and he has taught us, that we should have fished *up* instead of *down*; that our large gaudy flies ought to have been left behind us in the 'Golden Perch,' and small, sparsely dressed ones used instead. He further informs us, and we feel intuitively that he is correct, that the speckled tenants of Yarrow or Tweed would have been lured, in spite of their teeth, towards a wood-cock wing with a single turn of a red hackle, dressed with yellow silk; that an able supporter would have been found in a hare-lug body, with a corn-bunting or chaffinch wing, and several other equally killing flies which he describes. Our authority, for we may swear by him, also places side by side with those the black spider, the red spider, and the dun spider!

Here is food for the fishes, simply prepared, without show, and tied on to *thin* and transparent gut; and there at present lie in our reasonably sized pocket-book—our last purchase—half-a-dozen of each of the above, dubbed by the hands of the Practical Angler himself, and presented to us along with his book.

We now see clearly, where all was mystery before, why we lost so many trout—and we were always sure they were the largest—when angling in the Tweed. We were somewhat proud in those days of our dexterity in throwing a long line, and of our management of a sixteen-foot rod; but now our pride has had a sad fall, since we learn that by the use of a short ten-foot rod, moderately stiff, with a short line, we might have doubled, perhaps quadrupled, our 'take;' and joined to this, had we but fished *up*, used the wood-cock-wings, dotterel-wings, or black and dun spiders, keeping all the while *out of sight* of our wary prey, what a pleasing load might we not have borne to the Gordon Arms—how patronisingly we should have cheered our less successful brethren—what glorious accounts imparted to our holiday-looking-forward-to brother-clerks in the city!

Let not the reader imagine from the foregoing that

our hero's forte lies in fly-fishing alone, or that he has tested his skill upon one or two streams at the most; our angling friends have only to refer to his little book to find that he has made observations from many a stream and loch; that he has gained also useful hints from the most successful professional and amateur fishers of the day, and that he has not failed to turn them to account for the benefit of the angling world. His experience has taught him that successful anglers have ever been *keen observers*. We never were keen observers in the days we have alluded to, but are now willing and ready to add as much as we can of that indispensable to the other qualities of an angler—namely, quickness of eye, energy, and boundless perseverance; so that we may hope some fine day to come home, as well as Mr Stewart, with our fifteen dozen and our basket full.

We will not dwell longer upon this, a favourite theme, but will take the opportunity of remarking, that when our friends have carefully perused *The Practical Angler*, and after that, whether they take the train to the north or to the south, it will be their own fault if they do not know how to fill their basket.

We shall conclude with an extract shewing the practical style in which this little work is written; and that the extract may be universally useful, it shall contain a complete angler's calendar, beginning with the present month: 'In the beginning of May it is of little use starting before eight o'clock in the morning, as the weather is generally cold; if the weather is warm, however, trout will take an hour or two earlier. When the waters are clear, the angler should commence with the creeper, and continue using it till he sees the take has commenced, when he should at once change to the fly, and make the most of his time. At this season, the take lasts longer than at any other, and if the day is favourable, the angler may kill the required quantity in a few hours in the forenoon. During the afternoon—that is to say, from two or three o'clock till six or seven—the minnow will frequently be found the best; and a very good plan is to fish up with the creeper and fly, and then back over the same ground with the minnow. If neither the creeper, fly, nor minnow will take, recourse must be had to the worm; but this is rarely the case; and unless on the occasion of a full flood, the angler may never have occasion to use the worm till the end of June. When the waters are in full flood, recourse must be had to the worm; and when they are rising or again falling, from the time that the particles of the mud begin to subside, until the waters become of a dark porter colour, the minnow will be found very deadly. The worm and the minnow should be used the whole season through when the waters are in the states just mentioned; but when they become of a dark porter colour, the lures appropriate to the season come into play, and in May, in such a case, reliance should always be placed upon the fly.

'About the middle of the month, the May-fly makes its appearance, and with it the angler will have no difficulty in filling his basket. In streams where the May-fly is not to be had, the angler should use worm and minnow in the morning; and whenever he observes the trout rising at the natural insect, change to the fly. The minnow will again be found effective in the evening. Even in streams where May-flies abound, minnow or worm will sometimes take better than they do early in the morning; and if the weather is very dark and stormy, the minnow will frequently be found most effective all day.

'When the May-flies have been two or three weeks on the water, or about the middle of June, they are not to be found in such numbers; the trout also do not take them so readily, and filling even a twelve-pound basket becomes rather difficult. The trout have given

up taking fly readily, and have not yet begun to take worm; they appear to be resting after the high feeding they have enjoyed for the last six weeks. Loch-fishing being now in its prime, the angler would do well to give it a trial, as he will not lose much by a ten days' absence from the rivers. In these, the worm and minnow in the morning, the fly in the forenoon, and the minnow and fly in the evening, will be found the best means of filling a basket; and in small waters and hill-burns, trout will now take the worm readily.

'From the middle to the end of June, worm-fishing commences; and from this period to the end of July large basketsful of trout may be depended upon, no matter what the state of weather or water. A good arrangement for a day's trouting at this season is to start very early in the morning—the earlier the better—and fish down a few miles with the minnow, and then fish back again with the worm; or if the angler has not the gift of early rising, he may start about breakfast-time, taking his dinner with him, and fish up with the worm, and down again with the minnow in the evening. If the weather is dark and stormy, the minnow will frequently be found most deadly during the whole day.

'About the beginning of August, another change begins to take place in the inclinations of the trout. Unless the weather is showery, or particularly favourable, they will not take the worm readily; and frequently only take it for an hour or so in the heat of the day. There is also a visible falling off in the size of the trout caught with it—a sure sign with any kind of fishing that it is approaching a termination. Nor will the minnow, unless the streams are swollen, aid the angler in his emergency; there is nothing for it but to have recourse to the more backward districts and smaller waters.

'About the end of August, trout begin to take the fly freely, and continue doing so all through September; and reliance can generally be placed upon it, particularly in coloured water: should it fail, recourse must be had to some hill-burn, where the worm will always be found effective.

'By the beginning of October, all the spawning trout are out of condition; the small ones, however, which do not spawn, afford very good diversion until late in the month, by which time even they are quite unworthy of the attention of the sportsman.'

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXIV.—A LILLIPUTIAN FOREST.

As resuming the trail, I moved with lighter spirit. I had three sources of gratulation. The peril of the flood was past—she was not drowned. The wolves were thrown off—the dangerous rapid had deterred them; on the other side their footprints were no longer found. Thirdly, the steed had slackened his pace. After climbing the bank, he had set off in a rapid gait, but not at a gallop.

'He's been pacin' hyar!' remarked Garey, as soon as his eyes rested upon the tracks.

'Pacin'?'

I knew what was meant by this; I knew that gait peculiar to the prairie-horse, fast but smooth as the amble of a palfrey. His rider would scarcely perceive the gentle movement; her torture would be less.

Perhaps, too, no longer frightened by the fierce pursuers, the horse would come to a stop. His wearied limbs would admonish him, and then—Surely he could not have gone much further?

We too were wearied, one and all; but these pleasing conjectures beguiled us from thinking of our toil, and we advanced more cheerfully along the trail.

Alas! it was my fate to be the victim of alternate hopes and fears. My new-sprung joy was short-lived, and fast fled away.

We had gone but a few hundred paces from the river, when we encountered an obstacle, that proved not only a serious barrier to our progress, but almost brought our tracking to a termination.

This obstacle was a forest of oaks, not *giant oaks*, as these famed trees are usually designated, but the very reverse—a forest of *dwarf oaks* (*Quercus nana*). Far as the eye could reach extended this singular wood, in which no tree rose above thirty inches in height! Yet was it no thicket—no under-growth of shrubs—but a true forest of oaks, each tree having its separate stem, its boughs, its lobed leaves, and its bunches of brown acorns.

'Shin oak,' cried the trappers, as we entered the verge of this miniature forest.

'Wagh!' exclaimed Rube, in a tone of impatience, 'hyur's bother. 'Ee may all get out o' ynr saddles an rest yur critters: we'll hev to crawl hyur.'

And so it resulted. For long weary hours we followed the trail, going not faster than we could have crawled upon our hands and knees. The tracks of the steed were plain enough, and in daylight could have been easily followed; but the little oaks grew close and regular as if planted by the hand of man; and through their thick foliage the moonlight scarcely penetrated. Their boughs almost touched each other, so that the whole surface lay in dark shadow, rendering it almost impossible to make out the hoof-prints. Here and there, a broken branch or a bunch of tossed leaves—their under-sides shining glaucous in the moonlight—enabled us to advance at a quicker rate; but as the horse had passed gently over the ground, these 'signs' were few and far between.

For long fretful hours, we toiled through the 'shin-oak' forest, our heads far overtopping its tallest trees! We might have fancied that we were threading our way through some extended nursery. The trail led directly across its central part; and ere we had reached its furthest verge, the moon's rays were mingling with the purple light of morning.

Soon after the 'forest opened;' the little dwarfs grew further apart—here scattered thinly over the ground, there disposed in clumps or miniature groves—until at length the sward of the prairie predominated.

The trouble of the trackers was at an end. The welcome light of the sun was thrown upon the trail, so that they could lift it as fast as we could ride; and, no longer hindered by brake or bush, we advanced at a rapid rate across the prairie.

Over this ground the steed had also passed rapidly. He had continued to pace for some distance, after emerging from the shin-oak forest; but all at once, as we could tell by his tracks, he had bounded off again, and resumed his headlong gallop.

What had started him afresh? We were at a loss to imagine; even the prairie-men were puzzled.

Had wolves again attacked him, or some other enemy? No; nor one nor other. It was a green prairie over which he had gone, a smooth sward of mezquite-grass; but there were spots where the growth was thin—patches nearly bare—and these were

softened by the rain. Even the light paw of a wolf would have impressed itself in such places, sufficiently to be detected by the lynx-eyed men of the plains. The horse had passed since the rain had ceased falling. No wolf, or other animal, had been after him.

Perhaps he had taken a start of himself, freshly affrighted at the novel mode in which he was ridden—still under excitement from the rough usage he had received, and from which he had not yet cooled down; perhaps the barbed points of the cohates rankled in his flesh, acting like spurs; perhaps some distant sound had led him to fancy the hooting mob, or the howling wolves, still coming at his heels; perhaps—

An exclamation from the trackers, who were riding in the advance, put an end to these conjectures. Both had pulled up, and were pointing to the ground. No words were spoken—none needed. We all read with our eyes an explanation of the renewed gallop.

Directly in front of us, the sward was cut and scored by numerous tracks. Not four, but four hundred hoof-prints were indented in the turf—all of them fresh as the trail we were following—and amidst these the tracks of the steed, becoming intermingled, were lost to our view.

'A drove of wild-horses,' pronounced the guides at a glance. They were the tracks of unshod hoofs, though that would scarcely have proved them wild. An Indian troop might have ridden past without leaving any other sign; but these horses had not been mounted, as the trappers confidently alleged; and among them were the hoof-marks of foals and half-grown colts, which proved the drove to be a *caballada* of mustangs.

At the point where we first struck their tracks they had been going in full speed, and the trail of the steed converged until it closed with theirs at an acute angle.

'Ye-es,' drawled Rube, 'I see how 'tis. They've been skeeart at the awkurd look o' the hoss, an hev put off. See! thur's his tracks on the top o' all o' theirn: he's been runnin arter 'em. Thur!' continued the tracker, as we advanced—'thur he hez overtuk some o' 'em. See! thur! the vamints hev scattered right an left! Hyur agin, they've galliped thegither, some ahint, an some afore him. Wag! I guess they know him now, an ain't any more afeerd o' him. See thur! he's in the thick o' the drove.'

Involuntarily I raised my eyes, fancying from these words that the horses were in sight; but no; the speaker was riding forward, leaning over in his saddle, with look fixed upon the ground. All that he had spoken he had been reading from the surface of the prairie—from hieroglyphics to me unintelligible, but to him more easily interpreted than the page of a printed book.

I knew that what he was saying was true. The steed had galloped after a drove of wild-horses; he had overtaken them; and at the point where we now were, had been passing along in their midst!

Dark thoughts came crowding into my mind at this discovery—another shadow across my heart. I perceived at once a new situation of peril for my betrothed—new, and strange, and awful.

I saw her in the midst of a troop of neighing wild-horses—stallions with fiery eyes and red steaming nostrils; these perhaps angry at the white steed, and jealous of his approach to the *manuda*; in mad rage rushing upon him with open mouth and yellow glistening teeth; rearing around and above him, and striking down with deadly desperate hoof—O it was a horrid apprehension, a fearful fancy!

Yet, fearful as it was, it proved to be the exact

shadow of a reality. As the mirage refracts distant objects upon the retina of the eye, so some spiritual mirage must have thrown upon my mind the image of things that were real. Not distant, though then unseen—not distant was the real. Rapidly I ascended another swell of the prairie, and from its crest beheld almost the counterpart of the terrible scene that my imagination had conjured up!

Was it a dream? was it still fancy that was cheating my eyes? No; there was the wild-horse drove; there the rearing, screaming stallions; there the white steed in their midst—he too rearing erect—there upon his back—

'O God! look down in mercy—save her! save her!'

CHAPTER LXV.

SCATTERING THE WILD STALLIONS.

Such rude appeal was wrung from my lips by the dread spectacle on which my eyes rested.

I scarcely waited the echo of my words; I waited the counsel of my comrades, but, plunging deeply the spur, galloped down the hill in the direction of the drove.

There was no method observed, no attempt to keep under cover. There was not time either for caution or concealment. I acted under instantaneous impulse and with but one thought—to charge forward, scatter the stallions, and, if yet in time, save her from their hurling heels and fierce glittering teeth.

If yet in time—ay, such provisory parenthesis was in my mind at the moment. But I drew hope from observing that the steed kept a ring cleared round him: his assailants only threatened at a distance.

Had he been alone, I might have acted with caution, and perhaps have thought of some stratagem to capture him. As it was, stratagem was out of the question; the circumstances required speed.

Both trappers and rangers, acting under like impulse with myself, had spurred their horses into a gallop and followed close at my heels.

The drove was yet distant. The wind blew from them—a brisk breeze. We were half-way down the hill, and still the wild-horses neither heard, saw, nor scented us.

I shouted at the top of my voice: I wished to startle and put them to flight. My followers shouted in chorus; but our voices reached not the quarrelsome *caballada*.

A better expedient suggested itself: I drew a pistol from its holster, and fired several shots in the air.

The first would have been sufficient. Its report was heard, despite the opposing wind; and the mustangs, affrighted by the sound, suddenly forsook the encounter. Some bounded away at once; others came wheeling around us, snorting fiercely, and tossing their heads at the air; a few galloped almost within range of our rifles, and then uttering their shrill neighing, turned and broke off in rapid flight. The steed and his attendants alone remained, where we had first observed them.

For some moments he kept the ground, as if bewildered by the sudden scattering of his assailants; but he too must have heard the shots, and perhaps alone divined something of what had caused the singular noises. In the loud concussion, he recognised the voice of his greatest enemy; and yet he started from the spot!

Was he going to await our approach? Had he become tamed?—reconciled to captivity? or was that we had rescued him from his angry rivals—he was grateful, and no longer feared us?

Such odd ideas rushed rapidly through my mind as I hurried forward. I had begun to deem it probable that he would stay our approach, and suffer us to recapture him. Alas! I was soon undeceived.

was still a long way off—many hundred yards—when I saw him rear upward, wheel round upon his hind-feet as on a pivot, and then bound off in determined flight. His shrill scream pealing back upon the breeze, fell upon my ears like the taunt of some deadly foe. It seemed the utterance of mockery and revenge: mockery at the impotence of my pursuit; revenge that I had once made him my captive.

I obeyed the only impulse I could have at such a moment, and galloped after, as fast as my horse could go. I stayed for no consultation with my companions; I had already forged far ahead of them. They were too distant for speech.

I needed not their wisdom to guide me. No plan required conception or deliberation; the course was clear: by speed only could the horse be taken, and his rider saved from destruction—*if yet safe*.

O the fearfulness of the last reflection! the agony of the doubt!

It was not the hour to indulge in idle anguish; I repressed the emotion, and bent myself earnestly upon the pursuit. I spoke to my brave steed, addressing him by name; I urged him with hands and knees; only at intervals did I inflict the cruel steel upon his ribs.

I soon perceived that he was flagging; I perceived it with increased apprehension for the result. He had worn his saddle too long on the day before, and the wet weary night had jaded him. He had been overwrought, and I felt his weariness, as he galloped with feebler stroke. The prairie-steed must have been fresh in comparison.

But life and death were upon the issue. Her life—perhaps my own. I cared not to survive her. She must be saved. The spur must be plied without remorse: the steed must be overtaken, even if Moro should die!

It was a rolling prairie over which the chase led—a surface that undulated like the billows of the ocean. We galloped transversely to the direction of the 'swells,' that rose one after the other in rapid succession. Perhaps the rapidity with which we were crossing them brought them nearer to each other. To me there appeared no level ground between these land-billows. Up hill and down hill in quick alternation was the manner of our progress—a severe trial upon the girths—a hard killing gallop for my poor horse. But life and death were upon the issue, and the spur must be plied without remorse.

A long cruel gallop—would it never come to an end? would the steed never tire? would he never stop? surely in time he must become weary? Surely Moro was his equal in strength as in speed?—superior to him in both?

Ah! the prairie-horse possessed a double advantage—he had started fresh—he was on his native ground.

I kept my eyes fixed upon him; not for one moment did I withdraw my glance. A mysterious apprehension was upon me; I feared to look around, lest he should disappear. The souvenirs of the former chase still haunted me; weird remembrances clung to my spirit. I was once more in the region of the supernatural.

I looked neither to the right nor left, but straight before me—straight at the object of my pursuit, and the distance that lay between us. This last I continuously scanned, now with fresh hope, and now again with doubt. It seemed to vary with the ground. At one time, I was nearer, as the descending slope gave me the advantage; but the moment after, the steep declivity retarded the speed of my horse, and increased the intervening distance.

It was with joy I crossed the last swell of the rolling prairie, and beheld a level plain stretching before us. It was with joy I perceived that upon the new ground I was rapidly gaining upon the steed!

And rapidly I continued to gain upon him, until

scarcely three hundred yards were between us. So near was I, that I could trace the outlines of her form—her prostrate limbs—still lashed to the croup—her garments loose and torn—her ankles—her long dark hair dishevelled and trailing to the ground—even her pallid cheek I could perceive, as at intervals the steed tossed back his head to utter his wild taunting neigh.

I was near enough to be heard. I shouted in my loudest voice; I called her by name. I kept my eyes upon her, and with throbbing anxiety listened for a response. I fancied that her head was raised, as though she understood and would have answered me. I could hear no voice, but her feeble cry might have been drowned by the clatter of the hooves.

Again I called aloud—again and again pronouncing her name.

Surely I heard a cry; surely her head was raised from the withers of the horse. I could not be mistaken.

'Thank Heaven, she lives!'

I had scarcely uttered the prayer, when I felt my steed yield beneath me as though he was sinking into the bosom of the earth. I was hurled out of the saddle, and flung head-foremost upon the plain. My horse had broken through the burrow of the prairie marmot, and the false step had brought him with violence to the ground.

I was neither stunned nor entangled by the fall; and in a few seconds had regained my feet, my bridle, and saddle. But as I headed my horse once more toward the chase, the white steed and his rider had passed out of sight.

CHAPTER LXVI.

LOST IN A CHAPPARAL.

I was chagrined, frantic, and despairing, but not surprised. This time there was no mystery about the disappearance of the steed; the chapparral explained it. Though I no longer saw him, he was yet within hearing. His footfall on the firm ground, the occasional snapping of a dead stick, the whisk of the recoiling branches, all reached my ears as I was remounting.

These sounds guided me, and without staying to follow his tracks, I dashed forward to the edge of the chapparral—at the point nearest to where I heard him moving. I did not pause to look for an opening, but heading in the direction whence came the sounds, I spurred forward into the thicket. Breasting the bushes that reached around his neck, or bounding over them, my brave horse pressed on; but he had not gone three lengths of himself before I recognised the imprudence of the course I was pursuing: I now saw I should have followed the tracks.

I no longer heard the movements of the steed—neither foot-stroke, nor snapping sticks, nor breaking branches. The noise made by my own horse, amid the crackling acacias, drowned every other sound; and so long as I kept in motion, I moved with uncertainty. It was only when I made stop that I could again hear the chase struggling through the thicket; but now the sounds were faint and far distant—growing still fainter as I listened.

Once more I urged forward my horse, heading him almost at random; but I had not advanced a hundred paces, before the misery of uncertainty again impelled me to halt.

This time I listened and heard nothing—not even the recoil of a bough. The steed had either stopped, and was standing silent, or, what was more probable, had gained so far in advance of me that his hoof-stroke was out of hearing.

Half frantic, angered at myself, too much excited for cool reflection, I lanced the sides of my horse, and galloped madly through the thicket.

I rode several hundred yards before drawing bridle, in a sort of desperate hope I might once more bring myself within earshot of the chase.

Again I halted to listen. My recklessness proved of no avail. Not a sound reached my ear: even had there been sounds, I should scarcely have heard them above that issuing from the nostrils of my panting horse; but sound there was none. Silent was the chapparal around me—silent as death; not even a bird moved among its branches.

I felt something like self-execration: my imprudence I denounced over and over. But for my rash haste, I might yet have been upon the trail—perhaps within sight of the object of pursuit. Where the steed had gone, surely I could have followed. Now he was gone I knew not whither—lost—his trail lost—all lost!

To recover the trace of him, I made several casts across the thicket. I rode first in one direction, then in another, but all to no purpose. I could find neither hoof-track nor broken branch.

I next bethought me of returning to the open prairie, there retaking the trail, and following it thence. This was clearly the wisest, in fact, the only course in which there was reason. I should easily recover the trail, at the point where the horse had entered the chapparal, and thence I might follow it without difficulty.

I turned my horse round, and headed him in the direction of the prairie—or rather in what I supposed to be the direction—for this too had become conjecture.

It was not till I had ridden for a half-hour, for more than a mile through glade and bush—not till I had ridden nearly twice as far in the opposite direction—and then to right, and then to left—that I pulled up my broken horse, dropped the rein upon his withers, and sat bent in my saddle under the full conviction that I too was lost!

Lost in the chapparal—that parched and hideous jungle, where every plant that carries a thorn seemed to have place. Around grew *acacias*, *mimosas*, *gleditschias*, *robinias*, *algarobias*—all the thorny legumes of the world; above towered the splendid *fouquieria* with spinous stem; there flourished the 'tornillo' (*prosopis glandulosa*), with its twisted beans; there the 'junco' (*koelerinia*), whose very leaves are thorns. There saw I spear-pointed yuccas and clawed bromelias (*agave* and *dasyliro*); there, too, the universal cactaceæ (*opuntia*, *mammillaria*, *cereus*, and *echinocactus*); even the very grass was thorny—for it was a species of the 'mezquite-grass,' whose knotted culms are armed with sharp spurs!

Through this horrid thicket I had not passed unscathed; my garments were already torn, my limbs were bleeding.

My limbs—and hers?

Of hers alone was I thinking: those fair-proportioned members—those softly rounded arms—that smooth delicate skin—bosom and shoulders bare—the thorn—the scratch—the tear. Oh! it was agony to think!

By action alone might I hope to still my emotions; and once more rousing myself from the lethargy of painful thought, I urged my steed onward through the bushes.

CHAPTER LXVII.

ENCOUNTER WITH JAVALI.

I had no mark to guide me, either on the earth or in the heavens. I had an indefinite idea that the chase had led westward, and therefore to get back to the prairie, I ought to head towards the east. But how was I to distinguish east from west? In the chapparal both were alike, and so too upon the sky. No sun was visible; the canopy of heaven was of a uniform leaden colour; upon its face were no signs by which the cardinal points could have been discovered.

Had I been in a forest of trees, surrounded by a

northern *sylva*, I could have made out my course. The oak or the elm, the ash-tree or maple, the beech or sycamore—any of them would have been compass sufficient for me; but in that thicket of thorny shrubs I was completely at fault. It was a subtropical flora, or rather a vegetation of the arid desert, to which I was almost a stranger. I knew there were men skilled in the craft of the chapparal, who, in the midst of it, could tell north from south without compass or star. Not I.

I could think of no better mode than to trust to the guidance of my horse. More than once, when lost in the thick forest or on the boundless plain, had I reposed a similar trust in his instincts—more than once had he borne me out of my bewilderment.

But whither could he take me? Back to the path by which we had come? Probably enough, had that path led to a home; but it did not: my poor steed, like myself, had no home. He, too, was a ranger; for years had been fitting from place to place, hundreds, ay, thousands of miles from each other. Long had he forgotten his native stall.

I surmised that if there was water near, his instinct might carry him to that—and much needed it both horse and rider. Should we reach a running stream, it would serve as a guide.

I dropped the rein upon his neck, and left him to his will.

I had already shouted in my loudest voice, in hopes of being heard by my comrades; by none other than them, for what could human being do in such a spot, shunned even by the brute creation? The horned lizard (*agama cornuta*), the ground rattlesnake, the shell-covered armadillo, and the ever-present coyote, alone inhabit these dry jungles; and now and then the javali (*dicotyles torquatus*), feeding upon the twisted legumes of the 'tornillo,' passes through their midst; but even these are rare; and the traveller may ride for scores of miles through the Mexican chapparal without encountering aught that lives and moves. There reigns the stillness of death. Unless the wind be rustling among the pinnate fronds of the *acacia*, or the unseen locust utters its harsh shrieking amid the parched herbage, the weary wayfarer may ride on, cheered by no other sound than his own voice, or the footfall of his horse.

There was still the chance that my followers might hear me. I knew that they would not stray from the trail. Though they must have been far behind when I entered the chapparal, following the tracks, they would in time be sure to come up.

It was a question whether they would follow mine, or that of the steed. This had not occurred to me before, and I paused to consider it. If the former, then was I wrong in moving onward, as I should only be going from them, and leading them in a longer search. Already had I given them a knot to unravel, my devious path forming a labyrinthine maze.

It was more than probable they would follow me—in the belief that I had some reason for deviating from the trail of the steed, perhaps for the purpose of heading or intercepting him.

This conjecture decided me against advancing further—at least until some time should elapse, enough to allow them to come up with me.

Out of compassion for my hard-breathing horse, I dismounted. At intervals, I shouted aloud, and fired shots from my pistols: after each I listened; but neither shot nor shout reached me in reply. They must be distant indeed, not to hear the report of firearms; for had they heard them, they would have been certain to make answer in a similar manner. All of them carried rifles and pistols.

I began to think it was time they should have reached me. Again I fired several shots; but, as before, echo was the only reply. Perhaps they had

not followed me? perhaps they had kept on upon the trail of the steed, and it might lead them far away, beyond hearing of the reports? perhaps there was not yet time for them to have arrived?

While thus conjecturing, my ears were assailed by the screeching of birds at some distance off. I recognised the harsh notes of the jay, mingling with the chatter of the red cardinal.

From the tones, I knew that these birds were excited by the presence of some animal. Perhaps they were defending their nests against the black snake or the *crotalus*.

It might be my followers approaching? it might be the steed—like me, still wandering in the chapparal?

I sprang to my saddle to get a better view, and gazed over the tops of the trees. Guided by the voices of the birds, I soon discovered the scene of the commotion. At some distance off, I saw both jays and cardinals fluttering among the branches, evidently excited by something on the ground beneath them. At the same time I heard strange noises, far louder than the voices of the birds, but could not tell what was causing them. My spirits sank, for I knew they could not be produced either by my comrades or the steed.

It was not far, and I determined to satisfy myself as to what was causing such a commotion in this hitherto silent place. I rode towards the spot, as fast as my horse could make way through the bushes. I was soon satisfied.

Coming out on the edge of a little glade, I became spectator to a strange scene—a battle between the red cougar and a band of *javalis*.

The fierce little boars were 'ringing' the panther, who was fighting desperately in their midst. Several of them lay upon the ground, struck senseless or dead, by the strong paws of the huge cat; but the others, nothing daunted, had completely surrounded their enemy, and were bounding upon him with open mouths, wounding him with their sharp shining tusks.

The scene aroused my hunter instincts, and suddenly unslinging my rifle, I set my eye to the sights. I had no hesitation about the selection of my mark—the panther, by all means—and drawing trigger, I sent my bullet through the creature's skull, at once stretching him out in the midst of his assailants.

Three seconds had not elapsed, before I had reason to regret the choice I had made of a victim. I should have let the cougar alone, and either held my fire, or directed it upon one of his urchin-like enemies; for the moment he was *hors de combat*, his assailants became mine—transferring their 'surround' to my horse and myself, with all the savage fierceness they had just exhibited towards the panther!

I had no means of punishing the ungrateful brutes. They had not given me time to reload my rifle before commencing the attack, and my pistols were both empty. My horse, startled by the unexpected assault, as well as by the strange creatures that were making it, morted and plunged wildly over the ground; but go where he would, a score of the ferocious brutes followed, springing against his sides, and scoring his shanks with their terrible tusks. Well for me I was able to keep the saddle; had I been thrown from it at that moment, I should certainly have been torn to pieces.

I saw no hope of safety but in flight, and spurring my horse, I gave him full rein. Alas! through that tangled thicket the *javalis* could go as fast as he; and after galloping a hundred yards or so, I perceived the whole flock still around me, leaping as fiercely as ever around the limbs of my steed.

The result might have proved awkward enough; but at that moment I heard voices, and saw mounted men breaking through the underwood. They were Standfield, Quackenboss, and the rest of the rangers.

In another second they were on the ground; and their revolvers, playing rapidly, soon thinned the ranks of the *javalis*, and caused the survivors to retreat grunting and screaming into the thicket.

WHAT IS HEROISM?

EVERY tolerably forward school-boy is familiar with a number of stock anecdotes associated with classical names, and illustrative of the heroic virtues, self-sacrifice and fortitude. Many of these *ana* will scarcely bear criticism in point of authenticity; but it is one of the least grateful duties of the historian to withdraw from the domain of presumed reality those dramatic episodes and tableaux with which the Greek and Roman writers enliven the grammar-school instruction. In our boyish days, we learn to venerate the ancient senators, awaiting in their curule-chairs with dignified gravity the intrusion of uncouth invaders. We garner up in our memories the gallantry of Curtius and Cincinnatus, the patriotic integrity of Regulus and Cincinnatus; and we are naturally loath to listen to Niebuhr and Arnold, when they assure us that these, our fancy-men, never had existence save in the imaginations of ballad-singers, or the traditions of an unlettered people; or if they really abode in the flesh, never performed the acts attributed to them. Independently of such 'points' in mythic history, there are no doubt many similar incidents which, though ascribed to historical personages, are nevertheless fictitious. Our ancient friends were extremely partial to narratives of this kind, and in default of a sufficiency of authentic facts, supplied themselves with circumstantial *on dits*. These were repeated from mouth to mouth, until they became, like travellers' tales, a part of the popular belief, and obtained admission to the grave pages of the biographer and historian.

The question, however, whether or not these anecdotes, and others of the same class, were records of actual events, is immaterial to my present purpose; it is enough that they have been handed down from generation to generation, from the old civilisation to the new, and have challenged and received more or less admiration and applause. They picture to us the kind of heroism most in esteem amongst the ancients, and not without honour in later days. Leonidas and his three hundred; Aristides inscribing his own name on the ostracising shell of an illiterate citizen; Arris, by her own death, encouraging her husband to brave a similar fate; the elder Brutus, with a severe justice, scarcely enough tempered with mercy, condemning his own son to death for a trifling breach of military discipline, are instances of the kind to which I allude; and we can trace in them all the stoical and dignified behaviour regarded by the men of those days as the height of human virtue.

If we seek further to determine the main elements which gave to these actions their éclat, we shall find them to be an enthusiastic abnegation of self, and a somewhat exaggerated development of a single virtue. The actuating motive, whether patriotism, domestic affection, or a sentiment of honour, prevailed in an unusual degree, raised to the point of enthusiasm by peculiar circumstances of time and place, or peculiar character of mind. It would not be well to detract from the glory or quasi-glory of such exploits, by ascribing them to ignoble motives, or judging them according to the light of an after-age. Every action, however praiseworthy and virtuous in outward seeming, may be accounted for, if we so incline, by consummate hypocrisy, far-sighted selfishness, or immoderate pride. By hypothetical assumptions, we may attribute the public life of Washington to his greed for glory, or of Wilberforce to a puerile love of fame. He must be an intense sceptic in human nature who perversely refers every instance of apparent self-forgetfulness to

concealed self-love. I do not, then, doubt that such actions as I have referred to possessed that species of nobleness claimed for them; at all events, it is upon this assumption that they have been recorded as examples of heroism.

In modern times, illustrations of similar virtue are by no means infrequent, but they do not possess that classical sanction which is so powerful for good or ill, and too often elevates a sophism into a wise saw, and an act of dubious morality into a vaunted exemplar. For instance, a modern Scævola is scarcely entitled to approbation. I willingly admit the deserts of these heroes and heroines; nevertheless, a little consideration will shew, that examples of this type do not exhibit the highest forms of moral grandeur. It is obvious at once, that isolated acts, illustrating an impulsive virtue, and occurring at conjunctures of great emergency, are but doubtful guides to general character. The actors in such scenes are not necessarily so exalted or so high-spirited as we are at first likely to imagine. Wholesale experience has lately shewn that the devotion of soldiery is no rare attribute; and in order to create military heroes, we have only to provide a field of action. Neither are the self-sacrifices of affection peculiar to lofty characters. But there is a heroism of a higher kind, which is often not patent to the world, which requires no grand stage and no dramatic incidents to give it lustre.

Charles Lamb tells an instructive story relating to the culinary discovery of roast-pig. John Chinaman found among the ruins of a house destroyed by fire a sucking-pig beautifully cooked in the course of the conflagration. Being enchanted by the succulent dainty, he proceeded to burn down another house containing another sucking-pig. After considerable destruction of valuable property, a sage friend of John Chinaman pointed out that in order to procure burnt pig, it was not at all essential to burn down a house. With regard to heroism, we are apt to fall into the illogical reasoning of the Celestial epicure, and imagine that great crises are necessary to its development. Enthusiastic British youth, moved by the recital of heroic deeds of ancient or modern times, yearn to become performers of similar exploits: they are filled with regret that their surrounding circumstances are commonplace, that they have no Thermopylæ to defend and no Sebastopol to storm, that there is not the slightest occasion to imitate the Athenians under Themistocles, and embark their household gods. They crave the inducement of a tragic glory and opportunity to create an undying fame by a single effort. But the higher heroism of which I speak, avoids rather than seeks the pomp and circumstance of war and the glare of publicity. It is true that enthusiasm is for the most part respectable. Even when its results are most deplorable, it bears testimony to the moral and religious nature of man. It implies an acting up to principle, and a disregard of immediate selfish considerations. Enthusiasm, no less than laughter, distinguishes man from the lower creation; still, the self-sacrifices to which it impels, are not the most noble. We know it is not in moments of excitement that the voice of conscience is most readily heard and obeyed; we know that soldiers, after the first moments of the conflict, customarily lose all sense of danger, are urged on by a wild agitation of the spirits, and make the final assault in almost a state of delirium. The foundation of heroism of this kind is physical courage and common manly sentiment. We know, too, that enthusiasm, in the form of fanaticism, enables men to endure excruciating agonies without a cry: the lamas of Tibet inflict on themselves ghastly wounds; Hindoos suffer themselves to be hooked up by the muscles of the back, and swung round and round in that painful state of suspension, without murmur of complaint. Yet we cannot suppose these men to be braver, or

possessed of higher moral qualities, than the European who groans with the toothache, and is terribly distressed by a simple fracture of the arm.

The truest heroism requires for its exhibition calm reflection and deliberate will, rather than excitement. Instead of the heat of the affray, or the ardour of a mistaken faith, its groundwork is a sense of duty able to contend with conflicting and baser motives. Patient uncomplaining endurance—steady perseverance in overcoming obstacles—conduct always upright in good and evil report, when no human eye may see with commendation, and no human heart respond with sympathy—this is true heroism, and raises its possessor far beyond the ranks of those who plant the standard on a well-won breach. Such heroism as this requires no historical arena; it lies as much within the reach of the man of peace as of the warrior, of the private citizen as of the statesman or sage. If we were to obey the moral law unflinchingly, and kept to labour and wait, we should all be heroes, and stand on all hallowed ground. From this point of view, the reflective mind sees more heroism in the endurance of soldiers in the trenches, than in their courage in the assault. From this point of view, the scene of a company of soldiers going down with the *Osmond* in parade order, with their colonel at the head, strikes us as a greater triumph than that achieved by Leonidas and his three hundred brave, and we recognise in unfortunate wives who come before our police-courts bruised and disfigured by the barbarity of their husbands, and decline to give evidence against them, 'because they are only so weak in drink,' the Arrias of modern times. We do wrong, therefore, when we allow stage-effect and brilliant éclat to throw too much into the shade the less obtrusive heroism of private life. If any man has such accessories to be necessary to the display of a heroic spirit, he may be assured that he is under a wrong impression, and does not possess any special faculty at all. Vanity or ambition may enable him to bear the pains and penalties of such a spirit, or give himself the semblance of a hero; but if he wins the esteem and honour due to such a character, it is by means of false pretences, and the reward won will assuredly fail to become a recompense in enjoyment.

A PARISIAN LITTERATEUR.

THE voluminous autobiography of Alexandre Dumas is in many respects a very noticeable work, but none more so than in the minuteness of detail with which it depicts the career of a Parisian litterateur. If this detail were unmixt with extraneous matter, it would be all the more acceptable. Dumas has been the contemporary of many remarkable literary men and artists—with all of them he has been personally acquainted; with many he has lived on terms of intimacy; and if he had chosen to confine his reasonable limits an account of his relations with these men, his impressions of their works, with the anecdotal and information current in the literary, artistic, musical, and theatrical circles of Paris from the death of Louis XVIII. to the revolution of 1848—when the break-up took place—he would have produced a book not only amusing to his contemporaries at home, but instructive to the public of Europe at large, and a valuable contribution to social history.

Instead of confining himself to this, Alexandre Dumas has been seized with the unfortunate idea of incorporating in his personal memoirs the general political and diplomatic history of Europe, which he has already had in newspapers and blue-books, and which we are in course of having crystallised in the works of those professed historians whose business is to inform and who employ their leisure on subjects within the

speciality. Nothing more dreary than the political history of M. Alexandre Dumas, dramatised with its startling points and dénouements; it is like reading his own *Louis XIV.* after laying down Mezeray, or possessing a coupon of Royal British Bank Stock compared with one of the Bank of England; but in the other part of his work we feel that he stands on his own ground, and that he is there indeed a master. Like an oasis after a desert journey, nothing can be more agreeable than to go out of the hazy sandy atmosphere of politics to the verdant regions of art. A new poem of Hugo, a rehearsal at the Porte St Martin or the Odéon, a squabble with the critics, a soirée of artists; all such form the pleasant parts of the book.

The life of Alexandre Dumas commenced with the century; his father, whom he lost early, had rapidly risen to the rank of lieutenant-general in the republican armies; and we find, in the early part of the son's career, a meritorious struggle on the part of both widow and orphan to make ends meet. At length the ardent genius of the son, impatient of a residence in a provincial town, invited him to try his fortunes in Paris, the mother having been compelled to sell her house and farm. His first impulse was to look up to the friends of his father—Marshal Victor, Duke of Belluno; Marshal Jourdan; and Marshal, then General, Sebastiani. He was admitted to Marshal Jourdan, who imagined that the father whom he had believed dead was paying him a visit. But he had never heard that he had a son; and, in spite of all that young Dumas could say, he was dismissed in a few minutes, without the marshal being satisfied of his identity, or disposed to commence acquaintance. But he was more successful with General Foy, the French historian of the Peninsular war, and the most impressive of the orators of the opposition in 1823. General Foy lived in the Rue Mont Blanc, and Dumas found him working at his Spanish military history. He wrote standing at one of those tables that may be raised or lowered at will. All around him, on chairs and sofas, was a heterogeneous mass of printer's proofs, maps, books, and newspapers. The general himself was a man of fifty, thin, small, with his hair growing gray, a brow like the hemisphere of a cannon-ball, an aquiline nose, and a bilious complexion. He carried his head erect, his language was brief, and his gesticulation imperious.

'Ah!' said he, 'are you the son of the General Dumas who was in the army of the Alps?' To which an affirmative answer was given, with the presentation of a letter of introduction. 'But before I can be of use to you,' said the general, 'I must first know what you are good for. Do you know anything of mathematics?—algebra?—geometry?—natural philosophy?—Latin?—Greek?—or book-keeping?' To each of these interrogatories, enounced slowly by the general, a negative answer was given—the face of the aspirant youth reddening into the deepest scarlet, and the perspiration dropping from his brow. At last the general asked for his address, with some commiseration; but scarcely had he written his name, when the general said: 'We are saved! You have a beautiful hand-writing.' Dumas was not delighted in having a copying clerkship pointed out for his destination; but General Foy continued, saying: 'I dine to-day at the Palais Royal; I will speak of you to the Duke of Orleans, and see if it is not possible to get you into his office.'

A petition was written out by the future dramatic poet. The leader of the opposition—dining with the future king of the French, in the palace built by Richelieu—spoke of the son of the republican general; and the end of it was the appointment of Alexandre Dumas to a place of L.48 a year, in the office of the Duke of Orleans; for his property was so vast as to require a formal administration, like a small government department. Here the dramatist passed the first years of his residence in Paris, working during the day on

the details of the forest cuttings of Villars-Cotterets, or the rents of the Palais Royal; and at night, visiting the theatres, reading translations of Schiller and Shakspeare, and casting about for the materials of a drama of his own.

We have no space for the many droll stories which he gives of this period of his life—one of the best of which is his account of a first visit to a theatre, when he paid for a place in the *queue*, and being obstreperous upon having to pay at the bureau again, was turned out of the theatre. At this period, Dumas made the acquaintance of Frédéric Soulié, and he gives his opinion of this remarkable but unequal genius: he considers that Soulié had something obscure in his brain; his thoughts being like the world, lighted only on one side, the antipodes of the illuminated side being plunged in darkness; and that, notwithstanding the scenes of extraordinary power he has produced, he never knew how to begin or end a drama or a romance. Soulié began timidly, and exposed his action painfully, so that his fine scenes were arrived at after a disagreeable apprenticeship of the reader's or spectators' patience. He lived on a small pension which his father allowed him, in a modest apartment in the Rue de Provence, among the furniture of which was a piano, on which he used to play. Afterwards he became a man of business, engaged in a mechanical sawing establishment, and died some years ago, well off, his time divided between Apollo and Mercury.

The theatrical experiences of Dumas are the clearest portions of the memoirs. Talma was still on the stage, and its acknowledged monarch; Mademoiselle Mars was at the height of her reputation and power. We have all the quarrels of the old classical authors with the rising dramatists of the new school, who were declared to be not 'sons of France, but bastards of England and Germany.' As for Dumas's collaborations and plagiarisms, we have his share in the former stiffly argued, and the latter freely confessed. Our deliberate opinion—after having seen represented or having read his best works, as well as learned the opinion entertained of him by his Parisian colleagues—is, that he is a man of most marvellous powers of invention, of great fertility of resource, of great skill in the construction of dramas, and of great capacity for labour, in addition to natural gaiety of style and facility of production. He has not the high poetry of Lamartine or Hugo; but even if he had had no collaboration, he is still the man to have outstripped all others in abundance of effective dramas. His misfortune has been habits of prodigality, which have injured his personal fortunes and literary reputation. From the first he shewed great powers of construction and animated dialogue—the one the body, the other the soul of the drama—but unfortunately this necessity for the requisites of a profuse hospitality has compelled him, first of all, to involve himself in an extensive collaboration, and at last to lend his highly popular name to many works in which he had no hand whatever. He began with works of genius; he continued by the rearrangement of the raw materials of others with masterly skill; and at last arrived at such habits of labour as to be able to work from ten to fourteen hours a day, year after year. If we add to these enormous labours the number of works to which he lent his name without contributing a thought, his princely revenue and prodigal luxury cease to be a marvel.

Talma was the most important of his early theatrical acquaintances. This distinguished artist was born at Paris in 1766. His father was many years a celebrated dentist in London, who had among his patients the Prince of Wales, subsequently George IV.; and the *début* of the son was in 1787. From that time he retained undivided possession of the Paris stage. Talma had the four great qualities of an actor—person, expression of countenance, voice, and intellectual capacity.

Without being what the French call *un homme d'esprit* of an acute and lively conversation, he had great erudition in relation to his profession. When he was on the point of creating a part, he grudged no historical research that might throw light on the character, the transaction, or the nature of the epoch. In short, like our own Garrick, he appears to have been superior to all his predecessors and successors.

In high comedy, Mademoiselle Mars seems to have attained the same elevation. Dumas pronounces her to be an honest woman, severely exact in the fulfilment of all her agreements, and as punctual at rehearsals as a post-office clerk at his bureau. 'I beg pardon,' said she on the single occasion of her having been absent for a quarter of an hour; 'but I have just lost forty thousand francs. Vite, commençons!'

After many discussions, Dumas got his play of *Henri III.* accepted at the Théâtre Français; but his entrance into the temple of Thespia proved to be his exit from the service of the Duke of Orleans. M. de Broval, the director-general of the affairs of the Duke of Orleans, gave Dumas politely to understand that literature and bureaucracy were two enemies who could not live together, and that he must choose between them.

'I understand,' said the poet, 'that if I pursue my vocation of man of letters, I am dismissed.'

'Yes,' said the baron—whom the author, with a grudge, described as being a baron with a large red nose, and one shoulder higher than another.

'Then I decide for the career of letters,' rejoined the poet.

'And how will you support your mother?' said the baron.

'Oh, that is my affair,' added Dumas. And thus his independent career commenced.

But although no longer serving the Duke of Orleans in an economical capacity, he was by no means unwilling to have him for a literary patron. He therefore determined to ask him to be present at a representation of his piece. The future Louis-Philippe was a handsome man of fifty at that time, not so very fat as he subsequently became, with a lively, intelligent countenance, and affable manners, but which never went so far as to allow people to forget his rank, except when he had to do with some very vain member of the *bourgeoisie*, and had a point to gain. His voice was agreeable in speaking, but he had a habit in his familiar moments of humming mass-music with a false intonation.

'Ah, Monsieur Dumas,' said the Duke of Orleans, 'what good wind brings you here?'

'My desire that your royal highness should be present at the first representation of *Henri III.*'

'That is impossible,' said the duke, 'for I have to-morrow twenty or thirty people to dine with me.'

'Ah, that is easily arranged,' said the indefatigable Dumas. 'I can delay the commencement of the play for an hour, by an arrangement with the manager, and if your highness can advance your dinner for an hour, my object is gained.'

The duke consented. The proposed arrangement was entered into by the manager of the theatre; and on the evening of the performance, Dumas was congratulated in a letter from the baron with the red nose and the hump shoulder. But after a day or two, the play was forbidden, under the pretext that it was a covert allusion to Charles X. and the Duke of Orleans. However, the prohibition was removed, and the Duke of Orleans, calling Dumas into his box, said:

'You have nearly brought me into a scrape. The king sent for me yesterday, saying I am told there is a young man in your bureaux who has represented me as *Henri III.*, and you as the Duke of Guise.'

'Your highness,' said Dumas, 'could answer that this young man was no longer in your bureaux.'

'No,' said the Duke of Orleans; 'I preferred another answer, for I retain you in my service. "Sire," said I, "you are mistaken; for I do not beat my wife; the Duchess of Orleans is not unfaithful to me, and your majesty has not a more faithful subject than myself." He then added: 'Come to the Palais Royal to-morrow morning; the Duchess of Orleans wishes to see you.' In short, *Henri III.* laid the foundation of Dumas's literary fortunes by a signal success.

Thus launched into the world of Paris society, Dumas became a diner-out of the first lustre, and various lice-hunters sought his acquaintance. One of these was the well-known ex-director, Count Barras, who, after all the moving accidents of the earlier part of his life, saved 200,000 francs a year out of the wreck of his political fortunes, and spent his old age in giving literary dinners. He was a man of old family; and before the great rise of prices in France, this sum enabled him to live in a luxurious manner. Dumas was presented to him by Dr Cabarrus, son of the beautiful Thérèse Cabarrus, subsequently known by the name of Madame Tallien, the belle of the Directorial phase of French society, who married the Prince de Chimay for her third husband. Barras received them in his villa at Chaillot sitting in his arm-chair, which in the last years of his life he never quitted. He was then seventy-four years of age (1829), and a fine-looking old man. He wore a cap on his head, only his face and his hands giving signs of life; for from time to time he fell into a lethargy, as if he were dying. When the hour of dinner came, the folding-doors opened, and Barras was wheeled to his place at table. The dinner was sumptuous; but Barras's only part in the entertainment was to dip his bread in a plate filled with juice of the cuttings of a leg of mutton. This was the extent of his share of the feast.

The Princess de Chimay was of the party, but styled citizenship. Her husband had a familiar valet-de-chambre who stood behind him, and, as in old plays, took part in the conversation, and on one occasion tapped a general on the shoulder with the apostrophe: 'Général, je vous arrête;' and then proceeded, to the utter astonishment of the general, to correct his memory on some revolutionary fact. When Sir Walter Scott was in Paris, Barras wished to see him, and commissioned Dr Cabarrus to invite him to dinner; but Scott shook his head, and answered that in his forthcoming history of Napoleon he intended to take an unfavourable view of the character of Barras; and that if he were to dine with him, and then to abuse him, people would say, when he went back to Scotland, 'that he had thrown the dinner-plates at his head.'

Such as these, we think, present amusing glimpses of the life of a Parisian litterateur; and so we take our leave of Dumas.

ANT GOSSIP.

Long before the real natural history of ants was known, they did duty as models, examples, and illustrations for writers, both sacred and profane: often ignorantly, as in the ancient fable, which represented them as devoted to the science of political economy, and prefiguring the establishment of savings-banks; but always pleasantly—a pleasantness which a truer knowledge of their world and ways only augments and heightens.

Of course, every one knows how ants and bees are taken to represent the two great sects of human politicians; how republicanism is made to find its antitype in the formic community, and monarchy its exemplar in the apiarian kingdom. But concerning this same republicanism, we have a word to say, which perhaps may give a different formula to the

constitution of some of the pismires, and destroy their claim to be considered as belonging to the Rouges. Anyhow, it will be proved that their republicanism, if it exist at all, is of the Spartan and oligarchic character, and the furthest possible removed from any modern notions of socialism.

To begin with: Who, among the Red ants, are those four, or five, or eight, or ten ladies surrounded by guards and courtiers, who all reside together in the same large chamber, for all the world, like an eastern harem, solely occupied with the cares of futurity and the hopes of maternity? Wherever one of these royal ladies turns, she is received with respect and obedience; her guards, or rather her court, leap and dance before her, caressing her with their antennæ, and talking to each other about her by means of the same organs. She is the centre of their world, the cynosure of their regards; and if you separate her from them, they soon form themselves into a dense body and enclose her in the midst. If you take her away altogether, they go mad outright. Their queens had once wings. One fine day they and their mates left the ant-hill, and flew up into the air. The ants—the workers, soldiers, and nurses—all followed them as far as they could, and as long as they remained in the neighbourhood; and even after they had flown off, parties of scouts and guards scoured the country for—to them—miles round, waiting until one or more of the females should alight on the earth again; when, so soon as their feet touched the damp soil, their wings dropped off, and they were thenceforth under the care and jealous homage of the colony. As for the poor winged mates, their business in life was over. They might be entangled in spiders' webs, or fall into the ant-lion's den, or be devoured by huge feathered monsters, or lie on the ground and die of hunger—not an ant of the whole hill would stir an antenna to console or give them a mouthful of food to support them. Their work was done; their day was over; their only business now was to die as quickly as might be, and rid the world of their woes. If the luckier spouse were to die, how different the treatment she would receive! Faithful attendants would lick and brush her lifeless corpse for days and days together; and it would be hard work to console them; impossible, indeed, if there were not others to whom they might transfer their allegiance, and their love. What is all this but a gynocracy which brings to our minds the devotion of the days of chivalry—Lancelot du Lac, and all the rest of them?

Again: that lady and gentleman belonging to the white ants, carefully selected from a crowd of competitors, and kept by the community in the same kind of royal thralldom as the wingless ladies of the Red—also, like them, surrounded by guards and courtiers, and also occupied with the cares of futurity—what are they but elective monarchs, reigning on strictly constitutional principles, under the control and surveillance of their faithful commons? Then the slave-taking expeditions—when an army of Amazon or Legionary ants march out to the encampments of the Negro ants, attack, carry, and sack them, and return to their own city laden with slaves in embryo—what is this but republicanism, according to the charter of Lacedæmon?—indeed, according to the charter of a more modern republic as well, but by no means the ideal commonwealth of utopias or phalansteries. Is not the standing army, too, of some ants an institution anti-republican? and does not the violence and authority of command shown by individuals with more brains than the rest,

to others less intelligent and more wilful, hinge on the great law of rule individual or by caste, which is never found in simple democracies, and always accompanies monarchies and oligarchies? We admit that there are arguments on the other side as well, for tribes and species differ in their national peculiarities. A party of Germans, Italians, Englishmen, and Cherokees are not more different, one from the other, than are the turf-ants and the wood-ants, the red ants and the white ants, the yellow ants and the negro ants, *cum multis aliis*. And though the rough draft of the various governments is much the same for all, yet there is a wide margin left for annotations and 'amendments.'

One of the strangest of the many strange phenomena connected with the ant-world is their battles. Two cities of the Wood ant, if situated within marching-distance of each other, must needs go to war. It is part of their existence. Fine large military roads, 'diverging from the ant-hill like so many rays from a centre,' lead out from and to each encampment. From morning to night, these roads are thickly peopled, apparently without any hostile feeling on the part of either tribe; but suddenly the war-hatchet is unburied, the pipe of peace is smoked out, and our Wood friends mutually arrange their battalions for a regular hand-to-hand fight. They do their work with such fury that the ground is covered with the dead and dying; and so engrossed are they with the sublime duty of stifling with venom or mutilating and devouring each other, that they pay no attention even to a human foot, which may come down on the wings and outposts of their armies, and scrunch the warriors' bones beneath its tread. All the time of the battle, the civic business of the two colonies goes on undisturbed; and after the fight has lasted for a certain number of days, the war-hatchet is once more buried, the warriors cease to frequent the roads that lead to the hostile encampment, and the quiet of the city is undisturbed on the right hand and on the left.

But the ant-battles are not always between two rival camps of the same tribe, nor yet always undertaken for prey and plunder when between different tribes. Sometimes two armies of different species will fight from no other apparent cause than the love of fighting. Thus, the Herculean ant, nearly half an inch long—not known in England—and the Sanguine ant, only half its size, were watched by Huber in a deadly affray, all for no visible end. The Herculeans quitted the trunk of a tree where they had lodged themselves, and marched up to the very gates of the Sanguine city. The besieged acted on the defensive, and suffered themselves to be slaughtered without mercy. After the first brush, and while the Herculeans were taking breath, they transported all their valuables, eggs, grubs, pupæ, queens, &c., to a distance of fifty feet, under cover of outposts, placed at intervals, both to guard their retreat, and to ward off any sudden attack on the city itself. And when all was completed, the return-blow was struck, in which the Herculeans had the worst of it, as they deserved. The small Sanguine might often have been overpowered by the superior weight and size of its antagonist, had not its brethren in arms come to its assistance; and amongst them all, the formic Heracleidan either perished on the battle-field, or was conducted prisoner to the camp, there to be put to a cruel death. The Sanguine had the advantage in numbers, and numbers overcame strength.

The Sanguines are among the slaveholding populations, and harry and worry the poor Negro ants out of their existence, whenever they have the chance. The Negroes resist as long as they are able; but when they have fairly lost the field, they carry off as many of their pupæ and young females as they can; some even—more courageous than our stoutest heroes—will return alone, through the very thick of the

sacking army, down to the chambers where lie the unconscious grubs and eggs, and endeavour to rescue one or more from the mandibles of the enemy. In the very beginning of the fray, they had placed as many of their treasures as they could carry in comparative safety on the covered side of the hill. Those are the treasures they are carrying off now in full and rapid retreat, the Sanguine wretches chasing them virulently. The poor Negroes take kindly enough to servitude; and when their masters return home after a foray, bringing fresh prisoners even of their own tribe, they will caress and offer the robbers food, with an utter obliviousness of patriotism, and a sad facility of chain-bearing. But it must be remembered, in mitigation of our contempt, that adult Negroes are never captured: the slave-owners are too wise for that. They take them young, indeed before they are born, and so secure themselves against inconvenient reminiscences. The Negroes are the workers, the squaws, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, the nurses and factotums of their warrior-masters; while these huge, awkward, feckless fellows, sit at the bottom of their city waiting until another spell of soldiering calls them forth. Why, they cannot even feed themselves! The Negroes have actually to feed them; and as for taking care of their eggs or grubs, or building anything like a shelter for them or for themselves, they have about as much idea of that as a new-born baby! In one experiment that was made, when warriors, pupæ, and larvae were all thrown together into a box, where there was both earth to build with, and honey to eat, the huge helpless men-of-war roamed about and about in a wild distracted sort of way, looked at their grubs, and evidently did not know what to do with them, though all their materials were at hand. They died, some of these great creatures, and would soon have all perished in the very lap of plenty, had not the experimenter let in one tidy, industrious, canny little Negro; and this creature, alone and unassisted, built cells for the young, fed the gasping warriors, arranged and smoothed and fashioned all into order, just like a dear little Ruth Pinch as she was, in the midst of a set of awkward helpless giants. The Negroes build the city, feed the warrior-citizens, nurse the grubs, whether warrior-grubs or Negro; in short, do all the loving, careful, and intelligent work of the community, and are faithful and devoted to the death; but, like all indispensable and spoiled servants, they are dictatorial. They will not allow one of their robber-masters to leave the city alone, nor before the proper time of bloodshed and rapine has arrived; and if they return from a raid without the expected lift, the Negroes give them the cold shoulder; and, if very incensed, will not allow them to enter the city at all. If they dare to enter, dogged and sulky, the little Negroes drag them out again with a lantern that sends the crest-fallen bucaniers a-soldiering again, by their leave or without it.

Some ants keep not only Negroes, but also the eggs of the aphids, their cow, of which they take jealous and incessant care. Every one knows how an ant treats an aphid; how it goes sidling up to the fat quiet thing, and caresses her with its antennæ, till cowed, in a fit of gratitude and pleasure, gives out her drop of honey-dew, which pismire laps up—ants lap when they drink, something like a cat—then strolls off to milk another aphid-cow by the like means. But every one does not know that ants wrestle and play together, like a couple of boys let loose from school. Huber found out that fact, as indeed he found out most of the secrets of the ant-hill. He went one day to his formicary of wood-ants, and saw at a glance that no work was being done that day; but he saw also that they were all in a state of extraordinary excitement. A little attention shewed him his ants dancing on their hind-legs, patting each other with their antennæ, in evident invitation to come out boys and girls to

play, and playing, by seizing each other by a mandible, foot, or antenna; then wrestling with might and main, turning, closing again, hiding from each other, finding each other again; sometimes, when one was victor undoubtedly, he would attack many others in succession, overthrowing them all like nine-pins. Sometimes, too, especially the hill-ants, they amuse themselves by carrying each other pickaback, or in their mouths, as cats carry their kittens, or dogs their puppies. On graver occasions, as, for instance, if their pupæ and grubs are buried under the ruins of their invaded city, they may be seen digging them out from the wreck, and carrying them off, like the old St Bernard dogs in the pictures, all snow and babies.

But our European ants are mere nobodies compared to the great white ant of India, that terrible fellow who will eat away the legs of your table in a night, and leave you only the simulacrum of a table, a superficial outside, a mere sham, as you find to your cost if you put anything on the top. The white ant lives chiefly on wood. He will excavate a tree, living or dead, a post, a table, a book-case, a cask of wine—and let all the wine out—the beams of a house; anything, in short, made of wood, will he gnaw his way into, leaving the outside intact, so that it is only by a luckless experiment that his depredations are found out. If he eats away the supporting beams, however, of a ceiling, or of anything which, that support being withdrawn, would fall and crush him on the spot, he ingeniously repairs his damage with a kind of cement he makes out of clay and earth; so that he literally turns wooden pillars into stone, filling in with cement all he destroys in wood. They make enormous nests five or six feet high; these nests, when only half finished, are strong enough to serve as stations for the wild bulls, the leaders of the herd, from whence they can better see their subjects feeding in the plain below. The Indians eat the white ants, and uncommonly good eating they are reported to be. One gastronome said that they were like sugared marrow; another, like sugared cream and sweet almonds—similes very exciting to one's organ of gustativeness. The white ants hoard up large magazines of tree-gums for their queens and their young to eat—gums of every shade of colour and of every variety. Some white ants build their nests something like tool-stools—these are called turret-building; others build in trees; but the generality make their hill-nests, as we stated above, and construct covered-ways to wherever they want to go. So jealous are they of being seen, so modest, too, in their rapaciousness, that they will not eat in sight of day, but must needs be walled and vaulted in, like novices or odalisques. They are monstrously unpleasant neighbours—as bad as to remove or a fire for one's furniture. The carpenters are also exceedingly jealous of observation. They live in trees, and will not stay to be studied, not though bribes of honey or sugar be placed before their very mouths. The jet-ant is the most renowned of the carpenters; he dyes all his wood jet black, and makes a very dingy-looking city. But his carving is singularly delicate; and he constructs columns and arches, galleries, halls, and vestibules, like the best trained architect in London. The mason-ant understands the principle of the arch, as the bees know the value of the hexagonal cell. He can balance his girders and blocks without cement, so as to form a perfect vault, fashioned on correct mathematical principles.

O the grand, the interesting world that lies at our feet, and skims above our heads! O the wisdom, the intelligence, the beauty and the power, shewn in the despised insect-races, which half the world crush under their feet, or brush shudderingly away! We know of no study more full of boundless interest than the study of entomology, than the reading, in small type, the words of eternal beauty, love, and wisdom, by which

God made the world—none that we would recommend as a surer heal-all to the heart-sick and the weary, the loveless and the lovely! And the alpha of entomology we hold to be the ant-hill.

THE GHOST-PLAY.

It would almost seem as if every man in the French army was an Alsatian, so frequent is the reply, when you ask a soldier 'from what part of France are you?' 'From Alsace.' The warlike spirit once prevailing in that province may have become second nature to the inhabitants. Being an exposed frontier, it was, in former days, continually attacked by the rivals and enemies of France, and a prey to all the adventurers disabused by belligerent powers; consequently, it was forced to be for ever on the defensive; and apparently not having enough of fighting with foes, the peasants and their lords filled up the intervals of contention with strangers by violent quarrels of their own. We may be sure, when in steaming through the country, a picturesque ruin on an inaccessible height is seen for an instant and lost again, that all between its crumbling walls and the nearest town has been, over and over again, pillaged, ravaged, burnt, and submitted to every kind of violence from the days of Attila to those of Napoleon the Great. Every one of the pretty valleys of the Vosges has been, in its turn, the scene of a desperate battle and a bloody struggle. The amazing part of the story is, that the smallest bit of wall or cement should still remain to remind the antiquarian traveller of what has been; for there is scarcely a woody hill which is not crowned by its castle, and which does not in its depths conceal enormous heaps of ruin, telling of the extent of its dependencies. As certain as you are to see these artistic bits, so sure, also, are you to perceive, immediately beneath feudal towers, the tall chimneys of some powerful manufactory, which now bears sway throughout this commercial district; and marvellous is the size of these intrusive but valuable buildings, with their long ranges of windows, and their immensely lofty walls. They are not at all picturesque, neither are the swarms of work-people, male and female, who pour from out their portals in haste to snatch a rapid meal, and return to their ceaseless occupation. Every hand in every village is employed; and whatever other complaints may be heard, want of occupation is not amongst the grievances. The proprietors of these extensive mills and manufactories are men of immense wealth; but those whose work has made them so are about as miserable, savage, and uncomfortable a looking race as one could meet. A sentimental or philosophic traveller, perceiving this, might be induced to ask the difference between the lot of the peasant, whose existence is given up to the lord of the mills of the present day, and that of the vassal whose life was devoted to the lord of yonder castle some centuries ago. Perhaps the tyrant of those towers was forced to live on his estates; but certain it is that the rich proprietor now-a-days is spending his money, gained in these valleys, in some luxurious city far away, never visiting his 'native vales' except to assure himself that the grinding of gold is prosperously going on. Not content with usurping the sites of old castles, many of the manufactories are actually wedged into the indestructible walls, effacing them with newness and completeness. They say to the strongholds of the Lothaires and Childeberts: 'Our turn is come;' and exulting wreaths of black smoke are sent sailing from huge chimneys, from the vales to the mountains, and far over the still crowding forests. The Roman conquerors, who made *stations* once upon a time along the line of road from Strasbourg to Basel, little contemplated the sort of stations which the railway has now strewn upon their traces.

Where once stood the strongly defended monastery of Koenigshoffen, and its protecting neighbours of Geispolzhelm and Ostwald, the whole site is now occupied by a colony established by the benevolent mayor of Strasbourg, M. Schlutzenberger, who, determined to utilise the very worst materials, and give a chance to the least respectable of the inhabitants of his magnificent city, has carried out his noble scheme of reformation, and has the triumph of finding his exertions entirely successful. Part of the forest which covers the range of hills was cleared, air and light were let into the landscape, the ground was drained and cultivated, and at this moment a productive district has taken the place of a mere desert. The peace and comfort now to be found in the colony of Ostwald are probably appreciated by the families of former pickpockets and housebreakers, who consented to try the experiment of the policy of honesty; for nothing can appear more respectable or well-to-do than those who carry on their occupations in the locality.

The plain at the foot of the hill, where cottages are beginning to group themselves, is the site of a desperate battle between Marlborough and Turenne; but the names of both those redoubted generals are forgotten in that of the sensible and judicious mayor of Strasbourg.

The good king Dagobert, if his spirit were permitted to revisit the spots in which he formerly delighted, would certainly be startled at the change in his monastic village of Geispolzhelm, where, if he got out of the train bodily, he would lose himself in endeavouring to find his monks; and in equal amazement would the ghost of Charlemagne be, should he seek at the next station for his beloved city of Rosheim, for he would recognise little there but the beautiful tower of the church he built for his lieges. Nothing can be prettier than the position of this charming village of Rosheim, nestled at the foot of a high hill, on the summit of which stand the fine ruins of the Castle of Guirbaden. No doubt, by the name of it, there were always baths here. There is a very fine bathing establishment now, probably on the same spot where Charlemagne indulged in the luxury. It is quite worth while for a traveller, who is not in a hurry, to stop at the station and give an afternoon to the ruins, or rather to the delicious walk to them, which will repay him at every step by the fine views it gives over a most remarkable country of gorges and ravines, meandering rivers and thick woods, and chains of mountains stretching into mazy distances; to every one of whose subject heights attaches some legend, reviving the poetical climber whose breath begins to fail him, and who will always gain by packing up a little romantic lore in his head, as well as sandwiches in his basket, before he sets out on any excursion in a wild country like Alsace; for, after all, huge manufactories and gigantic chimneys, when often repeated, become as monotonous as stories of castles and of giants; therefore, it is not amiss to make sandwiches of the two classes of interest, and take them by turns during the journey.

To this Castle of Guirbaden attaches a very wild story, quite suited to the scene. It seems that in the seventeenth century, while fierce war was carried on between the Alsatians and Lorrainers, the castle was betrayed into the hands of the latter by a perfidious servant of the Countess of Guirbaden. Every year, since that time, on the anniversary of the fair of Haslach—the village at the foot of the hill—a sort of expiatory ghost-play is acted in the castle ruins, which lasts a whole week. The *dramatis personæ* are the countess, the governor, the false vassal, and the men-at-arms concerned in the defence of the stronghold, and the drama is as follows: At midnight, the governor rises from his tomb in the vaults, and hurries from gallery to gallery, summoning, in a hoarse and solemn voice, his garrison to be on the alert, and arise for

vengeance. Four of these descend the stone stairs of the great tower to a vault so deeply concealed that no human eye can now discover it. Here they take up the coffin of the countess, and bear it to the great hall. They then, together with the rest of the men-at-arms and servants, arrange themselves round it in awful silence. The governor takes his seat near; he is habited in a robe without sleeves; and the cavities where his eyes should be are filled with blood. This is in memory of tortures he underwent from the Lorrainers to induce him to discover where the treasure of the countess was hidden. The traitor who betrayed the castle is then introduced, and his trial begins. He is dressed in red, and holds in his hands the huge key of the postern-gate by which he admitted the enemy. He appears to be overwhelmed with remorse and fear, and stammers forth excuses, and pleads for pardon for some moments, no interruption being offered; but when a quarter to two strikes from an invisible clock, the judges proceed to the vote, and after a period of deliberation, the governor slowly approaches the coffin of the countess, and appears to consult his dead mistress. Presently a harsh voice proceeds from the corpse; and the words 'Let him be delivered to justice' resound through the hall. This occurs exactly at the moment the bell is striking two, and at the same instant begins a terrible chase, of which the wretched culprit is the object. He utters the most piercing shrieks as he darts from the spot pursued by the governor and all his attendants. The latter rush to the outward walls of the castle, and there, taking each other's hands, they form a circle, in which they whirl madly round, hemming in the terrified criminal, accompanying their wild dance by hideous howlings and execrations, all the time the great bell of the castle tolling as loudly as if it still hung in the empty belfry, through which the stars glimmer. This commotion lasts till four o'clock, when, at the last stroke of the hour, the whole phantom-crowd suddenly disappears, everything returns to silence and repose, and the drama is ended for that night, to be repeated nightly till the week is finished, and the castle is restored to the moon and the owls for another year.

The owl, indeed, had a good deal to do with this Castle of Guirbaden, which, in times more recent than those when the real tragedy was acted which this ghost-play shadows forth, was a place of much revelry and hilarity. The guest was received by the lord of the castle with cordiality, conducted into a state-apartment, and there crowned with a certain beaver-hat, which it was his privilege to wear all the time he remained. After this, he was invited and expected to drink to the last drop the contents of a huge cup, made in the form of an owl, in honour of his entertainer; and according as he succeeded with facility or otherwise, rose his fame amongst the jovial company of the Castle of Guirbaden.

PREVENTION OF CASUALTIES ON GOODWIN SANDS.

Along the narrowest part of the English Channel, off the Kentish coast, is a quicksand about twenty miles long, and several miles broad. On the edge of this abyss, at long intervals, are some scattered lights; but, during hazy weather, confounded with numerous other beacons, these are worse than useless, while in storms they disappear altogether. This abyss is the famous Goodwin, where some noble ship, with her whole crew, is every now and then engulfed. A more efficient, but very simple protection has been devised by Mr George Chown; consisting of a double line of buoys, each furnished with a large sonorous bell, placed round the entire area, the outer line two miles from the quicksand; the inner, a quarter of a mile nearer; and the buoys 100 yards apart. On the coast-side, one line would suffice, with the buoys 300 yards apart. In stormy weather, the bells would be set in

motion by the sea; and in an absolute calm, so far as steamers are concerned, the paddles would serve to draw forth the warning voice.

EN AVANT!

HEAVY and thick the atmosphere,
The prospect narrow, dark, severe—
Yet a few steps the path is clear,
For those few steps, march on!

Dark rocks that frown as if in wrath,
Like giants ranged across the path—
Be sure the gorge some outlet hath,
So trustfully march on!

A deep wide stream that shines like glass,
Flanked by steep banks of slippery grass—
There is some bridge by which to pass,
So watchfully march on!

A tempest rattling in the wind,
The sun in thunder-robcs enshrined—
Doubt not some shelter soon to find,
Still hopefully march on!

The day goes out—the fog upcrows,
Darkness the face of heaven enshrouds—
A voice shall guide thee through the clouds,
So patiently march on!

If Duty set you on the way,
You need not fear—you must not stay;
Still faithfully her word obey,
Still loyally march on!

Let but your aims be high and true,
Your spirit firm, but patient too,
A Titan's strength shall go with you,
Still fearlessly march on!

M. H.

'CAPTAIN DODD AT SEA.'

Since the article under this title in No. 173 was printed the writer's attention has been drawn to certain documents contained in the appendix to Señor Navarrete's *History of the Four Voyages of Columbus*, and which are vouched by the historian to be authentic extracts from the series of Spanish records preserved at Simancas. They narrate that, in the months of May and June 1543, Blas de Garay, a naval captain in the service of the Emperor Charles V., conducted at Barcelona a series of experiments upon the applicability to ships of a certain repulsive force which he alleged himself to have discovered; that the mechanism which he employed consisted of wheels, one attached to either extremity of a horizontal axis which traversed the vessel's waist, and was commoved in a peculiar manner with a large caldron of boiling water; that the experiments were conducted in the presence of several persons of high birth deputed by the emperor to witness them, of many naval commanders, and of 'a crowd of curious persons capable of appreciating the discovery;' that on the seventeenth of the above month of June, De Garay succeeded in taking to sea a vessel of two hundred tons burden; that she was propelled neither by sail nor oar; and that her rate of progress was about a league an hour. On the authenticity of the documents, strong doubts were cast by the late M. Anquetin in the *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes* for 1844. Whether it was ever successfully vindicated, the present writer has been unable to learn: but if the documents are genuine, as, from Señor Navarrete's character, it is improbable, there can be no doubt that De Garay actually solved an important physical problem, and that the first to venture to sea in a ship propelled by the agency of steam.

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DESIGNERS' ATELIERS IN PARIS.

THERE is hardly a phase of Paris-life—social, political, industrial, artistic, fashionable, or gastronomic—which is not familiar to general readers. All its picturesque cluster of social grades, from the faded régime that lingers in the Faubourg St Germain, to the chiffonnier population that studs the sloping pavement of the Mont Ste. Geneviève, have been sketched, caricatured, and moralised upon, in every possible aspect. Events, some of them gloomy, some pleasant, have familiarised that class of slippered and fireside travellers, who, as Cowper says, 'run the great circle, and are still at home,' with most of the celebrated spots and edifices of this beautiful city. Notre Dame and the Madeline are as well known to most of them as the cathedrals of Lincoln and Durham, or as the streets and squares of the nearest county town. The double belt of Boulevards, the Champs Elysée—with palaces and the noblest square in Europe at one end, crowned at the other with the Arc de Triomphe and 'Gate of the Star'—create no stranger feeling than affects itself with the mention of Rotten Row or the green slopes of Kensington. Amongst numerous word-pictures, however, of the different industrial classes of Paris, we do not remember to have seen any detailed reference to the designers for textile fabrics—a class of workmen-artists who help very materially to sustain the reputation of this city in all that relates to taste, purity, and fashion. Under the present imperial sway, directed by a lady whose beauty loses nothing in comparison with that of a Josephine or Marie Antoinette, this does not seem likely to resign its long-standing privilege as the dispenser of fashions. Paradoxical as it seems, amidst all other changes, Paris, in its most beautiful character, remains unchanged. The repeated storms of revolution that have cleared away dynasties and time-honoured institutions, have left untouched the subtle despotism—*le tyran des femmes et des fûts*—which yet dictates to every corner of civilised Europe the mode of ribbons, patterns, feathers, and flounces. The same source from which, during the reign of Louis Quatorze, we were supplied with patches, periwigs, and poetry, still furnishes our manufacturers with heights, and our metropolitan theatres with farces. Legends have been shivered and thrones shattered, but the wand of fashion's 'fickle queen' is as potent as ever, most honoured when most capricious, most despised when most ridiculous. There she continues to sit in undisputed honour, 'with quips and cranks and wreathed smiles,' fearless of powers either monarchial, republican, or imperial; with the fragments of countless and once-worshipped fancies scattered at

her feet, thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa.

Few better illustrations can be supplied of this state of things than those to which we are about to refer. The Parisian establishments for industrial design—those at least in connection with the printing of textile fabrics—are principally supported by their transactions with English manufacturers. After all the encouragement which has been given to the introduction and establishment of schools of design in our country, with a view to raising up a superior class of native workmen, English printers continue dependent upon foreign skill, and the trade in France for the exportation of Parisian designs is manifestly flourishing and increasing. Several new ateliers have sprung up very recently, chiefly dependent upon that miracle-working agency, British capital. The continuance of such a system is, of course, variously accounted for; some asserting that our art-education, as applied to manufactures, has not yet had time to display its results; others, that the too direct and meddlesome interference of the potentates of Marlborough House with trade interests, has tended to retard the bud it should have more gently helped into flower; whilst another party of tolerably resigned temperament, accepts the fact of our obligations to French taste and invention as neither disennobling nor humiliating, inasmuch as it is supposed to represent a feature of that mutual national dependence which knits together the different parts of modern civilisation.

Be this as it may, the birds of passage are not more punctual in their migrations than English and Scotch printers in their perennial pilgrimages to the shrine of fashion. The agreeable relaxation from the dull routine of commercial life which such a custom affords, thus combining both pleasure and profit, contributes no doubt to its perpetuation. As the spring or autumnal season approaches, a few of the bolder and more adventurous leaders of the trade give the first signals of departure; the reward of whose more forward and speculative spirit consists in catching the budding novelty—the 'feeling' of the season—in all its virgin freshness, ere it has become multiplied in a thousand inferior ways, and whilst it possesses all the nascent bloom and attractiveness which belongs to an unhackneyed fashion. In the wake of these, come the timid and numerous progeny that exist and flourish upon the second-hand and half-exhausted fancies of the more courageous magnates of the market; and yet, wonderful indeed is the extent to which the individuals of this class push their claims to all the honours and merits of invention and originality. But the most pitiful era in the onward and downward history of the

characteristic ideas of any particular season, is when they fall into the hands of the 'low-priced men' and 'jobbers.' These men are content to possess themselves in patience at home, till web and woof, and block and cylinder, have brought the hard-won novelty—upon the original production of which so much wit and money have been expended—into the form of merchandise, already started upon its long journey to remote quarters of the globe. Then commences their unenviable, though often money-making vocation. Pityable are the transformations which many good things are destined to undergo when they reach such ruthless hands! The eagerness of these individuals to popularise and cheapen the ideas and labours of others, is as amazing as it is unconscientious. If some aspiring 'high-art' printer were to bring out the cartoons of Raphael at 6d. per yard, we have not the least doubt that one or more of this forward race would rest neither day nor night till they had transferred the designs to inferior cloth, and 'put you them in' at 3d. Some slight alteration of course would be made, sufficient to escape the mere letter of the law, and render the genius of the 'great master' still more questionable than has been already done by the criticisms of Ruskin. With this brief tribute to such merits, *revenons à nos moutons*.

Several of the leading design-ateliers in Paris consist of from forty to fifty workmen, though they generally dwindle down to about half the number during the *morte saisons*. These occur towards the end of the two annual seasons, after the demand for the light or dark styles has been nearly exhausted. To those designers who are in employment, the *morte saison* is frequently a time of wearisome attempts at creating, anticipating, and guessing the taste of the next busy period. No farmer feels greater anxiety at the approach of seed-time or harvest—no philosopher is more bewildered in attempting to predict from the 'signs of the times'—no premier is more 'at sea' during a recess, than these caterers to novelty when the fashions are in a kind of transitional or chrysaline stage. There is more order and sequence, however, in the successions of the styles associated with textile fabrics, than some grave people imagine: of this philosophy, the French designers are remarkably cognizant; though the practical application of it during such times as those we have referred to, is attended with an unknown degree of uncertainty and embarrassment.

The hours of labour to which these workmen are accustomed are somewhat long, considering the artistic and sedentary character of their occupations, which may very fairly be said to be of those

Which waste the marrow and consume the brain.

In this respect, they are much less favoured than the designers employed in the print firms of Manchester and Glasgow. The ordinary hours of the French designers, in such establishments as are under our notice—very few of this class in Paris being in the exclusive employ of the printers—are from seven A.M. to six P.M.; though very often, when crowds of English customers are in Paris, waiting to return home with the products of Parisian skill, these workmen toil on, hand and brain, for weeks together, till late every night, and, under such circumstances, generally over a portion of the Sunday. Their intensity and capacity for close application, would be thought incredible by those who only know the French as they have seen them strolling along the Boulevard des Italiens or the Champs Elysées; who measure their endurance by the patience and good-manners they display in waiting at the doors of a theatre, or the untiring energy they devote to the mad frolics of a *bal masqué* at the Opéra Comique.

We have seen a great amount of exaggeration and misstatement respecting the remuneration of French designers. Since manufacturers, instead of employing a staff of designers, each according to his requirements,

have begun to depend upon large ateliers for their supply of designs, the rate of wages has gradually sunk. A *chef d'atelier* may occasionally receive six or seven thousand francs per annum, though an ordinary workman would consider himself handsomely remunerated at half such a sum.

The facilities which Paris offers to the attainment of varied excellence in design, and the temptations it offers in so many other respects, help to give a very motley aspect to the groups that compose these workshops. In the national, provincial, and individual varieties of which they are made up, they present faithful epitomes of the similarly diversified world of Paris itself. The principal supply of workmen is from the city and surrounding district of Mülhausen, in Upper Alsace, where the printing of textile fabrics—excluding silks—is carried on to a greater extent and to greater perfection than in any other part of France. Here they become acquainted with the practical operations and executive conditions of their art, a thorough knowledge of which is as necessary to the industrial designer as artistic excellence and taste. Though exceedingly skillful in all that directly relates to their business, these Alsacians are not remarkable either for intelligence or refinement. Situated on the borders of two great empires, and ceded to France only near the commencement of the present century, Alsace possesses neither the nationality nor the language of either its former or present rulers. Its inhabitants speak a German that would be as useless as Greek to a Berliner, and a French that is a sore riddle to Parisians. Switzerland also supplies its quota to these ateliers, of whom we may just as well observe, that they generally seem to manifest a much heartier love of the 'beauties of nature' which are to be found within the Parisian frontier, than ever they entertained for the lakes and mountains of their native land. Besides these, there are a few Frenchmen from different provinces, a sprinkling of Germans, Dutch, Flemings, seldom more than one or two Parisians, and perhaps a solitary Englishman. After this general introduction, we may set the reader at once in the midst of one of these singularly miscellaneous laboratories of design.

There is a young fellow in a colour-besmeared blouse, and a pointed imperial and beard—indicative, we suppose, of a certain political school—aggressively defending some suspected policy of Girardin against the insinuations of an opposite party; and yet, amid argument and sarcasm, the rich and elaborate cashmere upon which he is engaged keeps growing more finished and beautiful; colour after colour, and form after form, are being swiftly dashed in, as though there were some latent sympathy between the progressing design and the articles of the 'thunderer' of *La Presse*. Another, busy with the delicate hues and gracefully trailing forms of a composition for mûseline, is at the same time relating some mad freak of the previous night at a cheap masquerade; and yet, here again, the work bells of speakers and listeners goes gaily on. A group of more critical character are commenting upon the last drama of Ponsard, or the last attraction at the Variétés; undisturbed by the proximity of a few old shopmates, who, amidst mingled humming and whistling, are trying to make out some half-remembered air from *Il Trovatore*. Two or three, whose phlegmatic aspects betray their nationality, are indulging in old vocal reminiscences of Vaderland; and, as though there should be some proof that fog-land as well as clodd-land is duly represented here, another workman who stammers out his French with a genuine British accent, is boldly denying the assertion of a haw-worshipping Parisian that Hudson Lowe had expounded *notre grand homme*. Working away in silence—almost the only one who is doing so—we note a middle-aged individual, of a rather saddened and thoughtful look.

His history is not a cheerful, though a common one. In his youth, he dreamed of becoming a great artist; later, spent many years at Rome, Florence, Venice; returned to France, failed in his endeavours, met poverty face to face, and here he is, perpetrating silly fancies for a Manchester calico-printer, instead of embodying immortal imaginations on canvas! Another characteristic personage ought scarcely to be passed over—an unshaven fellow in a coarse blue blouse, who is grinding away on a large glass slab at a mass of ultramarine, an operation which he considers settles his claim to be ranked with *messieurs les artistes*. In literal truth, however, he is simply *garçon* of the establishment, to the duties of which humble position he gratuitously adds those of chief jester. On gastronomic themes he is almost as eloquent as the writer of the celebrated essay on *Roast Pig*, to credit which, it is only necessary to hear him expatiate upon the flavour of some smoked ham, which he managed to convey to Mont Parnasse from the cellars of the royal palace, just after the 'citizen king' had taken *French leave*. Unpatriotic gourmand!

The foregoing sketch—true to facts so far as it extends—may afford some idea of the confused confux of national and provincial peculiarities, sentiments, creeds, and opinions which frequently characterise the design-steliers of Paris. The discordant *tapage* of dialects and jargons in which all this material seeks and finds utterance, is certainly more embarrassing than auxiliary to a novice in the French language. Fortunately, in this respect at least, the writer—who was a practical designer in one of these ateliers for a long period—sat next to a young Parisian. Here, at least, was some chance of getting to hear a little undisturbed French. But our *voisin*, though beardless, was deep in socialism; and would have babbled all day long in defence and explanation of phalansterianism, Fourierism, and other ingenious systems, had we not hinted to him now and then, as gently as possible, that he was a thorough 'bore.' Whether in silence, however, or noisy confusion—the latter seems to act as a stimulus rather than a hindrance—the varied kinds of design upon which these workmen are engaged are actively, steadily, and earnestly going on; novelties are being generated in swift succession; the tastes of civilised and uncivilised peoples, from the Seine to the Ganges, from St Petersburg to the Brazils, are being thoroughly and cleverly catered to. Nowhere do workmen go through their appointed labour with more cheerfulness and good-will, or with more ease and ready manipulative skill. The facility with which they pass from one class of tastes to another is really surprising. At one time they will dash off a design which, for gaudiness of colour and uncouthness of form, is precisely calculated to throw the veriest 'Villikins and his Dinah' into raptures; and then immediately proceed to the execution of another, in every respect so entirely the reverse, that the most fastidious British matron could take no exception to it.

It is not within our present purpose to enter into any detailed description of the work in which French designers are engaged, and in which they so undeniably excel; but a few observations upon the character of industrial design in general, as relating to one of the principal branches of our commercial enterprise, may not be uninteresting.

To make anything like a classification of the styles associated with designing for printed fabrics, would be a task from which a Linnaeus might shrink. We may count upon our finger-ends all the recognised 'orders' of architecture; but it would be a far more intricate task to number all the orders and dis-orders of modern garment-printing. Look patiently at a few of the displays of some of the principal drapery establishments in St Paul's Church-yard, or Oxford Street; and you will soon find that the home-trade patterns

and styles, for a single season only, are bewildering both in number and character. Twenty millions of pieces, it has been estimated, are printed annually in Great Britain; scarcely a fourth, however, of this vast quantity are required for home consumption. 'What a vast commercial supply!' some one may exclaim; 'what important applications of art and science! what a prodigious outlay both of money, wit, and labour, merely to cater to caprice!' And yet, the first mechanicians and chemists of England and the continent have been proud to contribute to the perfection of calico-printing. No branch of trade has availed itself to a more varied extent of the rapid progress of science. Many can easily remember when a pattern of two or three colours was printed slowly by hand, with wooden blocks, and sold at 3s. *per yard*; now, a pattern of a much more complicated character, and far more beautiful both in design and execution, is thrown off at the rate of a mile of calico in an hour, and sold at—3s. *per dress*! To return: different nations have tastes as widely differing from each other as their laws, creeds, or climate. An acquaintance with the history of the styles executed in a single Parisian atelier, would afford a very fair index of the stationary, progressive, or changing character of the countries for which they are intended. Most of those exported—that is, in the form of printed goods—to China, some parts of British India, South America, and many other remote quarters of the globe, have scarcely undergone any change or modification since the time when the ancestors of the present Sir Robert Peel conducted one of the first print-works introduced into North Lancashire. A new combination of forms or colours, or a new class of designs, would be as great a shock to the conservatism of the Chinese, as an attempt to prevail upon them to adopt household suffrage.

The most striking modifications and improvements in these respects, in connection with any of the places to which printed fabrics are exported, are to be found in the states and countries supplied through the Levantine market. The old yellow-ground and fantastic cashmere forms—far inferior to, though no doubt borrowed from the cashmeres of India—which not long ago constituted the only style patronised in this market, now hold company with many others of a totally different class—some of them such as are successful to a great extent in the English home-trade. The most complete manifestation, however, of these tendencies is to be found among the less passive nations of Western Europe and the Anglo-Saxon populations of North America. Here, society is undergoing continual transformations, submitting itself to new influences, casting off old tastes and preferences, or, rather, never allowing any to become old. Change is sought, novelty demanded, not because they always involve progression, but simply for their own sake. Fashion, indeed, is one of the truest characteristics of modern civilisation—an unquestionable result, though a questionable auxiliary. It acknowledges no authority itself, though it obtains unconditional allegiance. In the very heart and centre of the most refined and intelligent communities, it plays its least pardonable freaks, and passes from caprice to caprice with a most abandoned and unshackled disregard of the criticism to which it may be subjected. We will close this article by noticing one of the absurdities which it sanctioned in reference to printed fabrics, though instances far more striking, perhaps, might be brought forward from other departments over which fashion exercises an equally powerful influence.

Indeed, it would be a harder task than some lords of creation think, to tell where this influence is not exercised. We have a theory—a crotchet, if you will—not to be entered into at present, which inclines us to believe that fashion has about as much to do with the

last new novel from Mudie's, be it romance, history, poetry, criticism, or even metaphysics, as with the last new robe from Madame de —, though it be *le jupon à tube d'air*. To our story, however. A few seasons ago, a great novelty, or what was considered such, appeared in the French furniture and paper-hangings. It consisted in the introduction of landscape forms and effects, generally in large isolated masses, which, repeating along the piece at regular intervals, presented the appearance of so many islands—in fact, a complete archipelago. Without any consideration of its inappropriateness, and simply for the sake of a little novelty, this idea of 'gems of the sea' was applied to garments, under the fascinating title—in which matters the Parisians are thorough adepts—of *Les Isles d'Amour*. Dresses of every variety of material were to be seen dotted over with trees, lakes, valleys, and mountains, which—excepting of course the fair wearers—were pitifully unbewitching to behold. Sometimes the fancy of the designer led him to depict various little Arcadian scenes and hypothetical Edens, where there was no end of terraces, vases of flowers, shady recesses, leafy arches, fountains, *feu d'artifices*, and all the usual elegant prettinesses which complete the Parisian conception of a terrestrial paradise. The huddled, jostled, and broken appearance which such compositions presented when seen, not on a flat surface, but in the changing folds of a dress with two or three flounces, was more than a weak vision could long sustain without feeling as though *terra firma* was becoming unusually insecure. A little later on, this extravagance was brought to a close by a peroration, which, however it may claim to have been suggested by patriotic feelings, was an equal burlesque of taste. Shawls were selected as the medium of this grand *finale*. Over their broad surfaces—which undoubtedly admitted of a more comprehensible display—were scattered faithful delineations of various edifices, citadels, and strongholds of war, but more particularly of Russian fortresses. Of these latter, a facetious contemporary observed, that they were not only 'taken,' but 'walked off' with in a style that must vastly have humiliated our then brave defenders in the east. In justice, we ought to state that, except in paper-hangings, to which such applications were most suited, these ludicrous manifestations of taste were not transferred to this country.

THE GREAT MR WICKHAM.

An intelligent French nobleman, who visited this country at the latter end of the seventeenth century, gives us the following interesting account of a most remarkable impostor, the details of whose achievements, it would appear, came under the narrator's own knowledge. His book of travels was translated into English, and published in 1719 (nearly thirty years subsequent to his sojourn among us); and this work is the more valuable, as a picture of the times, that the translator, John Ozell, also the translator of Rabelais, eulogises the fidelity of his descriptions in the warmest manner—saying: 'Whenever our author mentions things of fact, he doth it with wonderful exactness and knowledge of the truth,' &c.; so that the following extracts may not be considered devoid of interest.

The history is introduced *à propos* of funerals, some of the details respecting which are curious enough to be mentioned here:

There is, it seems, says the author, an act of parliament which ordains that the dead shall be bury'd in a woollen stuff, which they do call flannel, nor is it indeed lawful to use the least needful of thread or silk. [The intention of this act is for the encouragement of woollen manufacture.] The *shift* is always white. To make these is a particular trade, and there be many that

sell nothing else, so that these habits for the dead are always to be had ready made, of what size or price you please, for people of every age and sex. After they have wash'd the body clean and shaved it, they put it on the flannel-shift, which hath commonly sleeves purled at the wrists, and the slit down the breast done finely in the same manner. When that these ornaments are not of woollen lace, they are at least edged, and oftentimes embroidered with black thread. The shift should be a foot longer than the body, that the feet be wrapped in it as in a bag. When they have thus folded the end of this flannel shift, they tie the part that is folded down with a piece of woollen thread, as we do our stockings, so that the end of the garment is done into a kind of a tuft. Upon the head they put a woollen cap, which they fasten with a very broad chin bands; then gloves upon the hands, and a handsome cravat around the neck, and all of woollen. That the body may lie the softer, most do put a layer of bran of four inches thick at the bottom of the coffin. The women wear a peculiar head-dress, with a forehead cloth. The body being thus equipped, it is visited a second time by the authorities, to see that it be bury'd in flannel, and that nothing about it is sown with thread. They let it lay three or four days in this condition. They send the beadle with a list of such friends and relations as they have a mind to invite; and, indeed, the better sort do send printed tickets of invitation, which they leave at their houses. A little before the whole company is set in order for the march, they lay the body in the coffin, upon two stools, in a room, where all that please may go see it; then they do take off the top of the coffin, and remove from the face a little square bit of flannel. . . . The relations and chief mourners are in a chamber apart, with their most intimate friends, and the rest of the guests are dispersed in the several rooms about the house. When that they are ready to set out, they nail up the coffin, and a servant presents the company with sprigs of rosemary; every one takes a sprig, and bears it in his hand along the street, till the body is put into the grave, at which time they do all together throw their sprigs in after it.

Before they set out, and on their return, it is usual to give the guests drink, and much of red and white wine, boiled with sugar and cinnamon. Butler, the keeper of the Crown and Sceptre in St Martins Street, told me himself that there was a tun of red port drank at his wife's burial, besides of mulled white wine. *Note*.—No men ever go to womens funerals, nor the women to mens; so that I find there were none but women at the drinking of Butler's wine. Indeed, such women in England will hold it out with the men, when they have a bottle before them, and also tattle infinitely better than they. . . . Then they return again in the same order that they came, and drink again before they go home. . . . It must be remembered that I always speak of middling people, among whom the customs of a people are most truly to be learned. . . . Among persons of quality, it is customary to embalm the body, and to expose it for more than a fortnight on a bed of state.

Many of the obsolete customs here detailed may be observed in Hogarth's *Harlot's Progress*, the last of the series, where the wretched woman in her coffin is about to be carried to her last resting-place. They are all women who are assembled, the coffin-lid is open, and the face exposed to view. They are drinking, and each has her sprig of rosemary in her hand; and the mortuary head-cloth, described as peculiar to women in the seventeenth century, may be observed on the forehead of Hogarth's corpse.

The article of *funerals*, proceeds our author, puts me in mind of that of the pretended Mr Wickham, who

died at London about six years ago, 1691, and whose history I must give you, by way of digression, believing that it cannot be unpleasant.

A good likely sort of rogue, that had been many years footman to a rich gentleman at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, call'd *Wickham*, came to London, and took him lodgings at a rich bakers over against Arundel Street in the Strand. He asked the baker what countryman he was, who straight reply'd from Banbury; and the rogue resolved to feign to be the great Mr Wickham, was mightily fond of the baker, calling him his countryman, and adding, that since he was of Banbury, he must needs know Mr Wickham. The baker, tho' he had been absent from Banbury fifteen or twenty years, was very glad to hear newes of it, and indeed perfectly overjoyed when he was told that the very man he was talking to was Mr Wickham himself. This produces great respect on the part of the baker, and new condescensions from the sham Wickham; nay, the family must be called up, that Mr Wickham might see them—ay! and they must drink a glass together, and smoake a pipe. The baker did not in the least doubt his having the great Mr Wickham for a lodger; and yet he could not but marvel to see him without a footman or portmante, he therefore makes bold to ask him how a man of his estate came to be so unattended. The rogue, making of a sign to him to speak softly, told him that his servants were in a place where he could find them when he wanted them, but that at present he must be very careful of being known, because he came up to town to arrest a great merchant of London, who owed him much monies, and was just going to break; also, that he did desire to be incognito for feare that he should miss his stroke, and so indeed begged that the baker would not mention his name. Next day, he went abroad to take his measures with a comrade of his own stamp, and it was concluded that this latter should appear as Mr Wickham's servant, and come privily from time to time at night to attend upon his master. That very night he came; and the sham Wickham, looking at his own dirty neckcloth in the glass, was in a great rage at him for letting him be without money, linnen, or ought else by his negligence in not bearing of his box to the waggon in due time, which would cause a delay of more than three days. All this was said that the baker might hear it, who hereupon runs immediately to his drawers, and carries Mr Wickham the best linnen he had, begging him to honor him so much as to wear it, and at the same time lays down fifty guineas upon the table, that he might do him the favor to accept them also. He at first refused, but with much ado was prevailed upon.

As soon as he had got this money, he made up a livery of the same colours as the true Mr Wickham, gave it unto another pretended footman, and also brought a box of goods, as coming from the Banbury waggon. The honest baker, more satisfy'd than ever that he had to do with Mr Wickham, and consequently with one of the richest and noblest gentlemen in the kingdom, made it more and more his business to give him fresh marks of his respect and most zealous affection. To be short, Wickham made shift to milk him of one hundred and fifty guineas (besides the fifty) in a very few days, for which he gave him his note.

It was scarcely three weeks from the beginning of this adventure, all which time he had properly plundered the baker, and no doubt was preparing for some crowning villainy, when this rogue was lording it at a tavern, he was seized with a most serious illness. He got home to bed, where he was waited on by his pretended footman, and again assisted in everything by the good baker, who passed his word to the doctors, apothecaries, and to everybody else: indeed, he was visited by Dr Smith and Dr Lowther, two of the most eminent physicians in London.

Meanwhile, Wickham grew worse and worse, and about the fifth day he was given over.

Wickham heard the newes as tho' he had been the best Christian in the world, and fully prepared for death. He desired a minister might be sent for, and received the communion the same day. Never was there more piety, zeal, or confidence in the merits of Christ. Next day, the danger encreasing very much, the impostor told the baker, who was edified to tears at the condition of his noble friend, that it was not enough to take care of his soul, he ought also to set his worldly affairs in order, and so desired that he might make his will, while he was yet sound of mind. A scrivener, therefore, was immediately sent for, and his will made and signed in all the forms, and before several witnesses. Wickham by this disposed of all his estate, real and personal, jewells, coaches, teams, race-horses of such and such colours [all specified], packs of hounds, ready money, with his house, with all its appurtenances and dependencies to the baker; almost all his linnen to the wife; 500 guineas to the eldest son; 800 to the four daughters; 200 to the parson that had comforted him in his sickness; 200 to each of the doctors; and 100 to the apothecary; 50 guineas and mourning to each of his faithful footmen; 50 to embalm him; 50 for his coffin alone; 200 to hang the house with mourning, and to defray the rest of the charges of interment; 200 guineas for gloves, gold-rings, and scarves and hat-bands; and then such a diamond to such a friend, and such an emerald unto another. Nothing more noble—nothing more generous. All this done, Wickham called the baker to him, loaded him and all his family with benedictions, and presently after my gentleman falls into convulsions and dyes.

The baker at first thought of nothing but of burying him with all the pomp imaginable, according to the will, so he hung all the rooms in his house, the staircase, and the entry with mourning-cloth; he gave orders for the making the clothes, the coffin, the rings, &c.; he sent for the embalmer; in a word, he omitted nothing; and having drained his purse to the last, he was in turn forced to borrow to buy little necessaries for this grand funeral.

Wickham was not to be buried till the fourth day after his death, and everything was, it seems, got ready by the second. The baker had now time to go seek for the lawyer the dead rogue had at the last referred him to, before he put him in the ground; so, after his having reverently put the body into a rich coffin, covered with velvet and huge plates of silver, which, indeed, all the town did afterward flock to see, he went to this lawyer, who was, in fact, really lawyer to the true Mr Wickham, and he was, indeed, strangely surprised to hear of the death of Mr Wickham, whom, it seems, he had heard of but the day before; but we may easily imagine that the poor baker was far more surprised when he found that in all liklyhood he was bit. To conclude, the baker was ere long convinced that the true Mr Wickham was in perfect health, and that the rogue he had taken for him was the most clever consistent villain and compleat hypocrite that ever lived.

Upon this he immediately turned the body out of the rich coffin, which he sold for a third part of what it cost him. It might have fetched more if it had not been made scandalous by the body that had been enclosed in it. All the tradesmen that had been employed towards the burial had compassion on the baker; and, indeed, some took their things again, tho' not without great loss to him. He himself pulled off his fine mourning, and donned again his old mealy coat; and they dug at night a hole in Saint Clements Churchyard, where they did throw in the body with as little of ceremony as possible.

I was an eyewitness of most of the things which I have here related, and I shall leave the reader to make

his own reflections upon them; and I have since been assured, from several hands, that the baker hath since had his great losses pretty well made up to him by the generosity of the true Mr Wickham, for whose sake the honest baker had been so open-hearted.

This curious instance of the ruling passion strong in death is equalled in one of Marryat's novels; where a habitual liar and boaster in his last moments leaves to his friends by will a variety of rich and elegant bequests which had never any existence but in his own imagination. The stage is fertile in instances of a similar power of imagination. It is related of a popular actor of a former day, who was celebrated for his impersonations of George III., that he was on one occasion so carried away with the enthusiasm of his part, as well as with strong drink, that he acknowledged the applause of the audience with his hand to his heart, tears in his eyes, and 'God bless ye!—God bless ye, my children!'

Another actor, at a transpontine theatre, was remarkable for his personification of the first Napoleon; and his resemblance in person to the departed Corsican increased the hearty plaudits with which he was always greeted when he enacted this part. On such nights, he carried the histrionic illusion into which he had worked himself at the foot-lights to the *arrière scène*, and in the green-room he was not to be approached: he was 'gloomy, and grand,' absent, sententious, and curt; he strode up and down, twirling his snuff-box between his fingers, his hands being duly folded Napoleonically behind his back; and thus he remained for an hour or two in a haze of empire and glory.

It is well known that a person feigning madness for a lengthened period may become permanently insane; and on this principle we may account for 'the good likely sort of rogue' who personated 'the great Mr Wickham,' continuing his audacious deception to the very last, and actually dying in the part he had assumed, in the odour of piety and Christian resignation, and in the generous display of the most extraordinary and princely munificence.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

'If you want a thing done, go yourself; if not, send.'

This pithy axiom, of which most men know the full value, is by no means so well appreciated by women. One of the very last things we learn, often through a course of miserable helplessness, heart-burnings, difficulties, contumelies, and pain, is the lesson, taught to boys from their school-days, of self-dependence.

Its opposite, either plainly or impliedly, has been preached to us all our lives. 'An independent young lady'—'a woman who can take care of herself'—and such-like phrases, have become tacitly suggestive of hoydenishness, coarseness, strong-mindedness, down to the lowest dress of bloomerism, cigarette-smoking, and talking slang.

And there are many good reasons, ingrained in the very tenderest core of woman's nature, why this should be. We are 'the weaker vessel'—whether acknowledging it or not, most of us feel this: it becomes man's duty and delight to shew us honour accordingly. And this honour, dear as it may be to him to give, is still dearer to us to receive.

Dependence is in itself an easy and pleasant thing: dependence upon one we love perhaps the very sweetest thing in the world. To resign one's self totally and contentedly into the hands of another; to have no

longer any need of asserting one's rights or one's personality, knowing that both are as precious to that other as they ever were to ourselves; to cease taking thought about one's self at all, and rest safe, at ease, assured that in great things and small we shall be guided and cherished, guarded and helped—in fact, thoroughly 'taken care of'—how delicious is all this! So delicious, that it seems granted to very few of us, and to fewer still as a permanent condition of being.

Were it our ordinary lot, were every woman living to have either father, brother, or husband, to watch over and protect her, then, indeed, the harsh but salutary doctrine of self-dependence need never be heard of. But it is not so. In spite of the pretty ideals of poets, the easy taking-for-granted truths of anti-woman's-rights educators of female youth, this fact remains patent to any person of common sense and experience, that in the present day, whether voluntarily or not, one-half of our women are *obliged* to take care of themselves—obliged to look solely to themselves for maintenance, position, occupation, amusement, reputation, life.

Of course I refer to the large class for which these thoughts are meant—the single women; who, while most needing the exercise of self-dependence, are usually the very last in whom it is inculcated, or even permitted. From babyhood they are given to understand that helplessness is feminine and beautiful; helpless, —except in certain received forms of manifestation—unwomanly and ugly. The boys may do a thousand things which are 'not proper for little girls.'

And herein, I think, lies the great mistake at the root of most women's education, that the law of their existence is held to be, not right, but 'propriety.' A certain received notion of womanhood, which has descended from certain excellent great-grandmothers, admirable in its way, and suited for some sorts of women, but totally ignoring the fact that each sex is composed of individuals, differing in character almost as much from one another as from the opposite sex—some men being womanish, and some women masculine—and perhaps the finest types of either combining the qualities of both—and that, therefore, to deal justly, there must be set up a standard of abstract right, including manhood and womanhood, and yet superior to either. One of the first of its common laws, or common duties, is this of self-dependence.

We women are, no less than men, each of us a distinct existence. In two out of the three great facts of our life we are certainly independent, and all our life long accountable only, in the highest sense, to our own souls and the Maker of them. Is it natural—is it right even—that we should be expected—and be ready enough, too, for it is much the easiest way—to hang our consciences on duties, actions, opinions, upon some one else—some individual man, or some aggregate of mankind representing society? Is this society to draw up a code of regulations as to what we are to do, and what not? Which latter is supposed to be done for us; if not done, if there happens to be no one to do it, is it to be left undone? And, alack, most frequently whether or not it ought to be, it is.

Every one's experience may furnish dozens of cases of poor women suddenly thrown adrift—widows with families, orphan girls, reduced gentlewomen—clinging helplessly to the skirts of every male relative or friend they have, sinking pitifully year after year, eating the bitter bread of charity, or compelled to bow an unaccustomed pride to hardest humiliations—every one of which might have been spared them by the early practice of self-dependence.

I once heard a lady say—a tenderly sweet and tender-hearted woman—that if her children were

themselves wings, as in these times riches will, she did not know anything in the world that she could turn her hand to, to keep herself from starving. A more pitiable, and, in some sense, humiliating confession, could hardly have been made; yet it is that not of hundreds, but of thousands, in England.

Sometimes exceptions arise: here is one:

Three young women, well educated and refined, were left orphans, their father dying just when his business promised to realise a handsome provision for his family. It was essentially a man's business—in many points of view, decidedly an unpleasant one. Of course, friends thought 'the girls' must give it up, go out as governesses, depend on relatives, or live in what genteel poverty the sale of the good-will might allow. But 'the girls' were wiser. They argued: 'If we had been boys, it would have been all right; we should have carried on the business, and provided for our mother and the whole family. Being women, we'll try it still. It is nothing wrong; it is simply disagreeable. It needs common sense, activity, diligence, and self-dependence. We have all these; and what we have not, we will learn.' So these three elegant and well-informed women laid aside their pretty feminine uselessnesses and pleasant idlenesses, and set to work. Happily, the trade was one that required no personal publicity; but they had to keep the books, manage the stock, choose and superintend fit agents—to do things most difficult, not to say distasteful, to women, and resign enjoyments that, to women of their refinement, must have cost daily self-denial. Yet they did it; they filled their father's place, sustained their delicate mother in ease and luxury, never once compromising their womanhood by their work, but rather ennobling the work by their doing of it.

Another case—different, and yet alike. A young girl, an eldest sister, had to receive for step-mother, a woman who ought never to have been any honest man's wife. Not waiting to be turned out of her father's house, she did a most daring and 'improper' thing—she left it, taking with her the brothers and sisters, whom by this means only she believed she could save from harm. She settled them in a London lodging, and worked for them as a daily governess. 'Heaven helps those who help themselves:' from that day this girl never was dependent upon any human being; while during a long life she has helped and protected more than I could count—pupils and pupils' children, friends and their children, besides brothers and sisters-in-law, nephews and nieces, down to the slenderest tie of blood, or even mere strangers. And yet she has never been anything but a poor governess, always independent, always able to assist others—because she never was and never will be indebted to any one, except for love while she lives, and for a grave when she dies. May she long possess the one and want the other!

And herein is answered the '*cui bono?*' of self-dependence, that its advantages end not with the original possessor. In this much-suffering world, a woman who can take care of herself can always take care of other people. She not only ceases to be an unprotected female, a nuisance, and a drag on society, but her working-value therein is doubled and trebled, and society respects her accordingly. Even her kindly male friends, no longer afraid that when the charm to their vanity of 'being of use to a lady' has died out, they shall be saddled with a perpetual claimant for all manner of advice and assistance, the first not always followed, and the second often accepted without gratitude—even they yield an involuntary consideration to a lady who gives them no more trouble than she can avoid, and is always capable of thinking and acting for herself in all things—so far as the natural decencies of her sex allow. True, these have their limits, which it would be folly, if not worse, for her to attempt to pass; but a certain fine instinct, which,

we flatter ourselves, is native to us women, will generally indicate the division between brave self-reliance and bold assumption.

Perhaps the line is easiest drawn, as in most difficulties, where duty ends and pleasure begins. We should respect one who, on a mission of mercy or necessity, went through the lowest portions of St Giles or the Gallowgate; we should be rather disgusted if she did it for mere amusement or bravado. All honour to the poor sempstress or governess who traverses London streets alone, at all hours of day or night, unguarded except by her own modesty; but the strong-minded female who would venture on a solitary expedition to investigate the humours of Cremorne Gardens or Greenwich fair, though perfectly 'respectable,' would be an exceedingly condemnable sort of personage. There are many things at which, as mere pleasures, a woman has a right to hesitate; there is no single duty, whether or not it lies in the ordinary line of her sex, from which she ought to shrink, if it is plainly set before her.

Those who are the strongest advocates for the passive character of our sex, its claims, proprieties, and restrictions, are, I have often noticed, if the most sensitive, not always the justest or most generous. I have seen ladies, no longer either young or pretty, shocked at the idea of traversing a street's length at night, yet never hesitate at being 'fetched' by some female servant, who was both young and pretty, and to whom the danger of the expedition, or of the late return alone, was by far the greater of the two. I have known anxious mothers, who would not for worlds be guilty of the indecorum of sending their daughters unchaperoned to the theatre or a ball—and very right, too!—yet send out some other woman's young daughter, at eleven P.M., to the stand for a cab, or to the public-house for a supply of beer. It never strikes them that the doctrine of female dependence extends beyond themselves, whom it suits so easily, and to whom it saves much trouble; that either every woman, be she servant or mistress, sempstress or fine lady, is to receive the 'protection' suitable to her degree; or that each is to be educated into a self-dependence, which will at least enable her to hold the balance of justice even, nor allow an over-delicacy for one woman to trench on the rights, conveniences, and honest feelings of another.

We must help ourselves. In this curious phase of social history, when marriage is apparently ceasing to become the common lot, and a happy marriage the most uncommon lot of all, we must educate our women into what is far better than any blind clamour for ill-defined 'rights'—into what ought always to be the foundation of rights—duties. And there is one, the silent practice of which will secure to them almost every right they can fairly need—the duty of self-dependence. Not after any amazonian fashion; no mutilating of fair womanhood in order to assume the unnatural armour of men; but simply by the full exercise of every faculty, physical, moral, and intellectual, with which Heaven has endowed women, severally and collectively, in different degrees; allowing no one to rust or lie idle, merely because their owner is a woman. And, above all, let us lay the foundation of all real womanliness by teaching our maidens from their cradle that the priceless pearl of decorous beauty, chastity of mind as well as body, exists in themselves alone; that a single-hearted and pure-minded woman may go through the world, like Spenser's Una, suffering, indeed, but never defenceless; foot-sore and smirched, but never tainted; exposed, doubtless, to many trials, yet never either degraded or humiliated, unless by her own act she humiliates herself.

For Heaven's sake—for the sake of 'womanhede,' the most heavenly thing next angelhood, as men tell us when they are courting us, and which it depends

upon ourselves to make them believe in all their lives—young girls, trust yourselves; rely on yourselves! Be assured that no outward circumstances will harm you while you keep the jewel of purity in your bosom, and are ever ready with the steadfast, clean right hand, of which, till you use it, you never know the strength, though it be only a woman's hand.

Fear not the world: it is often juster to us than we are to ourselves. If in its harsh jostlings the 'weaker goes to the wall'—as so many allege always happens to a woman—you will almost always find that this is not merely because of her sex, but from some inherent qualities in herself, which, existing either in woman or man, would produce just the same result, usually more pitiful than blamable. The world is hard enough, for two-thirds of it are struggling for the dear life—'each for himself, and de'il tak the hindmost;' but it has a rough sense of moral justice after all. And whosoever denies that, spite of all hinderances from individual wickedness, the *right* shall not ultimately prevail, impugns not merely human justice, but the justice of God.

The age of chivalry, with all its benefits and harmfulnesses, is gone by, for us women. We cannot now have men for our knights-errant, expending blood and life for our sake, while we have nothing to do but sit idle on balconies, and drop flowers on half-dead victors at tilt and tourney. Nor, on the other hand, are we dressed-up dolls, pretty playthings, to be fought and scrambled for—petted, caressed, or flung out of window, as our several lords and masters may please. Life is much more equally divided between us and them. We are neither goddesses nor slaves; they are neither heroes nor semi-demons: we just plod on together, men and women alike, on the same road, where daily experience illustrates Hudibras's keen truth, that

The value of a thing
Is just as much as it will bring.

And our value is—exactly what we choose to make it.

Perhaps at no age since Eve's were women rated so exclusively at their own personal worth, apart from poetic flattery or unmanly depreciation; at no time in the world's history judged so entirely by their individual merits, and respected according to the respect which they earn for themselves. And shall we esteem ourselves so meanly as to consider this unjust? Shall we not rather accept our position, difficult indeed, and requiring from us more than the world ever required before; but from its very difficulty, rendered the most honourable?

Let us not be afraid of men; for that, I suppose, lies at the root of all these amiable hesitations. 'Gentlemen don't like such and such things.' 'Gentlemen fancy so and so unfeminine.' My dear little foolish cowards, do you think a man—a good man, in any relation of life, ever loves a woman the more for esteeming her the less? or likes her better for transferring all her burdens to his shoulders, and pinning her conscience to his sleeve? Or, even if he did like it, is a woman's divinity to be man—or God?

And here, piercing to the Foundation of all truth—I think we may find the truth concerning self-dependence, which is only real and only valuable when its root is not in self at all—when its strength is drawn not from man, but from that Higher and Diviner Source whence every individual soul proceeds, and to which alone it is accountable. As soon as any woman, old or young, once feels that, not as a vague sentimental belief, but as a tangible, practical law of life, all weakness ends, all doubt departs: she recognises the glory, honour, and beauty of her existence; she is no longer afraid of its pains; she desires not to shift one atom of its responsibilities to another. She is content to take it just as it is, from the hands of the

All-Father; her only care being to so fulfil it, that while the world at large may recognise and profit by her self-dependence, she herself, knowing that the utmost strength lies in the deepest humility, recognises, solely and above all, her dependence upon God.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXVIII.—THE WOODS ON FIRE!

THE trappers were not among those who had rescued me—where were they? The others made answer, though I already guessed what they had to tell. Rube and Garey had followed the tracks of the steed, leaving the rangers to come after me.

I was pleased with the ready intelligence of my comrades: they had acted exactly as they should have done. I was myself found, and I no longer entertained any apprehension that the trail would be lost.

By this time, the trappers must be far upon it; more than an hour had elapsed since they and the others had parted company. My zigzag path had cost my followers many a bewildering pause.

But they had not ridden recklessly as I, and could find their way back. As it was impossible to tell in what direction Rube and Garey had gone, this course was the best to be followed; and under the guidance of Stanfield, an expert woodsman, we commenced returning to the prairie. It was not necessary to follow back our own crooked trail. The Kentuckian had noted the 'lay' of the chapparal, and led us out of its labyrinths by an almost direct path.

On reaching the open prairie, we made no halt; but upon the tracks of Rube, Garey, and the steed, once more entered the chapparal.

We had no difficulty about our course; it was plainly traced out for us; the trappers had 'blazed' it. In most places, the tracks of the three horses were sufficient indices of the route; but there were stretches where the ground was stony, and upon the parched arid herbage, even the shod hoof left no visible mark. In such places, a branch of acacia broken and pendulous, the bent flower-stem of an alce or the succulent leaves of the cactus slashed with a sharp knife, were conspicuous and unmistakable signs; and by the guidance of these we made rapid advance.

We must have gone much faster than the trackers themselves—for notwithstanding the freshness of the trail, there were dry spots and patches of cut rock over which it passed, and where it must have cost both time and keen perception to trace it.

As we were travelling so much more rapidly than Rube and Garey could have done, I looked forward to our soon overtaking them; with eager anticipation, I looked forward. Surely they would have some news for me, now that they had been so long in the advance? Surely by this time they must have come in sight of the steed?—perhaps captured him? O joyous anticipation!

Or would they return with a different tale? Was I to meet the report that he still hurried on—on forever? That he had swum some rapid stream? or plunged over a precipice—into some dark abyss?

Though hastening on after the trackers, there were moments when I feared to overtake them—moments when I dreaded to hear their tale!

We had worked our way about five miles through the hideous jungle, when I began to feel a strange sensation in my eyes—a sensation of pain—what is usually termed a 'smarting.' I at first attributed it to the want of sleep. My companions complained that they were affected in a similar manner.

It was not until we had gone some distance farther, that we found the true explanation, by perceiving that

there was smoke upon the air! Smoke it was that was causing the bitterness in our eyes.

The denizen of the prairie never regards such an indication with indifference. Where there is smoke, there is fire, and where fire, danger—at least upon the broad grassy steppes of the west. A burning forest may be shunned. You may stand near to the forest on fire, and contemplate such a scene with safety; but a blazing prairie is a phenomenon of a different character; and it is indeed a rare position where you may view, without peril, this sublime spectacle.

There are prairies that will not burn. The plains covered with the short 'buffalo-grass' (*sesleria dactyloides*), and the sward of various species of 'gramma' (*chondrosium*), rarely take fire; or if they do, horse, man, buffalo, or antelope, can easily escape by leaping across the blaze. 'Tis only the reptile world—snakes, lizards, the toad, and the land-turtle (*terrapin*)—that fall victims to such a flame.

Not so upon the 'weed-prairies,' or those where the tall reed-grass rises above the withers of a horse—its culms matted and laced together by the trailing stems of various species of bindweed, by creeping convolvulus, cucurbitaceæ, and wild pea-vines. In the dry season, when a fire lays its hold upon vegetation of this character, there is danger indeed—where it rages, there is death.

It was smoke that affected our eyes, causing them to smart and water. Fire must be causing the smoke—what was on fire? I could detect apprehension in the looks of my followers, as we rode on. It was but slight, for as yet the smoke was scarcely perceptible, and the fire, wherever it was, must be distant—so fancied we.

As we advanced, the glances of the men became more uneasy. Beyond a doubt, the smoke was thickening around us—the sky was fast becoming darker, and the pain in our eyes more acute.

'The woods are on fire,' said Stanfield.

Stanfield was a backwoodsman—his thoughts ran upon 'woods.'

Whether forest or prairie, a conflagration was certainly raging. It might be far off, for the wind will carry the smoke of a prairie-fire a long distance; but I had an unpleasant suspicion that it was not distant. I noticed dropping around us the white floc of burnt leaves, and from the intense bitterness of the smoke, I reasoned that it could not have floated far—its gases were not yet dissipated.

It was not the distance of the fire that so much troubled me, as its direction. The wind blew right in our teeth, and the smoke was travelling with the wind. The conflagration must be ahead—directly upon the trail!

The smoke grew thicker and thicker—ahead, the sky appeared slashed with a lurid light; I fancied I could hear the crackling of the flames. The air felt hot and dry: a choking sensation came into our throats, and one and all were soon hacking and gasping for breath.

So dark had it suddenly become, or rather, so blinded were we with the smoke, we could scarcely make out the trail.

My followers would have stopped, but I urged them on. With voice and example, I urged them on—myself leading the way. My heart was too sore to make pause.

Where in all this were Rube and Garey? We had come far and fast; we should now be nearly up with them—they could not be much ahead.

I hailed as we advanced.

'Hallow!' came the response, in the rough baritone of the younger trapper.

We hurried forward in the direction of the voice. The path conducted to an opening in the chapparal, in the centre of which, through the smoke, we could distinguish the forms of men and horses.

With eager eyes, I scanned the group; a glance was sufficient: there were only two of each—only the trackers.

CHAPTER LXIX.

SMOKE AND THIRST.

'Ah, Monsieur Roob!' cried the Canadian, as we hurried up, 'vat make ce de la diable d'une fumée—smoke? Are ze woods on fire—you tink—eh?'

'Wuds!' exclaimed Rube, with a contemptuous glance at the speaker. 'Wagh! Thur's no wuds hyur. Thur's a paraira afire. Don't ee smell the stink o' the grass?'

'Pe gar, oui! vraiment—c'est la prairie? You sure, Monsieur Roob?'

'Sure!' vociferated the trapper in a tone of indignation—'Sure!—ye durned parley-voo-eat-a-frog, spit-a-brick, soup-suckin Frenchman, d'yur think I don't know the smell o' a burnin paraira? Wagh!'

'Ah, Monsieur Roob, me pardon. Vat I mean ask—is ze chapparal brûlé—on fire—ces arbres?'

'The chapparil ain't afire,' answered Rube, somewhat mollified by the apology: 'so don't be skeeart, Frenchy; yur safe enuf.'

This assurance seemed to gratify not only the timid Canadian, but others, who, up to this moment, were apprehensive that it was the thicket that was on fire.

For myself, I had no such fears; I perceived that the chapparal could not burn. Here and there, patches of dry mezquite-trees would have caught like tinder; but in most places, a succulent endogenous vegetation formed three parts of the jungle, and rendered it 'fire-proof.' This was especially the case around the glade where the trappers had taken their stand, and which was completely enclosed by a wall of the great organ cactus, with aloes, opuntias, and other juicy-leaved plants. In the opening, we were as safe from the fire as though it was a hundred miles off; we suffered only from the smoke, that now quite filled the atmosphere, causing a darkness that rivalled night.

I had no apprehension for our safety; it was not of that I was thinking.

To the hasty dialogue between Rube and the Canadian I had scarcely given heed; Garey had advanced to meet me, and I listened with anxious ear to the tale of the tracker.

It was soon told. Rube and he had followed the trail, until it emerged from the chapparal, and struck out into a wide grass-prairie. The edge of the thicket was close by; but they had gone a considerable distance beyond it and across the plain. They were still advancing, when, to their consternation, they perceived that the prairie was on fire directly ahead of them! The wind was rolling both smoke and flames before it with the rapidity of a running horse, and it was with difficulty they escaped from it by galloping back to the chapparal.

And the steed—what had become of him? Had they seen nothing?

I did not put these questions in words—only in thought did I ask them; and in thought only were they answered. Both the trackers were silent, and that was an answer in the negative; yes, I read an ominous negative in their looks of gloom.

We were compelled to halt; even the smoke rendered further progress impossible; but we could hear the fire at no great distance—the culms of the coarse reed-grass cracking like volleys of musketry.

Now and then, a scared deer broke through the bushes, passing us at full speed. A band of antelope dashed into the glade, and halted close beside us—the frightened creatures not knowing where to run. At their heels came a pack of prairie-wolves, but not in pursuit of them: these also stopped near. A black bear and a cougar arrived next; and fierce beasts of prey and gentle ruminants stood side by side, both

terrified out of their natural habits. Birds shrieked among the branches, eagles screamed in the air, and black vultures could be seen hovering through the smoke, with no thought of stooping upon a quarry!

The hunter man alone preserved his instincts. My followers were hungry. Rifles were levelled—and the bear and one of the antelopes fell victims to the deadly aim.

Both were soon stripped of their skins, and butchered. A fire was kindled in the glade, and upon sword-blades and sapling spits the choice morsels of venison and 'bear-meat' were roasted, and eaten, with many a jest about the 'smoky kitchen.'

I was myself hungered. I shared the repast, but not the merriment. At that moment, no wit could have won from me a smile; the most luxurious table could not have furnished me with cheer.

A worse appetite than hunger assailed my companions, and I felt it with the rest—it was thirst: for hours all had been suffering from it; the long hard ride had brought it on, and now the smoke and the dry hot atmosphere increased the appetite till it had grown agonising, almost unendurable. No water had been passed since the stream we had crossed before day; there was none in the chapparral; the trackers saw none so far as they had gone: we were in a waterless desert; and the very thought itself renders the pang of thirst keener and harder to endure.

Some chewed their leaden bullets, or pebbles of chalcedony which they had picked up; others obtained relief by drinking the blood of the slaughtered animals—the bear and the antelope—but we found a better source of assuagement in the succulent stems of the cactus and agave.

The relief was but temporary: the juice cooled our lips and tongues, but there is an acrid principle in these plants that soon acted, and our thirst became more intense than ever.

Some talked of returning on the trail in search of water—of going back even to the stream—more than twenty miles distant.

Under such circumstances, even military command loses its authority. Nature is stronger than martial law.

I cared not if they did return; I cared not who left me, so long as the trappers remained true. I had no fear that they would forsake me; and my disapprobation of it checked the cheerless proposal, and once more all declared their willingness to go on.

Fortunately, at that crisis the smoke began to clear away, and the atmosphere to lighten up. The fire had burnt on to the edge of the chapparral, where it was now opposed by the sap-bearing trees. The grass had been all consumed—the conflagration was at an end.

Mounting our horses, we rode out from the glade; and following the trail a few hundred yards farther, we emerged from the thicket, and stood upon the edge of the desolated plain.

CHAPTER LXX.

A BURNT PRAIRIE.

The earth offers no aspect more drear and desolate than that of a burnt prairie. The ocean when its waves are gray—a blighted heath—a flat fenny country in a rapid thaw—all these impress the beholder with a feeling of chill monotony; but the water has motion, the heath, colour, and the half-thawed flat exhibits variety in its mottling of white and ground.

Not so the steppe that has been fired and burned. In this, the eye perceives neither colour, nor form, nor motion. It roams over the limitless level in search of one or other, but in vain; and in the absence of all three, it tires, and the heart grows cheerless and sick. Even the sky scarcely offers relief. It, too, by refraction from the black surface beneath, wears a dull livid

aspect; or perhaps the eye, jaundiced by the reflect of the earth, beholds not the brightness of the heaven.

A prairie, when green, does not always gladden the eye—not even when enamelled with fairest flowers. It has crossed such plains, verdant or blooming to the utmost verge of vision, and longed for something to appear in sight—a rock, a tree, a living creature—anything to relieve the universal sameness; just as the voyager on the ample ocean longs for sail for cetaceæ, or the sight of land, and is delighted with a nautilus, polypi, phosphorescence, or a floating weed.

Colour alone does not satisfy the sense. What is more charming than the fresh verdure of the green plain? what more exquisite than the deep blue of the ocean? and yet the eye grows weary of both! Even the 'flower-prairie,' with its thousands of gay corolla of every tint and shade—with its golden helianthus, its white argemone, its purple cleome, its pink mimosæ, its blue lupin—its poppyworts of red and orange—even these fair tints grow tiresome to the sight, and the eye yearns for form and motion.

If so, what must be the prairie when divested of all its verdant and flowery charms—when burned black ashes? It is difficult to conceive the aspect of dreary monotony it then presents—more difficult to describe it. Words will not paint such a scene.

And such presented itself to our eyes as we rode from the chapparral. The fire was past—even the smoke had ceased to rise, except in spots where the damp earth still reeked under the heat; but right and left, and far ahead, on to the very hem of the horizon the surface was of one uniform hue, as if covered with a vast crape. There was nought of form to be seen, living or lifeless; there was no life or motion even in the elements; all sounds had ceased: an awful stillness reigned above and around—the world seemed dead and shrouded in its sable pall!

Under other circumstances, I might have stayed to regard such a scene, though not to admire it. On the other hand, had it been a waste, there was nought to be admired not even sublimity; but no spectacle however sublime or however beautiful, could have won from me a thought at that moment.

The trackers had already ridden far out, and were advancing, half concealed by the cloud of black smoke flung up from the heels of their horses. For some distance, they moved straight on without looking at the tracks of the steed. Before meeting the fire, they had gone beyond the edge of the chapparral; afterwards, while I observed them moving more slowly, with their eyes upon the ground as if looking for the trail, I had doubts of their being able either to find or follow it now. The shallow hoof-prints would be filled with the debris of the burnt herbage—surely they could no longer be traced?

By myself, they could not, nor by a common man; but it seemed that to the eyes of those keen hunters the trail was as conspicuous as ever. I saw that after searching a few seconds, they had taken it up, and were once more moving along, guided by the tracks. Some slight hollows I could perceive, distributed here and there over the ground, and scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding level. Certainly, without having been told what they were, I should not have known them to be the tracks of a horse.

It proved a wide prairie, and we seemed to be crossing its central part. The fire had spread far.

At one place, nearly midway, where the trail was faint, and difficult to make out, we stopped for a short while to give the trackers time. A momentary curiosity induced me to gaze around. Awful was the scene—awful without sublimity. Even the thorny chapparral no longer relieved the eye; the outlines of its low shrubbery had sunk below the horizon, and on all sides stretched the charred plain up to the rim of the leaden canopy, black—black—illimitable. And

en alone, I might easily have yielded to the fancy, at the world was dead.

Gazing over this vast opacity, I for a moment forgot my companions, and fell into a sort of lethargic stupor. I fancied that I too was dead or dreaming—I fancied that I was in hell—the *Avernus* of the ancients. In youth, I had the misfortune to be well schooled in classic lore, to the neglect of studies that are useful; I often in life have the poetical absurdities of Greek and Latin mythology intruded themselves upon my mind—both asleep and awake. I fancied, therefore, at some well-meaning Anchises had introduced me to the regions below; and that the black plain before me was some landscape in the kingdom of Pluto. I had been capable of that—would have convinced me of my error. No part of that monarch's minions can be so thinly peopled. I was summoned to reason again by the voices of my fellows. The lost trail had been found, and they were moving on.

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE TALK OF THE TRACKERS.

I spurred after, and soon overtook them. Regardless of the dust, I rode close in the rear of the trackers, and listened to what they were saying.

These 'men of the mountains'—as they prided to all themselves—were peculiar. While engaged in a way, such as the present, they would scarce disclose their thoughts, even to me; much less were they communicative with the rest of my following, whom they were accustomed to regard as 'greenhorns'—their favorite appellation for all men who have not made the tour of the grand prairies. Notwithstanding that half-breed and Black were backwoodsmen and hunters by profession, Quackenbush a splendid shot, Le Blanc a regular 'voyageur,' and the others more or less skilled in woodcraft, all were greenhorns in the opinion of the trappers. To be otherwise, a man must have starved upon a 'sage-prairie'—'run' buffalo by the Yellowstone Plateau—fought 'Injun,' and shot Indian—have well-nigh lost scalp or ears—spent a winter in Pierre's Hole upon Green River—or camped amid the snows of the Rocky Mountains! Some one of all these feats must needs have been performed ere the 'greenhorn' can matriculate and take rank as a 'mountain man.'

Of all my party was the only one who, in the eyes of Rube and Garey, was not a greenhorn; and even I—gentleman-amateur that I was—was hardly up either in their confidence or their 'craft.' It is indeed true—with all my classic accomplishments, with my fine words, my fine horse, and fine clothes—so long as we were within the limits of prairie-land, I acknowledged these men as my superiors. They were my guides, my instructors, my masters.

Since overtaking them on the trail, I had not asked them to give any opinion. I dreaded a direct answer—for I had noticed something like a despairing look in the eyes of both.

As I followed them over the black plain, however, I thought that their faces brightened a little, and appeared once more lit up by a faint ray of hope. For that reason, I rode close upon their heels, and eagerly caught up every word that was passing between them. Rube was speaking when I first drew near.

'Wah! I don't b'lieve it, Bill; 'tain't possible no-how-so-ever. The paraira wur sot afire—must 'a been; thur's no other ways for it. It cudn't 'a tuk to b'leasin' o' itself—eh?'

'Sartinly not; I agree wi' you, Rube.'

'Wal—thur wur a foller as I met onces at Bent's Fort on the Arkinsaw—a odd sort o' a critter he wur, an no mistake; he us't to go pokin about, gatherin' woods an all sorts o' green garbitch, an spreadin' 'em out atween sheets o' paper—whet he called button-

eyesin—jest like thet ur Dutch doctur as wur rubbed out when we went into the Navagh country, t' other side o' the Grand.'

'I remembers him.'

'Wal, this hyur fellur I tell 'ee about, he us't to talk mighty big o' this, thet, an t' other; an he palavered a heap 'bout a thing thet, ef I don't disremember, wur called *spuntaynyus kumbuxshun*.'

'I've heard o' t; that are the name.'

'Wal, the button-eyeser, he sayed thet a paraira mout take afire o' itself, 'ithout anybody whasomdiver hevins sot it. Now, thet ur's what this child don't b'lieve, nohow. In coorse, I knows thet lightnin sometimes may sot a paraira a bleezin, but lightnin 's a natral fire o' itself; an it's only reezunible to expect thet the dry grass wud catch from it like punk; but I shed like to know how fire kud kindle by itself—thet 's whet I shed like to know.'

'I don't believe it can,' rejoined Garey.

'Ne'er a bit o' it. I never seed a burnin paraira yit, thet thur wa'n't eyther a camp-fire or a Injun at the bottom o' it—thet ur 'ceptin whur lightnin hed did the bizness.'

'And you think, Rube, thar's been Injun at the bottom o' this?'

'Putty nigh sure; an I'll gie you my reezuns. Fust, do 'ee see thur's been no lightnin this mornin to 'a made the fire? Seconds, it's too fur west hyur for any settlement o' whites—in coorse I speak o' Texans—thur might be Mexikins; them I don't call white, nohow nosomediver. An then, agin, it kin scarce be Mexikins neyther. It ur too fur no'th for any o' the yellur bellies to be a strayin jest now, seein as it's the *Mexikin moon wi'* the Kimanchees, an both them an the Leepans ur on the war-trail. Wal, then, it's clur thur's no Mexikin 'bout hyur to hev sot the paraira afire, an thur's been no lightnin to do it; thurfor, it must 'a been did eyther by a Injun, or thet ur dod-rotted spuntaynyus kumbuxshun.'

'One or t' other.'

'Wal, bein as this child don't b'lieve in the kumbuxshun nohow, thurfor it's my openynus thet red Injuns did the bizness—they did sartint.'

'No doubt o' it,' assented Garey.

'An ef they did,' continued the old trapper, 'thur about yit somewhur not fur off, an we've got to keep a sharp look-out for our har—we hev.'

'Safe, we have,' assented Garey.

'I tell 'ee, Bill,' continued Rube in a new strain, 'the Injuns is mighty riled jest now. I never knowd 'em so savagerous an flighty. The war hez gin 'em a fresh start, an thur dander's up agin us, by reezun thet the gin'ral didn't take thur offer to help us agin the yellur bellies. Ef we meet wi' eyther Kimanch or Leepan on these hyur plains, thu'll scalp us, or we'll scalp 'em—thet 'll be it. Wah!'

'But what for could they 'a sot the parairy on fire?'

inquired Garey.

'Thet ere,' replied Rube, 'thet ere wur what puzzled me at fust. I thort it mout 'a been done by accydent—preehaps by the scatterin o' a camp-fire—for Injuns is careless enuf 'bout thet. Now, hows'owever I've got a different idee. Thet story thet Dutch an Frenchy hev fetched from the rancherie, gie me a insight inter the hull bizness.'

I knew the 'story' to which Rube had reference. Lige and Le Blanc, when at the village, had heard some rumour of an Indian foray that had just been made against one of the Mexican towns, not far from the rancheria. It had occurred on the same day that we marched out. The Indians—supposed to be Lipans or Comanches—had sacked the place, and carried off both plunder and captives. A party of them had passed near the rancheria after we ourselves had left it. This party had 'called' at the Hacienda de Vargas and completed the pillage, left unfinished by the

guerilla. This was the substance of what the messengers had heard.

'You mean about the Injuns?' said Garey half interrogatively.

'In coorse,' rejoined Rube. 'Belike enuf, 'em Injuns ur the same niggurs we gin sich a rib-roastin to by the moun. Wagh! they hain't gone back to thur mountains, as 'twur b'lieved: they dassent 'a gone back in sich disgrace, 'ithout takin eyther har or hosses. The squaws ud 'a hooted 'em.'

'Sure enough.'

'Sure sartint. Wal, Billee, 'ee see now what I mean: thet party 's been a skulketin 'bout hyur ever since, till they got a fast-race chance at the Mexikin town, an thur they 've struck a blow.'

'It 's mighty like as you say, Rube; but why have they sot fire to the parairy?'

'Wagh! Bill, kin ye not see why: it ur plain as Pike's Peak on a summery day.'

'I don't see,' responded Garey in a thoughtful tone.

'Well, this child *do*; an this ur the reezun: as I tell 'ee, the Injuns hain't forgot the lambaystin they hed by the moun; an preehaps bein now a weak party, an thinkin thet we as wolloped 'em wur still i' the rancherie, they wur aferd thet on hearin o' thur pilledgin, we mout be arter 'em.'

'An they 've burnt the parairy to kiver thur trail?'

'Preezactly so.'

'By Gosh, you're right, Rube!—it's uncommon like. But whar do you think this trail 's goin? Surely the hoss hain't been caught in the fire?'

I bent forward in the saddle, and listened with acute eagerness. To my great relief, the answer of the old trapper was in the negative.

'He hain't,' said he; 'ne'er a bit o' it. His trail, do 'ee see, runs in a bee-line, or clost on a bee-line: now, ef the fire hed 'a begun afore he wur acrost this paraira, he wud long since 'a doubled 'bout, an tuk the back track; but 'ee see he hain't did so; thurfor, I conclude he 's safe through it, an the grass must 'a been sot afire ahint 'im.'

I breathed freely after listening to these words. A load seemed lifted from my breast, for up to this moment I had been vainly endeavouring to combat the fearful apprehension that had shaped itself in my imagination. From the moment that we had entered the burned prairie, my eyes constantly, and almost mechanically, had sought the ground in front of our course, had wandered over it, with uneasy glance, in dread of beholding forms—lifeless—burned and charred—

The words of the trapper gave relief—almost an assurance that the steed and his rider were still safe—and, under inspiration of renewed hope, I rode more cheerfully forward.

CHAPTER LXXII.

'INJUN SIGN.'

'After a pause, the guides resumed their conversation, and I continued to listen. I had a reason for not mingling in it. If I joined them in their counsels, they might not express their convictions so freely, and I was desirous of knowing what they truly thought. By keeping close behind them, I could hear all—myself unnoticed under the cloud of dust that rose around us. On the soft ashes, the hoof-stroke was scarcely audible, our horses gliding along in a sweeping silent walk.

'By Gosh! then,' said Garey, 'if Injuns fired the parairy, they must 'a done it to wind'ard, an we're travellin right in the teeth o' the wind; we're goin in a y'gy direction, Rube; what do you think o' 't, old hoss?'

'Jest what you sez, boyee—a cussed ugly direckshun—durnation'd ugly.'

'It ain't many hours since the fire begun, an the redskins won't be far from t' other side, I reckon. If the hoss-trail leads us right on them, we'll be in a fit old boy.'

'Ay,' replied Rube, in a low but significant drawl; 'ef it do, an ef this niggur don't a miskalkerate, *it will lead right on 'em, plum straight castrut into the camp.*'

I started on hearing this. I could no longer remain silent; but brushing rapidly forward to the side of the trapper, in hasty phrase demanded his meaning.

'Jest what 'ee've heern me say, young fellur, wa his reply.

'You think that there are Indians ahead—that the horse has gone to their camp?'

'No, not *gone* thur; nor kin I say for sartint thur ur Injuns yet; though it looks mighty like. Thur's nuthin else to giv reezun for the fire—nuthin as Bill or me kin think o'; an ef thur be Injuns, then I don't think the hoss *hez gone* to thur camp, but I *de* kalkerlate it's mighty like he's been *tuk* thur: thet's what I thinks, young fellur.'

'You mean that the Indians have captured him?'

'Thet's preezactly what this child means.'

'But how? What reason have you for thinking so?'

'Wal—jest because I think so.'

'Pray explain, Rube!' I said in an appealing tone. I feared that his secretive instincts would get the better of him, and he would delay giving his reasons from a pure love of mystification that was inherent in the old fellow's nature. I was too anxious to be patient; but my appeal proved successful.

'Wal, 'ee see, young fellur, the hoss must 'a cross hyur jest afore this paraira wur sot afire; an it's mighty reezunible to s'pose thet whosomediver *do* the bizness, Injun or no Injun, must 'a been to win'ad o' hyur. It ur also likely enuf, I reckon, thet the party must 'a seed the hoss; an it ur likely agin thet nobody want a gwine to see thet hoss, wi' the gun stopp'd down 'long his hump ribs, 'ithout bein kewurious enuf to take arter 'im. Injuns 'ud be safe to go arter 'im, yellin like blazes; an arter 'im they wud go, an roped 'im, I reckon—thet they 've done.'

'You think they could have caught him?'

'Sartint. The hoss by then must 'a been dead dead—thet ur, unless he's got the divvel in 'im; an by Geehorum! I gin to suspect—Gehu—Gebosopha! jest as I said: lookee, thur—thur!'

'What is it? I inquired, seeing the speaker suddenly halt and point to the ground, upon which his eyes also were fixed. 'What is it, Rube? I can perceive nothing strange.'

'Don't 'ee see 'em hoss-tracks?—thur!—thick as sheep-feet—hundreds o' 'em!'

I certainly noticed some slight hollows in the surface, nearly levelled up by the black ashes. I should not have known them to be horse-tracks.

'They ur,' said Rube, 'every one o' 'em—an Injun hoss-tracks sure.'

'They may be the wild-hosses, Rube?' said one of the rangers, riding up and surveying the sign.

'Wild jackasses!' angrily retorted the old trapper. 'Whur did you ever see a wild hoss? Do 'ee s'pose I've turned stone-blind, do 'ee? Stan thur, my mar!' he cried, flinging his lean carcass out of the saddle at the same time talking to his mare: 'ee knows better than thet fellur, I kin tell by the way yur snifin. Keep yur ground a minnit, ole gurl, till ole Rube shew these hyur greenhorns how a mountain man kin read sign—wild hosses! wagh!'

After thus delivering himself, the trapper dropped upon his knees, placed his lips close to the ground, and commenced blowing at the black ashes. All had by this time ridden up, and sat in their saddles watching him.

We saw that he was clearing the ashes out of one of the hollows which he had pronounced to be horse-racks, and which now proved to be so.

'Thur now, mister!' said he, turning triumphantly, and rather savagely, upon the ranger who had questioned the truth of his conjecture: 'thur's a shod rack—shod wi' parfleesh too. Did 'ee ever see a wild ass, or a wild mule, or a wild jackass eyther, shod n' parfleesh? Ef 'ee did, it's more'n Rube Rawlins ver seed, an thet ur trapper's been on the hoss-plains well-nigh forty yeern. Wagh!'

Of course, there was no reply to this interrogatory. Here was the track, and, dismounting, we all examined it in turn.

Sure enough, it was the track of a shod horse—shod with *parfleesh*—thick leather made from the hide of the buffalo bull.

We all knew this to be a mode of shoeing practised by the horse-Indians of the plains, and only by them.

The evidence was conclusive: Indians had been upon the ground.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF TOBACCO.

Oh, thou weed

Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet

That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born!

—SHAKESPEARE.

Has the reader ever watched the rise and progress of a paper-war?—A quiet harmless-looking letter, with a modest Latin or Greek signature—Alpha, for instance—appears on Monday morning in the *Times*, let us say, pointing out an abuse, advocating a reform, or prosing a the usual respectable and patriotic way on one of the thousand-and-one topics that form the subjects of newspaper correspondence. The gauntlet is thus thrown down, the hat is tossed into the ring. By the act of writing a letter to the *Times*, Alpha emerges from his character as a private individual, and is bound to do battle à l'outrance against all comers in defence of his opinions. The challenge is accepted. On Tuesday, anything he has stated is flatly contradicted in a letter signed Beta, in which the writer broadly insinuates that he considers Alpha either a knave or a fool, or possibly a union of both. On Wednesday, Gamma starts up in defence of Alpha, and abuses Beta like a pocket. On Thursday, Delta takes up the cudgels for Beta, and makes mince-meat of Alpha and Gamma. In the meantime, a shower of replies, rejoinders, and such-like controversial fireworks have been let off by the other three; and by the end of the week, the whole alphabet, from Alpha to Omega, are hard at work, hammer and tongs, to the serious damage of their own tempers, and the intense delight and edification of the public. These intellectual gladiators are exactly like the vultures described by Longfellow:

Never stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial look-out,
Sees the downward plunge, and follows;
And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.

In the same way it may be said:

Never writes the 'Constant Reader'
To that much-enduring martyr
Called 'The Editor' of a paper,
But another 'Reader,' sitting
In his comfortable club-house,
Sees the feeble scrawl, and answers;
And a third attacks the second,
Each epistle getting longer—
First a line, and then a column,
Till the paper's full of letters.

One of these pen-and-ink combats has been lately raging with much bitterness between the smoking and non-smoking members of the community, during which passage of pens, the subject of tobacco, to use a modern expression, has been thoroughly 'ventilated.' The *Lancet* has been the principal medium through which the tobacco-stoppers have fulminated their anathemas against the fragrant plant; while its devotees—and their name is legion—have, in their own opinion, triumphantly confuted the arguments of its detractors in a cloud of letters, pamphlets, 'pleas for the pipe,' and other well-fumigated productions. I have before me a whole heap of these paper-pellets, one half demonstrating beyond a question that tobacco is a poison and a bane, and the other half proving as positively that it is a balm and a blessing.

Without attempting to decide this important question, and believing that the golden rule, *medeo tutissimus ibis*, applies to smoking as well as every other gratification, I shall attempt to compress into the limits of a page or two a few of the facts concerning the history, cultivation, and manufacture of tobacco, which have been elicited in the course of the controversy.

One of the best volumes on the subject has been written by Mr Steinmetz, a barrister, who acknowledges himself to be an inveterate smoker, and who had a cigar in his mouth continually during the composition of his work, which extends to 174 pages. The learned gentleman starts with the dictum, that the natives of every country on the globe have had from time immemorial their own peculiar narcotic, either home-made or imported. Thus, in North America, they have tobacco; in South America, the thorn-apple, coca, tobacco, and hemp; in Europe, hops and tobacco; in Africa, hemp; and in Asia, amanita, betel-nut, and tobacco. Professor Johnson, the author of the *Chemistry of Common Life*, in illustration of the same idea, published a 'map shewing the distribution of narcotics over the globe.' The tobacco-plant, in its numerous varieties, is found from the equator to the 60th degree of latitude, but the savages of America enjoy the credit of having originally discovered its narcotic properties.—Sir Walter Raleigh, as everybody knows, gets the credit of having been the first to introduce it in England.*

It is related of him, that having retired to his room to have a comfortable weed in private, he soon became completely buried in smoke and contemplation. Finding this employment but dry work, and totally

* Raleigh may be regarded as connected with the introduction of tobacco into England, but not truly its introducer. The real history of the affair seems to have been briefly this. In the colonising expedition sent out by Raleigh to Virginia in 1584, was Hariot, the inventor of the system of notation in modern algebra. While exploring the country, he observed the culture of tobacco among the natives, who used it for 'crudities of the stomach.' Fully believing in the supposed virtues of the herb, he accustomed himself to its use. Hariot is thus to be regarded as certainly the first European who smoked tobacco. The colony lost heart under its difficulties, and when Sir Francis Drake came their way in 1585, on his return from a successful cruise against the Spanish settlements, Ralph Lane, the governor, asked and obtained a passage home for himself and the other colonists. With him came two or three of the natives, and a sample of Tobacco. The precipitate desertion of the colony by Lane was most unfortunate. Had he waited a few days longer, he would have received new colonists with ample supplies, which Raleigh had sent out. He therefore underwent heavy reproach, and sunk out of notice, though heretofore a man of some distinction. There can be no doubt that King James alludes to him in the following passage of the *Counterblast*: 'It is not so long,' says he, 'since the first entry of this abuse amongst us here, as this age can well remember, both the first author and the form of the first introduction of it amongst us. It was neither brought in by king, great conqueror, nor learned doctor of physick. With the report of a great discovery for a conquest, some two or three savage men were brought in, together with a savage custom. But the pity is, the poor barbarous men died; but that that vile barbarous custom is yet alive, yea, in fresh vigour: so it seems a miracle to me how a custom springing from so vile a ground, and brought in by a father so generally hated, should be welcomed upon so slender a warrant.'—ED. C. J.

forgetting that his occupation was as yet a secret, he presently called out to his servant for a cup of malt liquor. On entering the room, the man, instead of giving his master the beer, dashed it violently into his face, and rushed down stairs to alarm the family with the dreadful news that Sir Walter's head was on fire, and the smoke pouring out of his mouth and nostrils.

Since its introduction into civilised society, tobacco has had to encounter many enemies, among kings, popes, and populace; and, judging from the late attacks in the *Lancet*, its persecution has not by any means ceased in the present day. James I., the British Solomon, as he was called, in his celebrated *Counterblast*, written in 1616, characterises the practice of smoking as 'a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomlesse.' The expense of smoking in those days may be imagined from the fact mentioned by Aubrey, that tobacco 'was sold then for its wayte in silver.' 'I have heard,' he says, 'some of our old yeomen neighbours say that when they went to Malmesbury or Chippenham, they called their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco.' The royal reformer also states in his *Miscopnus* that 'some of the gentry bestow three, and some four hundred pounds a yeere upon this precious stinke.'

In its pulverised form, the unfortunate plant has been thundered against from the Vatican. In 1624, Pope Urban VIII. published a decree of excommunication against all who took snuff in church. Ten years afterwards, Russians convicted of smoking tobacco had their noses cut off. In Transylvania, the penalty for growing it was total confiscation of property; and for smoking it, a fine not exceeding 200 florins. In 1719, the senate of Strasbourg prohibited the cultivation of tobacco, for fear it should diminish the growth of corn; and Amurath, fourth king of Persia, made smoking a capital offence. They managed these things better in France: instead of cutting off people's heads and noses, the government put its hand into their pockets. A heavy duty was imposed on tobacco, and its cultivation converted into a monopoly. The consequence of this manœuvre is, that last year our friends across the Channel paid into the coffers of the state, for the enjoyment of their narcotic, somewhere about L.5,000,000 sterling. We are mulcted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to much the same amount. In the United Kingdom, in 1853, the consumption of tobacco was nearly 30,000,000 pounds, and the duty paid L.4,751,760. In Hamburg, 40,000 cigars are consumed daily, the number of adult males in the population not amounting to 45,000. The average consumption for the whole human race—about 1,000,000,000—is said to be 70 ounces a head; the total quantity smoked being 2,000,000 tons, or 4,480,000,000 pounds!

America is the great tobacco-garden of the world, although great quantities are grown both in India and Europe. The choicest specimens are found in the island of Cuba, which is said to be the jewel of the Spanish crown—the fragrant Havana cigar being absolutely necessary to propel the blue blood of her gentility. Manila tobacco is produced in the Philippine Islands, and Latakia in Syria. Tobacco was once extensively grown in Ireland and Yorkshire; and it is the opinion of Mr Steinmetz, that if it were not forbidden by law, its cultivation in this country would, with the aid of science in the matter of manure, prove a good speculation.

In America, the seed is sown in a hotbed about the beginning of March. In May, the transplanting begins, each plant being allowed the space of three square feet to expand in. Tobacco, in its early stages, has many enemies, in the shape of frost, insects, and caterpillars;

and instances have occurred in which three successive transplantings in one year have been ruined by one or other of these causes. After the third failure, the French usually despair, and plant hemp to lessen their loss; but the tobacco-grower has the consolation of knowing, that one successful season out of three pays. In September, the crop is gathered, and the leaves are hung up in covered sheds for six or seven weeks till perfectly dry and withered. In this state, tobacco is almost without smell, its peculiar aroma being produced by fermentation, for which purpose it is collected in heaps on the floor, and carefully covered with blankets for thirty-six hours or more, according to the state of the atmosphere. It is then pressed into hogheads with a powerful lever, which pressure has the effect of distributing the oil uniformly throughout the mass; and in this state it makes its appearance in the London Docks.

Here it remains in bond till the duty is paid, when any part that is found to be damaged is cut off, and burnt in a huge kiln, called the Queen's Pipe. For its distribution, there are, in the first place, in London, twelve wholesale tobacco-merchants, or brokers, to whom it is consigned; ninety manufacturers, who convert it into cigars, snuff, and the various sorts of tobacco for the pipe; and more than 1500 tobacco-nists, or general dealers. There are, besides, eighty-two clay-pipe makers. Mr Steinmetz calculates that, 7880 individuals in the metropolis are employed in preparing tobacco for the mouths and olfactories of its population. The cigar-makers are paid at the rate of so much per hundred; and a good workman can easily earn L.2, 10s. a week. In Hamburg, the manufacture is the most important branch of its trade; and 150,000,000 cigars are turned out every year. It gives employment to 10,000 persons; and a printing-press, with a numerous staff, is exclusively occupied in printing the necessary labels for boxes and packets.

Having traced the plant from the hotbed to the dock, let us follow it now to its eventual destination—the mouth of the smoker.

We will begin with cigars. On the tobacco being turned out of the hoghead, it is first damped, to make it pliable, and then sorted. The least likely-looking leaves are called *fillers*, and form the main body of the cigar; the second best go by the name of *lunch-wrappers*, and constitute rough envelopes for the fillers; and the finest, or *outsides*, are intended to catch the eye of the customer. The actual manufacture occupies but a few seconds.

After having been sorted, the leaves are deprived of their stalks by the *stripper*, and handed by him to the maker. That functionary picks out a bunch of wrapper, and cuts it into a form something like the stripe of a balloon; in this he rolls a quantity of filler, thus producing a rather disreputable-looking cigar; it is then cut to the required length; and, finally, he gives it an attractive appearance, by wrapping it neatly up in an unblemished outside, and fastening the tip-end with paste coloured with chlorophyll, to keep everything in its place. A drying-stove completes the operation.

Most of the tobacco for the pipe is cut into shreds by machinery. *Shag* derives its name from its rough and bushy appearance; *bird's-eye* is so called because small portions of stalk are mixed with it, which bear a fancied resemblance to the eyes of birds; *crowfoot* is a namesake of the American river; *commuter* was originally the name given in America to the baskets of rushes in which the tobacco was packed for exportation; and *pigtail* owes its appellation to its supposed likeness to the caudal appendage of the unclean animal. Its other varieties are like the advantages in an auctioneer's advertisement, 'too numerous to mention.'

In the manufacture of snuff, the stalks of tobacco are used as well as the leaves. The Scotch article is

imposed almost entirely of the former, while the latter predominates in *sappes* and the darker varieties. *riacc's-mixture*, and the whole of the 'fancy snuffs,' are scented to suit the taste of the customer. All these inventions are the result of accident. Newton discovered the law of gravitation by an apple tumbling on his head; the delicious flavour of roast pork was not made known to the world by a peasant whose pig had been burned down; and the peculiar and orchid odour of the celebrated *lundyfoot* snuff is said to be owing to the negligence of an individual who, the King Alfred, forgot to 'turn' the batch that had been entrusted to his care. Good sometimes springs from evil: the man got drunk, and made his master's tune.

Before the tobacco is ground into snuff, it undergoes process of *curing*—like bacon—which consists in its being moistened with salted water and other preparations. This mixture is called *sauce*, and each manufacturer has his own peculiar condiment, upon which the flavour of his snuff materially depends. After having been sprinkled with sauce, the material is heaped into bins, where much of the essential oil of the tobacco is driven off by heat and fermentation. It is then turned out and suffered to cool, when it is sent to the mills to be ground under heavy stones. Foreigners improve this custom by cutting it into grain with machinery, rasping it with a circular file, thereby avoiding the excessive friction which deteriorates English snuff, and interferes with its flavour.

Madame Pfeiffer relates that in Northern Sweden snuff is put into the mouth. In Iceland, it is applied to its legitimate receptacle, but in an extraordinary manner: 'Most of the peasants, and even many of the priests, have no proper snuff-box, but only a box made of bone, and shaped like a powder-flask. When they take snuff, they throw back the head, insert the point of the flask in the nose, and shake a dose of snuff into it. They then, with the greatest amiability, offer it to their neighbour; he to his; and so it goes until it reaches its owner again.'

The practice of taking snuff is said to have been introduced into this country from France after the Restoration; but the custom did not originate with snuff, as snuff is known to have been previously manufactured with herbs. In the matter of adulteration, the smoker has a decided advantage over the sufferer, as, out of forty samples of cut-tobacco examined by Dr Hassall, not one was found to be mixed with any foreign leaf or deleterious compound; whereas, in many of the nose-titillating 'mixtures' submitted to his inspection, he found a number of oxides, chromates, and bichromates that had no business there, including iron, red lead, amber, potash, and a substance that looked like powdered glass! The only adulteration of tobacco for smoking consisted in salt, sugar, and sugar—the two first being actually necessary in its manufacture, and the last being beneficial to the human frame, as smoking tends to diminish the marine constituents in the blood. The ingenious impositions vended at races and fairs by itinerant confectionists (?), who offer misguided youths 'a cigar and a light for a penny,' are of course made up of dyed and coloured paper. As a general rule, however, snuff, next to eggs, is one of the least adulterated articles of consumption we can boast of in these wretched fast-going days.

More than half of the learned counsel's work is devoted to the 'Influence of Tobacco on the Human System,' a subject on which I have neither space nor inclination to enter. There are one or two points, however, in his argument which I shall briefly notice. Dr Steinmetz, with laudable impartiality, exhibits a chemical analysis by Professor Johnson, that appears calculated to put an immediate end to smoking. It seems that when the leaves of tobacco are mixed with

water, and submitted to distillation, a volatile oil is produced, which, when applied to the nose, occasions sneezing, and when taken internally, gives rise to giddiness, nausea, and an inclination to vomit. When tobacco-leaves are infused in water made slightly sour by sulphuric acid, and the infusion is subsequently distilled with quicklime, a volatile, oily, colourless liquid, named nicotine, is produced, a single drop of which is sufficient to kill a dog. But besides these two volatile substances which exist ready formed in the tobacco-leaf, another substance, also of an oily nature, is produced when tobacco is distilled, alone, in a retort, or burned, as we do it, in a pipe. One drop of this applied to the tongue of a cat brought on convulsions, and in two minutes occasioned death. Of the truth of this analysis, which extends to a couple of pages, there can be no manner of doubt. Mr Steinmetz admits it himself, and acknowledges the correctness of the theory that may be founded upon it—namely, that if tobacco contains such poisonous elements, smoking must necessarily be injurious; but he asserts that, like many other theories, it breaks down utterly when applied to practice; in proof of which, he consoles his smoking readers by assuring them that he finished two cigars while transcribing the analysis.

Appropos of theories, this tobacco-loving barrister, while endeavouring to explain, with a profusion of jaw-breaking anatomical terms, the *modus operandi* of smoking, takes the opportunity, under cover of a cloud of such words as *pneumogastric*, *medulla oblongata*, *stylo-pharyngeus*, and the like, to start a theory of his own, from which, on national as well as personal grounds, I dissent *in toto*. Mr Steinmetz, who no doubt is possessed of an enormous proboscis, has the audacity to say:

'The larger the surface of the mucous membrane of the nose, the greater the activity of the intellect, or the anterior lobe of the brain; and without a well-developed nasal organ, there never was a well-developed intellect. The nose of genius in every age has been conspicuous, in every sphere of its numerous manifestations.'

This may be a very pleasant doctrine for men who, like Mr Steinmetz, have noses as large as pump-handles; but enjoying, as I do individually, a small but extremely useful olfactory organ, I beg to come forward on my own behalf, and that of the ordinary-nosed portion of the community in general, and offer an indignant protest against so monstrous a proposition.

I have not said anything in the course of this paper on the subject of *chewing*; but as this extremely unpleasant custom cannot with propriety be excluded from an article on the subject of tobacco, I shall conclude with an anecdote shewing that the habit, dirty though it be, is not unattended with advantages. Commodore Wilkes, of the Exploring Expedition, learned, in the course of a conversation with an intelligent savage of the Feejee Islands, that, on one occasion, a vessel, the hull of which was still visible on the beach, had come ashore in a storm, and that all the crew had fallen into the hands of the islanders.

'And what did you do with them?' asked Wilkes anxiously.

'Killed 'em all,' answered the savage.

'What did you do with them after you had killed them?'

'Eat 'em—good,' returned the anthropophagous, grinning at the remembrance of the horrible feast.

'Did you eat them all?' asked the commodore, feeling exceedingly unwell.

'Yes, we eat all but one.'

'And why didn't you eat him?' inquired the explorer, whose curiosity got the better of his horror.

'Cos he taste too much like tobacco. Couldn't eat him no how!'

There is no doubt that the individual who proved such a posthumous puzzle to the Feejee *gourmands*, owed his exemption from the fate of his comrades entirely to his partiality for pigtail. Enjoyers of the 'quid,' therefore, have the satisfaction of knowing that the juices of their favourite weed so completely saturate the tissues of their bodies, that, in case of shipwreck, they need be under no apprehension of ever being served up at a New-Zealand dinner-party.

IMPORTANT EMIGRATION ENTERPRISE.

We see by the *European*, New York paper, that at Albany they are organising a new association, called the *American Emigrant Aid and Homestead Company*, the objects of which are worthy of being made widely public. Hitherto, emigrants for the most part have betaken themselves to the wilderness, family by family, to spend their lives there, cut off from the comforts and conveniences of civilised life, and to die before they are overtaken by the humanising influences of society. It is the object of the company to reorganise emigration entirely: to tempt *bands* of adventurers, composed, if possible, of acquaintances and neighbours, to make the enterprise together, and thus bring society and its amenities with them into the wild, and provide themselves with a ready-made market for the produce of their industry. Such communities are to be composed of persons representing the social and industrial interests the colonists have been accustomed to at home: the clergyman, the schoolmaster, the artificer, the labourers of every kind—all are to be assembled for the general good; and thus the mere fact of their settling in a village will convert the before almost worthless land of the colonists into valuable property. The part the company are to play in this project is to furnish the capital; to purchase land cheaply, because in large quantities, and with cash; to erect the grist-mill, the saw-mill, &c., and generally make all necessary or attractive improvements; then sell allotments to the colonists, reserving, like the government, a section here and there for themselves. We lately printed a little article called *Emigration made Easy* (alluding to the through-ticket system of the great Canada Railway), but the scheme to which we now bespeak our readers' attention is *Emigration made pleasant and profitable*—emigration by which the adventurer forfeits none of his usual moral and intellectual privileges, and finds himself the master of profitable land by the mere fact of taking possession. All this, however, let it be said, is something in the future. These sanguine dreams can be realised only by talent, energy, and undiminished integrity on the part of the company.

PHILANTHROPY IN WINE.

The vine-disease has injured so much the production of wine in Portugal, that last year's vintage, as we learn from Ridley & Co.'s monthly circular, was virtually lost for commercial purposes, only 4000 pipes having been made. This state of things has given rise to a curious project, half-philanthropy, half-business speculation. Baron de Forrester has offered to take the vineyards of a parish in the Douro under his protection, on terms so favourable to the vine-farmers, that at first sight one is apt to regard him as a Quixotic enthusiast in good works. He offers to be at the trouble and expense of applying certain remedies to the plants, without demanding any return for his capital and labour, unless the vintage should be more than double that of last year; and even then, to be satisfied with one-half of the grapes gathered above that double quantity, and to be at the cost of gathering them himself. Should the proprietor prefer paying the expenses himself, the baron undertakes to furnish him with the remedy at cost-price, and to manage personally the operations, for one-tenth part of the wine made in excess of double last year's produce. He likewise claims the preference in the purchase of whatever wine the proprietor may have to dispose of at the market-price. Notwithstanding all this liberality, it is said that the native farmers have no faith in the efficacy of sulphur, which is

probably the chief part of the proposed remedies; while the English intend applying the antidote with the greatest vigour. Messrs Ridley & Co. are of opinion that if Baron de Forrester's overtures are listened to by the parish he has addressed, it will be the means of conferring extensive mutual benefits.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

O THAT my death-day were as nigh
As is my marriage-morn!
I marvel such a thing as I
Should ever have been born,
To sell my youth, my hope, my truth;
To be—what most I scorn.

It seems such long, long years ago
I had a little sister;
They laid her in her coffin lone,
And I stood there and kissed her;
But till this hour with its stern power
I felt not how I missed her.

She might, with cool and gentle hand,
Have quenched this life-long fever—
This aching brow have softly fanned,
And, though my sins might grieve her,
What would not she have borne for me
Who is so still for ever!

O sister!—dead so long ago,
Thou of the spirit calm—
Wave! wave! above my burning brow,
But once thy shining palm,
And gently pour, my spirit o'er,
One drop of Heaven's own balm.

Sweet seraph! when we meet at last—
Thou, with thy radiant brow;
Mine, seared with records of the past,
And that forsaken vow—
This withered heart in shame would start
From aught as pure as thou.

Oh! the true hearts I might have fled,
Even to their inmost fold;
The loving spirits I have chilled
With haughty words and cold;
And now for wealth I sell myself,
A little glittering gold.

And more! O! more torment me not
With those reproachful eyes,
Shewing what might have been my lot—
Stars of the past, they rise—
Enough of care have I to bear,
Without such memories.

Alas! I feel 'tis vanity
To rail against my fate,
For God hath given high gifts to me,
To make me good and great;
But I have sold the peace of old
For a little worldly state.

No more!—from all these idle words
But little help I borrow;
Proud thoughts have fled like summer heat,
And left me to my sorrow,
And this grief-stained brow; but still
Would be a sin to-morrow.

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COMMON SENSE.

'THE Popkines have a good deal of talent about them, but they have no common sense,' is the verdict universally passed upon our family; and it is a just one: everybody says so; and what everybody says—it stands to common sense—must be true. The virtue expired with a certain clerical ancestor of ours, a sort of vicar of Bray, who under the Houses of Cromwell, Stuart, and Hanover, was never out of favour with the reigning powers, and who at last, like a jolly fat canon as he was, went off peaceably in his stall. He could 'seek the Lord' with armour on, perform the lighted candle and genuflection business, or vex the soul of the *Arbians in siccio* of the period with Protestant oratory, all equally well. He was a man of the strongest common sense, and died worth L.30,000; and 'Where would you be without him?' is a remark I have frequently made to members of my family, when they have been inclined to question his principles. It is quite certain that none of his descendants would have ever made that money: his second son was put in a madhouse, and ended there, because he was always experimental—tossing with fire and water, and persisted in asserting that carriages could be moved without horses; another member of his race proposed to keep off small-pox by means of the intervention of a cow; and a third spent a good deal of his time in building a room to sit in under water. There was a good deal of a certain sort of talent in all these persons; but what is so much to be regretted is, that what they did was contrary to common sense: the world never forgave them for it to their dying day. My father, who might have stepped into a family living of L.800 a year as soon as he left college, chose instead to join a marching regiment, and live in that, upon L.90 per annum besides his pay, because he had religious scruples. Now, in the first place, all scruples are foolish; and religious scruples are worse than foolish—they're wicked; and in the next place, the living actually went out of the family! What harm would my governor have done to it? He was not an infidel—he was not a Radical—he was not a grossly immoral person; he would have hunted, I suppose, and shot, and fished—occupations which he might have pursued in, very naturally, more than in anything else in the world—and as for visiting the poor people, which it seems, he considered himself unfitted for, he might have got a curate to do all that, paying him very handsomely, and still receiving L.740 out of the living. He could have bought most excellent wine—and it stands to common sense that these things are much better than what one makes for himself; and—But in fine, he lost everything and did

nothing, all through having scruples, or, which is the same thing, from the want of a little common sense. With all my regard for the governor, it positively makes me mad to think of what he threw away; not only the actual advantages, but the chances. Why, with our connection—I've got two first-cousins in the House of Peers, and our arms are the same as the Premier's—he might have been made a bishop, or even an archbishop—who knows?—the spiritual shepherd of the Church of England, with six-and-twenty thousand pounds a year! But then, he never could have said '*Nolo Episcopari*,' for he had not the common sense for it.

Then my mother, she was my father's cousin, and a regular Popkins. At twenty-one years of age, and one of six, she refused Sir Tattenham Leger, a man who owned half a county, and was indirectly connected with the royal family. Are you and I, my Public, going to believe that any reasons, any possible circumstances, could have justified such conduct as that? I put aside the direct injustice done to myself; but was it the right thing for any woman to do, who contemplated the possibility of ever having children? What had she to urge against the man? His age? His somewhat convivial language? The absurd story of his having broken the hearts of his two former wives? The haughtiness which rather became a person of his rank and influence than otherwise? Nothing of the sort. 'I love dear cousin Henry, and he loves me,' that was her sole objection; and my uncle—Percival Popkins—positively let her have her way. Now, only mark the consequences: the baronet was seventy-five, and died the very next winter. Why, in the name of common sense, didn't she marry him first, and my father afterwards? She would then have had a title, a park, and a town-house. As it was, my beloved parents lived in barracks, and in barracks was the writer of this paper born. I positively believe that sometimes in the course of their wandering, and while my father was a subaltern, a curtain drawn across the apartment formed the sole partition between their sitting-room and bedroom. Now, is there a human being endowed with common sense who believes that love, or indeed any other mere sentiment whatever, could have compensated for such a position as that?

When my grandfather died—who had changed his name for that of Walker, and who was, I am thankful to say, the director of a joint-stock bank—we came into a property, and my father sold his commission. And how did Captain Popkins do that? By giving out that he was quite undecided about leaving the regiment, but was ready to go if the juniors made it worth his while? By getting an extra three hundred or so

out of the first purchasing lieutenant, two hundred out of the next, and so on, with nice little pickings from the first purchasing ensign, in the usual way? Quite the reverse! he sold his captain's commission—if you can believe such madness—for regulation-price! Why? Oh, don't ask me, or I shall lose my temper: the high-flown considerations upon which my father acts, are, I am happy to say, quite out of my range of vision. I am no genius, thank goodness, but I do think I have a little common sense; I think I know the world; I believe I know the value of money. The idea of a man sinking L30,000, as my father did, in the funds and an estate in Westmoreland!

'Why, sir,' said I in remonstrance—for I know, I hope, how to be respectful to a parent, whatever may be his follies—'in these railway-days, you might double, or at least make ever so much more out of that money.'

'I don't want any more, Bob,' answered my father.

Now, think of a person, sane, or at least not in confinement, openly avowing that he did not want any more money!

'Sir,' replied I, with a little of that tact which—perhaps partial—friends have generally allowed me to possess, 'I was thinking of your responsibilities. Consider how much more good you might do with double your income!'

Sometimes—I never can quite account for it—when I am talking to the governor, there comes over his face just such an expression as a very clever fellow might wear when a second-rate man is trying to do him, and he wares it just then very decidedly.

'Do you think that likely, Bob?' said he sily. 'How much do you spend a year in the practice of benevolence?'

'Sir,' replied I—and I felt somehow hot all over—'I hold the indiscriminate charity'—

'Stop, Bob,' said the governor interrupting; 'we won't enter into that subject. If I were to double your allowance, do you think you would spend twice as much in doing good? You seem to have a doubt about that; so have I. If the reason you urge in favour of speculation be valid—though most speculators, I am afraid, Bob, are far from having such noble aims as you—ought not the recipients of our present bounty to be consulted before we risk their interests? For, if we fail, they fail; and when we succeed, Bob, we may sometimes forget to pay them their full dividends. You know we read that it's very hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

'Well, father,' said I, 'I am sorry I spoke to you.'

Nothing gives me such a tremor—for my disposition is naturally reverential—as to hear the Scriptures referred to in the affairs of this world. I always attend my parish church, I hope, every Sunday, wet or fine, and listen to all the clergyman has to say; but it's not a layman's place, that's my opinion, to go preaching and teaching to people out of the Bible upon weekdays. It has the very worst effects upon the lower classes, I'm confident; for I knew a tinker once who held the abominable doctrine, that one man was as good as another, and who had the blasphemy to tell me that he learned that for himself out of the New Testament. Of course there are expressions in it, here and there, about rich men and so on, but it stands to common sense that one isn't to take them literally. The idea, for instance, of it being my duty to give a half-naked fellow on the road one of the great-coats I'm sitting upon, is simply preposterous. What becomes of the rights of property? What becomes of political economy? What becomes, I should like to know, of common sense itself? Why don't my governor—if it comes to that—give all he's got to the poor? Why don't he cast his last shilling into the treasury, like the poor widow in the parable—which was a pretty example of political economy, by the by—and let us all

come upon the parish at once? That would be being consistent, that would; and consistency I hold to be the very next best thing to common sense.

I hope I am a better Christian than to call my brother John a fool; but I can't help having my own opinion about him for all that. He and his wife are absolutely living—no, existing—upon L250 per annum in a cottage close to my father's house. I think I know my duty to society, to the circle in which I move, better than to propose to any woman unless I have a thousand a year to offer her, at the very least. I feel my responsibilities, I trust, sufficiently strongly not to dream of asking her to live in the country unless I could keep her a carriage and pair. Even on the excellent salary I am now receiving at the Bank, I calculate that I shall not be in a condition to fall in love until I am fifty, but shall then fall in love immediately with some person of property and connection; by that time, John will have had six children, and have sunk in the social scale two degrees at least. It is of no use for him to say that he does not care a fourpenny-piece for the social scale, because that isn't common sense. A man may say that he likes beer better than wine (John does); but I am not going to believe him any the more for that: that's what I tell my brother John—for it's hard if one can't say what one likes to a younger brother with L250 a year, and a family too—whenever he tries to humbug one.

'Liberty and the beauties of nature,' said he upon one occasion, 'make up to me for the absence of all luxuries which I could procure only at their expense. You don't appreciate my pleasures—pleasures is a fair word for them—any more than I appreciate yours, Bob.'

I knew what he meant by all this; he meant lakes and sunsets, and mountains, and birds, and books—in a word, what is called poetry. Now, I have read *Lally Rook* myself—for I have always made it a point to be well informed—and I own that that sort of thing is pretty enough; but the idea of poetry having anything to do with real life!—that's where John shews his utter disregard of common sense. 'Now, poets'—this is what I told him—'never possess any: your geniuses are for ever in jail, John; every sense but common sense, that's what all you fellows have.'

'We have common sense, too,' replied he, as cool as a cucumber; 'and if we could derive a satisfaction from the results of a clever stroke of business, more piquant perhaps by the least tinge of dishonesty, not only equal to that experienced by—no offence—yourself, Bob, but with a considerable margin of pleasure in addition as recompense for what would be to us uncongenial and prosaic, not to say dirty, work, you would, I think, find us rivals quite the reverse of despicable both at change and market. You know how the Greek trades-people suffered, notwithstanding their well-established adulterations, when the philosopher of old set up his shop, to prove that he could be a man of business.'

'Oh, confound it,' said I, for I am none of your argufuers, 'if metaphysics is your game, I'm off; but just answer me this: was there ever a poet yet who kept his own accounts, and left off in the world a better man—I mean, of course, a richer—than he began?'

'The majority of them,' answered he, lighting his pipe, 'have most certainly done so; a number of them, you will allow it, have even shewn a common sense above the common, in living all their lives on other people's expense; many of them have been remarkable for their business habits—William Wordsworth, for instance, and Robert Southey, who both lived within ten miles of this cottage-door, while Mr Samuel Rogers was a banker: think of that, Bob! Shakespeare, I believe, had much more common sense than Baron Rothschild.'

'Come, John,' cried I, with a burst of laughter

perhaps, after that, you'll have the kindness to tell me what common sense is?' And this was his reply.

'Common sense, Bob, is the sense, as its name implies, which is common to everybody, and its office to us, according to general opinion, is to watch over and provide for our own interests and happiness. Men of striking intellect, of all sorts, possess, I believe, this quality in greater proportion than ordinary people; these latter, however, being by far the most numerous, greening among themselves upon what are the objects to be desired in life, and perceiving the others to be striving after and delighting in quite different things, are inclined to deny them common sense; thereby making themselves judges of the interests and happiness of natures confessedly higher. Moreover, the vulgar, having thus flattered themselves that this quality is peculiarly their own, and possessing for the most part little other sense beside, are wont to exalt common sense to a most ridiculous degree.'

'Oh,' said I, 'since you choose to get rude and personal—which is a thing I particularly object to in all argument—'I shall certainly not prolong the conversation.'

NATIONALITY.

WHAT is nationality? Is there a distinct nationality for Scotland, England, Ireland? Are the inhabitants of England and Scotland—of Lowland Scotland at least—one and the same race, with hardly any appreciable difference, or are they two perfectly distinct peoples? It may not be uninteresting at the present time, when this subject is so much discussed—meeting us in every newspaper, and forming so frequent a topic of conversation—to take a calm review of the matter; to see what ethnology, that clearer up of the history of nations, has to say about the business. A slight sketch of the history of the population of the two countries, if it does not enable us to settle the question to our satisfaction, may help us to a better understanding of it—may keep us from a good deal of error, and may prevent us talking a considerable quantity of nonsense.

To begin, then, with the beginning: Who were the people who first colonised the islands of Great Britain and Ireland? The answer to this question does not admit of much dispute: it was the Celtic race—the first of the Indo-European family in Europe. If there was a *Præ-Celtic* people in Britain—an extension of the Finnic or Allophyllian race—which is doubtful, it does not affect the present inquiry. It is sufficient for our purpose to commence with the Celts as the earliest inhabitants of Britain. Without going further back for the origin and seat of this race than the shores nearest to our own, it is enough to say that Britain received its earliest population from France and Belgium; that at two distinct periods it received colonies from the two great branches of this family—the southern or Gaelic branch from France; the northern or Cymraeg branch from Belgium. The Gaelic or Gaelic branch appears to have been the earliest colonists, and probably spread over the whole of South Britain; but pressed upon by the next migration—that of the Cymri, they were eventually driven north and west. One portion, driven beyond the rivers Clyde and Forth, took refuge in the extreme northern part of the island, which received the name of Albyn; the other took their way through Wales, from whence they passed over into Ireland. The Cimbri, Cymri, or Cymraeg, then spread themselves over the greater part of Britain. They were the ancient Britons, whose descendants, the Cambrians, or Welsh, still exist in Wales, Cornwall, and more mixed in Cumberland. They probably also spread over the greater part of Scotland, encroaching upon the ancient kingdom of Albyn, and pressing upon the Gaels, drove

them into the extreme Western Highlands. The Cymri in Scotland were identical with the ancient Caledonians or Picts. The northern portion of our island may, however, have been colonised by a direct migration of the same race, coming into it by sea from nearly the same quarter—Jutland—and not indirectly by the way of England. There are, however, some historians who maintain, chiefly on the authority of a passage in Tacitus, that the Caledonii or Picti were not Celts at all, but Germans, or rather Scandinavians. In this we cannot concur. The Picts or Caledonians were Celts of the Cymric branch, and closely allied to the Welsh or ancient Britons. The proofs of this rest upon the affinities of their languages, to be seen in the names of particular localities within the Pictish and Cambrian areas, which they still bear.

So far, then, the original population of England and Scotland rests upon nearly the same substratum—that of the Cymri or ancient Britons. That of Ireland is somewhat different, having a Gaulic rather than a Cimbric origin. The Gael is better known in Ireland under the name of Erse.

After this first colonisation by the Cymri, there was the Belgian immigration, which was chiefly confined to the southern shores of South Britain. These drove the Cymri further north into the interior. They were the men who opposed Cæsar on his expedition into Britain. The Belgæ, however, although more civilised, from having left their centre at a later period, were of the same family with the Cymri who had preceded them, both being of the same northern branch of the Celtic family.

We have next the Roman Conquest, introducing, during an occupation of four hundred years, all manner of heterogeneous elements: besides the pure Italians, there were in the legions Germans, Sarmatians, Moors from Africa, and much more besides. Long as was the Roman occupation, it produced but a partial change in the blood of the population. The Romans, to do them justice, were conquerors, not exterminators, like some of the races that came after them. Partial as it was, it was confined chiefly to South Britain. Their departure left two distinct populations in Britain—the original and pure Celtic population, and the Romanised Celts; the latter in the large towns and their immediate neighbourhood, the former constituting the rural population: the first demarcation between town and country thus early established, and felt even to the present day—good old country families *versus* upstart town-folks.

Passing over for the present the invasions of South Britain by the Scots and Picts, which were merely temporary raids, not altering the population, we come next to the Saxon or Teutonic invasion—differing, however, in its own ethnological character, and far from being one and indivisible. It consisted of two broad and well-marked divisions: the Saxons, properly so called, with Jutes and Frisians, in South Britain, south of the river Humber; and the Angles, more Scandinavian than German, occupying Britain from the Humber to the river Forth. The Saxons drove the Celtic Britons into Wales and Cornwall, or completely exterminated them. They refused to mix with them. The Saxon race, therefore, south of the Humber, were a purer race than the Angle colonisation north of that river, having less of the Celtic substratum than is to be found in any part of the kingdom. Their occupation of a country to the nearly total extermination of the original inhabitants, is one of the most complete in history. Still, even here there must have been some Celtic substratum, from the conquered Celts being retained as slaves and serfs; and considerable traces of the Celtic language can be shown to exist in our Saxon English, although slight as compared with that further north.

The Angles, settling north of the Humber, drove the

Celts into the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland; and extending across the Tweed as far as the Forth, conquered and intermixed with the original Celtic population much more than their allies did in the south. The Celts (Picts) of Lowland Scotland, who refused to submit to the conquerors, gradually drew off into the west of Scotland, where they founded the kingdom of the North Britons or Strathclyud, which extended from the Clyde to the Solway Firth, the most northern limit of which was Dumbarton. Those of the same race on the south of the Tweed, retired into the mountainous district in the west, and established the Celtic kingdom of Cumbria. Both of these maintained their independence for a considerable period.

The element superimposed upon the Celtic north of the Humber was Scandinavian rather than German, Angle rather than Saxon; and the dialect introduced was a branch of the Scandinavian rather than of the German spoken further south. Lowland Scotch is not, as has been frequently supposed, a dialect of the English; it was an offshoot from the Scandinavian family of languages, just as the English was an offshoot from the German branch. The large number of words peculiar to the Lowland Scotch, and which are not found in the English of any period, are Scandinavian, closely allied to the old Norse of Norway, still spoken in Iceland. The Angle belonged to that branch; the Saxon, to the Southern or Proper German.

Caledonia or North Britain after this received a fresh influx of Celtic blood, this time Gaelic rather than Cymric, Erse rather than British—the Dalriad Gaels from Ireland. These settling in the west of Scotland, conquered and incorporated the ancient Gaelic race, of the same family with themselves, who had been driven into the extreme west by the Cymric Picts. Establishing themselves firmly in Argyleshire, these Dalriad Gaels, from that *point d'appui*, extended themselves over the Pictish portion of the island, and gradually conquered, coalesced with, and absorbed the Cymric Picts or ancient Britons, who cease to appear as a distinct people. This union of the Cymric Picts and Dalriad Gaels formed at one time the bulk of the population of the north and west of Scotland—of all, indeed, except the Angle kingdom of Lothian on the eastern side of the island. These Dalriadic Gaels were called by their neighbours, Scots or vagabonds, and eventually gave their name to the whole of Caledonia, which after this ceases to be used except in poetry; and the northern portion of the island came to be known as Scotland.

It was an amalgamation or absorption of the two branches of the Celts, the Picts or Britons with the Gaels—not a complete conquest, far less an extermination. The Picts or Cymri lost their identity or nationality in that of the Gaelic Scots; hence the difference between the Scottish and the Irish Gael—the former, a mixture of Cymri and Gael; the latter, pure Gael. The Welshman, again, is pure Cymraeg.

Such as it was, it had no effect upon the blood of Lowland Scotland, or upon its language; both remained what they had been since the Angle invasion, chiefly Scandinavian, based upon a British or Cymric substratum.

And now comes one of the most important crosses in our breed, introducing a new element into the blood of the nation, which has raised the United Kingdom to her high position as mistress of the sea, and converted the sluggish Saxon and somewhat heavy Angle into the enterprising Englishman and Scotchman—without which the Englishman might have remained as unenterprising as his parental Saxon, as little a maritime people as the Germans are to this day. This new element was the Scandinavian—Norsemen or Norwegians in Scotland; Danes in England. The mighty and enduring nature of this great colonisation

was hardly appreciated by ourselves, until it was pointed out by Worsaae, a Dane.* Our histories had made us acquainted with the frequent invasions of Danes and Norsemen, but treated of them rather as partial inroads, carrying fire and sword through the land, than as great and permanent colonisations which effected a radical change in the blood of the population. History told us little more than of the rise and fall of dynasties—it took no note of the entire change of the people. These two different nations, the Danes and Norsemen, are generally confounded, both in tradition and history, under the common name of Danes. The complete conquest of England eventually by the Danes, and the subsequent union of Norway and Denmark, appear to have led to this confusion.

The Norsemen, Norwegians, or Vikings, conquered the north of Scotland—Caithness and Sutherland; hence its name—Sudreland, the most southern portion of the Norwegian possessions on the mainland, and afterwards extended over part of Ross-shire; the Orkney and the Shetland Islands; all the western islands,† including the Isle of Man, with a portion of the mainland, Cantyre, &c. These they ruled over for centuries; at one time imposed upon them their language, and displaced the Gaelic, though it again, in its turn, resumed its place after the fall of the Norwegian rule. In Caithness, however, the Gaelic was not again spoken, the population there being eminently Norwegian; and in Shetland and Orkney, Norse continued to be spoken till displaced by the English. In Shetland, it has only ceased since within the last hundred years, and the language yet retains many pure Norse words. This conquest has left numerous traces of its occupation in the names of bays, firths, rivers, and promontories of these countries, which they still retain. The word *firth*, from the Norse *fiord*, so common in Scotland, and unknown in England, marks the Norwegian occupation. The alteration in the blood of the people was no less remarkable. The under-sized Celt grew into a finely developed Norseman: instead of dreading the sea, and paddling along its shores in a miserable leathern coracle, he became a bold seaman, although he has strangely forgotten or perversely ignored the source from whence he derived this superior development of frame, his blue eyes and light hair, and straight limbs, instead of the bowed legs of his ancestors. The blood of the eastern coast of Scotland was even more completely changed by the Scandinavian conquest—here Norwegian-Danish, rather than pure Norwegian—and the fine sea-faring population along the eastern shores of Scotland, attest the improvement effected upon the breed. The greater number of names borne by that population, and ending in *son* (the Danish *sen*), are of Norse extraction: Swanson (Svensen), Manson (Magnusen), Henderson (Henricsen), Duncansen, &c. Johnson, one of the commonest names in England, is also very common in Iceland, both coming from the same source—Norway. Ronald and Ronaldson have the same extraction (Ragnvald).

The Celt or Gael was either completely incorporated with the Scandinavian conquerors on the sea-coast, or driven into the interior, where he took refuge in the fastnesses of the Highlands. A pure Celt in Scotland, if he exists at all, is only to be looked for in the Central Highlands.

No less marked and lasting was the effect produced upon the population in the north of England by the Danes. Northumberland, Durham, Westmoreland and Cumberland, Lancashire and Yorkshire, were the great

* *The Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland, and Ireland.* By J. J. A. Worsaae.

† The Norwegian kingdom in the Hebrides was called the Sudreyjar or Southern Islands, as that in Orkney and the Shetlands was the Nordreyjar or Northern Islands. From this appellation of the Hebrides came the title of the Bishop of Suder and Man.

area of the Danish colonisation—an historical fact, indeed, but one amply corroborated by the characters, physical and moral, of the people themselves. The south of England, afterwards conquered by the Danes, and forming for a time a portion of their dominion, was held more as a conquest than as a permanent colonisation, and had its population little altered, although a considerable infusion of Danish blood took place along the whole eastern coast. The Anglo-Saxon race owes much of its bold spirit of enterprise, its love of freedom, and its maritime skill and daring, to this Danish strain.

Last of all comes the Norman Conquest, introducing the Frenchified Scandinavian—that wonderful race of men, half Norseman, half Celto-Frank, sprung from a band of adventurers from the shores of the Baltic—Norwegians, Danes, and Swedes, who had settled in the west of France, and conquered Normandy. Here, intermixing with the native French, they compounded a race that at one time threatened to overturn Europe, and has given kings to half her thrones. Being comparatively few in number, and marrying French women, their descendants appear in a generation or two to have abandoned their native Norse for the language of their adopted country. Conquerors of England, the ethnological effect of the Norman Conquest was at first upon the higher ranks rather than upon the mass of the population—upon the nobility rather than upon the people. In time, however, it circulated through the whole body, and this cross has no doubt exercised an important effect in improving the Saxon race, and raising it to its high pitch of perfection. The Danish portion of the kingdom, that north of the Humber, offered the most strenuous opposition to the Normans, and was the last to submit to their rule. It was this great split of England into two sections, the Anglo-Dane and the Saxon, that facilitated the Norman Conquest. Partial as it was in its effects upon the general population, from the small number of the conquerors, it has produced an important alteration upon the ruling families both of Scotland and England. Most of the English nobility date the foundation of their families from this race. The immediate effect upon Scotland of the Norman Conquest was sending a large portion of the Saxon and Anglo-Saxon population from England into Scotland. Malcolm III. of Scotland had married Margaret, a relation of Edward the Confessor, and sister of Edgar Atheling, the heir of the Saxon line in England. To her court flocked all the Saxon nobility who refused to submit to the Norman rule. Many of the Normans, discontented with their lot, or in search of new adventures, followed at a later period. From these two sources, many of the chief families in Scotland are descended; and a host of names, considered to be good Scottish families, are borne by the descendants of these Anglo-Saxons and Normans. Bruce, the Stewart race, the Sinclairs (from the Norman St Clair), Gordon, Hamilton, Ogilvy, Murray, Drummond, Hay (De la Haye), Fraser (De la Friselle), and a host of others, are all of Norman extraction. The head of the Campbells, the Argyre family, are of the same race: Beauchamp, or Campo Bello, a Norman, married the heiress of Awe, daughter of Sir Colin of Awe, and changed her name and that of all her clan to Campbell. Before that time, the clan had borne the name of their great founder, Sir Colin More, or Colin the Great, and were called the sons of Colin, or, by the Irish, M'Callens. The Douglasses, on the other hand, were a Flemish family; while some of the present Highland, or so-called Celtic clans, are descended from the Norwegian conquerors. The MacDougals and Ronaldsons are descended from one of the Norse vikings, Jarl Somerled, who, in 1156, made himself master of all the Hebrides, from Mull to the Isle of Man, and a portion of the mainland of Scotland. He left two sons. Dugal, the

younger, succeeded to Argyre and Lorn as his patrimony, and founded the clan or family of MacDougall; while the eldest son, Ragnvald or Reginald, obtained Cantyre and the islands: from him sprung Clan-Ranald and the family of the Ronaldsons.* The MacLeods of Skye are the descendants of another of these Norse vikings, and still use the family name of Torquil. Norman is also a favourite family name of the MacLeods.

These men soon identified themselves with the people they conquered. Amongst the Celtic race, they adopted the dress and even the language of the Celts, became completely assimilated with them, and are afterwards found as heads of Highland clans. Hence we have the Scandinavian and Norman clans of Sinclair, Stewart, MacDougall, &c., their descendants considering themselves Celts. Nor is this to be wondered at. It appears to depend upon a principle of our nature. Alexander the Great gave mortal offence to his Macedonian followers by adopting the dress and habits of the barbarians he conquered. The Norwegian king, Magnus, surnamed Barfod or Barelegs, who made himself master of the Hebrides (A.D. 1096), had this sobriquet given to him by his Norwegian subjects from his adopting the kilt, and as Barelegs he stands upon the roll of history. Conquerors, if few in number, and especially when they intermarry with the conquered race, generally end by adopting the habits, dress, and language of their subjects.

In Scotland, so strangely has the ethnological history of our race been forgotten, that Lowland Scotsmen are apt to forget their origin, and claim for themselves the history and traditions and fame of the race they conquered. Descendants of Angle invaders, Norwegian vikings, Saxon lords, and Norman barons, have donned the tartan, and taken their place among the Highland clans. It might be dangerous to tell a MacDougall that he was the descendant of a Norwegian pirate; or a Bruce, a Stewart, or a Sinclair, that they were sprung from Norman adventurers—men who swept the unfortunate Gael before them in their mail-clad strength, drove them into the fastnesses of the mountains, or ruled over them as serfs with a rod of iron. Our own fascinating novelist has, more than any other, tended to increase this unhistorical confusion—for these times are so completely within the historical age, that they cease to belong to the more uncertain realms of ethnology—and has appropriated for his own race the fitful and transient victories the Celts gained from them. In our own day, patriotic Scotsmen often claim for their Teutonic fellow-countrymen all the renown gained by our Highland regiments, supposing they were really composed of Celts, which, however, is more than doubtful.

This may be taken as a tolerably correct outline of the ethnology of Great Britain. The difference between the two sections is not so broad as some may have imagined; neither is it so close as others have maintained. 'It is not so broad as a church-door, nor so deep as a well, yet it is enough.' We see that there is a considerable difference of race between the Englishman and Scotchman; that although the Lowland Scotsman is not a Celt, and far nearer akin to the Englishman than he is to his Highland fellow-subject, yet there is one great distinction of race between the two people. In the Scotsman, the Scandinavian element preponderates; in the Englishman, the German. The old grudge between these two branches of one great stock, shews itself in its original area. It is constantly breaking out in Holstein, where the two elements are ever jarring—the German *versus* the Dane. It is this that separates the population of our island into two races, differing in dialect, habits, and

* Worsaae.

customs; but, above all, in their mental temperament, in their ideas and modes of thinking, looking often at the same subject from two entirely different points of view.

Ethnologically, the people of Great Britain consist of three, if not four, varieties of man—the Norman-Saxon, south of the Humber; the Angle-Norwegian-Dane, north of that river; with the Celtic (Cymraeg) population in Cornwall and Wales; and the Celto-Scandinavian in Cumberland and the Highlands of Scotland. Where, then, is the true Englishman to be found—the Angliar, properly so called—the man from Angleland or Jutland, whose race or breed is identical with his name? He will not be found in Saxon England, or England south of the river Humber—except in Norfolk and Suffolk, where the Angles also settled and founded the kingdom of the East Angles—but north of that river, between it and the rivers Forth and Clyde. The Scotsman, again, if race and name were synonymous, exists only in the descendants of the Dalriadic Gaels in the Western Highlands. Politically, these different people formed the two kingdoms of Scotland and England, the river Tweed separating the Scotsman from the Englishman. How, then, came this distinct nationality, separated by the Tweed, to arise? How came the Angle-Saxon-Norwegian, north of the Tweed, to separate so broadly, not only from the Norman-Saxon south of the Humber, but from the Angle-Saxon-Dane south of the Tweed, almost identically of the same blood with himself? The truth is, there appears to be a nationality that springs up independent of blood or pedigree. A political nationality may become stronger than an ethnological one. Separated by political boundaries, the men on the two sides of the Tweed, sprung from one race, in time grew into two people strongly opposed to each other. The Angles south of the Tweed, separated from their own nearest kinsmen north of that river, and joined politically to the Saxons south of the Humber, soon came to entertain feelings of intense hostility to their brethren on its northern banks. The men north of the Tweed, 'Celt and Angle, Saxon exile and Norman adventurer, grew and welded into one distinct nationality,' which reserved its greatest antipathy for its nearest neighbours—those who were most nearly allied to it by blood, as well as nearest to it in position. The moss-trooper north of the Tweed did not stop to inquire into ethnological affinities when he harried the lands of Northumberland; nor did the Northumbrian rough-rider feel any remorse of conscience when he plundered his brother-kinsmen in Roxburgh or Berwickshire. Mutual injuries, wrongs, and offences, soon rendered the animosity springing up between these near relations intense and enduring. And this is just what generally happens with sections of the same people politically separated. The Frank on the west bank of the Rhine came to regard the Franks on the eastern bank with far more jealousy and dislike than he had for people further from him, from whom he had received no injuries.

Nationality, then, is a something that may spring up independent of blood or race, and is soon formed by isolation, and in a few generations will impress upon a people an indelible character that no time can remove. As soon as a nation or portion of a nation, a tribe or section, or even a cluster of families, break off from the main stock, and become in any degree isolated, they take a form of development peculiar to themselves: their language, if it was originally one, separates into two different dialects, which in time become mutually unintelligible; the physical characters undergo a change, and they acquire a peculiar and distinct physiognomy. This is much influenced

by climate, latitude, altitude, by the nature of their food—its abundance or otherwise—and the habits of life induced by the different modes required to procure their sustenance. Hence, the fertility of the soil, or its sterility, will exert a powerful influence in forming the character. No less are the mental faculties acted upon by external agents, and directed into different channels. The inhabitants of a mountainous region differ from the dwellers in the plains frequently as much in mental temperament as in physical features. The result of all this is, that, in a very few generations, the characteristics, physical and moral, of individuals become stamped upon the whole community, and a distinct nationality is produced, with habits, customs, feelings, language, laws, and government peculiar to itself. Wars spring up between the people so separated; national animosities soon arise, and widen the breach yet further. The Scandinavian and the German are themselves originally of one great stock—the Teutonic; though now so widely apart, and perpetuating their rival discords through their descendants. The Jews, with their distinct nationality, which they have preserved through all reverses to the present day, developed that nationality amongst nations closely allied to them in descent and language. Of the same race with the Canaanites, Philistines, Moabites, and Ammonites, &c., speaking the same language, or a closely allied dialect, and separated by the one element of religious belief, how intense became their antipathy to each other, which ended only with the extermination of the one by the other. In America, we have the same thing being repeated before our eyes—a nationality already complete, distinct, peculiar: sprung from the Anglo-Saxon race, how widely have they already departed from it, even in features and physical characters—still more in mental temperament; and already do we see this people of one race splitting into two great branches, the northern and the southern, placed in antagonism to each other, and developing in two most opposite directions. Language does not alter so readily nor so rapidly in these days, when it is kept more stationary by means of books, as it did in more remote times, when it was transmitted orally from father to son; yet, even in America, we can see traces of a new dialect being formed. The more remote and isolated a nation is, however, the less does the dialect alter. The people of Iceland still speak the Norse of the ninth century, while the parent state, Norway, has greatly modified its language.

Nationality is simply the growth or development of any section of a people into its own peculiar form. It is much assisted by community of race; but it will often take place in spite of it, or in opposition to it, and sometimes in a most perverse form. In Ireland, the men who have always been loudest in their outcry against England, and strongest in their hatred of her, were not the unfortunate Celtic people whom the Anglo-Saxons had conquered and tyrannised over. No; they were the descendants of the Earl Strongbow and his English conquerors, who had settled in Ireland. Daniel O'Connell himself was more of a Saxon or a Norman, than of the ancient Irish or Celtic stock. The abuse of the Saxons is a favourite subject with all the Celtic races, who call all Germans by this name just as the Germans apply the term *Welsh*, *Wallach*, *Wallach*, to all foreigners, Celts, Romans, &c. But after all, Ireland received no injuries from England, so long as England was Saxon. It had been indeed conquered in part by both Norwegians and Danes, but it was not until England had become Norman that the English invaded Ireland.

Nationality seems to be a great law of the human heart. It cannot be upset by argument: it may be illogical, is frequently absurd, but it is a great fact. A universal brotherhood is a dream of philanthropy.

* The late Hugh Miller, in his *First Impressions of England*, remarks on the strong similarity between the Lowland Scotch and the population of the north of England. It was not until he had got into Saxon England that he felt he had come amongst a different race.

is never has existed, and never probably will. National antipathies never entirely wear out, however closely nations may become united. Nothing is more easy to show than that Englishmen and Scotchmen are sprung from nearly one and the same people; speak nearly the same language; and politically united, are one, or should be one, indivisible unity. Nothing is more certain than that they are two, with different characters, different ideas, different idiosyncrasies, different religions, or forms of religion, to which each are strongly and sincerely attached. Even in France, where the national fusion into one whole is perhaps more complete than in any other nation composed of so many diverse races, there are some broad lines of demarcation yet to be seen. The peasant of Normandy still shews in his sea-faring predilections his Scandinavian origin, and differs widely from his Celtic fellow-subject in Brittany, and still more from the Iberian Gascon south of the Loire.

The Scotch and English are as much united as two people so different can ever be; and he who would force them into a closer union, will only separate them more widely. Like two horses unaccustomed to run in double harness, if braced up too tight, they will begin to kick and plunge; but if allowed to run free, they may pull pretty well together. Let them remain, therefore, as they are: two branches growing out of one stem; apart from each other, yet belonging to each other; strengthening by their union the great trunk from whence they have both sprung.

ONE OF THE JEAMESES.

SEASONS of war, of civil strife, and of public tumult, often draw forth the best, as well as the worst qualities of human nature. The names of heroes who have borne a prominent part in this world's struggles, who have shed their life-blood in their country's cause, or have dared to raise their voice in behalf of a sovereign doomed to death by his people, have been handed down with honour to posterity; and well is it that names such as these should be immortalised. But in life's more hidden paths, how many a noble deed has been achieved, how many an act of self-sacrifice silently performed, which will never be known until that day when every hidden thing shall be made manifest! It is one of these unknown or long-forgotten heroes whom we are now about to introduce to our readers, in the hope that his brief but eventful history may not prove uninteresting.

Amongst the attendants of the hapless Queen Marie Antoinette, there was one named Valentin. In her service he began the career of self-devotion which he pursued through life. At the Tuileries, on the fatal 21st of June 1791, he fought in defence of his sovereign, and was carried, wounded, from the palace. Time passed on, and Valentin, recovered from his wounds, sought another service.

He offered himself to the Marquis of Caraccioli, formerly Neapolitan ambassador to the French court, but now a ruined man. The marquis at first declined his services, assuring him that his broken fortunes would not admit of his keeping a valet; but Valentin seemed to feel a singular attraction towards this Neapolitan nobleman, and well-nigh insisted on attaching himself to his fortunes. Evil days, however, were in store for the once wealthy and popular ambassador. Compelled by poverty to live in one of the most crowded streets of Paris, he fell into ill health, and during this time of sickness, was unable to procure the most ordinary comforts and even necessities of life.

The faithful Valentin, who in his earlier years had been a turner by profession, caused the marquis to be removed to an airy apartment belonging to a chair-maker in the Faubourg St Antoine. Here he not only paid the rent of the room by working for the

landlord, but also earned enough to maintain his suffering master.

Day by day, however, the illness of the marquis assumed a more serious character; increased care and more abundant nourishment were required by the invalid. Poor Valentin, with a *mistaken*, perchance, yet generous pride, would not make known the destitute condition of the marquis to any amongst his former wealthy friends; but when his own earnings proved insufficient, he appealed to the government of the day for help; his application, however, proved fruitless, and Caraccioli died in penury and want.

When Valentin stood by his master's corpse, he felt as if he had never till then known how dear Caraccioli was to his heart. He could not endure the thought that this noble man, of illustrious name and ancient lineage, should be committed to a pauper's grave. He accordingly hastened to a notary, sold, for the sum of L.12, a small property which he had purchased with the savings of his earlier years, discharged the few debts contracted during the illness of Caraccioli, and with the remainder of this sum, paid for the unpretending funeral of the once honoured ambassador of Naples.

About this time, Madame Junot, Duchess of Abrantes, was setting up her establishment on her return from Lisbon, whither she had accompanied her husband on an embassy to the Portuguese court. A good old abbé who had become acquainted with Valentin, and knew the generous self-devotion he had manifested towards his late master, mentioned the circumstances of his past history to Madame d'Abrantes, and the very next day he was engaged in her service.

The heart of the faithful servant was quickly won by the sympathising interest with which his new mistress listened to his recital of the wrongs and misfortunes of the marquis, and his gratitude knew no bounds when she erected a monument over his master's tomb.

In this happy servitude, time passed quickly with Valentin, until, in the year 1804, he inherited a small property in his native province. He was then about fifty-five years of age, and Madame Junot, on learning his unexpected good-fortune, congratulated him on being now in a position to retire from service, and settle in a house of his own, with a modest competence.

'Do you, then, intend to dismiss me from your service, madame?' exclaimed Valentin in a sorrowful tone.

'Dismiss you! My poor Valentin, why, what on earth could put such an idea into your head?' exclaimed Madame Junot.

'I thought my lady spoke of my going away.'

'I only congratulated you on the prospect of being henceforth your own master,' rejoined the duchess; 'but if you are not disposed to enjoy your liberty, that is no business of mine, and certainly, if you wait for me to dismiss you, you will remain with me for ever.'

Not long after this conversation, Junot, having incurred the emperor's displeasure, was superseded as governor of Paris, and sent to command at Arras. This change of position of course involved some alteration in domestic arrangements, and many attendants were dismissed from the service of the duke. To Valentin, however, was deputed the confidential post of superintending the establishment which Madame d'Abrantes still maintained in Paris. He was chosen for this post as being one in whose integrity the most absolute trust might be reposed. Madame d'Abrantes was therefore much surprised, on the eve of her departure for Arras, to see Valentin enter the apartment with an air of deep agitation. His countenance was pale as death, and when he attempted to speak, his voice faltered, and it seemed as though he could not utter a word. Unable to conceive the cause of his distress, Madame d'Abrantes said, in a soothing tone: 'I hope, Valentin, you are not vexed at being left

behind here in Paris: you know it cannot be helped; the duke and I chose you for this post on account of the unbounded confidence we place in your integrity.'

'O no, madame, it is not that,' faltered forth the poor man; 'I know that it is right I should stay; indeed, I should have asked leave to stay, even if your grace had not commanded me to do so. It is not that; it is—that people say my lord and lady are in disgrace with the First Consul, just as my poor old master was in disgrace with the Neapolitan court—and my lord and lady are going to take the children with them: it will be an expensive journey; and just at this moment the general has had such heavy expenses, this must take him by surprise. In short, madame, forgive me, but I have been to M. Tricard, the notary, and I asked him for my money, without telling him my reason for wanting it; and here it is. If my lord and lady will only be so good as to use it just as though it were their own.'

'Never,' exclaims Madame Junot in her memoirs—'never can I forget this moment: it is graven upon my heart rather than upon my memory, and time can never efface it. Had I needed the money, the recollection that Valentin was my own servant, would not have caused me to hesitate for a moment in accepting his generous offer. I felt that his noble conduct through life had raised him to an equality with myself—to the highest rank in the social scale.'

Junot himself had entered the apartment while this conversation was going on between the faithful Valentin and his mistress. He listened in silence to the generous offer of this noble-hearted man, who was not even aware of his presence. But when Valentin laid upon the table the four bags, containing his 3700 francs—his little earthly all—the kind-hearted general could no longer contain himself, but stepping forward, clasped the worthy valet to his heart, as though he had been his own brother. To Valentin's great sorrow, however, M. and Madame d'Abrantes declined the proffered sum, of which, in fact, they did not in the slightest degree stand in need. He seemed, however, so deeply pained by their refusal of his offer, that at last Junot exclaimed: 'Well, Valentin, I will take your money, but only on one condition—my man of business shall pay you 10 per cent. for it so long as you live.'

This condition was faithfully fulfilled; but, upon the death of the duke, Valentin, knowing his master's property to be cumbered with debts, insisted upon not receiving more than 5 per cent. interest for his money. Madame d'Abrantes knew him too well to grieve his faithful heart by pressing the matter any further in this her own hour of distress; but, on the return of the Bourbons, she told his history to the Duchess of Angoulême, who bestowed upon him a pension of L.50 a year, in consideration of the service he had rendered to the Queen Marie Antoinette in 1791.

About this time, Valentin's health becoming enfeebled, he retired from the service of Madame d'Abrantes, and settled at Belleville. Here he lived to a good old age, beloved and respected by all who knew him, and having nobly earned, in the course of his eventful life, the honourable title of a 'good and faithful servant.'

A BLESSED PROVIDENCE FOR OUR CONTINENTAL NEIGHBOURS.

A FOREIGN gentleman remarked to the Rev. Dr Guthrie of Edinburgh: 'What a blessed Providence! you Anglo-Saxons are a drunken race!' He explained his meaning to be, that such was the outrivalling energy and industry of the Anglo-Saxon people, in England, America, every where, that but for this happy drawback, no foreigners had a chance in competition with them. The reverend gentleman declares

that he felt the remark to be *very snell*. It might be a jest; but there is many a true word so spoken, and we fear this is of the number. Perhaps no man has had more opportunities of studying the condition of the lower class of people in our large cities than this same Dr Guthrie; and he declares that, in all his efforts amongst them in Edinburgh, he has met the vice of drunkenness at every step as a difficulty in the way of every reformation: it destroys more men and women, 'body and soul, breaks more hearts, ruins more families, than all other vices put together. In his visitations, nothing struck him more than to find more than half of the families in the church-yard. Numberless children, he says, are carried off, wholly in consequence of the drunken habits of their parents.

The tee-totalers almost seem to prove too much. They are fond of adducing Mr Porter's calculation, that fifty millions are spent annually on drink in the United Kingdom. One is at a loss to understand whence the money comes. Yet some of the separate facts are startling enough. In Musselburgh, a town near Edinburgh, containing 7000 inhabitants, fishermen, net-makers, &c., the number of public-houses and spirit-shops is 57, being one for every 120 people, or we may assume, for every 25 adult males. In Dundee, a town of 80,000 people, the spirit-shops and taverns are 364—a more moderate, but still large proportion. In Edinburgh, wherever the poorer class of people dwell, places for the sale of liquor abound. In the central street of the Old Town, less than a mile long, there are 97; and in each of twenty-one of these, the amount of whisky dispensed, chiefly among the very poor, in a quarter of a year, was found to be 400 gallons. Wherever a poor street is interjected in the better districts of the city, it is found to be thickly planted with spirit-shops, most of which, in their handsome, goodly style of furnishing, speak strongly of what they do in the way of draining the pockets of the humbler classes. The writer had the curiosity, one day, to count those in a short street near his own residence, and found them nine in number, being a greater number than all the other shops put together. In a section of another street, about 150 yards in length, he found five. We are also informed of a district of the town, containing 500 families, where the number of licensed spirit-shops is 19. What a strange spectacle it forms in a land assumedly civilised, rational, and Christian—so much permitted temptation in the way of the poor, all looking so gay and so goodly, sanctioned by law, beyond even remonstrance from philanthropy, and yet manifestly leading multitudes to destruction, and forming a frightful counterpoise to every influence for good that the spirit of modern civilisation can supply! It may be foolish to suppose, as some do, that a direct extinction of the evil is practicable; but when we think of what the evil is, what appalling calamities in the forms of poverty, crime, and infectious disease it produces, we rather wonder that the political system of our country can bear its further existence for a day, than that a few enthusiasts have dreamed of its forcible suppression.

Our southern neighbours have strongly proclaimed their disinclination to have any shortening of the hours of public-houses, on Sundays or otherwise. In Scotland, an act imposing certain restrictions of this nature has been submitted to with comparative resignation. In Scotland, however, we must remember, the evil is of a direr kind, in consequence of the more demoralising character of the favourite drink. There was here a greater call upon the middle classes to endure certain inconveniences for the sake of their humbler brethren. It is a kind of measure which no lover of individual liberty can approve of; yet it has in this instance done some good, as far as the diminution of cases of people taken up as drunk and disorderly is concerned. Of that diminution, indeed,

doubts have been expressed, but, we believe, without just foundation. It is the one comforting circumstance in a wide-spread scene of degradation and woe.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXIII.—TRANSLATING THE 'SIGN.'

THIS discovery brought us to a halt. A consultation ensued, in which all took part; but as usual, the others listened to the opinions of the prairie-men, and especially to that of Rube.

The old trapper was inclined to sulk for some time, and acted as if he meant to withhold his advice. Nothing 'nuffed' him more than to have his word contradicted or his skill called in question. I have known him to be 'out of sorts' for days, from having his woodcraft doubted by some one whom he deemed less skilled than himself; and, indeed, there were few of his kind whose knowledge of the wilderness was at all comparable with his. He was not always in the right, but generally where his instincts failed, it was idle to try further. In the present case, the man who had thoughtlessly doubted him was one of the 'greenest' of the party, but this only aggravated the matter in the eyes of Old Rube.

'Sich a fellur as you,' he said, giving a last dig to the offending ranger—'sich a fellur as you oughter git yur head shet up: thet ur tongue o' yourn keeps a gwine like a bull's tail in fly-time. Waghl!'

As the man made no reply to this rather rough remonstrance, Rube's 'dander' soon smoothed down, and once more getting cool, he turned his attention to the business of the hour.

That there had been Indians upon the ground was now an ascertained fact; the peculiar shoeing of the horses rendered it indubitable. Mexican horses, if shod at all, would have had a shoeing of iron—at least on their fore-feet. Wild mustangs would have had the hoof naked; while the tracks of Texan or American horses could have been easily told, either from the peculiar shoeing or the superior size of their hoofs. The horses that had galloped over that ground were neither wild, Texan, nor Mexican: Indian they must have been.

Although the one track first examined might have settled the point, it was a fact of too much importance to be left under the slightest doubt. The presence of Indians meant the presence of enemies—foes dire and deadly; and it was with something more than feelings of mere curiosity that my companions scrutinised the sign.

The ashes were blown out from several others, and these carefully studied. Additional facts were brought to light by those Champollions of the prairie—Rube and Garey. Whoever rode the horses, had been going in a gallop. They had not ridden long in one course; but here and there had turned and struck off in new directions. There had been a score or so of them. No two had been galloping together; their tracks converged or crossed one another—now zigzagging, now running in right lines, or sweeping in curves and circles over the plain.

All this knowledge the trackers had obtained in less than ten minutes, simply by riding round the place. Not to disturb them in their diagnosis, the rest of us halted upon the spot where the new tracks had been first observed, and there awaited the result of their scrutiny.

In ten minutes' time both came back to us; they had read the sign to their satisfaction, and needed no further light.

That sign had disclosed to them one fact of more significance than all the rest. Of course, we all knew that the Indian horsemen had gone over the ground

before the grass had been burnt; but how long before? We had no difficulty in making out that it was upon that same day, and since the rising of the sun—these were trifles easily ascertained; but at *what* hour had they passed? Late, or early? With the steed, before, or after him?

About this point I was most anxious, but I had not the slightest idea that it could be decided by the 'sign.' To my astonishment, those cunning hunters returned to tell me, not only the very hour at which the steed had passed the spot, but also that the Indian horsemen had been riding *after him!* Clairvoyance could scarcely have gone farther.

The old trapper had grown expletive, more than was his wont. It was no longer a matter of tracking the white steed. Indians were near. Caution had become necessary, and neither the company nor counsel of the humblest was to be scorned. We might soon stand in need of the strength, even of the weakest in our party.

Freely, then, the trackers communicated their discoveries, in answer to my interrogation.

'The white hoss,' said Rube, 'must 'a been hyur 'bout four hour ago, kalkerlatin the rate at which he wur a gwine, an kalkerlatin how fur he hed ter kum. He haint 'a stoppet nowhur; an 'ceptin i' the thicket, he hez gallipt the rest o' the way—thet's clur. Wal, we knows the distance, thurfor we knows the time—thet's clur too; an four hour's 'bout the mark, I reck'n—preehaps a leetle less, an alser preehaps a leetle more. Now, furrermore to the point. Them niggurs hez been eyther clost arter 'im, in view o' the critter, or follerin 'im on the trail—the one or the t'other—an which 'tain't passible to tell wi' this hyur sign no-how-cum-somever. But thet they wur arter 'im, me an Bill's made out clur as mud—thet we sartintly hez.'

'How have you ascertained that they were after?'

'The tracks, young fellur—the tracks.'

'But how by them?'

'Easy as eatin hump-rib: them as wur made by the white hoss ur *un'ermost*.'

The conclusion was clear indeed. The Indians must have been *after him*.

We stayed no longer upon the spot, but once more sending the trackers forward, moved on after them.

We had advanced about half a mile farther, when the horse-tracks, hitherto scattered, and tending in different directions, became merged together, as though the Indians had been riding, not in single file—as is their ordinary method—but in an irregular body of several abreast.

The trackers, after proceeding along this new trail for a hundred yards or so, deliberately drew up; and dismounting, bent down upon their hands and knees, as if once more to examine the sign. The rest of us halted a little behind, and watched their proceedings without offering to question them.

Both were observed to be busy blowing aside the ashes, not from any particular track, but from the full breadth of the trail.

In a few minutes, they succeeded in removing the black dust from a stretch of several yards—so that the numerous hoof-prints could be distinctly traced, side by side, or overlapping and half obliterating one another.

Rube now returned to where they had commenced; and then once more leisurely advancing upon his knees, with eyes close to the surface, appeared to scrutinise the print of every hoof separately.

Before he had reached the spot where Garey was still engaged in clearing off the dust, he rose to his feet with an air that told he was satisfied, and turning to his companion, cried out:

'Don't bother furrer, Bill: it ur jest as I thort; they've roped 'im, by G—I!'

CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE STEED LAZOE.

It was not the emphatic tone in which this announcement was made that produced within me conviction of its truth; I should have been convinced without that. I was better than half prepared for the intelligence thus rudely conveyed; for I was myself not altogether unskilled in that art of which my trapper-companions were masters.

I had observed the sudden convergence of the horse-tracks; I had noticed also, that, after coming together, the animals had proceeded at a slow pace—at a walk. I needed only to perceive the hoof of the steed among the others, to know that he no longer ran free—that he was a captive.

This the tracker had found; hence the decisive declaration that the Indians had 'roped' him—in other words, had caught him with their lazoes.

'Sartint they've tuk 'im,' asserted Rube, in answer to an interrogatory: 'sartint sure; 'hyur's his track clear as daylight. He's been led hyur at the eend o' a laryette; he's been nigh the middle o' the crowd—some in front—some hev been arter 'im—thet's how they've gone past hyur. Wagh!' continued the speaker, once more turning his eyes upon the trail, 'thur's been a good grist on 'em—twenty or more; an ef this child don't miskalkulate, thet ain't the hul o' the niggurs; it ain't! 'Tur only some o' 'em as galliped out to rope the boss. I'd lay my rifle agin a Mexican blunderbox, thur's a bigger party than this nigh at hand somewher hyur. By Geeshosphat, thet's boun to be, sartint as sunup!'

The suspicion that had half formed itself in my mind was no longer hypothetical; the sign upon the trail had settled that: it was now a positive intelligence—a conviction. The steed had been taken; he and his rider were captive in the hands of the Indians.

This knowledge brought with it a crowd of new thoughts, in which emotions of the most opposite character were mingled together.

The first was a sensation of joy. The steed had been captured, and by human beings. Indians at least were men, and possessed human hearts. Though in the rider they might recognise the lineaments of their pale-faced foes—not so strongly neither—yet a woman, and in such a dilemma; what reason could they have for hostility to her? None; perhaps the very opposite passion might be excited by the spectacle of her helpless situation. They would see before them the victim of some cruel revenge—the act, too, of their own enemies; this would be more likely to inspire them with sympathy and pity; they would relieve her from her perilous position; would minister to her wants and wounds; would tenderly nurse and cherish her: yes; of all this I felt assured. They were human; how could they do otherwise?

Such was the first rush of my reflections on becoming assured that the steed had been captured by Indians—that Isolina was in their hands. I only thought of her safety—that she was rescued from pain and peril, perhaps from death; and the thought was a gleam of joy.

Alas! only a gleam; and the reflections that followed were painfully bitter.

I could not help thinking of the character of the savages into whose hands she had fallen. If they were the same band that had harried the frontier town, then were they southern Indians—Comanche or Lipan. The report said one or other; and it was but too probable. True, the remnant of Shawanoes and Delawares, with the Kickapoos and Texan Cherokees, sometimes stray as far as the banks of the Rio Grande; but the conduct was not theirs: these tribes, from long intercourse with whites, have been inducted into a sort of semi-

civilisation; and their hereditary hostility for the pale-face has died out. Pillage and murder are no longer their trade; it could not have been they who had made the late foray. It might have been 'Wild Cat' with his wicked Seminoles, now settled on the Texan frontier; but the act was more in keeping with the character of the mezcal-eating Apaches, who of late years had been pushing their expeditions far down the river. Even so—it mattered little; Apaches are but Comanches, or rather Comanches, Apaches, and whether the Indians on whose trail we were standing were one or the other—whether Apache, Lipan, Comanche, or their allies Caygüa, Waco, or Pawnee-Pict, it mattered not; one and all were alike; one or other of them, my reflections were bitterly the same. Well understood I the character of these red men of the south; so far differing from their kindred of the north—so far different from that ideal type of cold continence it has pleased the poet and the writer of romance to ascribe to them. The reverse of the medal was before my mind's eye; the memory of many a scene was in my thoughts, of many a tale I had heard, illustrating the uxorious disposition, the wild, unbridled wantonness of these lords of the southern plains.

Not then did I dwell long on such thoughts; for they had their influence in urging me onward.

But there was another reason for our rapid advance: all of us were under the extreme agony of thirst—literally gasping for water; and thus physical suffering impelled us to ride forward as fast as our jaded horses could carry us over the ground.

Timber was at length before our eyes, green foliage, looking all the fresher and brighter from contrast with the black plain which it bounded. It was a grove of cotton-woods, skirting a prairie-stream; and beyond this the fire had not extended.

Wild joyous cries escaped from men and horses, as their eyes rested upon the limpid stream. The men leaped out of their saddles, and without a thought of drowning, rushed breast-deep into the water. Some lifted the crystal liquid in their palms; others, more impatient, bent down, and plunging their faces in the flood, drank *à la mode du cheval*.

I noticed that the trappers behaved less recklessly than the rest; before going down to drink, the eyes of both were directed, with instinctive caution, along the banks, and into the timber.

Close to where we had halted, I observed a crossing, where numerous tracks of animals formed in the soil a deep, well-beaten path. Rube's eyes were upon it, and I saw that they were glistening with unusual excitement.

'Told 'ee so!' cried he, after a short survey: 'yander's thur trail—war-trail, by the Eternal!'

CHAPTER LXXV.

THE 'INDIOS BRAVOS.'

You may be asking, what the trapper meant by a war-trail? It has been a phrase of frequent occurrence with us. It is a phrase of the frontier. Even at the eleventh hour, let me offer its explanation.

For half a century—ay, for three centuries and more—even since the conquest itself—the northern frontier of Mexico has been in, what is termed in old-fashioned phraseology, a 'disturbed state.' Though the semi-civilised Aztecs, and the kindred races of town-dwelling Indians, easily yielded to the sword of the Spanish conquerors, far different has been the history of the wild tribes—the free hunters of the plains. Upon those mighty steppes that occupy the whole central area of the North American continent, dwell tribes of Indians—nations they might be called—who neither know, nor ever have known, other rule

that of their own chieftains. Even when Spain at her strongest, she failed to subjugate the 'Indios bravos' of her frontiers, who to the present hour have preserved their wild freedom. I speak not of the great nations of the northern prairies—Sioux and Cheyenne—Blackfeet and Crow—Pawnee and Arapahoe. With these the Spanish race scarcely came in contact. I refer more particularly to the tribes whose range impinges upon the frontiers of Mexico—Comanche, Lipan, Utah, Apache, and Navajo.

It is not in the annals of Spain to prove that any one of these tribes ever yielded to her conquering sword; and equally a failure has been the attempt to wheedle them into a fanatical civilisation by the much-boasted request of the mission. Free, then, the prairie Indians are from white man's rule, and free have they been, as if the keels of Columbus had never ploughed the Caribbean Sea.

But although they have preserved their independence for three centuries, for three centuries have they never known peace. Between the red Indian and the white Iberian, along the frontier of Northern Mexico, a war-border has existed since the days of Cortez to the present hour—constantly shifting north or south, but never extended from east to west, from ocean to ocean, through wide degrees of longitude. North of this border ranges the 'Indio bravo'; south of it dwells his degenerate and conquered kinsman, the 'Indio manso,' not in the 'tents,' but in the towns of his Spanish conqueror; the former, free as the prairie wind—the latter, yoked to a condition of 'peon' vassalage, with chains as strong as those of slavery itself. The neutral belt of hostile ground lies between—on the one side guarded by a line of garrisoned forts (*presidios*); on the other, sheltered from attack by the wild and waterless desert.

I have stated that this war-border has been constantly shifting either northward or southward. Such is its history up to the beginning of the present cycle. Since then, a remarkable change has been going forward in the relative position of Indian and Iberian; and the line of hostile ground has been moving only in one direction—continually *towards the south*! To speak in less poetical phrase, the red man has been encroaching upon the territory of the white man—the so-called savage has been gaining ground upon the domain of civilisation. Not slowly or gradually either, but by gigantic strides—by the conquest of whole provinces as large as England ten times told!

I shall make the announcement of a fact, or rather a hypothesis—scarcely well known, though strange enough. It may interest, if not surprise, the ethnologist. I assert then, that had the four tribes of Northern Mexican Indians—Comanche, Lipan, Apache, and Navajo—been left to themselves, in less than another century they would have driven the degenerate descendants of the conquerors of Cortez from the soil of *latavac*. I make this assertion with a full belief and clear conviction of its truthfulness. The hypothesis rests upon a basis of realities. It would require but very simple logic to prove it; but a few facts may add illustration.

With the fall of Spanish rule in Mexico, ended the predominance of the Spaniard over the Indian. By weakness, the *presidios* became shorn of their strength, and no longer offered a barrier even to the weakest incursion. In fact, a neutral line no more exists; whole provinces—Sonora, Chihuahua, Tamaulipas, Coahuila, and Leon—are no better than neutral ground, or, to speak more definitely, form an extended territory conquered and desolated by the Indians. Even beyond these, into the 'provincias internas,' have he bold copper-coloured freebooters of late carried their forays—even to the very gates of Durango. Two hundred Comanche warriors, or as many Apaches, fear not to tide hundreds of miles into the heart of civilised

Mexico—hesitate not to attack a city or a settlement—scruple not to drag from hearth and home lovely maids and tender children—only these—and carry them slave and captive to their wild fastnesses in the desert! And this is no occasional foray, no long gathering outburst of revenge or retaliation; but an *annual* expedition, forming part of the regular routine of the year, and occurring at the season when the buffalo have migrated to the north—occurring in that month in the calendar of these aboriginal brigands jocosely styled the 'Mexican moon!'

Upon whose head falls the blow thus periodically repeated? Upon the poor and unprotected? No doubt you will fancy so.

A single fact may serve to undeceive you. Only a few years ago, Trias, a man of 'first family' in Mexico, and governor of the state of Chihuahua, lost one of his sons by an Indian foray. The boy was taken prisoner by the Comanches; and it was only after years of negotiation and payment of a large sum, that the father recovered his child. Thus the governor of a province, with means and military at his command, was not powerful enough to cause the surrender of his captive son: he was forced to *buy* him!

It is computed that at this moment there are 3000 white captives in the hands of the North Mexican Indians—nearly all of them of Spanish descent. They are mostly females, and live as the slave-wives of their captors—if such connection may be dignified by the name. There are white men, too, among the Indians—prisoners taken in their youth; and strange as it may appear, few of them—either of the men or women—evidence any desire to return to their former life or homes. Some, when ransomed, have refused the boon. Not uncommon along the frontier has been witnessed that heart-rending scene—a father who had recovered his child from the savages, and yet unable to reclaim its affection, or even to arouse it to a recognition of its parentage. In a few years—sometimes only months—the captives forget their early ties, and become wedded to their new life—become *Indianized*.

But a short time before, an instance had come under our own observation. The wounded brave taken in the skirmish at the mound was a full-blooded Mexican—had been carried off by the Comanches, some years before, from the settlements on the Lower Rio Grande. In consideration of this, we gave him his liberty, under the impression that he would gladly avail himself of the opportunity to return to his kindred.

He proved wanting in gratitude as in natural affection. The same night on which he was set free, he took the route back to the prairies, mounted upon one of the best horses of our troop, which he had stolen from its unfortunate owner!

Such are the 'Cosas de Mexico'—a few of the traits of frontier-life on the Rio Bravo del Norte.

But what of the war-trail? That is not yet explained.

Know, then, that from the country of the Indians to that of the Mexicans extend many great paths, running for hundreds of miles from point to point. They follow the courses of streams, or cross vast desert plains, where water is found only at long intervals of distance. They are marked by the tracks of mules, horses, and captives. Here and there, they are whitened by bones—the bones of men, of women, of animals, that have perished by the way. Strange paths are these! What are they, and who has made them? Who travel by these roads that lead through the wild and homeless desert?

Indians—they are the paths of the Comanche and Cnygüa—the roads made by their warriors during the 'Mexican moon.'

It was upon one of these that the trapper was gazing when he gave out the emphatic utterance:

'War-trail, by the Eternal!'

CHAPTER LXXVI.

ON THE WAR-TRAIL.

Scarcely staying to quench my thirst, I led my horse across the stream, and commenced scrutinising the trail upon the opposite bank. The faithful trackers were by my side—no fear of them lagging behind.

I had won the hearts of both these men; and that they would have risked life to serve me, I could no longer doubt, since over and over again they *had* risked it. For Garey, strong, courageous, handsome in the true sense, and noble-hearted, I felt real friendship, which the young trapper reciprocated. For his older comrade, the feeling I had was like himself—indefinable, indescribable. It was strongly tinged with admiration, but admiration of the intellectual rather than the moral or personal qualities of the man.

Instead of intellectual, I should rather say instinctive, for his keen intuitive thoughts appeared more like instincts than the results of a process of ratiocination.

That the old trapper admired me—in his own phraseology, 'liked me mightily'—I was aware. He was equally zealous as the younger in my service; but too free an exhibition of zeal was in his eyes a weakness, and he endeavoured to conceal it. His admiration of myself was perhaps owing to the fact that I neither attempted to thwart him in his humours nor rival him in his peculiar knowledge—the craft of the prairie. In this I was but his pupil, and behaved as such, generally deferring to his judgment.

Another impulse acted upon the trackers—sheer love of the part they were now playing. Just as the hound loves the trail, so did they; and hunger, thirst, weariness, one or all must be felt to an extreme degree before they would voluntarily forsake it.

Scarcely staying, therefore, to quench their thirst, they followed me out of the water; and all three of us together bent our attention to the sign.

It was a *war-trail*—a true war-trail. There was not the track of a dog—not the drag of a lodge-pole upon it. Had it been a moving encampment of peaceable Indians, these signs would have been visible; moreover, there would have been seen numerous footsteps of Indian women—of squaws; for the slave-wife of the lordly Comanche is compelled to traverse the prairies *à pied*, loaded like the packhorse that follows at her heels!

But though no foot-prints of Indian women appeared, there were tracks of women, scores of them, plainly imprinted in the soil of the river-bank. Those slender impressions, scarcely a span in length, smoothly moulded in the mud, were not to be mistaken for the footsteps of an Indian squaw. There was not the wide divergence at the heels—the toes turned inward; neither was there the moccasin-print. No; those tiny tracks must have been made by women of that nation who possess the smallest and prettiest feet in the world—by women of Mexico.

'Captives!' we exclaimed, as soon as our eyes rested upon the tracks.

'Ay, poor critters!' said Rube sympathisingly; 'the cussed niggers hev made 'em fut it, while thur's been spare hosses a plenty. Wagh! a good wheen o' weemen thur's been—a score on 'em at the least. Wagh! I pity 'em, poor gurls! in sech kumpany as they've got into. It ur a life they've got to lead. Wagh!'

Rube did not reflect how heavily his words were falling upon my heart.

There were the tracks of more than a hundred horses, and as many mules. Some of both were iron-shod; but for all that, we knew they had been either ridden or driven by Indians: they, too, were captives.

The sign helped my companions to much knowledge that would have been unintelligible to me. It was

certainly the path of a war-party of Indians on the *back track*. They were laden with plunder, and driving before them, or forcing to follow, a crowd of captives—horses, mules, and women—children, too, for we saw the tiny foot-marks of tender age. The trail was significant of all this—even to me.

But my comrades saw more; they no longer doubted that the Indians were Comanches—a moccasin had been picked up, a castaway—and the leathern tassel attached to the heel declared the tribe to which its wearer belonged to be the Comanche.

The trail was quite fresh; that is, but a few hours had intervened since the Indians passed along it. Notwithstanding the dryness of the atmosphere, the mud on the river-edge had not yet become 'skinned,' as the trappers expressed it. The Indians had forded the stream about the time the prairie was set on fire.

The horses we had been following across the burnt plain were those of a party who had gone out in pursuit of the steed. Just at the ford, they had overtaken the main body, who carried along the spoil and captives. From that point, all had advanced together.

Had they done so? This was our first object of inquiry. It was almost too probable to admit of a doubt; but we desired to be certain about a matter of such primary importance, and we looked for the hoof with the piece chipped from its edge—easily to be identified by all of us. In the muddy margin of the stream we could not find it; but the steed may have been led or ridden in front of the rest, and his tracks trampled out by the thick drove that followed.

At this moment, Stanfield came up and joined us in the examination. The ranger had scarcely bent his eyes on the trail, when a significant exclamation escaped him. He stood pointing downward to the track of a shod horse.

'My horse!' cried he; 'my horse Hickory, by Gosh!'

'Your horse?'

'May I never see Kaintuck if it ain't!'

'Yur sure o' it, ole hoss? yur sure it's yurn?'

'Sure as shootin'; I shod him myself. I kid tell that ere track on a dry sand-bar. I know every nail thar; I druv 'em wi' my own hand—it's him sartin'.

'Wheeo-o!' whistled Rube in his significant way, 'thet makes things a leetle plainer, I reck'n; an so I thort all along—an so I thort—ye-es—so I thort. The durned rennygade niggur!' he added with angry emphasis, 'I know'd we dud wrong to let 'im go; we oughter served 'im as I perposed; we oughter cut his durnation throat, an scalped 'im the minnut we tak 'im: cuss the luck thet we didn't! Wagh!'

Rube's words needed no interpretation. We knew whose throat he would have cut—that of the Indianised Mexican taken at the mesa; and I remembered that at the time of his capture such had been Rube's advice, overruled, of course, by the more merciful of his comrades. The trapper had assigned some reason; he knew something of the man's history.

He now repeated his reasons:

'He ur a true rennygade,' said he; 'an thur ain't on all the parairs a wusser enemy to whiten thar thet ur—more partiklurly to Texan whites. He wur at the massaree o' Wilson's family on the clur fork o' the Brazos, an wur conspik'us in the skrimmige a' more too—it ur thort he toated off one o' Wilson's gurls, an made a squaw o' her, for he's mighty giv'th that way I've heern. Wagh! he ur wuss than a Injun, for the reezan thet he unerstans the ways of the whites. I never know'd sich a foolish thing as to let 'im git clur. 'Ee may thank yur luck, Mister Stannafeel, thet he didn't take yur har at the same time when he wur atakin o' yur hoas. Wagh! thet ya may!'

It was Stanfield's horse that had been stolen by the renegade, and the tracks now identified by the

anger were those of that animal—no doubt with the booter upon his back.

This new discovery let in a flood of light. Beyond doubt, the war-party was the same we had met by the mound, with perhaps a reinforcement; the same that had just plundered the Mexican town; the same who had paid their hurried visit to the hacienda, and the renegade—

Ha! Strange remembrances were crowding into my brain. I remembered meeting this semi-savage talking about the road, after we had granted him a parole; I remembered, upon one occasion, seeing him while riding out with *her*; I remembered the rude expression with which he had regarded my companion the glance half-fierce half-lustful; I remembered that made me angry; that I rebuked and threatened him—I now remembered all.

Wild thoughts came rushing into my mind—worse thoughts than ever.

I sprang to my saddle, and, calling out some half-remembered orders, rode rapidly along the trail.

TRAWLING AND DREDGING.

SHALL we go or not? Oh, I *hope* the weather is all right! was my first thought, as I sprang from my bed on the day last summer, and hastened to the window to ascertain the state of the wind and the aspect of the heavens. I had formed an engagement for trawling and dredging, both new amusements to me, and both being promise of great enjoyment; but as I looked out on the moveless shrubs, and saw that a soft rain was descending, my heart sank within me; I knew that without wind we could not go; and not a breath of wind could I detect. However, being of a somewhat cheerful character, and knowing that a breeze *might* come, I 'took heart of grace,' donned my sea-clothes, and made ready. Presently, a rustling amongst the shrubs made me prick up my ears with joy, and, taking a glance around me, I soon descried most hopeful symptoms. The rain had ceased, and the sun had begun to struggle out, bringing with it what soon became a most undeniable breeze; and so, gathering up my gear, I set out with heart elate on my expedition.

For the benefit of those who may be as much in the dark on such subjects as I was myself some little time ago, I will describe the implements of our toil, and the mode of using them.

The *trawl*—a word I find in no dictionary, though Bailey, that prince of lexicographers, gives: 'to trowl, to move or wander about'—is a huge net, made of very strong twine, with meshes about an inch and a half in length. The edge of this net is run in a cord, so that it may be drawn up into a bag, and on one side of it is attached to a stout bar of wood about twenty feet long, with iron grapples at each end, by which it is hitched on to the side of the vessel. To this bar are fastened as many fathoms of stout rope, about an inch in diameter, as are sufficient to reach the bottom of the waters which the trawl is meant to search; and the bag is heavily leaded, so as to descend to the bottom. When the trawl is required to be used, two men unloose its fastenings, and drop it over the side of the vessel into the sea, uncoiling sufficient cable to follow to its depths. The boat then sails on, dragging the net through the waters for as long a time as it is thought necessary. For naturalists' purposes, this is not more than from ten to twenty minutes; but the professional trawlers, whose prize is fish, often keep it down five or six hours. When the net is drawn, the boat is turned so as to sail over the line of rope, on which two men pull lustily, while a third coils the cable as they free it, until the net appears just below the surface of the water. This is an exciting moment: and of it hereafter.

The *dredge* is a bag of very thick netting, so close in its meshes, that scarcely the smallest shell can go through them. This is strongly fastened to an oblong frame of iron about thirty inches long by fifteen or eighteen wide, more or less, the edges of which are sharpened so as to scratch the rocks, &c., at the bottom as it is dragged along. The dredge is attached to cords in the same manner as the trawl, and is thrown over and managed much in the same way; but, being a lighter instrument, only one man is required to work it. Sometimes the dredge brings up nothing but sand and mud; at others, plenty of animals of *sorts*; and now and then matters that have been dropped from some ship or boat are thus fished up—as, for instance, my friend told me he had the night before dredged up several fathoms of good new rope, exactly what he had been going to buy for use, and which was at the moment he spoke doing duty on the dredge.

An excellent concomitant to the dredge is a square box, with a bottom of fine fly-wire, into which another, with coarser wire-net for its bottom, fits. When your dredge comes up laden with sand and mud, or the contents are otherwise dirty, put them by instalments into this box, and make one of your sailors hold it overboard in the water until all the sand and mud is washed away. You will then find the larger articles clean and clear in the upper box, whilst the minute shells and other things will have sifted through, and be equally clean and nice in the lower box. This is a capital contrivance, and greatly facilitates the work.

These implements, together with plenty of wide-mouthed pickle-bottles, glass jars, tin cans, &c., for receiving and separating the contents of the trawl or dredge as you receive them, are all that are requisite for the double purpose of trawling and dredging.

My impatience had made me reach the rendezvous on the quay long before the rest of the party; but I was not weary of waiting, for the scene was more than pleasant. The sea was all sparkle and beauty, the sky of unbroken azure; the finely wooded grounds of Tor Abbey lay on my left. Opposite to me was the pretty Strand, as the row of shops facing the sea at Torquay is called, with all its bustle of carriages, and pretty stands of red, and blue, and yellow donkey-chairs and flies, far enough off not to disturb me with its bustle, but near enough to amuse me by its liveliness; and between me and it was the basin, now full of water, and covered with vessels of different kinds. Just below, at the foot of the steps, lay the beautiful little yacht, the *Ribble*, preparing to sail, with her smart crew all alive, and all her elegant equipments contrasting strongly with the heavy coal-schooner which was just easing herself off from her moorings, also preparing to sail the moment the way was clear.

It took but few minutes for the white sails of the *Ribble* to fill, and bear her out with a spring into the bay towards Paignton. Then a sharp tack, and she dashed past us, cutting her way back with a velocity that was almost inconceivable across the bay towards the *Noze*, and was gone!

Meanwhile, the heavy collier had spread her dark gray patched sails and begun to clear out. She moved off heavily, but sailing steadily with a grave dignity and grace quite unlike the active movements of the little yacht, yet very beautiful. She also took the course towards Paignton, then tacked, crossed our course, and again recrossed us—for by this time our party had assembled, and the little *Mystery* was on her way to the dredging-ground—and then disappeared behind Berry Head.

And now over went the trawl; and after arranging all our pots and pans, and dipping up a supply of fresh sea-water, so that everything might be ready against the net coming up, we beguiled the time by watching the shifting lights on the shore, the birds on the water, or

in the air above it, and the fleecy white clouds which just flecked the blue of the sky, and were mirrored in that of the sea—until notice was given to haul up.

'Look out for *Nudibranchs*,' said my companion, a scientific friend, who had kindly taken the guidance of our work; 'you will often find them sticking to the meshes of the net.' Now, it so happened that *Nudibranchs*—the naked-gilled mollusks which have their breathing-apparatus outside in the likeness of plumes of feathers—happened to be at present the objects of special interest to me, so that this announcement set me more on the alert than the cry of 'Whales ahead!' would a whaler: and not in vain. We picked off more than a dozen specimens of that beautiful little animal, *Polycera quadrilineata*, which, as they were handed to me, looked like little lumps of yellow jelly as big as a pea; but as I dropped them at once into a glass jar of clear water, their true form and colouring were displayed. This *Polycera*—I beg pardon for hard words, but it has no common name—is a little slug-like animal; that is, its foot is formed like that of slugs, and on it it creeps; but this foot is pure white, narrow, and long, tapering to a point behind. The body, of which the foot forms the lower part, rises in the middle, and sends out from an aperture in the back seven or nine pinnate, tapering plumes, 'richly dight with gold and white.' On each side of this bunch of feathers—which are, in fact, the gills or branchial tubes of the animal—is a single stout-pointed lobe, of white, tipped with chrome-yellow. The back is spotted and striped with the same rich colouring, and sometimes with black also. It has a pair of laminated tentacles, of bright yellow, rising from the top of the head, and bending backwards; and the frontal veil is extended into four elongated, pointed filaments of the same golden hue, which are ever in motion, and seem as if they acted as feelers. These pretty creatures swim on the surface of the water, foot upwards, or creep gracefully on the coral weeds in your tank, looking most elegant. But I am forestalling. As the trawl rose to view below the water, and before we could get it up, we were amused by the splash and dash of dozens of small flat fish, dabs and flounders, and amongst them that ugly fellow John Dory—of whom tradition hints that he was once the affianced of *Axa Chovy*, whose delicate flesh—albeit a mere flake of it exists on each side his body—used to tempt the old fish-epicure Quin to visit the coast every year for the purpose of eating John in his perfection. These were the prey of the boys of our party, who were very busy gathering them up. Then there were plenty of the violet cross-fish (*Uraster violacea*) and of the common cross-fish (*U. rubens*), and of other things more than there is time to record; and then over went the trawl again, and we tacked, and sailed back across the bay towards our dredging-ground off Anstey's Cove, dragging the trawl after us.

Whether it was the extreme speed with which we ran along, that kept the apparatus from reaching the bottom, I do not know; but it is probable it was so. Whatever might be the cause, the result was certain, for when we again hauled, we found not a thing worth having in our trawl. But we were now amongst the beautiful island-rocks which adorn the entrance of Torbay, and between them and the shore beyond Hope's Nose, lay our ground. This we prepared to search by fastening the trawl alongside, and throwing out the dredge.

'Does it jump?' asked the director of the sports of the man who held the rope. Now, jumping is the sign of being on good rocky ground, so we were glad to hear the answer: 'Capital, sir—goes along capital—can't be better;' and in five minutes or so, up came the bag with heaps of goods in it—goods enough to engage our attention for hours, if we had been free to give it. There were long tubes, six or eight inches in length, and about one-sixth of an inch in diameter, some straight

as an arrow, others curled and twisted—the homes of that beautiful crested worm the *Serpula vermicularis*. In some of them the animals lay *perdu*, only waiting to be left a little while quietly in a glass of clean water, to expand their scarlet funnel-shaped tubes of branchia round the mouth of their cells.* Others were empty—the forsaken homes of the dead. There were some coiled on stones, and only partially rising free; and there was another species of a smaller kind, with pure white tubular canes, multitudes of them twisted, and wreathed, and knotted together like Gordian-knots of small cords, in strange contortions, heads and tails all mixed together. These are very properly named *Serpula contortuplicata*. A number of pretty little semi-transparent prawns and shrimps of different kinds were in this haul, some tinged with red, some with green, and all with delicate fan-shaped tails expanded, and beautiful shining eyes on stalks. The stones and shells to which these *Serpulae* adhered were richly clothed with forests of elegant coral-weeds, which I cannot better describe than by quoting Kingsley's account of the garb of Maia Squinado, Esq. It is a spider-crab, of which he says:

'His whole back is covered with a little gray forest of branching hairs as fine as the spider's web, each branchlet carrying its little pearly ringed club, each club its rose-crowned polype, like—to quote Mr Gosse's comparison—the unexpanded buds of the acacia. On that leg grows, amidst another copse of the gray polypee, a delicate straw-coloured sertularia branch on branch of tiny double combs, each tooth of the comb being a tube containing a living flower; on another leg another sertularia, coarser, but still beautiful; and round it again has trained itself, plant upon plant of glass ivy, bearing crystal bells, each of which, too, protrudes its living flower; on another leg is a feathery species, like a little heather-bell of whitest ivory, and every needle-leaf a polype-cell. Let us stop before the imagination grows dizzy with the contemplation of those myriads of beautiful atomies. And what is their use? Each living flower, each polype mouth is feeding fast, sweeping into itself, by the perpetual currents caused by the delicate fringes upon its rays—so minute these last, that their motion only betrays their presence—each tiniest atom of decaying matter in the surrounding water, to convert it, by some wondrous alchemy, into fresh cells and buds, and either build up a fresh branch in their thousand-tenanted tree, or form an egg-cell, from whence, when ripe, may issue, not a fixed zoophyte, but a free swimming animal.' Such fairy gardens as above described covered almost everything we drew from the waves. There were crabs decked with plumes of sertularia, shells living and dead coated with shrubberies of pure white laomedææ of various kinds, all with each cell full of life, which as I dropped the shells one by one into pure clear water, and set the vessel where the sunbeams played on it, sent out their crystal stars of different forms in myriads—a glittering galaxy. Between these shrubs, the ground was incrustated with little mounds, and smooth-spread lawns, of a sort of cellular crust, from which issued elegant little bell-shaped flowers, some red, some white, some yellow, but always the same hue as the crust, composed of twenty or more shining filaments, each separate, but all rising together equal in length, and curving exactly to the same line of grace, so that the whole when expanded formed vase-shaped flowers, which stood as thick as blades of grass on the ground. There were different sorts of lepralia. In some cases, great masses of this stony coating were grouped round a stem of sea-weed in lumps as thick as the finger, and the living bells stood out on all sides like the florets on a spike of veronica.

* See Chambers's Journal, No. 73, p. 18.

But whilst I had been busy with my fairy shrubberies, the dredge had been at work amidst the rocks beneath us, and now up it came. Hey! what have we here? Writhing, twisting, tossing, up comes a mass of supple worm-like arms, all wreathed together in what appears to be inextricable confusion, and all combining a thousand different tints. But the confusion is not inextricable. Let them alone, and give them space, and one after another out walks hundreds of what Gosse's sailor calls 'them 'ere Ophiocomas.' We have taken *hundreds* of brittle stars (*Ophiocoma rosula*), no two alike, and each and all glowing with such hues as would equal the ribbon-beds of flowers at Sydenham. Each long-legged fellow boasts at least three colours, and most combine several more. There is the richest purple, striped with rose; yellow, mottled with scarlet, purple, and black ornaments; rich crimson picked out with white, and touched up with blue; deep blue, touched up with white and scarlet; scarlet, dashed with purple and orange. No butterflies' wings, no gaudy birds of eastern skies, ever could present you with more exquisitely brilliant combinations of hues, or with more delicate pencilling in their intermixture.

And now I take some of the finest, and drop them into my can; and gathering up the rest, we restore them to their own native world of waters, highly amused to watch their starry forms as they sink; and whilst the dredge goes down to seek for other prey, I will describe the wondrous structure of this gorgeous creature, as my lens displays it to me. In the centre is a somewhat pentagonal disk, with a circle of colour in the middle, from which branch five wide and five narrow rays, dividing it into ten parts; these, as also the central circles, are close set with spines. The spaces between are usually white, and the skin which covers them hangs loose, and alternately rises and falls with a most graceful swell, apparently from the breathing of the animal. From this disk spring five long spinous arms, each about five times as long as the diameter of the disk. These arms or rays have a line of rich colour running up them, perhaps bright yellow, or crimson, or scarlet, the ground colour being green or white, bordered with pink, blue, or some other colour. The rays are jointed, covered thick with bristling spines, between which are placed rows of suckers, which form the animal's means of progression. The movements of these creatures are well described by Mr Gosse. He speaks of them as 'deliberately crawling about by means of their five long flexible arms in a manner that seems a ludicrous caricature of a man climbing up by his hands and feet, only you must suppose an additional arm growing from the top of his head.' They look, however, very lovely as they glide about with their eccentric movements amidst the stones in your aquarium; but they are poor possessions, for they throw off first one leg, and then another, until but a button-like disk is left; or they curl themselves up, and die, before you can have kept them many days.

I had been so very busy looking at and managing my brittle stars, that I had seen nothing else of what the haul had produced, and the dredge was thrown over again, when my companion held towards me a glass bottle, and said: 'You know the pecten, do you not?' As he spoke, an animal in the bottle, which was contained in a bivalve shell about an inch in diameter, sprang up, and danced a regular *pas seul* in the water to his own music, for he dashed from the bottom to the top of the bottle by means of three rapid diagonal movements, in which, at each dash, he struck against the side of the vessel, and made it ring, and then descended in the same vehement manner, and, after a moment, repeated the same manoeuvres two or three times in succession. I begged that he might be transferred to my jar, and two or three more were soon added to the party, all of whom danced about in my

vases at home with such a clatter, as to quite startle me. Their activity, however, soon ceased, and, after a few days, their lives; but they were, whilst they lasted, amongst the most beautiful and interesting of my possessions.

Few people who have not kept and watched living specimens, have any idea of the beauty of the animal of the great scallop-shells that are sold in the markets for food. Between that pair of shells lies a creature which, for delicacy of structure and beauty of colouring, cannot be excelled in nature or art. As the lips open, you first see that there is a white pellucid fringe of tentacles round the inner edge of each, which wave about in the water. Some are long, and some short; but the longest is about the length of half of the diameter of the shell. The valves open a little wider, and you see that a row of brilliant diamond spots alternate with each of the larger tentacles on each edge of the shell. They are formed of a ring of diamond light, with a centre of gem-like hue, which in some aspects is green, and in others blue, but always of metallic lustre. These rows of eyes look like a double row of jewels; they are supposed to be eyes, but whether they really act as such, is doubtful. But the valves open more and more; filling up the space between the shells, and putting one much in mind of the pin-cushions which we have so often seen made with scallop-shells for covers, you see a soft, fleshy, and flesh-coloured veil, richly marked, and pencilled with chestnut-brown, its edge fringed with the delicate rows of white tentacles which I have described, and which, although they at first seem to spring from the edge of the shell, are in reality appendages of this organ, which is called the *mantle*. Leave the pretty creature quite in peace, and do not touch the jar so as to startle it, and you will presently see it gape more and more, the mantle open, and a lovely sight display itself. Within the shelter of the mantle are spread two filmy snow-white sheets, beautifully crinkled like the most delicate muslin paper, goffered in a mould fine enough for ornamenting the garb of a fairy; and snug between these dainty sheets rests the body of the little creature, for whose comfort, safety, and adornment the Creator has supplied such a wonderful and exquisite amount of workmanship. This little body completes the richness of colouring and beauty of the painted scallop (*Pecten opercularis*) most perfectly, for it is a smooth oblong lobe, like a bean, and of the most intense orange colour, which contrasts with the very pure white of the veil in a beautiful manner. The leaping, or, as I have termed it, dancing of this creature, is accomplished thus: as it lies on the ground with its valves open, it thrusts out a delicate white fleshy foot, and pressing this on the substance below it, opens the valves of the shell, and springs upwards. Gosse conceives this action to be performed by the animal's drawing in water, and forcibly expelling it again; by means of which contrivance it forms a pressure against the side of the water, and springs in the opposite direction—an idea that affords a satisfactory solution to the question which has often been discussed, of how the leaping shell-fish effect their movement.

The next haul of our dredge brought us more brittle stars, sand-stars, &c., and also more forests of sertularie, plumularie, laomedee, &c., and to me a great treasure in the shape of a huge nudibranch an inch and a half long, and of extreme beauty. It was of a pale dove-colour throughout, each side of the back being furnished with five feathery plumes, partially retractile; and as it moved about on its slug-like foot, or floated on the surface of the water by means of hollowing in this foot, so as to make it act as a boat, these plumes were ever in motion, waving about, twitching themselves hither and thither, and contracting and expanding at will in the most graceful manner. The back of this animal (*Tritonia Homborgii*) is covered

with large soft tubercles, its *veil*—as a prolongation of the body in front is termed—formed two large scallop-shaped lobes fringed at the edge, it had two massive tentacles like horns on its head, which rose from a sort of cup, and divided into bunches of branched filaments very lovely to behold. I kept it alive several days, and then, as my compact with my companion had been that I should have it in life, and he in death, I sent its body after it had died to him, that he might 'boil it down' and obtain microscopic objects from its debris. He found it to contain a most wonderful palate, furnished with such teeth as he had never before seen in any nudibranch; but what else it bestowed on him, I have not yet heard.

Another tiny young specimen of the same animal I found creeping about on the coral weeds, when I got home; and a most beautiful little creature, *Doto coronata*, also a nudibranch, crept out from the weeds, and charmed me by its graceful movements and elegance of form, as well as the novelty of its structure. Its green thread-like tentacles, two in number, and rising from the top of the head out of trumpet-like sheaths, were in constant wavy motion; along each side of its back were bunches of branchia, consisting of oval lobes seated on stalks, the substance semi-transparent, and set with circles of opaque tubercles round it, with a single one covering the apex. Its delicate white foot, covered with this curious body, looked very pretty as it crept about on the side of the glass, or floated at will, foot upwards, on the water. After I had kept *Doto* a few days, it laid a most elegant zigzag ribbon of pure white spawn on the side of the glass, and though dull and sluggish for a day before and after this operation, it is now in full life and vigour, although it has been some weeks in captivity. A curious thing in the structure of this and of most nudibranchs is, that you can see the pulsation of the heart with the naked eye, in a most interesting manner.

There was another most lovely object that came up almost every haul in large quantities; this was the 'dead-man's fingers' (*Alcyonium digitatum*). When this first comes out of the water, it exhibits the appearance of flesh-coloured smooth lobes, of unequal sizes, some as large as a clenched hand, others not bigger than a pea; the surface is marked with small pellucid stars. Put the mass you select in water, and watch it for a few hours, and you will see that it swells to double its former size, and becomes semi-transparent and of pure white, and that each of these starry marks begins to rise, and by degrees elongates itself into a pure white glassy flower; so that the whole surface of the substance is closely studded with tubular blossoms of most exquisite symmetry and beauty, each being about a quarter of an inch in height, and formed like the blossom of a lily. These all remain in full expansion, not retreating when touched, till the whole fades away together. Mr Gosse, in his *Naturalist's Rambles on the Coast of Devon*, gives a beautiful account of this mass of blooming jelly, and an elegant drawing of one of its polype heads.

It belongs to the family *Alcyoniadae*, from *alcyon*, a word which signifies 'sea-foam'; and truly, when this alcyonium lies thrown up on the shore after a heavy storm, it looks so like the flakes of foam which have been drifted about amongst the debris of the red conglomerate cliffs, until they have attained a red tinge, that I have sometimes mistaken the one for the other, and grasped at the yielding foam, in mistake for the solid alcyonium. It is dredged on rocks, stones, shells, or any other substance that has lain at the bottom of the sea for some time.

But alas, alas! long before we need have left our rich dredging-ground, the fatigue and excitement told on my not very strong frame, and to my great sorrow, I was obliged to 'cry craven,' and ask for a ticket of

dismissal. Homeward, therefore, we sailed; but ere we reached the Saddle Rock, the fresh sailing motion, a little rest, and a glass of wine, had so much recruited me, that my companions' suggestion of one more cast met with glad acceptance, and over went the dredge, and came back to us with a fine heap of sea-hares* (*Aphysia depilans*), and a few other matters, but nothing of much interest. I found some strange little white sea-leeches sticking to the side of my glasses by one end, the other being either stretched out straight into the water like a looper caterpillar, or else attached by its round sucker-aperture to a neighbouring part of the glass, so as to form a loop. Where we took these, I know not, as they, like the little *Doto*, crept out from the can as we went onwards; but I found one of them a day or two after acting the doctor, and phlebotomising a poor little *saxicava rugosa*, on whose body he had fixed, and on whose blood, or representative of that fluid, he was feasting—the consequence of which was, that my poor little stone-borer died next day.

It was now getting dusk, and we therefore sailed at once into harbour and made our way homeward, richly laden with booty, and well pleased with our day's excursion.

AT EVENTIDE.

WHAT spirit is 't that does pervade
The silence of this empty room?
And as I lift my eyes, what shade
Glides off, and vanishes in gloom?

I could believe, this moment past,
A known form filled that vacant chair,
That, here, kind looks were on me cast
I never shall see anywhere!

The living are so far away!
But thou—thou seemest strangely near:
Know'st all my silent heart would say,
Its peace, its pains, its hope, its fear.

And from thy calm supernal height,
And wondrous wisdom newly won,
Smilest on all our poor delight
And petty wo beneath the sun.

From all this coil thou hast slipped away
As softly as the cloud departs
Along the hillside purple-gray—
Into the heaven of patient hearts:

Nothing here suffered, nothing missed
Will ever stir from its repose
The death-smile on her lips unmiss'd,
Who all things loves and all things knows.

And I who, ignorant and weak,
Helpless in love and quick in pain,
Do evermore still restless, seek
The unattainable in vain—

Find it strange comfort thus to sit
While the loud world unheeded rolls,
And clasp, ere yet the fancy flit,
A friend's hand from the Land of Souls.

* See *Chambers's Journal*, No. 85, p. 198.

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THE ART PALACE AT MANCHESTER.

THE great, smoky, busy city of Manchester has at length done a thing which, for a time, must make it the most observed place in England. Its Art Treasures Exhibition is a spectacle such as the world has never before seen—never, indeed, has been in circumstances to produce till now. Imagine that, leaving the murky town behind, you come out westward into a country of wide-spreading green meadows, interspersed slightly with villages and groups of pleasant suburban residences: there, beside a railway, rises a large building of peculiar aspect, reminding you generally of the magical-looking Crystal Palace of Hyde Park, with a gay-coloured front in three lofty arches, where carriages are continually arriving and departing. This is the Art Treasures Exhibition of Manchester—a temporary palace, we may say, reared for the purpose which its name in some degree expresses. England, it has been declared on high authority, possesses not merely a great body of works of art, the product of its own genius, but the greater number of all the fine pictures that have been produced by foreign artists since the revival. To assemble these from the private and public galleries amongst which they are dispersed, in one great place, where you could at once see and study what it would otherwise take months to visit, and what practically it was impossible otherwise for any one to see, was the idea conceived by the originator of this singular spectacle, Mr J. C. Deane, and which the Merchant Princes of Manchester—wisely deeming it a worthy task—have worked out. The result is one which could only have been realised in a country or province of great wealth, and in a time of peace, prosperity, and general mutual amity and good feeling throughout the various sections of the community. As to the preparation of the house, there were 109 men of Manchester combining to guarantee the sum of £72,500 for expenses—thirty-six of them undertaking £1,000 each! On the other hand, the object being the gratification and improvement of the People, the People of the whole country, there were nobles and men of wealth everywhere agreeing to take down the most treasured works of art from their walls, that they might be gathered together here; and, finally, undergoing, it must be admitted, some inconvenience, and even encountering the risk of great irreparable loss. When we consider these circumstances, we must be prepared to own that even the splendours of the place scarcely come up to the general considerations connected with it. One feels that it is symptomatic of a social suavity as connected with the onward march of industry, seeming to indicate

that our community, diversified as it is in pursuits and conditions, is still at heart one—the English People.

The house may be described as consisting of one central arched hall, 632 feet long, by 104 broad, and 56½ in height, crossed near one end by a transept of 200 feet in length, being thus so far in the form of a great cathedral; the small part beyond the transept being occupied wholly as an orchestra. The spaces left by the cross form of the building are, however, filled up by side-saloons, corresponding to *aisles*; so that the entire area occupied is a strict parallelogram in figure. The arched ceilings of these various apartments have a space glazed for the admission of light. Entering at the east end, we have the fine vista of the central hall full before us, terminated in the remote distance by the ornamental front of a large organ. Rows of statues, of figures in ancient armour, and of glazed cases for articles of ornamental art, run along in double line; while the walls on both sides are clothed to a great height with pictures, being the portraits of the historical personages of England. In the side-saloon to the left are hung 1100 pictures by ancient masters. That on the right is filled with the choice productions of our own national school. In a suite of smaller apartments at the west end, are upwards of a thousand of the finest water-colour drawings by English masters, including more than fifty of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Turner. There is also a gallery around the transept and adjacent parts of the nave, containing an immense assemblage of engravings of all ages, besides numberless photographic miniatures. The general effect is gay, impressive, and beautiful.

Great was the excitement in Manchester when, on a gray day of May, with a cool east wind blowing, one who is in a sense 'the Prince of all the land' came to formally declare this magnificent exhibition open to the public. The streets, particularly those near the Art Palace, were full of the children of Labour, dirty but good-humoured, all eager to catch a glimpse of the royal visitor and the other distinguished persons concerned in the ceremony. Within the house were assembled perhaps 8000 ladies and gentlemen, nearly all of them holders of costly season-tickets, for such was the mode of selection adopted, in order that the crowd might be kept in moderation. Round a dais surmounted by a throne, in the centre of the transept, stood a row of ambassadors and English nobles, mingled with native gentlemen concerned in preparing the exhibition, several of whom wore court-dresses or the military uniform suitable to their character as deputy-lieutenants of the county. The scene was one of the utmost brilliancy and grace, chiefly by reason of

the abundance of ladies, who were in general attired in a style of elegance which seems to be in some degree peculiar to rich mercantile communities. There was nothing remarkable in the ceremonies of the occasion. The Prince stood modestly up while listening to and replying to the various addresses brought before him by official persons. The Bishop of Manchester read an appropriate prayer; and the orchestra gave the Queen's Anthem and other airs with thrilling effect. Every outward demonstration sank beneath the sentiment of the affair—the consideration of what had brought all these people together, and what might be expected to result therefrom.

The study or enjoyment of the exhibition itself, we found to be a matter for many days, and still the treasure was left unexhausted. Somehow one finds that he cannot live upon pictures alone. After an hour spent in surveying some particular department, he is glad to come to the transept, and take a seat beneath the orchestra where Mr Halle is trying to regale another taste; or mayhap he lounges to the refreshment-room for the sake of a sandwich or a jelly wherewith to restore his flagging strength. Then he goes back again, catalogue in hand, to the pictures, pastures his senses upon them for another hour, and then requires another interval of relaxation. So a day passes, and at the end one is rather surprised to find how little it has accomplished in making himself acquainted with the innumerable articles submitted to his gaze. Perhaps the most rational course of procedure is to go to the ancient masters first, and there trace the art from its rude and simple beginnings in the fourteenth century down to its glorious perfection in the sixteenth. The subjects being for the most part expressive of the religious ideas of a form of Christianity out of which we have advanced, are apt to be of little or limited interest to us. But viewing the matter simply with a regard to the human faculties concerned in art, it is certainly curious to observe the progress made from the stiff, hard, irrelative figures of the times of Cimabue and Giotto, to the fine compositions and colouring of the days of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci. And for this study, materials truly ample are here presented. Then come, in sections by themselves, groups of the works of Tintoretto, of Murillo, of Rubens, and his Flemish associates, shewing how art was affected by national peculiarities and tendencies. There chances to be an uncommonly large assemblage of Murillo's—no fewer than thirty-five—including his portrait of himself; and perhaps no special group in the exhibition is calculated to make a deeper impression. The feeling which this prince of the Spanish school imparts to his faces seems of unapproachable truthfulness. One looks with reverence on the earnest, genius-lighted face of him who could create such images of beauty, to be 'a joy for ever.' Of Raphael there are twenty-eight pieces, gathered out of nearly as many collections. Titian is represented by thirty works, amongst which will be found 'The Adoration of the Shepherds,' a picture formerly belonging to the collection of Charles I. Rubens appears in great force. His famous 'Rainbow Landscape,' formerly in the Balbi Palace at Genoa, now in the collection of the Marquis of Hertford, is here; so also is his magnificently terrible 'Prometheus tortured by the Vultures.' His contributions are in all forty. Vandyck, Teniers, and Rembrandt are all brought before us in scarcely less abundant illustration. It would be endless to speak of particular works.

The paintings of modern British artists afford, of course, an opportunity of judging whether we have advanced, in this art, upon the continental men of the middle ages. In point of general worthiness of subject, there can be no doubt of an improvement; and if the opinion of an individual were of any account, we should be inclined to say that, overlooking a few gems

of the past, the workmanship has advanced also. However this may be, we have here a series of large saloons filled with the very choicest pictures produced amongst us since the beginning of the last century. The choiceness is verified by one circumstance of which many may judge—namely, that so many are pictures from which we remember having seen engravings. The connoisseur has another proof of the fact, in recognising so many that have been the works of mark in the successive National Academy exhibitions of the last few years. It is evident, from the crowdedness of the rooms, that this is the favourite part of the show, so far as paintings are concerned. To come to particular masters—there are several of the prime works of Hogarth, including those singular comicalities, 'The March of the Guards to Finchley,' and 'the Southwark Fair.' There are many portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a few of his miscellaneous pieces. Gainsborough, Romney, Opie, and West, give numerous specimens of the age of the Third George; while Lawrence, Stothard, Constable, Collins, and many other artists of the ensuing reign are not less abundantly represented. Of Wilkie we have here all the chief of those wonderful domestic pieces which have given him such celebrity—the 'Blind Man's Buff,' the 'Rent Day,' the 'Distraint for Rent,' &c.—besides several of his less happy, but still elaborate efforts in the historical line, and a portrait of his father and mother—the former in every respect the dounce Scotch country parson; the latter, exactly the kind of person whom we might have expected to remark, as she is said to have done, when she heard her son David so much spoken of: 'I wiss they saw Andrew;' said Andrew being a good-looking young grocer. There are many works of Etty, of Landseer, of Leslie, of Danby, MacIise, Frith, Stanfield, Ward, and other men still or recently alive. That happy joke by Landseer, styled 'Alexander and Diogenes;' also his 'There is Life in the Old Dog yet'—a grand work—arrest universal attention. The pitying eye is drawn irresistibly by Ward's 'Charlotte Corday led to Execution.' Roberts is here with his magnificent interiors of cathedrals. George Harvey, Sir John Watson Gordon, Graham Gilbert, Faed, and others of the northern school, occupy the breadth that is due to their signal merits. Here, in especial, is Gordon's wonderful piece of life, 'the Provost of Peterhead,' the very essence of Scotch sagacity and humour. Here, too, is Gilbert's beautiful portrait of Sir John himself, in a court-dress; here, too, the exquisite 'Dr Wardlaw' of Macnee. To any one conversant with the works of modern artists, it is like a meeting with old friends—old friends, many of whom have been for years lost to sight, imprisoned in distant private galleries or otherwise; here miraculously, and past hope, brought together before our eyes again, all as pleasant to look on and converse with as ever. If so enjoyable in recognition to the simple public, how much more so must many of these pictures be to their authors! It is one of the sad conditions of a painter's life that the cherished work of his talents leaves him; and only too glad is he when it does so, never perhaps to be seen by him more. Imagine the feelings of an artist on coming hither, and finding several of his most favourite pieces, parted with perhaps twenty years ago, and not since beheld even once, or expected ever to be seen again. The accomplishment of such reunions seems to us one of the most agreeable circumstances resulting from the exhibition.

The department of British historical portraiture, occupying the principal part of the side-walls of the nave, forms in itself a peculiar and unique exhibition which it would have been well to form, even if alone. It commences with portraits of Richard II. and Henry IV., and goes on through the thirteenth

succeeding centuries, bringing before us the principal royal and other personages who have figured in the more picturesque and romantic part of our history. Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, with the chief men of their courts, are largely illustrated. So are the family and court of Charles I., whose portrait by Mytens, going out to hunting with his queen and the dwarf Hudson, is an especial gem. There is a copious series of the frail beauties of the subsequent reign, painted by Lely. The chief ministers, warriors, and men of thought of the seventeenth and first half of the eighteenth centuries are here—and no small gratification it is to observe in them those particulars of complexion, colour of hair and eyes, which we look for in vain in the engravings of Houbraken and Lodge. In some instances, the portrait itself may be said to have a history. For example, that of Lord Falkland—the Falkland of Clarendon—full-length in a remarkably pale style, which, being in the possession of Horace Walpole, suggested to him the figure walking from the frame in his *Castle of Otranto*. As another instance, we have the identical picture of the Infanta of Spain which the Duke of Buckingham brought from Spain, to recommend her to the hand of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I. Still another—one of the celebrated portraits of the Kit-cat Club, painted for Jacob Tonson the bookseller, has been contributed by Tonson's representative, Mr Baker. The catalogue of this part of the collection has been prepared by Mr Peter Cunningham, with large benefit from his secular knowledge of English biographical anecdote, many of the articles having notes appended, briefly but judiciously pointing out some interesting particular as to the subject, the artist, the circumstances under which the portrait was painted, or its subsequent history. Thus, with reference to Jonathan Richardson's portrait of Matthew Prior the poet, a letter of Prior to Swift, dated May 1720, is quoted: 'Richardson has made an excellent picture of me, from whence Harley (whom it is) has a stamp taken by Vertue.' This title sentence, it will be observed, brings before us at once the satisfaction of the poet with the portrait, and the fact of its being done for his friend and political associate, the Earl of Oxford. In some instances, men historically connected with each other, are curiously brought together on these walls. Boswell figures beside Johnson; Lockhart succeeds Gifford, as he did in the *Quarterly Review*. Between a pleasing pair of heads, Prince Charles and his Clementina Walkingshaw, stands a small full-length of Rob Roy, represented with his broad-sword in his hand, and his target on his arm, as he might have appeared at Sheriffmuir. There is a melancholy interest in the fates of many of the historical personages here depicted; and it is curious to cast the eye along the wall and say: 'Here Charles I.—beheaded: here is his friend, the first Duke of Hamilton—beheaded: here is the Marquis of Huntly, a prince in his own land, and a steadfast friend of King Charles—alas! also beheaded. There is the Earl of Derby—beheaded. There is the Duke of Buckingham—assassinated. Here stands Hampden—slain in battle. Here is Cromwell, whose fate it was, after being virtually monarch of England, to be dragged from the grave, and hung on a gallows!' Not so impressive is it to turn to the many of comparatively little worth—self-indulgent, perhaps profligate—who lived through all their days in unmerited ease, and came to gentle deaths at last. We may hope that, in the larger catalogue which is preparing, we shall have the means of drawing many a moral reflection from this part of the exhibition, not to speak of the historical knowledge which, when duly treated, it is fitted to impart.

The two rows of statues, which line the central avenue in the nave, as examples of the modern British school of sculpture, may perhaps be thought limited

and deficient in variety; but they include several of the works which have made the greatest impression on the public. We need only mention Baily's 'Eve at the Fountain,' Calder Marshall's 'Ophelia,' Gibson's 'Narcissus,' Westmacott's 'Peri,' and Lawrence Macdonald's 'Bacchante,' to shew the nature of the collection. Their effect as objects in the general view of the nave is extremely fine.

There remains to be noticed a department of the exhibition which would require an article to itself—indeed a volume might be written about it—and yet we can give it only a few sentences. This is the Museum, as it may well be called, of ornamental art, occupying a double series of glazed cases behind the rows of statues. The beautiful crystal articles which were made at Venice in the sixteenth century, curiously decorated with internal lace-work or the most exquisite outward carving—the rich porcelain of Holland and France—the superb goldsmith-work of the middle ages—the numberless kinds of decorated utensils and furniture which used then to adorn great mansions—the arms and armour of the heroes of those days—are all here largely exemplified. One may spend hours over a single case of these valuables, many of which are unique. We must not name a single specimen, for it would be simple injustice to the rest; but we cannot pass from the subject without remarking the liberality of the directors with reference to this section. M. Soulagès of Toulouse had devoted himself, some years ago, to the collecting of articles of ornamental art, chiefly in Italy, and he had been highly successful. Finding latterly the taste for such objects advancing, and their value increased, he offered his collection for sale. It was bought by a set of English gentlemen, who trusted that it might be finally taken off their hands by the English nation, with a view to the improvement of art in our country. Being disappointed in this hope, they were on the point of selling it off by auction, when the committee of the Art Treasures Exhibition came to the rescue, purchased the collection, and placed it here. For a time, then, the hammer of destiny is suspended: the Soulagès collection may yet be kept together.

And now, good friends, you know something of this great affair which has sprung up at Manchester. Live you near or far, we recommend you to try to pay it a visit. It is literally 'such an opportunity as rarely occurs;' indeed, it never occurred before in the world's history, and no one can say how many years or generations may pass before it can occur again. Let, then, no light obstacles stay you. Go—go with your wives and children—take with you all over whom you have any influence, to see, to study, to profit by this wonderful assemblage of the works of fictile genius. You will infallibly return wiser and better men.

PEASANT-LIFE IN SYRIA.

THE first dawn of day is ushered in by the cry of the goat's-milk vendors. 'Haleel il Gitchi' (milk of the goat) is the sure accompaniment to the clamour of early sparrows and equally noisy crows. We look out of the window, and see some half-dozen milch goats coming up the street, driven by a couple of village maidens, whose bare and dusty feet give indication of their having walked far before reaching the city-gate. If we had slept at their village last night—as we sometimes have done when travelling to and fro—we should have been awakened a good two hours before daybreak, by the bustle and noise in the household. In the first place, we had all slept under one roof, sometimes under one tent—the master and mistress; the sons and daughters; the stranger that chance may have thrown upon their hospitality; the old horse that carries produce to market, or fetches the weekly supply of fuel; the yoke of oxen the son

drives before him in the plough; the long-bearded goats that supply milk enough for the household, in addition to yielding a very fair return from the nearest market; the hens that give profit and food by their eggs—all these, besides the poor old donkey and the invaluable dog and cat. The good man of the house is therefore at no great expense in building chambers and bedrooms, stabling or pens for cattle; and his haylofts and warehouses are arranged upon a like economic principle. The house, which consists of four mud-walls, is of an oblong shape, with one central door and two small windows on either side of it. At intervals there are niches in the wall, which half-an-hour's labour might convert into windows; but the peasant has built his house with an eye to warmth and comfort in the winter. What does he care about the heat or the fleas in summer—*Ilhumel, illallah!* He has a court-yard paved with hard manure, and nearly ten yards wide; here, if the weather be oppressive, the daughter sweeps all up at sunset, and spreads a few mats; which mats first serve as a supper-table; are then taken up and shaken in the street, and being replaced, the mattresses are spread upon them for the night, and so the house is left entirely to its dumb occupants.

But to return to the structure of the building. The length of the room may be twenty feet; its breadth, twelve; its height, on a level with the side-walls, four feet; but the two end-walls rise considerably higher, and terminating in a cone, support the principal beam of the sloping roof, which is a thatched one. A brilliant idea struck the ancestors of our peasant some forty generations gone by; and it has been handed down from father to son, and acted upon by them all. No one but a *myינוון* (madman) would ever want to stand, or, at any rate, walk upright in his house; if he wants to do this, he can go out into the yard: he must be a tall man if that won't suit him. So argues our peasant; and as timber is cheap, he has laid several beams across from the side-walls, which, having planks laid loosely over them, with an aperture here and there, constitute an up-stairs loft, and are exceedingly beneficial during very heavy showers of rain, in keeping out some portion of the wet. Most houses in the East are not famous for their water-tight qualities. This loft is devoted to a great variety of useful purposes. Here is accumulated the winter-supply of fodder for the cattle; here also are warehoused onions, garlic, dried herbs, succulent roots, cheese, *burghul**, figs, walnuts, dates, and other indispensable necessities of the peasant's domestic economy; here, moreover—at least so it is whispered by his spiteful neighbour, 'Hadji Phistook,' the *Salbund*†—the peasant is more than half suspected of owning concealed treasure; nearly a dozen gold pieces, wrapped up in as many folds of rags, and carefully stowed away under the thatch-work. This rumour probably owes its origin to the fact of the peasant never suffering any one to ascend into the loft, unless accompanied by himself. Upon such occasions, an old ladder is set up with great ceremony, and verses from the Koran quoted aloud. Furthermore, the peasant has been detected up there after midnight, when all the rest of the family were supposed to be asleep. We are bound, however, to give full credit to his own explanation of his anxiety to keep intruders from the loft. None of the planks being nailed down, he is fearful that the women or children, by carelessly stepping on the ledge, might overbalance a plank, and entail destruction on a month's provisions—to say nothing of broken limbs, and so forth.

Well, we are supposed to have passed the night under such a roof. I would not compromise fact by saying

that it has been a comfortable night for ourselves; not being accustomed to such strange bed-fellows, this could hardly be expected; but the peasant and his family have enjoyed invigorating and undisturbed rest, and so, after their own fashion, have the other occupants of the hut. It is somewhat past four a.m., and the cocks of the establishment, which with the hens, as is their wont, have roosted in the loft, smell the morning, and forthwith crow vehemently. This is the signal for the eldest daughter to bestir herself; when she wakens her mother and sisters; and these women begin in earnest to set about the business of the day. The men are permitted to sleep for an hour longer, and the children as long as they can; they are hungry and clamorous when they awake, and only impede the progress of work.

One girl devotes herself to the goats: first of all, the kids are allowed to suckle, more to encourage the flow of milk than for their own sustenance, for they have barely had a mouthful or two, before they are dragged away and penned up somewhere in the court-yard. Then two or three goats are fully milked for the immediate use of the household; these are separated from the remainder, and will go out to pasturage with the kids by and by. Meanwhile one has been gathering up the unoccupied mattresses, which she carries away and hides in a recess; another has swept up as much of the floor as she can get at; a third gives fodder to the oxen, the horse, and the donkey; a fourth lights the fire and prepares the morning meal, consisting principally of boiled goat's-milk, for the household; and a fifth sits down and kneads the bread for the afternoon's consumption. When all these little tasks have been accomplished, the peasant himself wakes up, and shouts lustily to his son that another day of heat and labour has commenced. The son, yawning and stretching himself, unwillingly obeys the summons: his first care is the cattle, and he rubs these down with a wisp of straw; then he opens the door, and looks out sleepily, more than half persuaded that he has been called at midnight instead of early dawn. The cool breeze and the stream of dull light that pour in convince him he is in error; wherefore, to make amends for his loitering, he hurries on the breakfast, and, so as not to lose time, commences an onslaught on whatever may be ready.

All the cocks and hens fly down screaming with delight from their roosts, and rush through the open door into the welcome day. There they are very noisy over their early scratching; and one old cock, who is the pink of gallantry, cackles mightily to his twenty wives over some unhappy grub that his sharp claws have brought to light. The old man seats himself with his morning pipe, soliloquising possibly on the mutability of human affairs. Here is he, *Alley Ben Ahmed*, who only twenty years ago was an out-o'-door lad in a cottage not half as big as his own. By perseverance and toil he has accumulated quite a fortune. His own house, his own wife and children, his goats, his poultry, his cattle, and his—No, no; he has no hidden store; he won't admit that fact, be it ever so well established. The contentment of his face might betray it to some wealthy neighbour—some Turkish official. The idea is horrible, and he instantly relapses into the groaning, oppressed, ill-used *vassal*, you would suppose him to be, if you saw him only in the streets.

Presently, after the morning ablutions have been carefully attended to, the family eat heartily of this frugal fare; then the two elder girls, armed with milk-pots and a switch apiece, drive the goats before them, and take their way to the distant town, where, if they are early and punctual, they may count upon earning a pretty good supply of piastres. But you have no conception of the difficulties these girls have to overcome, even after they have entered the streets of the

* Ground boiled wheat.

† Native farrier.

town. In the first place, the path they have to follow takes them out of the village, right away over an extensive heath, where brambles and briars grow luxuriantly, and where, as a natural result, it requires no little running about and screaming, no mild infliction of their switches, to induce the goats to keep together or to go ahead at all: they have a natural propensity to briars, and will stray on every available opportunity. Not a few thorns do these poor girls pick out of their feet, when compelled to run in amongst the heather to drive back some obstinate animal. But they are used to this kind of work; and the naked soles of their feet, from constant exposure, are as hard as ordinary shoe-leather. Eventually, the city-gates are reached, and as the general dust-heap is the centre of the streets, the poor goats have great temptations held out to them in the shape of melon-rinds, cabbage-stalks, and other garbage, all which they will persist in investigating, despite the threats of the two damsels. The goats stop as naturally from the instinct of habit opposite the doors of regular customers; what remains of the milk is disposed of in the market-place; and by eight o'clock the two maidens are driving their flock homeward again; the goats trotting all the way, although the heat is already intense, and the flies an insufferable plague; and so the poor girls reach home out of breath and weary, and, seated on the shady side of their hut, hand over the morning's gains to their father, exacting, as each coin is doled out, a renewed promise from the old man about red shoes for the approaching festival.

But whilst these have been absent, what has been going on in the village? In the first place, the peasant has had his morning survey of the loft, for the purpose of handing down to his careful spouse the daily rations for household consumption, which done, he places the ladder on the roof of some outhouses, far beyond the reach of the women. He then goes to the village coffee-house, which is not much of a building, being nothing more or less than a large tree in the centre of the village, with a thatched cover suspended from its boughs, and rough wooden benches round its roots. Here are congregated all the worthies, inclusive of the Salbund, who has a couple of nags to shoe for the kekhiah. The compliments of the morning are interchanged, coffee drank, and then the benches are cleared away and the place converted into a magistrate's office, till close upon mid-day. There are seldom many cases to occupy the court. One or two minor felonies of eggs, a charge or two of assault, and the calendar is closed. Then the kekhiah and the elders pass the time in playing backgammon and talking politics. Sometimes there are large committee meetings to discuss the iniquities of some fresh imposed tax; but however important the subject may be, the parties disperse just before noon, and return to their respective homes for their mid-day meal, which is a substantial one, qualified with large draughts of cold spring-water.

But whilst the head of the house has been absent, the women indoors have had no sinecure. The whole place, inside and outside, has been swept and well purified with water, the windows have been thrown wide open, the fire indoors has been extinguished, and lit out in the yard; the hens have been driven into a hen-house, and have noisily proclaimed every addition to the stock of eggs; the children have been stuffed to repletion, washed, and turned out into the fields to play; the youngest girl has been to the butcher's, and brought home the scraggy-looking joint of an ancient ram, which is forthwith mashed up in a pestle and mortar, and transformed into their much-liked koobays. Another girl has been to the kitchen-gardens—for all the peasants have little spots cultivated near their fields—and though the winter is on the ground, seed-time and harvest gone by,

there is abundance of onion-tops and wild marsh-mallow; and these two cooked together, and then fried in fresh butter, constitute a savoury and a wholesome repast. But in addition to this, there are the burghul and the khobies, the pickled chillies, cucumbers and turnips; the beckmege and dried fruits by way of dessert, so that the whole family has a substantial repast. The mother cooks for the whole family. The eldest daughter takes a large earthen jar, which she fills with milk, and then hermetically closes; seating herself with this between her knees, she shakes it to and fro for a good hour and a half, by which time the butter is produced, and her arms ache again with fatigue. Another daughter turns laundress, for the extent of their wardrobe is limited to a single change, and they are consequently obliged to wash every alternate day. And a very astonishing lot of linen is hung out to dry in the court-yard: papa's inexpressibles, which are only ten yards wide, ever so many folds; baby's toggery, which, like Joseph's coat of old, presents a remarkable mixture of colours and patch-work; and many other strange-shaped garments. The third daughter has been up to her eyes in needlework—just putting a few fresh patches into the brother's everyday coat. And when all these have done their respective tasks, a heavy shadow falls upon the entrance-door, and the old man walks in hot and hungry. Two minutes afterwards, the son drives in his yoke of oxen, and deposits his plough against the court-yard wall. The oxen lie down in the shade and ruminate. The son, who is exceedingly exhausted, washes his hands, and feet, and face, and then sits down to dinner with an appetite worthy of an alderman—in this respect, they are all pretty well off—and having dined, the dishes are washed up, and the mats shaken. The two men fill their pipes, and sit under the shadiest wall; the wife fetches them out a pillow apiece; and half an hour afterwards, when the heat of the day is intense, all the family go into the house, and closing doors and windows, enjoy an afternoon siesta.

It is good two hours after mid-day when the family are astir again. Then the son goes back to his work, and the old man loads his horse with a few bushels of wheat, which he intends carrying to a neighbouring village, to barter for cotton and other stuffs necessary for household uses. He drives the horse before him, and bestrides the donkey himself; and, as he may be several hours away, all the neighbours turn out to see the old man off, and wish him as many good wishes as though he were going a journey of a hundred miles instead of two.

The younger girls go out to look after the goats and kids. The elder one carries her butter to the town she visited in the morning, where she leaves it with a shopkeeper who always buys her produce. The children are sent to an afternoon school, where a fierce old mufti in goggles teaches them, with a very nasal twang, selections from the Koran.

The sun sets in the west; larks and feathered songsters gather together in the hedges, where the peasant's son has been ploughing wearily through the sultry afternoon, and they wake up echoes far and wide as they raise their grateful vespers for the blessings of another day. The young man shoulders his plough, and driving the oxen before him, plods homeward for supper and rest. The anxious children catch a glimpse of the old man coming in the distance, and they shout lustily, for there are sweetmeats in perspective. The old horse is carefully rubbed down, the saddle-bags unpacked, and out of these come sugared almonds for all the youngsters, who are in perfect ecstasies at the treat; but, above all, there are the promised red shoes for the two daughters, who have worked well and bravely, and merited the prize. The supper is partaken of in the open court-yard. The cocks and hens,

the dog and cat, all assist at this meal; the former committing frequent felonies on the portions of the smaller children. Darkness gathers around, and the peasant and his family retire for the day; they have all worked hard and wearily, and sleep needs no second courting to close their eyelids in healthy slumber.

A PHILOSOPHER EN ROBE DE CHAMBRE.

At the time famous Professor Scaliger was prelecting at Leyden University—that marsh among the marshes, as he pleasantly terms it—it came to pass that two young gentlemen of the family of Vassan presented themselves one morning before him. They were but newly arrived, and bore letters from their mother praying for them the advice and countenance of the terrible critic. They were also fortified with introductions to Casaubon and other magnates of the university, whose attentions were perhaps limited to the scanty measure that has found favour with ‘dons’ of all countries and all ages. But the grim professor soon took a fancy to the young men. They were eager and respectful listeners, and soon came to be privileged with what is known as the run of the house. They were to be met there at all hours of the day. At meals, and after meals—all through the long evenings they sat and hearkened while the professor spoke on, and, like Coleridge, delighted exceedingly in the sound of his own accents.

It is not to be supposed that our demure students were idle all this time. While the unconscious philologist was holding forth upon men, manners, books, everything, in short, it never entered into his head that the listeners at his feet were playing the same rôle as Boswell had done in Bolt Court, or O'Meara at St Helena, and the Rev. Mr Dyce so lately at Samuel Rogers's breakfast-parties. When he had been pouring forth, for hours together, all his secret griefs, his little animosities, his vindictive epithets, and nicknames, he little dreamed that the simple, open-mouthed chiefs before him were takin' notes—mentally, at least—which that same night would be written down against him in the retirement of an upper chamber. Poor Professor Scaliger! how he would have stormed and raved, and showered on them his favourite epithets of *four, fat, and one!*

When they had run their academic course, the young men went forth upon the world, bearing with them in their mails a certain manuscript volume filled in the questionable manner we have described. It was not to be doubted that, having sat at the feet of so great a man, they would turn out shining lights in their generation. But soon an ugly rumour was noised abroad; soon a grievous scandal was wafted across the marshes to the walls of Leyden. The two chosen ones had proved but rotten branches after all, and had fallen away from the true faith. Worse than that, one had assumed the cowl in a monastery near Paris, where for years after he was visited by the curious and the learned.

Later, it was whispered about that there was in existence a volume of the great man's sayings and opinions—of most piquant flavour—and lying perdu somewhere in Paris. Instantly the whole world of savans and bibliophiles became wild with excitement. It was begged, borrowed, greedily devoured, passed from hand to hand, and, as it afterwards appeared, often transcribed; and not very long after, an intelligent pirate at La Haye—in those days, a famous Riff station for pirate booksellers—issued a neat hot-pressed edition, bearing title, *Scaligerana*.

A strange book it is, written in a composite dialect, half French, half Latin. A singular kind of *argot* is the result, which is not, however, without a certain

force and nervousness characteristic of the man. Let us now suppose him seated with his two admiring pupils at his feet, and ready for a long, quiet evening. True, outside it is not altogether so quiet; for, as he once sorrowfully told them: ‘In this place every one may disturb his next neighbour with impunity. They come and riot under my very windows, and I can do nothing to stop them.’ [Where were the proctors?] ‘Even on fast-days, they drink all day long, even from sunrise.’ With all these *désagréments*, he is pretty well contented with the university. The only drawback is the loss of all his teeth—no doubt owing to the marshes. This was the more provoking, that there was to be seen in the town a stately dame who was fully ninety-nine years old, and yet boasted a handsome set. But why not have recourse to the cunning artist who fitted the Italian nobleman with a fine ivory set in gold mountings? True, he would have to take them out at meal-times, which was an objection; and when he spoke, he would have to be putting his hand continually to his mouth to prevent their falling out, which was a further objection. So, perhaps, on the whole, he was quite as well off as the Italian nobleman.

The great scholar, albeit so devoted to his books, had travelled and had met with a few incidents worth noting. He had seen Mary Queen of Scots, whom he rapturously allows to have been *une belle créature*. He had had an interview with the great Henry of Navarre, who had been pleased to make him the following remark: ‘Hold your tongue, monsieur; you don't know what you are talking about.’ He took a peep into the royal library, and found the romance of *Amadis* reposing between Plato and Aristotle. Of his queen, too, he has something to tell. A certain *Sieur de Montpesat*, who was a paragon of impudence (*le plus glorieux vilain*), met her at the baths of Béarn. ‘The queen said to him: “If I did not hold in all honour the king of France, your master, I should drive you from my domains sooner than you wot of!” Said he: “Madame, I need not go far for that.” Then she: “Begone, sir, this instant!”’ For this smart repartee, his own uncle volunteered to put him to death; but the queen generously interfered. Indeed, there appears to have been in those days a rather summary mode of dealing with all offences. Thus, one unfortunate, named Spifame, was publicly executed for having been so indiscreet as to take a lady into his house whose husband happened to be still living. When he himself was at Geneva, a frail fair one was put to death by drowning. ‘She was very pretty, and a brunette,’ he adds. ‘All the ministers cried hard over her. So M. de la Tremblay told me, for I had not the heart to go and see the execution.’ However, he once went to look at two men broken on the wheel, ‘one of whom spat out as far as any other man could do, laughing heartily all the time at his companion, who was screaming under the blows.’ He seems to have had a morbid fancy for this subject, and is curious in scaffold lore. Thus: ‘There was an executioner at Geneva called *Maistre Louis*, who was no other than a noble gentleman of Savoy, who had taken to this craft to spite his brothers, who had kept him out of his inheritance.’ The *Bordeaux Calcraft* had grown so skilful from long practice, ‘that very often the head remained upon the shoulders even after the blow!’ The gentleman who filled that office at Paris was quite as dexterous; he had only to let his sword drop carelessly, and the head and trunk were parted. At Venice, they had something very like the guillotine. ‘The criminal places his head upon a block, and upon the back of his neck is laid a blade of iron, very sharp and heavy. It is then struck smartly with a hammer, and the head is severed like a piece of wood.’

It is impossible not to suspect the great artist of a

little weakness for the good things of this life. How he yearns after the flesh-pots of Chambery! 'O what good cheer,' he says, 'we had in that town! Bread, wine, fish, all of the best! but the attendance, only indifferent. O the excellent wine, bread, and fish they eat at Chambery. Far better cheer there than at Geneva! In no part of the world have I seen a market to compare with it—plenty of everything!' At Bordeaux they have excellent wheaten bread. The Gascons make delicious bread. Still Bordeaux must, on the whole, give way to Perigueux. There, the living is admirable; and also at Agen, far better than at Bordeaux. Still Perigueux had its drawback. There are spots upon the sun, and the cloth table-linen was not of the cleanest; so that, perhaps, it is to the Grande Chartreuse that he looks back with fondest regret; for there they live on claret and white wines, and serve up astounding omelets of a hundred eggs each! Languedoc, too, is a land running with milk and honey; for there is to be found the best oil in the world; not your common nut-oil, which, though used in the king's kitchen for dressing fricassees, still wants the delicate flavour of the Languedoc virgin oil with which they season their exquisite soups. Discoursing in another place on mutton, he once more fondly recurs to Languedoc, where it is unsurpassed. It seems there is a peculiar flavour about the Languedoc mutton owing to the sheep being fed upon thyme. 'O what delicious eating!' he exclaims with rapture. The university mutton was only pretty good; it had a disagreeable hircine taste, which could only be got rid of by keeping it a long time in pickle. But of all dishes in the world, commend him to a green goose and garlic! This he pronounces fare for a king!

The great scholar had a smart trenchant way of disposing of those who ventured to differ with him. For instance, a certain man of the name of Snellius, 'came once to tell me that I was all astray in not reckoning dates after his method. I soon sent him about his business, with this answer: "Ass! why should I reckon dates after your method?"' This was like Mr Willet's manner of tackling Solomon Daisy.

An author, bearing the singular name of Popma, is thus despatched: 'Popma has written wretchedly on Varro. O what miserable criticism that of Popma! With all he has written, he has only just been gathering so much dirt! What a butt I made of him at Geneva!'

Poor Popma. The Emperor Rodolph is an utter hog; a certain Robertelli is found to be an ass, a beast, and a grand *rattiseur*; while the Jesuits are, one and all, written down asses, fools, pedants, *fats*, devils incarnate.

One night the professor saw a ghost! He shall tell the story himself. 'Devils,' he says, 'only shew themselves to poor weak souls. They would take good care of coming near me, for I would destroy them, every one of them. When they appear to sorcerers, they take the shape of a goat, on which account I never eat of goat's flesh. My father never was afraid of the devil, neither am I. He used to say that the devil was afraid to come near him. One night I saw a black man mounted on a black horse standing in the middle of a bog, and my horse was just following him, as I was dozing in the saddle. Count Dabin and some others were on a good way before, whilst I had lingered a little behind. I called out to the dark man: he made me no answer. My horse was just in the bog, and if I had not been very sharp, I should assuredly have been lost. I dragged him back just in time. The others heard my cries; and the whole of that night—for seven entire hours—we wandered about. The devil often decoys men into marshes with a view to their destruction. My belief is, that this was a judgment on us, because one of our party was a dreadful blasphemer.' Perhaps, looking at the

late hour of the night, and the strange fact of his being asleep upon his horse, it might be possible to offer a simpler but more profane solution of the whole business.

When he was in London, he was greatly astonished at seeing the bridge all stuck over with human heads and quarters as thick as the masts of the ships. He found there twelve excellent libraries. There were some good books among them, he allows, especially historical manuscripts. They had printed a catalogue of these latter; but, as usual, omitted about ten times as much as they printed. He had heard of the Bodleian, and passes judgment on it in this fashion: 'There was a certain knight who presented a famous library to Oxford. It was worth about L.40,000. He must have been a rich man. I say I have looked over the catalogue: they are nearly all ordinary books.' The doctrine as to literary *meum* and *tuum* was very lax in those days; at least, M. du Puy's conduct must be deemed questionable. 'O Pierre du Puy, what a good creature that was! He used to write to me such a store of things I was so anxious to know about. M. du Puy carried off some manuscripts from an abbey in this way; while some kept the door-keeper in conversation, others were lowering the books from a window where there were people waiting to receive them.'

But it is full time to let the ancient scholar depart in peace.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXXVII.—THE WRITING ON THE MAGNET.

THE skill of the trackers was no longer called in need; the war-trail was as easily followed as a toll-road: a blind man could have guided himself along such a well-trodden highway.

Our rate of speed was now ruled by the capacity of our horses. Alas! their power was nearly at an end. They had been two days and a night under the saddle, with but a few hours to refresh themselves by food or rest: they could not hold out much longer.

One by one they began to lag, until the greater number of them followed with tottering step hundreds of yards in the rear.

It was in vain to contend against nature. The men were still willing, though they too were wearied to death; but their horses were quite done up—even whip and spur could force them no further. Only my own matchless steed could have continued the journey. Alone I might have advanced, but that would have been madness. What could I have accomplished alone?

Night was fast coming down: it was already twilight. I saw by the clouded sky we should have no moon. We might follow the trail with our waxen torches—not yet burnt out—but that would no longer be safe. For myself, I was reckless enough to have risked life in any way, but the lives of my comrades were not mine. I could not give them—I should not wastefully fling them away.

Reluctantly I glided from my saddle, gave my steed to the grass, and sat down upon the earth. My followers coming up, said not a word, but picketing their horses, seated themselves around me. One by one they stretched themselves along the sward, and in ten minutes all were asleep.

I alone could not sleep; the fever of unrest was upon me; the demon of thought would not let me close my eyes. Though my orbs ached with the long protracted vigil, I thought that 'not all the drowsy eyrups of the world' could have given repose to my nerves at that moment. I felt as one who suffers under delirium, produced by the intoxicating cup,

the fearful *mania-a-potu*. I could neither sleep nor rest.

I could not even remain seated. I rose to my feet and wandered around, without heed of where I was going. I strode over the recumbent forms of my sleeping companions; I went among the horses; I paced backwards and forwards along the banks of the stream.

There was a stream—a small arroyo or rivulet. It was this that had caused me to halt in that particular spot; for wild as were my thoughts, I had enough of reason left to know that we could not encamp without water. The sight of the arroyo had decided my wavering resolution, and upon its banks, almost mechanically, I had drawn bridle and dismounted.

I once more descended to the bed of the stream, and, raising the water in the palms of my hands, repeatedly applied it to my lips and temples. The cool liquid refreshed me, and seemed to soothe both my nerves and my spirit. After a time, both felt calmer, and I sat down upon the bank, and watched for a while the clear rivulet rippling past over its bed of yellow sand and glistening pebbles of quartz. The water was perfectly diaphanous; and, though the sun was no longer shining, I could see tiny silver-fish, of the genus *hyodon*, sporting themselves in the lowest depths of the pool. How I envied them their innocent gambols, their life of crystal purity and freedom! Here, in this remote prairie-stream, dwelt not the alligator, nor the ravenous garfish; here came no dolphin or shark to chase them, no tyrant of the waters to put them in fear. To be envied, indeed, such an *insouciant*, happy existence!

I watched them for a long while, till I thought that my eyes were growing heavy, and, after all, I might sleep. The murmur of the arroyo helped to increase this inclination to repose, and, perhaps, I might have slept; but at that moment chancing to look around, my eyes fell upon an object that again drove sleep far away, and I was soon as wakeful as ever.

Close to my elbow where I had seated myself grew a large plant of the Mexican aloe (*agave Americana*). It was the wild maguey, of course, but of a species with broad fleshy leaves of dark-green colour, somewhat resembling the maguey of cultivation. I noticed that one of the great blades of the plant was bruised down, and the spine, which had terminated it, torn off. All this would not have drawn my attention: I was already aware that the Indians had made a halt where we were encamped, and their sign was plenteous around—in the tracks of their animals, and the broken branches of trees. One of their horses or mules might have munched at the maguey in passing, and, viewing the bruised blade from a distance, I should have hazarded just such a conjecture. But my eyes were close to the plant, and, to my astonishment, I observed that there was *writing upon the leaf*!

I turned over upon my knees, and seizing the huge blade, bent it down before me, so as to obtain a better view of its surface. I read:

'Captured by Comanches—a war-party—have many captives—women and children—ay de mi! pobres niñas! north-west from this place. Saved from death; alas! I fear!'

The writing ended abruptly. There was no signature, but it needed not that. I had no doubts about who was the writer; in fact, rude as was the chirography—from the materials used—I easily identified the hand. It was Isolina de Vargas who had written.

I saw that she had torn off the terminal spine, and using it as a stylus, had graven those characters upon the epidermis of the plant. Sweet subtle spirit! under any guise I could have recognised its outpourings.

'Saved from death'—thank Heaven for that!—'alas!

I fear.' Oh, what feared she? Was it worse than death? that terrible fate—too terrible to think of?

She had broken off without finishing the sentence. Why had she done so? The sheet was broad—would have held many more words—why had she not written more? Did she dread to tell the cause of her fear? or had she been interrupted by the approach of some of her tyrant captors? O merciful Heaven! save me from thought!

I re-read the words over and over: there was nothing more. I examined the other leaves of the plant—on both sides, concave and convex, I examined them—not a word more could I find: it was all she had written.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

THE SOUTHERN SAVAGE.

I need not tell how deeply I was affected by the unexpected communication. All at once were decided a variety of doubts; all at once was I made aware of the exact situation.

Isolina still lived—that was no longer doubtful; and the knowledge produced joy. More than this: she was still uninjured—able to think, to act, to write—not only living, but well. The singular 'billet' was proof of all this. Another point—her hands must have been free—her hands at least, else how could she have traced those lines? and with such a pencil? It argued indulgence or tender treatment on the part of her captors.

Another point yet. *She knew I was in pursuit.* She had seen me, then; as I galloped after. It was her cry I had heard as the steed dashed into the chapparal. She had recognised me, and called back. She knew I would still be following; she knew I was following, and for me was the writing meant. Sweet subtle spirit!

Once more I devoured the welcome words; but my heart grew heavy as I pondered over them. What had caused her to break off so abruptly? What was it her intention to have said? Of what was she in fear? It was my conjecture about this that caused the heaviness upon my heart. I gave way to horrid imaginings.

Naturally my thoughts reverted to her captors; naturally I reflected upon the character of the prairie savage—so different from that of the forest Indian, opposite as is the aspect of their homes, and perhaps influenced by this very cause, though there are many others. Climate—contact with Spanish civilisation, so distinct from Saxon—the horse—conquest over white foes—concubinage with white and beautiful women, the daughters of the race of Andalusia: all these have combined to produce in the southern Indian a spiritual existence that more resembles Andalusia than England—more like to Mexico than Boston or New York.

There is not so much difference between Paris and the prairies, between the *habitué* of the Bal Mabille and the horse-Indian of the plains. No cold ascetic this—no romantic savage, alike celebrated for silence and continence—but a true voluptuary, gay of thought and free of tongue, amorous, salacious, immoral. In nine cases out of ten, the young Comanche is a boastful Lothario as any *flâneur* that may be met upon the Boulevards; the old, a lustful sinner—women the idol of both. Women is the constant theme of their conversation, their motive for every act. For them they throw the prairie dice; for them they race their swift mustangs. To win them, they paint in hideous guise; to buy them, they steal horses; to capture them, they go to war!

And yet, with all their wanton love, they are tyrants to the sex. Wife they have none—for it would be sheer sacrilege to apply this noble title to the 'equaw' of a Comanche. Mistress is scarcely a title

term—rather say *slave*. Hers is a hard lot indeed: hers it is to hew the wood and draw the water; to strike the tent and pitch it; to load the horse and pack the dog; to grain the skin and cure the meat; to plant the maize, the melon, squash; to hoe and reap them; to wait obsequious on her lounging lord, anticipate his whim or wish, be true to him, or lose her ears or nose—for such horrid forfeiture is, by Comanche custom, the punishment of conjugal infidelity!

But hard as is the lot of the native wife, harder still is that of the white captive. 'Tis hers to endure all she is enumerated, with still another—the hostility of the squaw herself. The white captive is truly the slave of a slave, the victim of a treble antipathy—of age, of colour, of jealousy. Ofttimes is she beaten, abused, mutilated; and rarely does the apathetic red interfere to protect her from this feminine but deadly persecution.

These were not imaginings; they were not fancies egot in my own brain. Would they had been so! too well did I know they were facts—horrid realities.

Can you wonder that sleep was shaken from my eyelids?—that I could not think of rest or stay, till I had delivered my loved one—my betrothed—from the danger of such a destiny?

All thought of sleep was banished—even weariness forsook me. I felt fresh as if I had slept; my nerves were strung for surprise. It was excitement renewed by what I had read—the impatience of a new and keen apprehension.

I would have mounted and gone forward, spurning rest and sleep; regardless of danger, would I have followed; but what could I do alone?

Ay, and what with my few followers? Ha! I had not thought of this; up to that moment, I had not put this important question, and I had need to reflect upon the answer. What if we should overtake this band of brigands? Booty-laden as they were, and cumbered with captives, surely we could come up with them, by night or by day; but what then? Ay, what then?

There were nine of us, and we were in pursuit of a party of at least one hundred in number!—one hundred braves armed and equipped for battle—the choice warriors of their tribe—flushed with late success, and vengeful against ourselves on account of former defeat. If conquered, we need look for no mercy at their hands; if conquered—how could it be otherwise? Nine against a hundred! How could we conquer?

Up to this moment, I had not thought of the result; I was borne along by only one impulse—the idea of overtaking the steed, and rescuing his rider from her perilous situation. It was only within the hour that her peril had assumed a new phase; only an hour since we had learned that she had escaped from one danger to be brought within the influence of another.

At first had I felt joy, but the feeling was of short existence. I recognised in the new situation a greater evil than that she had outlived. She had been rescued from death to become the victim of dishonour!

CHAPTER LXXIX.

A SUBTERRANEAN FIRE.

In the midst of my meditations, night descended upon the earth. It promised to be a moonless night. A robe of sable clouds formed a sombre lining to the sky, and through this neither moon nor stars were visible.

It grew darker apace, until in the dim light I could scarcely distinguish the forms of my companions—neither men nor horses, though both were near me. The men were still asleep, stretched along the grass in various attitudes, like so many bodies upon a battlefield. The horses were too hungry to sleep—the constant 'crop-crop' told that they were greedily browsing

upon the sward of gramma-grass that, by good-fortune, grew luxuriantly around. This would be the best rest for them, and I was glad to think that this splendid provender would in a few hours recruit their strength. It was the *chondrosium feneum*, the favourite food of horses and cattle, and in its effects upon their condition almost equal to the bean or the oat. I knew it would soon freshen the jaded animals, and make them ready for the road. At least in this there was some consolation.

Notwithstanding the preoccupation of my thoughts, I began to be sensible of a physical discomfort, which, despite their low latitude, is often experienced upon the southern prairies—cold. A chill breeze had set in with the night, which in half an hour became a strong and violent wind, increasing in coldness as in strength.

In that half-hour the thermometer must have fallen at least fifty Fahrenheit degrees; and such a phenomenon is not rare upon the plains of Texas. The wind was the well-known 'norther,' which often kills both men and animals that chance to be exposed to its icy breath.

I have endured the rigour of a Canadian winter—have crossed the frozen lakes—have slept upon a snow-wreath amidst the wild wastes of Rupert's Land; but I cannot remember cold more intensely chilling than that I have suffered in a Texan norther. This extreme does not arise from the absolute depression of the thermometer—which at least is but a poor indicator of either heat or cold—I mean the sensation of either. It is more probably the contrast arising from the sudden change—the exposure—the absence of proper clothing or shelter—the state of the blood—with other like circumstances, that cause both heat and cold to be more sensibly felt.

I had oftentimes experienced the chill blast of the norther, but never more acutely than upon that night. The day had been sweltering hot—the thermometer at noon ranging about the one-hundredth degree, while in the first hour of darkness it could not have been far above the twentieth. Had I judged by my sensations, I should have put it even lower. Certainly it had passed the freezing-point, and sharp sleet and hail were borne upon the wings of the wind.

With nerves deranged from want of rest and sleep—after the hot day's march—after the perspiration produced by long exposure upon the heated surface of the burnt prairie—I perhaps felt the cold more acutely than I should otherwise have done. My blood seemed to stagnate and freeze within my veins.

I was fain to wrap around my body a buffalo-robe, which some careless savage had dropped upon the trail. My followers were not so well furnished; starting as we had done, without any thought of being absent for the night, no preparation had been made for camping out. Only a portion of them chanced to have their blankets strapped upon the cantles of their saddles; these were now the fortunate ones.

The norther had roused all of them from their slumbers—had awaked them as suddenly as a douche of cold water would have done; and one and all were groping about in the darkness—some seeking for their blankets, some for such shelter as was afforded by the lee-side of the bushes. Fortunately there were saddle-blankets, and these were soon dragged from the backs of the horses. The poor brutes themselves suffered equally with their owners; they stood covering under the cold, with their hips to the cutting blast, their limbs drawn close together, and their flanks shaggy and shivering. Some half sheltered themselves behind the bushes, scarce caring to touch the grass at their feet.

It would have been easy enough to make a fire; there was dry wood in plenty near the spot, and of the best kind for burning—the large species of mezquite. Some of the men were for kindling fires at once,

regardless of consequences; but this design was overruled by the more prudent of the party. The trappers were strongly against it. Cold as was the night, and dark, they knew that neither the norther nor the darkness would deter Indians from being abroad. A party might be out upon the prowl; the very buffalo-skin we had picked up might bring a squad of them back; for it was the grand robe of some brave or chief, whose whole life-history was delineated in hieroglyphical painting upon its inner surface. To have made a fire, might have cost us our lives; so alleged the trappers, Rube and Garey. It would be better to endure the cold, than risk our scalps; so counselled they.

But for all that, Rube had no idea of being starved to death: he could kindle a fire, and burn it upon an open prairie, without the least fear of its being seen; and in a few minutes' time he had succeeded in making one that could not have been discovered by the most sharp-sighted Indian in creation. I had watched the operation with some interest.

He first collected a quantity of dead leaves, dry grass, and short sticks of the mezquite-tree—all of which he placed under his saddle-blanket, to prevent the rain and sleet from wetting them. This done, he drew out his bowie-knife, and with the blade 'crowed' a hole into the turf about a foot deep, and ten inches or a foot in diameter. In the bottom of this hole he placed the grass and leaves, having first ignited them by means of his flint, steel, and 'punk' tinder, all of which implements formed part of the contents of Rube's pouch and possible sash—ever present. On the top of the now blazing leaves and grass he placed the dry sticks—first the smaller ones, and then those of larger dimensions—until the hole was filled up to the brim—and over all he laid the piece of turf, originally cut from the surface, and which fitted as neatly as a lid.

His furnace being now finished, the trapper 'hunkered' down close to its edge—in such a position as to embrace the fire between his thighs, and have it nearly under him. He then drew his old blanket over his shoulders, allowing it to droop behind until he had secured it under the salient points of his lank angular hips. In front he passed the blanket over his knees, and both ends reaching the ground, were gripped tightly between his toes. The contrivance was complete; and there sat the old trapper like a handglass over a plant of spring rhubarb, a slight smoke oozing through the apertures of the scant blanket, and curling up around his 'ears' as though he was hatching upon a hotbed. But no fire could be seen, and Rube shivered no longer.

He soon found imitators. The young trapper had already constructed a similar furnace; and the others were soon warming themselves by this simple but ingenious device.

I did not disdain to avail myself of the extra 'shaft' which the kind-hearted Garey had sunk for my accommodation; and having placed myself by its side, and drawn the ample robe over my shoulders, I felt as warm as if seated in front of a sea-coal fire.

Under other circumstances, I might have joined in the merriment produced in my companions by the ludicrous spectacle which we presented—a comic spectacle indeed; nine of us squatted at intervals over the ground, the blue smoke escaping through the interstices of our robes and blankets, and rising around our heads, as though one and all of us were on fire!

Wind, sleet, and darkness continued throughout the whole night—cold wind, sharp icy sleet, and black darkness, that seemed palpable to the touch. Ever so eager, ever so fresh, we could not have advanced along the trail. Grand war-trail as it was, it could not have been traced under that amorphous obscurity, and we had no means of carrying a light, even had this

been safe. We had no lantern, and the norther with one blast would have whisked out a torch of pitch-pine.

We thought no more of going forward, until either the day should break or the wind come to a lull.

At midnight we replenished our subterranean fire, and remained on the ground. Hail, rain, wind, and darkness. My companions rested their heads upon their knees, or nodding slept. No sleep for me—not even the repose of thought. Like some fevered sufferer on his wakeful couch, I counted the hours—the minutes. The minutes seemed hours.

Rain, hail, sleet, and wind seemed, like darkness itself, to belong to the night. As long as night lasted, so long continued they. When it came to an end, all vanished together—the norther had exhausted its strength.

A wild turkey—killed before nightfall—with some steaks of the peccary-pork, furnished us with an ample breakfast. It was hastily cooked, and hastily eaten; and as the first streak of dawn appeared along the horizon, we were in our saddles, and advancing upon the trail.

CHAPTER LXXX.

A RED EPISTLE.

The trail led north-west, as written upon the magney. No doubt Isolina had heard her captors fore-speak their plans. I knew that she herself understood something of the Comanche language. The accomplishment may appear strange, and not strange either, when it is known that her mother could have spoken it well: with her it was a *native tongue*.

But even without this knowledge she might still have learned the designs of the savages—for these southern Comanches are accomplished linguists; many of them can speak the beautiful language of Andalusia! There was a time when a portion of the tribe submitted to the teaching of the mission padres; besides, a few among them might boast—which they do not—of Iberian blood!

No doubt, the captive in their midst had overheard them discussing their projects.

We had ridden about two hours, when we came upon the ground where the Indians had made their night-camp. We approached it warily and with stealth, for we were now travelling with great caution. We had need. Should a single savage, straggling behind, set eyes upon us, we might as well be seen by the whole band. If discovered upon the war-trail, our lives would not be worth much. Some of us might escape; or if all, at least our plan would be completely frustrated.

I say plan, for I had formed one. During the long vigil of the night, my thoughts had not been idle, and a course of action I had traced out, though it was not yet fully developed in my mind. Circumstances might yet alter it, or aid me in its execution.

We approached their night-encampment, then, warily and with stealth. The smoke of its smouldering fires pointed out the place, and warned us from afar. We found it quite deserted—the gaunt wolf and coyote alone occupying the ground, disputing with each other possession of the hide and bones of a horse—the debris of the Indian breakfast.

Had we not known already, the trappers could have told by the sign of the camp to what tribe the Indians belonged. There were still standing the poles of a tent—only one—doubtless the lodge of the head-chief. The poles were temporary ones—saplings cut from the adjacent thicket. They were placed in a circle, and meeting at the top, were tied together with a piece of thong, so that, when covered, the lodge would have exhibited the form of a perfect cone. This we knew was the fashion of the Comanche tent.

'Ef 't hed 'a been Kickapoo,' said Rube, who took the opportunity of displaying his knowledge, 'th'ud 'a bent thur poles in'ard, so's to make a sort o' a roun top, d'ee seep, an ef 't hed 'a been Wacoos or Witcheetos, thu'd 'a left a hole at the top, to let out thur smoke. Delawurs an Shawnee wud 'a hed tents, jest like whites; but thet ur ain't thur way o' makin a fire. In a Shawnee fire, the logs 'ud 'a been laid wi' one eend turned in an the tother turned out, jest like the star on a Texas flag, or the spokes o' a wagon-wheel. Likewise Cherokee an Choctaw wud 'a hed reglar tents, but thur fire wud 'a been alser diff'rint. They'd 'a sot the logs puralell, side by side, an lit 'em only at one eend, an then pushed 'em up as fast as they burn'd. Thet's thur way. 'Ee see these hyur logs is sot diff'rint—thur lit in the middle, an thet's Kimanch for sartint—it ur.'

Rube's knowledge extended further. The savages had been astart as early as ourselves. They had decamped about daylight, and were now exactly two hours ahead of us on the trail. Why were they traveling so rapidly? Not from fear of pursuit by any enemy. The soldiers of Mexico—had these been regarded by them—were too busy with the Saxon foe, and vice versa. They could hardly be expecting us to make an expedition to rob them of their captives. Perhaps they were driving forward to be in time for the great herds of buffalo, that, along with the cold northers, might now be looked for in the northern part of the Comanche range. This was the explanation given by the trappers—most probably the true one.

Under the influence of singular emotions, I rode over the ground. There were other signs besides those of the savage—signs of the plunder with which they were laden—signs of civilisation. There were fragments of broken cups and musical instruments—torn leaves of books—remnants of dresses, silks and velvets—a small satin slipper (the peculiar *chassure* of the Mexican manola) side by side with a worn-out mud-stained moccasin—fit emblems of savage and civilised life.

There was no time for speculating on so curious a confusion. I was looking for signs of her—for traces of my betrothed.

I cast around me inquiring glances. Where was it probable she had passed the night? Where?

Involuntarily my eyes rested upon the naked poles—the tent of the chief. How could it be otherwise? Who among all the captives like her? grandly beautiful to satisfy the eye even of a savage chieftain—grandly, magnificently beautiful, how could she escape his notice? There, in his lodge, shrouded under the brown skins of buffaloes—under hideous devices—in the arms of a painted, keel-bedaubed savage—his arms, brawn and greasy—embraced—oh!—

'Young fellur! I ain't much o' a skollur; but I'd stake a pack o' beaver plew agin a plug o' Jeemes River, thet this hyur manuscrip wur entended for yurself, an nob'dy else. Thur's writin upon it—thet's clur, an mighty kew'rous ink I reck'n thet ur. Oncest or a time I kud 'a read write or print eythur as easy as fallin off a log; for thur wur a Yankee fellur on Duck Crik thet kep a putty consid'able school thur, an the ole 'oman—thet ur Mrs Rawlins—hed this child put thro' a reglar course o' the Testymint. I remembers readin 'bout thet ur cussed niggur as toated the possible sack—Judeas, ef I recollect right, wur the durned raskul's name—ef I kud 'a laid claws on him, I'd 'a raised his har in the shakin o' a goat's tail. Wagh! thet I wud.'

Rube's indignation against the betrayer having reached its climax, brought his speech to a termination.

I had not waited for its finale. The object which he held between his fingers had more interest for me, than either the history of his own early days, or the story of the betrayal. It was a paper—a note actually folded,

and addressed 'Warfield!' He had found it upon the grass, close to where the tent had stood, where it was held in the crotch of a split stick, the other end of which was stuck into the ground.

No wonder the trapper had remarked upon the ink; there was no mistaking the character of that livid red: the writing was in blood!

Hastily unfolding the paper, I read:

'Henri! I am still safe, but in dread of a sad fate—the fate of the poor white captive among these hideous men. Last night I feared it, but the Virgin shielded me. It has not come. Oh! I shall not submit—I shall die by my own hand. A strange chance has hitherto saved me from this horrid outrage. No! it was not chance, but Heaven that interposed. It is thus: Two of my captors claim me—one, the son of the chief—the other, the wretch to whom you granted life and freedom. Would to God it had been otherwise! Of the two, he of white blood is the riler savage—bad, brutal—a very demon. Both took part in the capture of the steed, therefore both claim me as their "property." The claim is not yet adjusted; hence have I been spared. But, alas! I fear my hour is nigh. A council is to be held that will decide to which of these monsters I am to be given. If to either, it is a horrid fate; if to neither, a doom still more horrible. Perchance, you know their custom: I should be common property—the victim of all. Dios de mi alma! Never—never! Death—welcome death!

'Fear not, Henri, lord of my heart! fear not that I shall dishonour your love. No—sacred in my breast, its purity shall be preserved, even at the sacrifice of my life. I shall bathe it with my blood. Ah me! my heart is bleeding now! They come to drag me away. Farewell! farewell!'

Such were the contents of the page—the fly-leaf of a torn missal. Upon the other side was a vignette—a picture of Dolores, the weeping saint of Mexico! Had it been chosen, the emblem could scarcely have been more appropriate.

I thrust the red writing into my bosom; and, without waiting to exchange a word with my companions, pressed forward upon the trail.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

MORE WRITING IN RED.

The men followed as before. We needed no trackers to point out the way; the path was plain as a drover's road—a thousand hoofs had made their mark upon the ground.

We rode at a regular pace, not rapidly. I was in no hurry to come up with the savages; I desired not to get sight of them before nightfall; it would be better not, lest they might also get sight of us.

The plan I proposed to myself for the rescue of my betrothed, could not be accomplished in the daytime; darkness alone could avail me in carrying it out, and for nightfall must I wait.

We could easily have overtaken the savages before night. They were but two short hours in the advance of us, and would be certain—as is their custom on the war-trail—to make a noon-halt of several hours' duration. Even Indian horses require to be rested.

We calculated the rate at which they were travelling—how many miles to the hour. The prairie-men could tell to a furlong, both the gait and the distance.

The tracks of the poor captives were still seen along the trail. This shewed that the party could not have been going faster than a walk.

The prairie-men alleged there were many horses without riders—led or driven; many mules, too—the product of the foray. Why were the poor captives not permitted to ride them?

Was it sheer cruelty, or brutal indifference on the part of their captors? Did the inhuman monsters gloat over the sufferings of these unfortunates, and

deny them even the alleviation of physical pain? The affirmative answer to all these questions was probably the true one, since hardly better—no better, indeed—is the behaviour of these savages towards the women of their own blood and kind—their own squaws.

Talk not to me of the noble savage—of the simplicity and gentleness of that condition falsely termed a 'state of nature.' It is not nature. God meant not man to be a wild Ishmaelite on the face of the earth. Man was made for civilisation—for society; and only under its influence does he assume the form and grace of true nobility. Leave him to himself—to the play of his instincts—to the indulgence of his evil impulses—and man becomes a brute, a beast of prey. Even worse, for wolf and tiger gently consort with their kind, and still more gently with their family: they feel the tenderness of the family tie. Where is the savage upon all the earth who does not usurp dominion, and practise the meanest tyranny over his weaker mate? Where can you find him? Not on the blood-stained karoos of Africa, not upon the forest-plains of the Amazon, not by the icy shores of the Arctic Sea, certainly not upon the prairies of North America.

No man can be noble who would in wrath lay his finger upon weaker woman; talk not, then, of the noble savage!—fancy of poets, myth of romancers!

The tracks of riderless horses, the footsteps of walking women—tender girls and children—upon that long tiresome trail, had for me a cruel significance—those slender tiny tracks of pretty feet—*pobres niñas!*

There was one that fixed my attention more than the rest: every now and then my eyes were upon it; I fancied I could identify it. It was exactly the size, I thought. The perfect symmetry and configuration, the oval curve of the heel, the high instep, the row of small graduated globes made by the impression of the toes, the smooth surface left by the imprint of the delicate epidermis—all these points seemed to characterise the footprint of a lady.

Surely it could not be hers? O surely she would not be toiling along that weary track? Cruel as were the hearts of her captors, brutal as were their natures, surely they would not inflict this unnecessary pain? Beauty like hers should command kinder treatment, should inspire compassion even in the breast of a savage! Alas! I deemed it doubtful.

We rode slowly on, not desirous of overtaking the foe: we were allowing them time to depart from their noon halting-place. We might as well have stopped for a while, but I could not submit to the repose of a halt. Motion, however slow, appeared progress, and in some measure hindered me from dwelling upon thoughts that only produced unnecessary pain.

Notwithstanding the incumbrance of their spoils, the Indians must have been travelling faster than we. They had no fear of foes to retard them; nought to require either spies or caution. They were now in their own country—in the very heart of the Comanche range—and in dread of no enemy. They were moving freely and without fear. We, on the contrary, had to keep our scouts in the advance; every bend of the road had to be reconnoitred by them, every bush examined, every rise of the ground approached with extreme care and watchfulness. These manœuvres occupied time, and we moved slowly enough.

It was after mid-day when we arrived at the noon-camp of the savages. They had kindled fires and cooked flesh. The smoke, as before, warned us, and approaching under cover, we perceived that they were gone. The bones, clean picked, were easily identified, and the mid-day meal shewed that there had been no change in the diet of these hippophagists: dinner and déjeuner had been alike—drawn from the same larder.

Again I searched the ground; but, as before, the eyes of the trapper proved better than mine.

'Hyr's a other billit-dux, young fellur,' said he, handing me the paper.

Another leaf from the missal!

I seized it eagerly—eagerly I devoured its contents! This time they were more brief:

'Once more I open my veins. The council meets to-night. In a few hours it will be decided whose property I am—whose slave—whose— Santissima Maria! I cannot write the word. I shall attempt to escape. They leave my hands free, but my limbs are tightly bound. I have tried to undo my fastenings, but cannot. O, if I but had a knife! I know where one is kept; I may contrive to seize it, but it must be in the last moment—it will not do to fail. Henri, I am firm and resolute; I do not yield to despair. One way or the other, I shall free myself from the hideous embrace of— They come; the villain watches me; I must'—

The writing ended abruptly. Her jailers had suddenly approached. The paper had evidently been concealed from them in haste; it had been crumpled up and flung upon the grass—for so was it when found.

We remained for a while upon the spot, to rest and refresh our horses; the poor brutes needed both. There was water at the place, and that might not be met with again.

The sun was far down when we resumed our march—our last march along the war-trail.

TOADYISM OF GENIUS.

The grand era of literary flattery in England was in the early dawn of our literature; when readers, however courteous and gentle, were few in number, and a patron was the more necessary to an author for whom as yet there existed no public. Thus we find that Spenser, not satisfied with invoking the protection of his royal mistress for his poem, addressed with it a commendatory sonnet to each person of eminence to whom he presented a copy of the work. The *Faerie Queene* is inscribed (1596), both in prose and verse, to 'Elizabeth, by the grace of God Queene of England, Fraunce, and Ireland, and of Virginia, &c.'

O goddesse heavenly bright,

Mirror of grace and majestic divine,

Great ladie of the greatest isle, whose light,
Like Phœbus' lampe, throughout the world doth shine.

To celebrate, without infringing on the claims of this 'goddess,' the praises of her attendant nymphs, was a delicate task, which the poet performed, however, with great adroitness, in his sonnet to 'all the gracious and beautifull ladies in the court.'

The Chian painter, when he was required

To pourtrait Venus in her perfect here;

To make his worke more absolute, desired

Of all the fairest maidens to have the vew:

Much more me needs, to draw the semblant trew

Of beantie's queene, the world's sole wonderment,

To sharp my sence with sundry beauties vew,

And steale from each some part of ornament.

Spenser did not pay his homage to the fair and the great unrewarded: Lord Grey of Wilton, his especial patron, when lord-lieutenant of Ireland, bestowed on the bard the secretaryship to government in that country, and a grant of 3028 acres of land, from the forfeited estates of the Earl of Desmond, near Cork.

The queen, indeed, dealt out her bounties more sparingly. 'There passeth a story,' wrote Dr Thomas Fuller in 1662, 'commonly told and believed, that Spenser presenting his poems to Queen Elizabeth, she, highly affected therewith, commanded the Lord Cecil [Burleigh], her treasurer, to give him an hundred pound; and when the treasurer (a good steward of the queen's money) alleged that sum was too much, "then

give him," quoth the queen, "what is reason?" to which the lord consented, but was so busied, belike, about matters of higher concernment, that Spenser received no reward.*

The poet seems to lay a trembling hand on the lyre, when commending his verse to the grave 'Lord High Treasurer':

To you, right noble lord, whose careful breast
To menage of most grave affaires is bent;
And on whose mightie shoulders most doth reaste
The burdein of this kingdom's government,
As the wide compass of the firmament
On Atlas' mightie shoulders is upstayd;
Unfitt I these ydle rimes present,
The labor of lost time, and wit unstayd.

If poets are accused, not without reason, of giving unduly flattering titles, much allowance may be made for them, in their struggles to obtain some advantage from their productions, through private favour or patronage, in addition to the profits derivable from the liberality of 'the trade'; and it is only just to remark, that even sound divines have shewn no mean dexterity in the supple arts of dedication. A remarkable instance of this occurs in no less a work than Walton's Polyglot Bible. Walton, who was chaplain to Charles I., and a prebendary of St Paul's, having been deprived of his preferments on the outbreak of the Great Rebellion, found leisure, in those troubled times, for the commencement of his literary undertaking, and was encouraged in his task by the approbation of Cromwell. In the preface to the Polyglot, the author acknowledges the favours which he had received 'A Serenissimo D. Protectoris, operis promovendi causa,' &c. On the Restoration, however, Walton not only cancelled the praise which he had bestowed on his late republican patrons, but substituted some pretty sharp invectives against them: hence the distinction, well known to bibliographers, between the 'republican' and the 'loyal' copies of the Polyglot. Charles II. rewarded the loyalty of the author with the bishopric of Chester.

A proof of honest disinterestedness is presented in the refusal of Dryden to inscribe his *Æneid* to William III. It should be remembered that the pecuniary necessities of the bard were great, and that his age was one in which dedications bore golden fruit. Nor is his independence of conduct in this transaction the less vindicated, because 'the hero William' would not have given sixpence for the finest composition of the sort ever penned. Tonson, for ends of his own, exhausted every motive and inducement to persuade Dryden to dedicate his work to William, but in vain. The attempt on the part of the bookseller to dictate to the poet on this point was a manifest case of trespass on the patrimonial domain of authors.

Swift, who prefixed to his *Tale of a Tub* an 'Epistle Dedicatory to his Royal Highness Prince Posterity,' added a second, which might have afforded a profitable hint to Jacob Tonson:

'The Bookseller to the Right Hon. John Lord

LORD—Although the author has written a large one, yet, that being addressed to a prince whom ever likely to have the honour of being known as such, besides, as far as I can observe, not at all id or thought on by any of our present writers; and wholly free from that slavery which book-usually lie under to the caprice of authors; I it a wise piece of presumption to inscribe these to your lordship, and to implore your lordship's cion of them. . . . Your lordship's name on out, in capital letters, will at any time get off one me; neither would I desire any other help to grow a kerman, than a patent for the sole privilege of ating to your lordship. I should now, in right of

a dedicator, give your lordship a list of your own virtues, and at the same time be very unwilling to offend your modesty; but chiefly I should celebrate your liberality towards men of great parts and small fortunes, and give you broad hints that I mean myself. . . .'

It is no wonder that the fever of dedications, which was at its height during the reign of Queen Anne, experienced some abatement under the Hanoverian dynasty, which, at its outset, gave even less encouragement to polite letters and the fine arts than had been shewn by our Dutch ruler. With consummate candour, George II. said: 'I hate boets and bainters.' It is probable that the neat epigram of Dr Johnson on this sovereign was fully justified:

Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;
Great George's praise let tuneful Cibber sing,
For nature formed the poet for the king.

Goldsmith has given, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, a lively picture of the abuses to which the dedication-system was still subject in his time. 'As I was meditating one day, in a coffee-house, on the fate of my paradoxes [it is young George Primrose who speaks], a little man, happening to enter the room, placed himself in the box before me, and, after some preliminary discourse, finding me to be a scholar, drew out a bundle of proposals, begging me to subscribe to a new edition he was going to give the world of Propertius, with notes. This demand necessarily produced a reply that I had no money; and that concession led him to inquire into the nature of my expectations. Finding that my expectations were just as great as my purse, "I see," said he, "you are unacquainted with the town; I'll teach you a part of it. Look at these proposals; upon these very proposals I have subsisted comfortably for twelve years. The moment a nobleman returns from his travels, a Creolian arrives from Jamaica, or a dowager from her country-seat, I strike for a subscription. I first besiege their hearts with flattery, and then pour in my proposals at the breach. If they subscribe readily the first time, I renew my request for a dedication-fee. If they let me have that, I smite them once more for engraving their coat-of-arms at the top.'"

It is with a good grace that Goldsmith ridicules the devices of parasites and flatterers. Himself above sordid calculations, instead of seeking a patron among the wealthy or noble, he followed the dictates of his affections, by inscribing the work which first gained him distinction to his brother—'a man who, despising fame and fortune, had retired early to happiness and obscurity, on an income of forty pounds a year.'*

A grave rebuke to the toadyism of authors and the vanity of patrons is administered by Johnson in his manly letter to the Earl of Chesterfield:

'Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

'Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it

* Goldsmith's dedication to *The Traveller*.

is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing to a patron that which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

We must not expect that even in times of 'literature for the million,' the favour of a 'discerning public' will entirely supersede the pursuit of particular patronage. The writer of this article remembers being told by the poet Campbell that he had regretted through life the mistake which,

In the fire of his youthful emotion,

he committed, by dedicating the *Pleasures of Hope* to a mere personal friend, 'who could do him no good.' On the whole, however, it is matter of congratulation that the dedicatory effusions of our own days are, in great measure, shorn of the servility which marked those of past ages; while, on the contrary, the sister-art of puffing by advertisement, in the hands of modern practitioners, has attained a degree of luxuriance eclipsing the efforts in that line of all former generations.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ONE of the important matters talked about during the past month, was Mr Allan's interview with the Emperor of the French to exhibit an electro-magnetic machine, which, if rumour may be relied on, will do real work, and avoid the defects of machines which have preceded it. Although the result, however, is said to be satisfactory, as we have not yet been made acquainted with particulars, we are unable to describe the merits of the contrivance. Meanwhile, the question has been considered at a meeting of the Civil Engineers, in Mr Robert Hunt's paper 'On the Application of Electro-magnetism as a Motive Power.' It was treated comprehensively, and reasons were given why the attempts hitherto made have failed. Engines acting by a direct pull will not answer, because the iron, under the repeated blows it receives, alters in character, until in time it becomes something like steel, and then retains an amount of permanent magnetism. Hence it was that Jacobi of St Petersburg set himself to find a way of producing an immediate rotatory motion, and constructed an electro-magnetic machine which propelled a boat laden with passengers about three miles an hour on the Neva; but nothing came of it, owing to heavy cost and other difficulties. Mr Hunt explains what these difficulties are; shews how one magnet will counteract the other, and that 'as the speed of the engine increases, there is curiously a corresponding diminution of available mechanical power; a falling off in the *duty* of the engine as the rotations become more rapid.' Moreover, there remains the important consideration, that to produce mechanical force of any kind, there must be a change of form in the matter producing. In the case of electro-magnetism, the zinc employed in the batteries is the element that undergoes the change; and it has been proved by experiment that six grains of carbon in the fuel produce a motive power equal to thirty-two grains of zinc in the battery, and that, under the best possible conditions, an equal result would be secured by the combustion of six pounds of anthracite coal—the most carbonaceous fuel—as by the conversion in the battery of thirty-two pounds of zinc into oxide. Another way of putting the case is, that the thirty-two pounds of zinc burnt in the furnace will develop precisely the same quantity of heat as that which would be obtained from burning six pounds of coal in the same furnace. Whether producing heat during combustion, or electricity during chemical change, the mechanical force obtained is

precisely the same. Hence, cost is greatly in favour of all use of electricity as a motive I devoured its cost that endeavours after real f: engines will occupy the her. The council is one that will not be given up until some solution has been arrived at; and the amateur scientific investigator will be alike benefited by the publication of trustworthy data.

Chief among things talked about are the Art Treasures Exhibition; the great Handel festival which is to be held at the Crystal Palace; the Great Eastern steam-ship which is to be launched next August; and the telegraph cable, of which many miles are twisted every week at Greenwich, for submersion in the Atlantic. With respect to this last, opinions have been expressed that the manufacture of submarine telegraph cables is open to considerable improvement, and that the only way to insure durability, is to have stout iron wires for the core instead of thin copper ones. Such a cable, it is said, could be twisted for L.70 a mile. There is some talk of a new company to carry out the improvement, if such it be, the project being an under-sea line to the Azores, and thence to Halifax. For England, one uniform rate is proposed of a shilling per message. This system is found to answer well in Switzerland, where any ordinary message can be sent to any part of the country for a franc, and we see no reason why it should not answer here. Let the public but once feel assured of promptitude and secrecy, as well as cheapness, and they will not be slow to avail themselves of the advantages of instantaneous communication. Proof exists in the fact, that on the last Saturday of March, while the elections were in progress, 3000 messages were received at the telegraph offices in the Strand and Lombard, and the country offices were busier than ever. Then look at Canada—500,000 messages were flashed along the line passing through Montreal in 1856.

Let us mention, while on the subject of communications, that 478,000,000 letters passed through the Post-office in 1856. The number is astounding; but it is published by the Duke of Argyll, Post-master General, in his Report for last year. It is an increase of 22,000,000 over 1855. In 1839, the number of letters was 76,000,000; and there were certain prophets at that time who foretold that penny-postage would never answer. What do they say now? And last year a sum of more than L.11,000,000 sterling was sent by Post-office orders. With these results before us, we are glad to notice that the name of Rowland Hill appears in the list of the fifteen candidates selected by the council of the Royal Society for admission into that learned corporation. Mr Grove is another; Mr Whitworth another; Professor Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, another. The total number of candidates this year is forty-two.

The new Reading-room of the British Museum, having been thrown open for a week to everybody, is now resorted to by the habitual readers and students, and by not a few new ones; for the comfort and conveniences of the room are so great, that numbers will now be attracted who wish to gratify curiosity without undergoing the hardships of the old room. One very gratifying fact remains to be noticed: it is, that up to letter G there will henceforth be but one catalogue instead of two; so that a student looking into that one will be sure to find whatever the library contains under the several initials. The *hard* edges of the volumes of the catalogue—and numbers they are!—are shod with iron, to prevent wear and tear.

The president of the Geographical Society, in his anniversary address, pronounced an *éloge* on Dr. Smith, whose name, as our readers will remember, was made

... death, due to the very and adventure, and red but a few months ago. particulars were given of the intimating, is about to be possible, by one last effort, Franklin expedition. Lady Franklyn has purchased the *Fox* screw-yacht, aided by much sympathy, and generous subscriptions; and Captain McClintock is to have the command, we may be sure that all that human skill and endurance can do to reveal the dread secret will be done. May success attend the effort, though it be but to disclose a tale of disaster, privation, and death.

Seeing that we were threatened with the importation of a murrain from Northern Europe, the Royal Agricultural Society, in co-operation with the Agricultural Societies of Scotland and Ireland, have sent Professor Simonds, a competent veterinarian, accompanied by a German *aide-de-langue*, to examine into the nature of the disease on the continent, and gather all possible information respecting it. It is again repeated in communications to the Society, that the only way of preventing potato disease is to plant *whole* tubers. And Professor Way shews how to distinguish between sound and unsound potatoes, even when no difference is perceptible to the eye. Put a slice from each suspected lot into separate portions of new milk, each about a quarter of a pint, which is to be kept warm for three or four hours. The milk containing sound slices remains unaltered, while the rest is curdled.

To some people, a notice of a new star is now scarcely more interesting than a paragraph concerning a big gooseberry; we, however, think it worth while to mention that another little planet, the forty-third, has been discovered by one of the observers at the Radcliffe Observatory, Oxford.—Another interesting astronomical fact is that, within the past few weeks, there has been a reappearance of spots on the sun. It is interesting, because it tends to confirm the theory which associates the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism with solar spots. The phenomena, as we have more than once explained, go through their various manifestations from maximum to minimum in a period of ten years; the sun-spots do the same; and the more spots, the more marked the phenomena. Last year scarcely a spot was observed, and now that spots begin once more to shew themselves, the attention of astronomers has been called to the fact by no less an authority than Sir John Herschel, in order that complete series of observations may be made with a view to test the theory. Considering that meteorological effects, and consequently health and agriculture, may depend on these phenomena, we think them worthy the attention of others as well as scientific observers.—We record an aid appended to the promotion of astronomical science. A munificent lady at Albany, state of New York, has given funds to establish an observatory in that city. To perpetuate her fame, it is named the Dudley Observatory. An addition recently made to its appliances by purchase, is Mr Scheutz's calculating-machine, which, as we noticed when it was exhibited in London three years ago, calculates and stereotypes astronomical tables by the turning of a winch.—Some weak-minded people are again in fear of the earth's collision with a comet, as if Arago had not settled that question long ago.

Mr McDonald, assistant-surgeon to the surveying expedition under Captain Denham, in the Pacific, has sent a description of the so-called 'sea-sawdust' to the Royal Society. Having had several opportunities of examining this curious production, he pronounces it as belonging to the *Oscillatoride*. The specimens were found to consist of minute filaments adhering in little bundles, with globules of air between, which account for the buoyancy. 'Although,' he says, 'their abiding-place is the open ocean, their habit can

scarcely be regarded as very different from that of those species which flourish in damp localities exposed to the atmosphere.'

Another paper, communicated to the Royal Society by Dr Edward Smith, is of especial interest. It is on the quantities of air breathed under different circumstances during certain periods, extending in many instances to twenty-four hours. It is so difficult to breathe normally with any apparatus fixed over the mouth, that former experiments of this kind have rarely been carried on for more than a quarter-hour continuously: hence the value of the results obtained by Dr Smith. He has now ascertained what quantities of air are breathed while lying down—on waking in the morning—on getting up—after breakfast—while walking—before and after dinner, and the other meals—the effect of different kinds of food and liquids—of riding outside or inside an omnibus—on horseback—going up or down stairs—and on the tread-mill. He has made all the experiments on his own person, and with an apparatus so constructed as to insure accuracy. The subject is one fraught with important consequences, and deserving of careful consideration. For the present, we content ourselves with this brief notice; but we hope to return to the subject with full particulars on some future occasion.

Professor Piazzi Smyth has just communicated to the Royal Scottish Society of Arts an account of experiments made during his voyage to Teneriffe, in taking astronomical observations with a telescope at sea. The difficulty, as will be obvious to every one, has always been the rolling and pitching of the ship, whereby observer and instrument are alike rendered unsteady. To overcome it, the professor invented a balanced frame, with free axes of rotation, somewhat on the principle of the gyroscope, which, when the wheel is kept in rapid motion, remains uninfluenced by the most violent movements of the ship. Having demonstrated his theory on a small scale, he had a frame made large enough to carry instrument and observer. It was placed on the deck of the yacht near the stern; sailors were set to work the driving-wheels, and when they got up to eighty revolutions in a second, the professor says: 'I had the satisfaction, for the first time that any one had had, of looking at sea through a telescope steadied by the same mechanical effort as that which preserves the constancy of the earth's axis in space. I soon ascertained that in spite of the egregious rolling of the yacht, which must be partaken of by the observer, but is happily not partaken of by a telescope mounted as ours, there is no difficulty in keeping the eye *en rapport* with the eyepiece. . . . Having brought the horizon of the sea into the field of view, I was delighted to find it remain there absolutely uninfluenced by the rolling and pitching of the yacht; nay, it even remained bisected on the wire sufficiently long for the captain, the first and second mates, and several of the sailors, to look in and bear witness of the fact. They saw this consummation long desired at sea, and they took kindly to the instrument, though it was an innovation on nautical practice.'

The importance of this invention to navigation can hardly be overrated. After long-continued gales, it sometimes happens that the mariner can only ascertain his true position, or check the rate of his chronometers, by observations of the stars, or an eclipse of one of Jupiter's moons. With Professor Smyth's apparatus, the observations can be taken as accurately as on shore. He himself was about to observe an eclipse of one of the Jovian satellites, when the sailors, by working too eagerly, broke the handle of the driving-wheel. We hope to see the subject taken up by the Admiralty, and practically carried out in the navy; and, as was said by the chairman of the meeting at which the paper was read, 'If her Majesty had occasion to take

a voyage in rough weather, she could not have a greater favour conferred upon her than a seat mounted as Professor Smyth had described, unmoved by the agitation of the waves, and in perfect repose amidst the fury of the tempest.'

We call attention to Mr Niven's paper, brought before the same Scottish Society, 'On the Manufacture of Ropes and Paper from the Stem of the Hollyhock.' This plant produces a great quantity of available fibre, which can be broken down and prepared for pulp by any of the usual methods. It grows from eight to ten feet high under ordinary circumstances, and produces numerous stems as it advances in age. An acre of hollyhocks would yield from three to five tons of fibre fit for ropes, or fifteen tons from which paper could be made. And, as Mr Niven states, 'when the crop requires renewal, the roots, which contain a large amount of farina, should be bruised in the manner of making starch from the potato, and the fibre left is at once suited for the fabrication of a quality of paper stronger even than that which can be produced from the stems, the farina being also available either as a substitute for starch or food for animals. It is also known that the hollyhock contains a large amount of colouring matter, which, being little inferior to indigo, might be extracted, and thus the whole plant appropriated to useful purposes.'

The government of New Zealand have set apart a sum of L.4000 to found prizes for inventions by which the hemp and other fibrous plants of that island may be wrought into articles of commerce. The first person who shall by any means or contrivance of his own manufacture 100 tons of merchandise from the *Phormium tenax*, or other native plants, is to have L.2000. To the second, L.1000 will be awarded; and the first five who, under the same condition, produce 25 tons of merchandise, will receive L.150 each.

By a vote of the colonial parliament, the decimal system of money is to be adopted in Canada. A report on the question, as regards England, has just been published by Lord Overstone. At a late meeting of the Geographical Society of Paris, the gold medal was awarded to Dr Livingstone; and a communication was read shewing how to carry on trade from Algeria to Senegal by way of Timbuctoo.

BENEFIT AND SICK CLUBS.

A tract on this subject has been published at Sheffield, by Mr Charles Hamilton, which challenges attention. An important subject it truly is; since the members of such societies, including Odd Fellows, Foresters, Druids, Rechabites, Shepherds, &c., number more than three millions and a half of the population of England, and contribute four millions and a half to their funds, which sometimes amount in the aggregate to upwards of twelve millions sterling. The majority, however, of those apparently flourishing Benefit Societies are at this moment, according to Mr Hamilton, *insolvent*. But that need not hinder them from going on for a term of years yet; although the final crash, supposing no energetic steps be taken to avert it, is inevitable. Between 1795 and 1836—forty-one years—14,375 clubs broke for want of funds; and they were then re-established on the very same system of construction and management! The main cause of the mischief is the unfair and childishly absurd plan of average payments. In insurance-offices, on lives from 25 to 60, the premiums range from about L.2, 2s. to L.7; but in these benefit clubs, where the claims accruing increase with age, just as in the other the man of 25 and the man of 60 pays the same sum. A few of the clubs have corrected this folly; but in most of the other cases where the evil has been observed at all, the only step taken in the way of obviating it is—to refuse to receive members beyond the age of 45! One half the existing clubs are illegal, because their rules and tables have not been prepared by an actuary, although the cost of this is trifling. As for the legal enrolling of the society, that does not now

cost one farthing. *In fact*, cheapness is the error and the danger of most of the clubs, but cheapness combined with wild and dangerous extravagance; because, as they had their origin in convivial and bacchanalian meetings of former times, so in our day the office of the club and the rendezvous of its members is the *public-house*.

THE SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

LIST to the song of the mountain stream,
From its old rocky chamber springing;
Hailing the earliest morning gleam,
With its frolicking—sparkling—singing!
'Oh, tis a glorious thing to bound
Through a world of such wondrous beauty;
The flowers are breathing sweet odours around,
And hark! the old woods with gay music resound:

Pleasure is glancing,

Sunbeams are dancing,

Life is a boon, and enjoyment a duty!'

LIST to the song of the mountain stream,

As its murmurs are gently swelling,

Bounding along with its noontide theme,

Of the glory of labour telling.

'I'll water the land, and cool the breeze,

And set the young grass blades growing;

I'll creep round the roots of the old oak-trees,

And call to the cattle their thirst to appease.

Lambs shall come skipping,

Birds shall stoop sipping;

All shall be glad for my pure limpid flowing.'

LIST to the song of the mountain stream,

As it rolls with its heaving motion,

Calmly reflecting the sun's last beam,

Ere it loses itself in the ocean.

'No more through the beautiful vale I'll wend;

I have finished life's changeful story;

Peacefully—thankfully seeking the end,

Where with the main, my small tribute shall blend,

Mingling—not dying,

Smiling—not sighing,

Singing for ever *His* greatness and glory.' E.F.

'CAPTAIN DODD AT SEA.'

The writer of this article has fallen into a ludicrous mistake in stating that the Mr Weld, who accompanied Captain Dodd, was the present secretary of the Reg. Society—who was not yet born at the time. The Mr Simon Pure was his half-brother, Mr Isaac Weld, now fifty years his senior; the father having been twice married—once when very young, and again in advanced age. Mr Isaac Weld was the author of the well-known *Travels in America*; but the narrative of Captain Dodd's voyage was written by Mr C. R. Weld.

PAUPERS FOR SALE.

We mentioned, a few days since, the custom of receiving bids for keeping the public paupers which prevailed in some parts of New Jersey. We were not then aware that in some parts of New England—that land of sects and Puritans—the same custom prevailed. In Rhode Island and Vermont, the poor of some towns may occasionally be seen at 'the auction-block,' to be struck off to the lowest bidder, who thinks he can either get a little compensating work out of them, or feed them on the refuse of his table, and many times on that which he never thought fit to be brought into his house. It is not a year since some of the papers of Rhode Island and Vermont called attention to some outrageous abuses in this matter. Would it not be well for some of our New-England states to take measures for preventing the sale at auction of some of the mothers of New England?—*New York Tribune* of June 10, 1853. [The system is still kept up.—*European*.]

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PICNICS.

This is not a pretty word, by any means, nor, so far as I know, a very expressive one; and yet, what pleasant memories it awakens. As I never can see a herring, with red-nosed driver, and all the paraphernalia of simulated sorrow—sadder to think upon than even that heavy vacant burden within—without my mind reverting at once to the thoughtless merry time when I was school-boy, and managed to be present at a certain Derby, by paying half-a-crown for the privilege of clinging to a funeral plume; as I never smell a herring, fresh or otherwise, but the waving woods of Inverary, and the long blue waters of Loch Fyne, pass before me like a dissolving view, with all their summer prime of youth and pleasure; so, at this word picnic, formed of two ill-assorted monosyllables, I hear the distant murmur of the seas, and the hurry of shadowy rivers, and the trumpets of the bees upon moorlands, and the whisper of autumn woods, with the voices and the laughter of those I love, ringing, year behind year, through all. There are but few touchstones of our poor human hearts which can elicit any past remembrance wholly without pain; but I think this simple word, that is born of pleasure, and nicknamed in drollery, is one: poverty, ill-humour, illness, all things that deform or embitter our existences, are forgotten in the sound. Care, it is said, killed a cat; but I never heard of its having hurt a picnic: otherwise, the salt would not be left behind so often. Mirth—if he travels even in the hamper with the bottles—is sure to be there; love, who is very light and portable, is carried by the ladies; appetite, like charity, never faileth; and digestion—well, digestion sometimes comes to a picnic a little late, in consequence of having been obliged to go back for the dinner-pills.

I have sat at rich men's feasts, which were partaken of in the open air, whereat powdered footmen have waited upon us decorously, and a bishop said grace; when every one had a cushion to sit upon, and a napkin folded upon his plate: but I scarcely call that picnicking. And I have taken my repast—brown bread, and eggs and onions, with a flask of the most ordinary wine—outside Disentis, in the valley of the Grisons, and ate it upon the hillside by myself, because the town, and the inn, and the people all smelt so unbecomingly; but I don't consider that a picnic either. I have been one of a party of three hundred, whose unvaried contributions to the common stock have been divided upon three weeks before the day of meeting, at a lottery, wherein mustard, and bread, and pepper were the prizes; where there were two military bands to march to, under a thousand Chinese lanterns; where

champagne corks went off like platoon-firing; and where it took half an American lake to ice the wine. And I have joined mighty pleasure-companies of the people, where everybody kept his food in his pocket-handkerchief; and having cut it up with clasp-knives, and devoured it, seized everybody else's hands, and ran down grassy hills at speed; but these things, too, I consider foreign to the picnic, which seems, somehow, to signify something snug and well selected, and quite at variance with monster-meetings of any sort.

A picnic should be composed principally of young men and young women; but two or three old male folks may be admitted, if very good-humoured; a few pleasant children; and one—only one, dear old lady: to her let the whole commissariat department be intrusted by the entire assembly beforehand; and give her the utmost powers of a dictatress, for so shall nothing we want be left at home. It is not 'fun' to find one's self without mint-sauce to his cold lamb; nobody, who is properly constituted, enjoys lobster without fresh butter; and when you are fond of salad, it is not cheerful to find the bottle of dressing, which was intrusted to young Master Brown, has broken in his filthy pocket: these things all occur, unless we have our (one) dear old lady. Who else would have seen to that hamper of glass being packed with such consummate judgment? Who else would have brought the plate—I confess I dislike steel forks—in her own private bag? Who else could have so piled tart upon tart without a crack or a cranny for the rich red juice to well through? Who else has the art of preserving Devonshire cream in a can? Observe her little bottle of cayenne-pepper! Mark each individual cruet as it gleams forth from its separate receptacle! Look at the salt-box!—look at the corkscrew! Bless her dear old heart! she has forgotten nothing. However humble the meal, let it be complete; and it can't be complete without its (one) dear old lady.

The girl with the prettiest hands will be generally found—in accordance with the eternal fitness of things—concocting the claret cup; the young man—the one young man, who should have the sole charge of the bottle-department—and who must not be her lover—assisting her. Lemonade and claret is the best mixture for ladies, if you have no 'cup;' and beer, remember, in stone-bottles is almost always flat. Let there be plenty of railway-wrappers to sit and loll upon; for in most of nature's *salles à manger*, and by the sea-coast especially, the seats and couches are hard, and at times damp. I had the mark of a plum-pudding stone—which I was not born with, but which I thought I should carry to my grave—most firmly impressed upon me,

until quite lately, the consequence of an open-air entertainment in the beginning of last autumn. If there is the slightest chance of people being dull, take the last new poem (I have heard better criticism again and again, *sub Jove*, than that of the weekly dispensers of immortality), take a flute—a cornet, if there is an echo—take a sketch-book or two, for they often suggest, and never interrupt conversation; and, if the company be very larkey, and rather unintellectual, take the Racing Game, or a pack of cards. Don't be too polite, for drawing-room manners are out of place at a picnic; but do your very best, either in carving the chicken, or in saying good things, according to your gifts. And, by-the-by, if there is anything forgotten, after all, don't send the most amusing person you've got back for it, because he is the youngest or the poorest; for that, as the mathematicians say, is a great waste of power; but let the stout, rich party go instead, who is as much out of his element among you as an aide-de-camp at church. If you are by the sea-side, be very careful not to break the bottles; for when they are empty and well-corked, they swim in the water capitally, and afford excellent objects for pebble-throwing to both sexes. If there be any servants, drivers, or boatmen, don't forget that they appreciate having the things left for them unhacked and tolerably neat; and if they take your places, don't put everything of value out of sight, as though you were afraid of some condiment. Let the gentlemen withdraw themselves, after dinner, from the weaker vessels who can't stand smoke, and enjoy their cigars; the (one) dear old lady, aided by her obedient and neat-handed Phillis will, during that period, be putting the crockery back again, and the plate into her private bag; and that will be the time, also, you will be remarked upon if you have monopolised the most comfortable place during the meal, or have spoiled a dress through clumsiness, or have been eating rapidly in order to secure two helps of cream.

It is now, when the glory of landscape or of ocean stretches before you, and your every sense is satisfied, that you must feel, if ever, benevolence towards the whole human race, friendship for those present, and love for one (at least) of them; it is the period for affectionate thought and conversation; the time

To glance from theme to theme,
Discuss the books to love or hate,
To touch the changes of the state,
Or thread some deep Socratic dream.

How well the poet, from whom these words are borrowed, has understood this matter, he and his beloved friend, who found the shadows of the wych-els and the towering sycamore so fair after the dust, and din, and steam of town; who, bearing all that weight of learning lightly, like a flower, brought an eye for all he saw, and mixed in all the simple outdoor gambols; who fed both heart and ear of the charmed circle, as they lay and listened to his reading, on the lawn; who loved himself to listen while the maiden flung her ballad to the brightening moon, the while the stream ran on, the wine-flask lying couched in moss, or cooled within its glooming wave; and last, returning from afar, before the crimson-circled star had fallen into her father's grave, and brushing ankle-deep in flowers, they heard behind the woodbine veil the milk that bubbled in the pail, and buzzings of the honeyed hours; they went home—that is to say, to tea, wherein they shewed their wisdom.

My own first recollections of a course of picnics are derived from those, in my boyhood, held at Cliefden Spring, upon the river Thames, near Maidenhead. I was then an Eton boy, and my family living in that vicinity, some half-a-dozen of my schoolfellows, or so, good oars, and most of them good voices, would often row up and spend the day with us at home. Saints'

days were blessed days in those times. Up the fair broad river in a six-oar, with nothing on to speak of, was fine travelling upon an early summer morning; the right royal castle looking down upon us from afar; the flat green meadows upon this side, and the osier-banks on that, and the little wooded islands in the midat, so gallantly stemming the tide. Here we delayed to bathe, and there to beer; here, where the tow-rope took off our straw-hats, to chaff and counter-chaff the bargemen, and there to put our flannel shirts on decently before the ladies met us at the old gray bridge; then, on with our fair burden, through the locks wherein, as the boat sank with the sinking waters, we sang our glees; and again delayed by the wet clinging lilies, which were woven into chaplets—bless the weavers' innocent hearts—for our young brows; and by the swans delayed, which, as we neared their nests among the reeds, flapped out on mighty wings, and hissed their fiercest. So we reached Cliefden Spring, beneath the hanging woods of Cliefden, and by the river's side. What appetites we brought then to those feasts! what merriment! ah me, what youth!

I remember one young after-dinner boaster of us, who, speaking of the great walks thereabouts, observed that they were nothing compared to the extent of those about his place at home. 'There's one, a gravel one,' he said, 'that you may walk ten miles upon and never leave it.' The ladies blushed and smiled. We boys, with swollen cheeks, remarked: 'O yes,' and 'we should rather like to see it'; but one, who was the wisest of us, winked and said: 'Ah, Longbow Major means ten miles *backwards* and *forwards*;' at which we laughed the laugh of those blithe days.

I have picnicked for almost a summer long amongst the Channel Islands; and there are no better places for this pleasantry than there. There is a certain ivy-mantled, wood-surrounded tower in Jersey, from which almost the entire island, the whole great strata—which coins its own half-pennies—can be surveyed. The tiny roads that thread it in and out, shut in by honeysuckle hedges; the avenues that lead to the old seigneuries; the small green valleys, where the beautiful cattle feed; the mighty ruined castle by the sea: you may sit and see it all from the tower, smoking your great penny cigar, after your good bottle of claret at 1s. 9d., after your peerless Jersey lobsters, your unexcelled green figs, your peach unrivalled, and your sanspareil pear. Or will you prefer Grève au l'Anchou (of sand-eels), where the white sand sparkles for such a distance eastward, and the forsaken pools are like mirrors; where the mighty caverns will shelter you from the sun, and the spring-water leaps from the rock to mix with that brandy which is so cheap, and not British? Or, again, will you choose the tremendous headland, Groenez, that juts out nose-like into the ocean, almost close under which the low coast of France seems to smile invitingly, whither those exiles yonder are straining their eager eyes? We have dined in these fair spots as merrily as anywhere, and amongst pleasant Jersey faces, as kindly as any in broad Britain. Ah! happy island-days! our canopy, the sky without a cloud; our banquet-hall, the cliffs above the sunlit sea!

Lastly, omitting many a forest-meal, and many a spread upon the ruined ramparts of the Dane and Roman, in shells of ancient castles and upon decks of yachts at sea, let me recall one picnic more. From where I sit and write—between the oaks and across the little harbour with its angry bar—I see the very place where we, we thirteen, dined; upon the beach yonder in the fifth cove of the red cliff-bound bay. You cannot pass to it by land save at mid-tide and after, because of these four headlands which reach so far into the sea. Starting at half ebb, therefore, we took boat and sailed thither, determining to

walk home round the points. The sandy bay we had chosen for debarkation was so flat that the boat could not come in, and we chivalrous men had to get out and drag it and the ladies high and dry. There was a mighty archway, cut by that laborious handicraftsman Ocean, through which the beautiful village we had lately left, the wooded cliffs beyond it, and the channel-stream with white-sailed ships, were seen as in a picture; in the foreground, too, was a mighty fallen fragment, resembling, almost minutely, that statue, brave and pitiful, of the Dying Gladiator—nature, as it really seemed, playing the painter and the sculptor, and putting both arts to shame. The sketch-books were produced of course, at once, and it was decided here to dine. There was a doubt amongst the superstitious whether we should not ask the old boatman to make us up fourteen; but finally, he was paid and sent away. 'Be sure, gents,' were his last words, 'not to start later than four o'clock; and even then you'll get your feet wet round the last point, perhaps.' And the 'gents,' thinking he only wanted to frighten them, and get another job, replied: 'O yes, bother the time!' as though ten minutes' unpunctuality in the matter would not have been our death-doom, with the spring-tide rising thirty feet, and we shut out from life by a sheer wall of cliff which rose five hundred. We laughed and talked, drew and painted, climbed rocks, explored caverns, and dined; the time flying on at average picnic speed, and even quicker. There wanted but a quarter to the fatal hour, and there was not a thing packed up; the most philosophic of our party, too, had only just lit his second cigar, over which he was accustomed to form his judgment upon all things, and we did not dare disturb him. It was five minutes past the hour when we all started, slow and hamper-laden, for home. By skipping round the first point from stone to stone, we managed to clear it dry shod, but the tide was coming in apace, we saw, and I heard somebody say, in a hollow voice, that something would come of our having been thirteen at dinner. Round the next we had to wade knee-deep, and carry the ladies pick-a-back. We ran on over the intervening sand at full speed, and quite silently, for we knew our case was getting very hazardous, and found at the third point the water was up to our waists. There was but one promontory more, and that once rounded, we knew that we should be in safety. We must effect that passage, for, as we were well aware, we were cut off by the remorseless waves from all retreat—even to that strip of beach where we had dined, and where, indeed, the surrounding rocks were just as precipitous as elsewhere. We found the tide at the last point six feet in, at least, and quite unfordable. A look of unutterable horror stole over every face; the philosopher dropped his hamper of crockery with a tremendous crash upon the shingle. 'It's no use my bothering myself with that any further, at all events.' No statement, however solemn, not even 'this all comes of our having been thirteen at dinner,' which here again tolled forth, could have had a more awful effect upon us than this, for we knew that he had had his second cigar, and that his judgment was perfected. There was a little rock some twelve feet in the sea, which would not be covered over for an hour perhaps, and thither, with mournful hearts, we waded, to eke our lives out by that scanty space. I, too, had a good mind to let that heavy young person whom I had hitherto supported on my shoulders get there unassisted, as she was only going to be kept dry for so short a time: it was very lucky that my good-nature prevailed, for behind the rock lay our good old boatman in his wherry, concealed and laughing to himself. 'Ah, I thought you'd get your feet wet round the point, gents, so I just waited here, in case you might want me.' The heavy young person threw her arms about him there and then, and kissed him; and for my part, I shall not forget him either, nor that

spring-tide autumn picnic, although the mark of the plum-pudding stone has, as I have said, by this time paled away.

PAST AND PRESENT OF INDIA.

So far as our eastern territories are concerned, we may well exclaim: *Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis*. The type of the old-school nabob has almost completely disappeared from our comedies and romances; there are few families without some friend or relative in India, and from him they discover that every individual who has sojourned in that country for any length of time, is not invariably an eccentric old bachelor, imperious in manner and munificent in ideas, with a yellow face, a liverless body, and pockets full of gold. Except a tinge of bronze in the complexion, and an unusual consumption of pale ale and cayenne, there is little to distinguish the East Indian of the present day from his brother who lives at home at ease. The cheap rate of postal charges for forwarding books and periodicals, has enabled him to keep himself acquainted with the current topics of the day; the shortness of the overland route, compared with the old circuitous voyage, brings him home to re-Europeanise himself before he has become confirmed in the habits and tastes which the climate and custom of the country induce.

We generally find the conquerors of any country adopting many of the customs of the original inhabitants, whom they affect to despise and dislike. In this way the Mohammedans of Hindostan have fallen into many Hindoo prejudices, particularly in matters of eating and purification; for which they are stigmatised as latitudinarians and heretics by their orthodox brethren of El Hejaz. In former days, the unhappy individual who went into voluntary exile in India, finding himself deprived of European society, and without books or intellectual occupation of any kind, gradually subsided into native habits and amusements. Few had strength of mind to resist the opportunities afforded them of amassing a large fortune by the most corrupt practices. Commanding officers drew the pay of a number of paper-men, as they were termed, who existed only on their own muster-rolls; promotion was sold to the highest bidder, and the lawsuit decided in favour of whoever gave the largest bribe. It will readily be believed that such a state of things caused a low standard of morality; but it can hardly be credited that any one born of Christian parents, in a Christian land, could so far forget his country and his God, as to conform to the degrading practices and tenets of paganism. Nevertheless, on the top of a hill near Saugur cantonment, may still be seen the remains of a temple, built by a late field-officer of the Bengal army, known by the name of 'Hindoo Stewart,' and endowed by him with a sufficient sum to maintain the officiating Brahmins. He dressed completely in native fashion, even to his hair, which he allowed to grow long, and turned up behind with a comb; he never ate any kind of animal food, nor would he touch his ordinary diet unless assured that it had been prepared by a person of good caste; he daily went to the ghaut, and performed the ablutions and devotions enjoined in the institutes of Menu, the great Gentoo authority in matters of faith. Thus he lived, and thus he died; and those natives who had courted and flattered him for the sake of what they could extract from his purse, shewed their contempt for

the memory of the renegade by destroying after his death anything that might serve to perpetuate it, even though it were a temple constructed for their own impure worship.

Since that time, the order of things is reversed; instead of the European lowering himself to the level of the native, the latter endeavours to raise himself in the social scale by adopting civilised habits and conforming to European ideas. Many of the higher classes dress and entertain in the English fashion. When they ask you to their house, everything at table is cooked and served in French style; and though they will not eat with you, they will ask you to take wine, filling their own glass with water. Natives of all classes take their passage in the fire-boat, or their ticket in the *smoke-drag*,* without being considered guilty of impiety in committing themselves to that machine worked by magic, and made by evil spirits. A screw-steamer is even still rather a severe trial of their feelings, the motive-power being invisible. However, as this kind of vessel is not found suited to river-navigation, their fortitude is seldom put to the test in that way. Natives avail themselves largely of the electric telegraph; suttee and female infanticide are nearly abolished; education is making great strides—there are commissioners of education, boards of education, colleges and schools scattered all over the country.

The tawny students in these aspiring institutions can recite Milton and spout Shakspeare, though they know not the difference between latitude and longitude, and cross the *pons asinorum* before treading the beaten path of common addition and vulgar fractions. Probably *Paradise Lost* and geometry will never be of more practical use to them than Mrs Jellaby's warm flannel-vests and moral pocket-handkerchiefs were to the young niggers of Borriboolagha; nevertheless, the memory is exercised, the mind enlarged, some information communicated, and means furnished for obtaining more, through a knowledge of the English language, as the native literature is very limited, and the little there is, anything but instructive or improving. Such progress has been made in this respect, that a native gentleman at either of the three presidencies would consider it an insult to be addressed in his native language, of which he makes no more use in polite society than the Poles and Irish do of theirs.

England has been making a steady and gradual advance since the days of our great-grandfathers; but though her national debt has increased enormously, neither her standing army nor territories have increased in proportion, for while she has gained in the east, she has lost in the west. What is her progress compared with that of India? Exactly one hundred years have elapsed since the tragedy of the Black Hole of Calcutta was enacted, when, of the handful of Europeans who represented Great Britain in the now flourishing City of Palaces, 123 perished miserably in a single night. Though not a vestige now remains of the old fort which they held for three days against 70,000 native troops, or of the dungeon where they were foully murdered—even the obelisk erected to their memory has disappeared—still the tale of their gallantry and sufferings is familiar to all, and has even passed into a proverb.

At that time (1756), the Company of merchants trading to the East Indies did not hold the anomalous position which the merchant-princes of Leadenhall Street now do; they were simply a mercantile community holding a monopoly of all trade to the eastward of the Cape, and having for this purpose some seven or eight stations on the eastern and western coasts of

India. Small forts were built for the protection of each factory, and a grant of land attached to it, possession of which was not always obtained in the most honest or straightforward manner. Territory there was none; the whole of the Company's possessions put together would not make a single zillah or district of the present day. Their minds being chiefly bent on amassing wealth, they had neither the will nor the power to commit acts of aggression, but retained, for the defence of their factories, a limited number of mercenary soldiers, chiefly composed of European adventurers and low-caste natives. There was no standing army, for only two regiments in the Company's service claim to be a century old, and even these are doubtful.

At the present time, the Company's territories extend, with little interruption, over 27 degrees of latitude and 29 degrees of longitude, covering an area of nearly one million square miles. The additions made within the last ten years alone contain forty millions of inhabitants—an amount considerably exceeding the entire population of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Channel Islands.

Besides 4 cavalry and 22 infantry regiments of Her Majesty serving on the Indian establishment, which are paid by the Company, their standing army at present consists of 5 brigades horse-artillery, 18 battalions foot-artillery, 3 corps of engineers, and 3 of sappers and miners, 21 regiments light cavalry, 9 regiments European infantry, 155 native infantry regiments, 23 regiments irregular cavalry; besides which, there are about 15 cavalry and 67 infantry local and irregular regiments.

Four thousand miles of electric telegraph, and 250 miles of railway, are daily at work in Hindostan, whilst large extensions of both are in progress. The former, after extending its arms all over India, will soon reach Point de Galle, the south-western extremity of Ceylon.

Five companies have been formed under government guarantees for the construction, on a gigantic scale, of railways in India; in all of which the shares are at a premium, and the works progressing more rapidly and cheaply than even the projectors anticipated. One of these will run a line above 1100 miles long, intersecting the entire peninsula, and connecting Bombay with Calcutta. This will accelerate, by more than a week, the arrival of the mail at the latter place, and shorten the journey to England some 1500 miles; besides which, it will open a line of country abounding in minerals, and particularly coal—the scarcity of which is the greatest drawback at present—and possessing a rich soil, beautiful scenery, and a climate equal to or superior to that of any part of the plains of India; but all these advantages have been hitherto unavailable from the want of easy communication by land or water, and that part of the country is little known to or visited by Europeans.

Steamers now ply frequently and regularly on the principal navigable rivers, which, though far inferior in speed and light draught to those used on the American rivers, are a great improvement on the kind of craft which used to ply there previous to their introduction—worse built, worse found, or worse manned craft than the old-country boats and budgerows never floated since the *Argo* was launched. The latter was the more comfortable, but the former the faster of the two, or, more properly speaking, the less slow.

The country boats were often of large size, but modelled and put together in the rudest manner; they were not only flat-bottomed but flat-bowed also, the under part of the stem being like the toe of a Chinese slipper, by which means the greatest possible resistance and the least buoyancy were obtained. Being so constructed, in order to make them fit for European use, a platform of bamboos was constructed, nearly on a level with the gunwale, and occupying all the after-part of the boat. On this was erected with grass, bamboo,

* Anglicè, locomotive.—To those curious in railway statistics, the returns of Indian railways furnish interesting facts, particularly the immense disproportion of first, second, and third class passengers. The East India Railway gives the following return for six months, ending 30th June 1856: first class, 6406; second class, 23,256; third class, 402,599!

and matting, a temporary house, high enough to stand upright in the middle only, which afforded tolerable protection from the sun, but gave free access to rain, wind, and sand—the last, when it blows fresh, being often the greatest nuisance of the three.

On the upward voyage, these boats were slowly and painfully tracked against the stream, at the average rate of ten or twelve miles a day. Whenever the formation of the river rendered a crossing necessary, this was so clumsily effected, that what had taken hours of labour to attain was often lost in a few minutes. On the downward voyage, they were paddled along in the deepest part of the river, in selecting which the manjies usually shewed great discrimination, and seldom bumped ashore more than twenty or thirty times a day. The paddling, too, was more for appearance's sake than anything else, as it seldom was energetic enough to give her steerage-way; consequently, she swung round with every eddy, and more than half the voyage was performed broadside on or stern-foremost. This kind of craft cannot do much in the sailing line, as there is seldom a fair wind, and when there is, it does not much assist their progress, as the rectangular sail is cut and set with a total disregard to nautical science; and one without a plurality of rents and apertures is a very unusual sight. Besides this, they cannot sail at all unless the wind is dead aft; and even then, before you have advanced very far, a bend of the river is sure to bring it abeam, and the unweatherly craft, having no more grip of the water than a washing-tub, goes bodily away to leeward like a floating haystack, and is soon brought up all standing in the sand-bank. Some of the crew get out into the water, whilst others shove with long bamboos until you get off, only to repeat the same process a few yards further ahead. If the reach be a short one, it is passed in this way with the expenditure of some time, much bad language, and perhaps damage to your crockery and movables; but if it be a long one, the crew soon get tired, and the manjies say: 'The line of fate cannot be obliterated: my brothers, let us smoke.' So acceptable a proposal is at once agreed to, and down they all squat on the shore, bubble-bubble in hand, whilst the boat thumps and grinds unceasingly against the bank. Probably, like yourself, it chafes with the aggravating consciousness that could she only get past the point just ahead, she would have a fair wind for the rest of the day.

Gales of wind sometimes occur, and numbers of these boats are destroyed—either sunk in deep water, broken against the shore, or crushed by the high banks falling on them; and even if the voyage be safely accomplished, it is intolerably slow and tedious—the writer having taken three months in a sixteen-oared budgerow to accomplish a distance which he afterwards performed in three weeks in a steamer towing a large flat, deeply laden with cargo.

In the postal department, too, there is great improvement. India has her postage-stamps and her mail-carts; and the letter which would have cost a rupee, can now be delivered quicker and surer for an anna—this reduction being from two shillings to about three half-pence.

The great trunk-road from Calcutta to the upper provinces was well made and kept; and as far as this went, the mails travelled very fairly; but the roads diverging from this were bad—in many instances, mere tracks through the jungle, without drainage or bridges, and consequently unfit at all times for wheeled carriages, and totally impassable during the rains. The traveller through those regions might observe wherever a deep nullah crossed the road, a stout pole placed on either bank, with a rope suspended between. This was used for conveying the mail-bags over by sliding them across to a man stationed on the other bank, whenever a sudden rising

of the nullah rendered it impassable. These ropes remained exposed to the weather all the year round, and were not replaced until they rotted away of themselves, and consequently were not much to be depended on. Like a faithless friend, they often failed when their aid was most needed; and the mail-bag, with its miscellaneous contents, was consigned to eternal oblivion in the raging torrent.

One of these catastrophes was duly chronicled by our Dak Baboo in the following words: 'Mail not come, having been drowned in a nullah.' This Dak Baboo, an individual of portly presence and phlegmatic temperament, was really post-master of the out-station where we were then quartered, as the subaltern who ostensibly discharged the duties gave himself little trouble about them except that, being of an inquiring turn of mind, he liked to make himself acquainted with the nature and extent of his neighbours' correspondence. All the real business was transacted by the Baboo, whose method might be gathered from his reply to our query—'At what hour does the post go out?'—'Generally about sunset, if the Burra Sahib's letters are ready.' A letter from Calcutta cost us then fourteen annas (1s. 9d.), and nominally took eleven days for its transit of 800 miles; but it seldom reached us so soon. Whenever it did arrive dry and clean in the allotted period, we paid our exorbitant postage with thankful hearts, and felt as if we never could be sufficiently grateful. When, on the contrary, we were several days without receiving any mail, and when the stale letter did reach us, partly reduced by moisture and friction to a muddy pulp, we neither grumbled nor stormed, but philosophically looked upon it as the natural and inevitable state of affairs.

In those days, the mails were everywhere carried by men improperly called *Dak-runners*—'*parce quia minime parant*'—because they never ran except when entering or leaving a station, on the post-boy principle of keeping a gallop for the avenue. They carried the post-bags on their backs, or suspended from a stick over the shoulder, and were fondly supposed by credulous individuals to accomplish four and a half miles per hour, which in truth they seldom did.

Their task was not very arduous, as each runner was relieved every ten or twelve miles; but as the stations were generally long distances apart, and no such thing as a watch or clock to be found on all the intervening space of road, it was almost impossible to ascertain which of the reliefs had caused the delay, so that the loiterer might be fined. The runners knew this, and presumed on the strength of it, suiting their pace exactly to their inclinations. Many stories are told of their lazy and dilatory habits; but there is one which I suppose must be true, as I have heard at least a dozen different persons tell it, the relater being invariably the hero of his own tale.

It would appear that the narrator had been on the march in some remote district, when one morning, just before daybreak, he spied a man stretched by the road-side, apparently fast asleep. Surprised at seeing any one in this position in so wild a spot, he dismounted and approached him, when he perceived that the unconscious individual was a *dak-runner*, who lay calmly slumbering in the moonlight, 'with the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail,' and the letter-bags converted into a temporary pillow. A vigorous application of the foot, and a shout of 'What are you doing here?' soon roused the sleeper, who started up, and rubbing his eyes with one hand, and his person with the other, exclaimed: '*Hum express hy*' (I'm the express). Yes, this was the swift-footed Mercury who had been intrusted with the conveyance of the express despatched from Bombay on the arrival of the overland mail, and received extra pay for going quicker than the ordinary mail-carriers.

With such messengers as these, it was not very surprising that we were often behindhand with our mails; but late though it might be when they arrived, there was no indecent haste in their delivery. Before opening the bags, they had to be taken to the post-master aforesaid, in order that he might satisfy himself regarding their contents; they were then returned to the post-office, where, as the peon who acted as letter-carrier could neither read nor understand the English characters, it was necessary to inscribe them with certain Dewanagari hieroglyphics, purporting to be the name and address of the intended recipient. In spelling this, the phonetic method was pursued; and the Hindostanee way of pronouncing a proper name being very dissimilar from the English, the result was a cognomen so original as to make us wonder that the letter ever reached its right destination.

The natives display singular ingenuity in disguising European names, so that the owner could not possibly recognise them, unless acquainted with its Hindoo synonyms; but the most curious part of it is, that however remote from the original this synonym may be, it is invariably the same in all parts of India. Even our old friends Smith and Brown lose their familiar appellation, and become Ismit and Boorun; Captain Cartright is always styled Captain Cockrile; and Mr Ballingall, Bunghole Sahib. Sometimes even a wider range is taken, and the initial letter only retained: thus Gilpin is substituted for Griffiths; and occasionally, when the original syllables are adhered to, their order is inverted; Sir David Ochterlony, for instance, being invariably spoken of as Lonyochter Sahib.

But somehow or other, the letters generally did, in process of time, reach their destination, unless the confiding writer had paid the postage, and not taken a receipt from the Dak Baboo, in which case their fate was generally involved in mystery. Parcels, too, were transmitted through the post-office—by Dak Banghy, as it was termed—at a high rate, in proportion to their weight. Great dexterity was exhibited in tampering with these, the contents, if valuable, being frequently abstracted, and their place supplied with some substance of equal gravity, though rather less intrinsic value, such as a stone or lump of earth. Watches often disappeared in this manner when sent to Calcutta for the purpose of being repaired, there not being any one in the upper provinces capable of doing so. An ingenious acquaintance, in order to frustrate the rogues, hit upon the device of getting an old book, cutting a circular piece out of the centre, and depositing the watch therein. As the Dak wallahs were not men of literary tastes, the parcel went and came in safety, trusting to which another friend had recourse to the same expedient for transmitting his watch also. Whether the jeweller's address on the parcel betrayed the nature of its contents, or the weight of the pseudo volume told its own tale to the Dak Baboo, who had no experience of how heavy certain emanations from Paternoster Row are, must ever remain a mystery; but certain it is that when the parcel arrived at Calcutta, apparently uninjured, it was found, on opening it, that the place where the watch had been was occupied by a piece of lead!

We have thus taken a retrospective glance at what India was a century ago, and also a cursory view of her intermediate stage and present position; but who can speculate on what she may become ere a similar period has elapsed: when the march of intellect and diffusion of knowledge shall have prepared the way for the introduction of Christianity, the only sure basis of civilisation—when her vast mineral and vegetable resources shall have been developed—when the Suez Canal and Euphrates Valley Railway shall be accomplished facts—when the electric telegraph, *via* Constantinople, Bassorah, the Persian Gulf, and Kurrachee,

shall have brought Calcutta within speaking distance of Cockaigne!

The ungenial climate must ever be a bar to European colonisation; but sad experience has taught us how to avoid the most unhealthy spots; and greater attention to drainage, clearing, and ventilation will do much to prevent malaria and diminish disease; besides which, increased facilities of communication will place the cool hill-station and refreshing sea-breeze within reach of all, and enable the incipient invalid *venienti occurrere morbo*. With all this, despite of extended territory and increased wealth, we may delicately hint to our readers that the Honourable East India Company is in a state of genteel insolvency. There is an annual deficit of some 2,000,000 in the revenue; nevertheless, they seem to thrive amazingly and live well on the loss. Long may they continue to do so, for if ever the charter be taken from them, and the power now vested in the Court of Directors and Board of Control be taken away, those who now serve and abuse will regret, when too late, the change of masters.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

AN 'INJUN ON THE BACK-TRACK'

We had advanced about a mile further, when our scouts—who, as usual, had gone forward to reconnoitre—having ascended a swell of the prairie, were observed crouching behind some bushes that grew upon its crest. We all drew bridle to await the result of their reconnaissance. The peculiar attitude in which they had placed themselves, and the apparent earnestness with which they glanced over the bushes, led us to believe that some object was before their eyes of more than common interest.

So it proved. We had scarcely halted, when they were seen to retire suddenly from the cover, and rising erect, run at full speed back down the hill—at the same time making signals to us to conceal ourselves.

Fortunately, there was timber near, and in a few seconds we had all ridden into it, taking the horses of the trappers along with us.

The declivity of the hill enabled the scouts to run with swiftness; and they were among the trees almost as soon as we.

'What is it?' inquired several in a breath.

'Injun on the back-track,' replied the panting trappers.

'Indians!—how many of them?' naturally asked one of the rangers.

'Who said Injuns? I sayed a Injun,' sharply retorted Rube. 'Durn yur palaver! thur's no time for jaw-waggin. Git yur rope ready, Bill. 'Ee durned greenhorns! keep down yur guns—shootin won't do hyur—yud hev the hul gang back in the flappin o' a beaver's tail. Let Bill rope the nigger, an the young fellur hyur—he knows how; an ef both shed miss 'im, I ain't agwine. 'Ee hear me, fellurs! Don't ne'er a one o' ye fire: ef a gun ur wanted, Targuts 'll be surfficient, I guess. For yur lives don't a fire them ur blunderboxes o' yours till I miss—they'd be heerd ten mile off. Ready w' yur rope, Billees? You, young fellur? All right; mind yur eyes both, an snare the durned nigger the

a swamp-rabbit. Yanner he comes, by the jumpin' Geehosophat!'

The pithy chapter of instructions above detailed was delivered in far less time than it may take to read it. The speaker never paused till he had uttered the final emphatic expression, which was one of his favourite phrases of embellishment.

At the same instant I saw, just appearing above the crest of the ridge, the head and shoulders of a savage. In a few seconds more, the body rose in sight, and then the thighs and legs, with a large piebald mustang between them. I need scarcely add that the horse was going at a gallop; it is a rare sight when a horse-Indian rides any other gait.

There was only one. The scouts were sure of this. Beyond the swell stretched an open prairie, and if the Indian had had companions or followers, they would have been seen. He was alone.

What had brought him back on the trail? Was he upon the scout? No; he was riding without thought, and without precaution. A scout would have acted otherwise. He might have been a messenger; but whither bound? Surely the Indians had left no party in our rear?

Quickly these inquiries passed among us, from mouth to mouth, and quick conjectures were offered in answer. The voyageur gave the most probable solution.

'Pe gar! he go back for ze sheel.'

'Shield! what shield?'

'Ah, you no see 'im. I see 'im wiz me eyes; he vas caché dans les herbes—von larz sheel—bouclier très gros—fabriqué from ze peau of de buffle—ze parfiéché—et garnie avec les scalps—frais et sanglants—scalps Mexicaines. Mon Dieu!'

The explanation was understood. Le Blanc had observed a shield among the bushes where we had halted—like enough left behind by some of the braves. It was garnished with scalps, fresh Mexican scalps—like enough. The Indian had forgotten both his armour and his trophies; he was on his way to recover them—like enough.

There was no time either for further talk or conjecture: the red horseman had reached the bottom of the hill; in ten seconds more, he would be lazoed or shot.

Garey and I placed ourselves on opposite sides of the path, both with our lazoes coiled and ready. The trapper was an adept in the use of this singular weapon, and I too understood something of its management. The trees were in our way, and would have prevented the proper winding of it; but it was our intention to spur clear of the timber the moment the Indian came within range, and 'rope' him on the run.

Rube crouched behind Garey, rifle in hand, and the rangers were also ready, in case both the lazoes and Rube's rifle should miss.

It would not do to let the Indian either go on or go back; in either case he would report us. Should he pass the spot where we were, he would observe our tracks in a minute's time, even amidst the thousands of others, and would be certain to return by another route. Should he escape from us, and gallop back, still worse. He must not be permitted either to go on or go back; he must be captured or killed!

For my part, I desired that the former should be his destiny. I had no feeling of revenge to gratify by taking the life of this red man; and had his capture not been absolutely necessary to our own safety, I should willingly have let him come and go as he listed.

Some of my comrades were actuated by very different motives. Killing a Comanche Indian was, in their creed, no greater crime than killing a wolf, a panther, or a grizzly bear; and it was not from any motives of mercy that the trapper had cautioned

the others to hold their fire; prudence alone dictated the advice—the reports of the guns might be heard.

Through the leaves, I looked upon the savage as he advanced. A fine-looking fellow he was—no doubt one of the first warriors of his tribe. What his face was I could not see, for the war-paint disfigured it with a hideous mask; but his body was large, his chest broad and full, his limbs symmetrical, and well turned to the very toes. He sat his horse like a centaur.

I had no opportunity for prolonged observation. Without hesitating, the Indian galloped up.

I sprang my horse clear of the timber. I wound the lazo around my head, and hurled it towards the savage; I saw the noose settling over his shoulders, even down to his hips.

I spurred in the opposite direction; I felt the quick jerk, and the taut rope told me I had secured the victim.

I turned in my saddle, and glanced back; I saw the rope of Garey around the neck of the Indian's mustang, tightened, and holding him fast. Horse and horseman—both were ours!

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

MY PLAN.

The savage did not yield himself up without resistance. Resistance with an Indian is instinctive, as with a wild animal. He flung himself from his horse, and drawing his knife, with a single cut severed the thong that bound him.

In another instant, he would have been off among the bushes; but before he could move from the spot, half-a-dozen strong arms were around him; and in spite of his struggles, and the dangerous thrusts of his long Spanish knife, he was 'choked' down and held fast.

My followers were for making short work with him. More than one had bared their blades to finish him upon the spot, and would have done so, had I not interfered. I was averse to spilling his blood, and by my intercession, his life was spared.

To prevent him from giving us further trouble, however, we tied him to a tree, in such a manner that he could not possibly free himself.

The mode of securing him was suggested by Stanfield the backwoodsman: it was simple and safe. A tree was chosen, whose trunk was large enough to fill the embrace of the savage, so that the ends of his fingers just met when his arms were drawn to their full stretch around it. Upon his wrists, thongs of raw hide were firmly knotted, and then tied together. His ankles were also bound by similar cords, the ends of which were staked, so as to hinder him from worming around the tree, and perchance wearing off his fastenings, or chafing them, so that they might break.

The ligature was perfect; the most expert jail-breaker could not have freed himself from such a binding.

It was our intention to leave him thus, and perhaps set him free upon our return, if we should return by that way—a doubtful hypothesis.

I thought not at the time of the cruelty we were committing. We had spared the Indian's life—a mercy at the moment—and I was too much concerned about the future of others, to waste reflection on his.

We had taken the precaution to leave him at some distance from the place of his capture; others of his party might come after, and discover him, soon enough to interfere with our plans. His prison had been chosen far off in the depth of the woods; even his shouts could not have been heard by any one passing along the trail.

He was not to be left entirely alone: a horse was

to be his companion—not his own—for one of the rangers had fancied an exchange. Stanfield—not well mounted—proposed a 'swop,' as he jocosely termed it, to which the savage had no alternative but consent; and the Kentuckian, having 'hitched' his worn-out nag to a tree, led off the skewbald mustang in triumph, declaring that he was now 'suar wi' the Indyens.' Stanfield would have liked it better had the 'swop' been made with the renegade who had robbed him.

We were about to leave the place and move on, when a bright idea suddenly came into my head: it occurred to me that I too might effect a profitable exchange with our new-made captive—a swop, not of horses, but of men—in short, an exchange of persons—of identities! In truth, a bright idea it was, and one that promised well.

I have said that I had already conceived a plan for the rescue of my betrothed: I had done so during the night, and all along the route, in my mind I had been maturing it. The incident that had just transpired had given rise to a host of new ideas—one, above all, that promised to aid me in facilitating the execution of my design. The capture of the savage, which had at first given me uneasiness, I now regarded in a very different light—as a fortunate circumstance. I could not help thinking that I recognised in it the finger of Providence, and the thought inspired me with hope. I felt that I was not forsaken.

The plan I had proposed to myself was simple enough; it would require more of courage than stratagem; but to the former I was sufficiently nerved by the desperate circumstances in which we had become involved. I proposed to enter the Indian camp in the night—of course, by stealth and under cover of the darkness—to find the captive—set her limbs free—and then trust to chance for the after escape of both of us.

If once inside the encampment, and within reach of her, a sudden *coup* might accomplish all this: success was not beyond possibility, nor probability neither; and the circumstances admitted of no plan that promised so fairly.

To have attempted fight with my few followers against such a host—to have attacked the Indian camp, even under the advantage of an alarm—would have been sheer madness. It must have resulted not only in our immediate defeat, but would have destroyed our last chance of rescuing the captive. The savages once alarmed and warned, could never be approached again. Isolina would be lost for ever.

My followers agreed with me upon the imprudence of an attack. Folly they termed it; not from any motives of fear: they were willing to risk all; and had I so ordered, would have charged with me, rifle in hand, into the very midst of the enemy's lines. I knew they would, every man of them. Even the voyageur—the least brave of my party—would not have flinched; for, in the midst of brave men, cowards cease to be.

But such a course would indeed have been folly—madness. We thought not of adopting it; all approved of the plan I had formed, and which I had already set before them as we tarried by the noon halting-place.

Several had volunteered to be my companions—to venture along with me into the camp of the savages; to share with me the extreme of the danger; but for several reasons I was determined to go alone. Should even one of them be along with me, I saw it would double the risk of detection. In this matter, stratagem, not strength, was needed, and speed in the last moments would be worth both.

Of course, I did not expect to get the captive clear without being observed and pursued—that would have been preposterous; she would be too well watched by the savages—not only by her jailers, but by the jealous eyes of those rival claimants of her body.

No; on the contrary, I anticipated pursuit—close and eager; it might be strife; but I trusted to my own swiftness of foot; and to hers; for well knew I her bold heart and free limb: it was no helpless burden I should have to bring away.

I trusted to my being able to baffle their pursuit—to keep them back while she ran forward. For that purpose, I should take with me my knife and revolvers—I trusted to these, and much to chance, or, perhaps, I should rather say to God. My cause was good—my heart firm and hopeful.

Other precautions I intended to take: horses ready as near as they might be brought; men also ready seated in their saddles, rifle in hand—ready for fight, or flight.

Such was the enterprise upon which I was resolved. Success or death was staked upon the issue. If not successful, I cared not to survive it.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

'PAINTING INJUN.'

Withal, I was not reckless. If not sanguine, I was far from despondent; and as I continued to dwell upon it, the prospect seemed to brighten, and success to appear less problematical.

One of the chief difficulties I should have to encounter would be *getting into* the camp. Once inside the lines—that is, among the camp-fires and tents, if there should be any—I would be comparatively safe. This I knew from experience; for it would not be my first visit to an encampment of prairie-Indians. Even in their midst, mingling with the savages themselves, and under the light of their glaring fires, I should be less exposed to the danger of detection than while attempting to cross their lines. First, there might be outlying pickets; then within these the horse-guards; and within these, again, the horses themselves!

You may smile, when I assert that the last was to me a source of apprehension as great as either of the others. An Indian horse is a sentinel not to be despised. He is as much the enemy of the white man as his master; and partly from fear, and partly from actual antipathy, he will not permit the former to approach him. The human watcher may be negligent—may sleep upon his post—the mustang never. The scent of a white man, or the sight of a skulking form, will cause him to snort and neigh; so that a whole camp will either be *stampeded* or put upon the alert in a few minutes. Many a well-planned attack has been defeated by the warning-snort of the sentinel horse.

It is not that the prairie-horse feels any peculiar attachment for the Indian; strange if he did—since tyrant more cruel to the equine race does not exist—no driver more severe, no rider more hard than a horse-Indian.

It is simply the faithfulness which the noble animal exhibits for his companion and master, with the instinct which tells him when that master is menaced by danger. He will do the same service for a white as for a red man; and often does the weary trapper take his lone rest with full confidence that the right will be faithfully kept by his horse.

Had there been dogs in the Indian camp, my apprehensions would have been still more acute—the danger would have been more than doubled. Even within the lines, these cunning brutes would have known me as an enemy: the disguise of garments would not avail; by the scent, an Indian dog can at once tell the white from the red man; and they appear to hold a real antipathy against the race of the Saxon. Even in time of truce, a white man entering an Indian camp can scarcely be protected from the wolfish pack.

I knew there were no dogs—we saw tracks of some. The Indians had been upon the war-trail; and when

they proceed on these grand expeditions, their dogs, like their women, are left 'at home.' I had reason to be thankful that such was their custom.

Of course it was my intention to go disguised; it could have been madness to have gone otherwise. In the darkest night, my uniform would have betrayed me; but necessarily, in my search for the captive, I could be led within the light of the fires.

It was my design, therefore, to counterfeit the Indian costume; and how to do this had been for some time the subject of my reflections. I had been congratulating myself on the possession of the buffalo-belt. That would go far towards the disguise; but her articles were wanting to complete my costume. The leggings and moccasins—the plumed head-dress and neck ornaments, the long straggling locks, the bronze complexion of arms and breast—the piebald face of chalk, charcoal, and vermilion—where were these to be obtained? There was no *costumerie* in the desert.

In the moment of excitement that succeeded the capture of the savage, I had been thinking of other things. It was only when we were about to part from him that the idea jumped into my mind—that bright idea—that he could furnish me—the very man.

I turned back to reconnoitre his person. Dismounting, I scanned him from head to foot. With delight my eyes rested upon his buckskin-leggings, his bead-embroidered moccasins, his pendent collar of javaliskus, his eagle plumes, stained red, and the ample robe of jaguar-skins that draped his back—all pleased me much.

But that we were bent on an errand of peril, the fact would not have been left there. My followers had eyed it with avidity, and more than one of them had been desirous of removing it; but proximate peril had impeded the ardour for spoil, and the splendid robe had been permitted to remain where so gracefully it hung upon the shoulders of the savage.

It soon replaced the buffalo-robe upon mine; my boots were cast aside, and my legs encased in the calf-fringed leggings; my hips were swathed in the pattern 'breach-clout'; and my feet thrust into the hot-gear of the Comanche, which, by good-fortune, fitted to a hair.

There was yet much required to make me an Indian. Comanches upon the war-trail go naked from the waist upward—the tunic-shirt is only worn upon the hunt, or on ordinary occasions. How was I to counterfeit the copper skin—the bronzed arms and shoulders?—the mottled breast—the face of red, and white, and black? Paint only could aid me; and there was paint to be procured? The black we could mix with gunpowder, but —

'Wagh!' ejaculated Rube, who was seen holding in his hands a wolf-skin, prettily trimmed and garnished with quills and beads—it was the medicine-bag of the Indian. 'Wagh! I thort we'd find the matceruls in the nigger's possible-sack—hyur they be!'

Rube had dived his hand to the bottom of the embroidered bag; and, while speaking, drew it triumphantly forth. Several little leathern packets appeared between his fingers, which, from their stained outside, evidently contained pigments of various colours; whilst a small shining object in their midst moved, on closer inspection, to be a looking-glass!

Neither the trappers nor myself were astonished at finding these odd 'notions' in such a place; on the contrary, it was natural we should have looked for them there. Seldom in peace, but never in time of war, does the Indian ride abroad without his rouge and his mirror!

The colours were of the right sort, and corresponded exactly with those that glittered upon the skin of the captive warrior.

Under the keen edge of a bowie, my mustaches

came off in a twinkling: a little grease was procured; the paints were mixed; and placing myself side by side with the Indian, I stood for his portrait. Rube was the painter—a piece of soft buckskin his brush, the broad palm of Garey his pallet.

The operation did not last a great while. In twenty minutes it was all over, and the Indian brave and I appeared the exact counterparts of each other. Streak by streak, and spot by spot, had the old trapper imitated those hideous hieroglyphics—even to the red hand upon the breast, and the cross upon the brow. In horrid aspect, the copy quite equalled the original.

One thing was still lacking—an important element in the metamorphosis of disguise: I wanted the long snaky black tresses that adorned the head of the Comanche.

The want was soon supplied. Again the bowie blade was called upon to serve as scissors; and with Garey to perform the tonsorial feat, the *chevelure* of the Indian was shorn of its flowing glories.

The savage winced as the keen blade glistened around his brow; he had no other thought than that he was about to be scalped alive!

'Tain't the way I'd raise his har, the dodrotted nigger!' muttered Rube, as he stood watching the operation. 'Fotch the hide along wi' it, Bill! It'll save bother—ee'll hev to make a wig ef 'ee don't; skin 'im, durn 'im!'

Of course Garey did not give heed to the cruel counsel, which he knew was not meant for earnest.

A rude 'scratch' was soon constructed, and being placed upon my head, was attached to my own waving locks. Fortunately, these were of dark colour, and the hue corresponded.

I fancied I saw the Indian smile when he perceived the use we were making of his splendid tresses. It was a grim smile, however, and from the first moment to the last, neither word nor ejaculation escaped from his lips.

Even I was forced to smile; I could not restrain myself. The odd travesty in which we were engaged—the strange commingling of the comic and serious in the act—and above all, the ludicrous look of the captive Indian, after they had close cropped him, was enough to make a stone smile. My comrades could not contain themselves, but laughed outright.

The plume-bonnet was now placed on my head. It was fortunate the brave had one—for this magnificent head-dress is rarely worn on a war-expedition; fortunate, for it aided materially in concealing the counterfeit. The false hair could hardly have been detected even under the light of day.

There was no more to be done. The painter, hair-dresser, and costumier had performed their several offices—I was ready for the masquerade.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

THE LAST HOURS ON THE TRAIL.

More cautiously than ever, we now crept along the trail, advancing only after the ground had been thoroughly 'quartered' by the scouts. Time was of the least consequence. The fresh sign of the Indians told us they were but a short way ahead of us: we could have ridden within sight of them at any moment.

We did not wish to set eyes on them before sunset. It could be no advantage to us to overtake them on the march, but the contrary. Some lagging Indian might be found in the rear of the band; we might come in contact with him, and thus defeat all our designs.

We hung back, therefore, allowing time for the savages to pitch their camp, and for their stragglers to get into it.

On the other hand, I did not desire to arrive late. The council was to be held that night—so she had learned—and after the council would come the crisis. I must be in time for both.

At what hour would the council take place? It might be just after they had halted. The son of a chief, and a chief himself—for the white renegade was a leader of red men—a question between two such men would not remain long undecided. And a question of so much importance—involving such consequence—property in body and soul—possession of the most beautiful woman in the world!

Oh! I wondered! Could these hideous, ochre-stained, grease-bedaubed brutes appreciate that peerless beauty? Impossible, I thought. The delicate lines of her loveliness would be lost upon their gross eyes and coarse sensual hearts. That pearl beyond price—paste would have satisfied them as well—they could not distinguish the diamond from common glass.

And yet the Comanche is not without love-craft. Coarse as might be the passion, they must have loved her—both must have loved her—red savage and white savage.

For this very reason, the 'trial' would not be delayed; the question would be speedily decided, so that the quarrel of the chiefs might be brought to an end. For this very reason, the crisis might be hastened, the council take place at an early hour; for this very reason, I too must needs be upon the spot at an early hour.

It was my aim to arrive within sight of the Indian encampment just before night—in the twilight, if possible—that we might be able to make reconnaissance of the ground before darkness would cover it from our view. We were desirous of acquainting ourselves with the lay of the surrounding country as well, so that, in the event of our escape, we should know which was the best direction to take.

We timed our advance by the sign upon the trail. The keen scouts could tell, almost to a minute, when the latest tracks were made; and by this we were guided. Both glided silently along, their eyes constantly and earnestly turned upon the ground.

Mine were more anxiously bent upon the sky; from that quarter I most feared an obstacle to the execution of my purpose. What a change had come over my desires!—how different were they from those of the two preceding nights! The very same aspect of the heavens that had hitherto chagrined and baffled me, would now have been welcome. In my heart, I had lately execrated the clouds; in that same heart I was now praying for cloud, and storm, and darkness!

Now could I have blessed the clouds—there were none to bless; not a speck appeared over the whole face of the firmament—the eye beheld only the illimitable ether.

In another hour, that boundless blue would be studded with millions of bright stars; and, silvered by the light of a resplendent moon—the night would be as day.

I was dismayed at the prospect. I prayed for cloud, and storm, and darkness. Human heart! when blinded by its own petty passions, unreasoning and unreasonable; my petition was opposed to the unalterable laws of nature—it could not be heard.

I can scarcely describe how the aspect of that bright sky troubled and pained me. The night-bird, which joys only in deepest darkness, could not have liked it less. Should there be moonlight, the enterprise would be made more perilous—doubly more. Should there be moonlight—why need I form an hypothesis? Moonlight there *would* be to a certainty. It was the middle of the lunar month, and the moon would be up almost as the sun went down—full, round, and almost as bright as he, with no cloud to cover her face—to

shroud the earth from her white diaphanous light. Certainly there would be moonlight!

Well thought of was that disguise—well spent was our labour in making it so perfect. Under the moonlight, to it only could I trust; by it only might I expect to preserve my incognito.

But the eye of the Indian savage is sharp, and his perception keen—almost as instinct itself. I could not rely much upon my borrowed plumes should speech be required from me. Just on account of the cunning imitation, the perfectness of the pattern, some friends of the original might have business with me—might approach and address me. I knew but a few words of Comanche—how should I escape from the colloquy?

Such thoughts were troubling me as we rode along the trail.

Night was near; the sun's lower limb rested on the far horizon of the west: the hour was an anxious one to me.

The scouts had been for some time in the advance without returning to report; and we had halted in a cove to wait for them. A high hill was before us, wooded only at the summit; over this hill the way-trail led. We had observed the scouts go into the timber. We kept our eyes upon the spot, waiting for their return.

Presently one of them appeared just outside the edge of the wood—Garey, we saw it was. He made signs to us to come on.

We rode up the hill, and entered among the trees; here we diverged from the trail. The scout guided us through the trunks over the high summit. On the other side, the wood extended only a little below; here we did not ride beyond it; we halted before coming to its edge, and dismounting, tied our horses to the trees.

We crept forward on our hands and knees till we had reached the utmost verge of the timber; through the leaves we peered, looking down into the plain beyond. We saw smokes and fires, and a skin-lodge in their midst; we saw dark forms around—men moving over the ground, and horses with their heads to the grass: we were looking upon the Comanche camp.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

THE COMANCHE CAMP.

We had reached our ground just at the moment we had desired. It was twilight—dark enough to render ourselves inconspicuous under the additional shade of the trees, yet sufficiently clear to allow a full reconnaissance of the enemy's position. Our point of view was a good one—under a single *coup d'œil* commanded the encampment, and a vast extent of country around. The hill we had climbed—a sort of isolated *butte*—was the only eminence of any considerable elevation for miles around; and the site of the camp was upon a plain that stretched away from its base—apparently beyond limit.

This plain was what is termed a 'pecan' prairie—that is, a prairie half-covered with groves, copses, and lists of woodland—in which the predominant tree is the pecan—a species of hickory (*carya albertaensis*), bearing an oval, edible nut of commercial value. Between the groves and *mottes* of timber, single trees stood apart, their heads fully developed by the play given to their branches. These park-like trees, with the coppice-like groves of the pines, lent an air of high civilisation to the landscape; and a winding stream, whose water, under the still *languid* rays, glistened with the sheen of silver, added to the deception. Withal, it was a wilderness—a beautiful wilderness. Human hands had never planted these groves—human agency had nought to do with the formation or adornment of that lovely landscape.

Upon the bank of the stream, and about half a mile from the base of the hill, stood the Indian camp. A

lance at the position shewed how well it had been chosen—not so much for defence, as to protect it against a surprise.

Assuming the lodge—there was but one—as the centre of the camp, it was placed upon the edge of a tall grove, and fronting the stream. From the tent, the water's edge, the plain sloped gently downward, to the glacis of a fortification. The smooth sward that covered the space between the trees and the water was the ground of the camp. On this could be seen the dusky warriors, some aloft, standing in various attitudes, or moving about; others reclining upon the grass, and still others bending over the fires, as if engaged in the preparation of their evening meal.

A line of spears, regularly placed, marked the allotment of each. These slender shafts, nearly five yards in length, rose tall above the turf, like masts of distant ships, displaying their profusion of pennons and banners, of painted plumes and human hair. At the base of each could be seen the gaudy shield, the bow and quiver, the embroidered pouch and medicine-bag of the owner; and grouped around many of them appeared objects of a far different character—objects that we could not contemplate without acute emotion. They were women: enough of light still ruled the sky to shew us their faces; they were white women—the captives. Strange were my sensations as I regarded these forms and faces; but they were far off—even a over's eye was unequal to the distance.

Flanking the camp on right and left were the horses. They occupied a broad belt of ground, for they were led out to feed, and each was allowed the length of a lazo. Their line converged to the rear, and met behind the grove, so that the camp was embraced by a sort of browsing animals, the river forming its head. Across the stream, the encampment did not extend.

I have said that the spot was well selected to guard against a surprise. Its peculiar adaptability consisted in the fact, that the little grove that backed the camp was the only timber within a radius of a thousand yards. All around, and even on the opposite side of the stream, the plain was treeless and free from cover of any kind. There were no inequalities of ground, neither 'brake, bush, nor scaur' to shelter the approach of an enemy.

Had this position been chosen, or was it accidental? At such a place and at such a time, it was not likely that I had any fear of a surprise; but with the Indian, caution is so habitually exercised, that it becomes almost an instinct; and doubtless under such an impulse, and without any forethought whatever, the horses had aptly fixed upon the spot where they were camped. The grove gave them wood; the stream, water; the plain, pasturage for their horses. With all of these last for their own food, they had all the requisites of an Indian camp.

At the first glance, I saw the strength of their position—not so much with the eye of a soldier, as with that of a hunter and bush-fighter did I perceive it. In a military sense, it offered no point of defence; but it could not be approached by stratagem, and that is the horse-Indian's ever fear. Alarm him, not too suddenly, give him five minutes' warning, and he cannot be attacked. If superior in strength, you may force him, but you must be better mounted than he to bring him to close combat. Retreat, not defence, is generally the leading idea of Comanche strategy, when opposed to a Mexican foe. Then he will stand fight with the courage of a master.

As I continued to gaze at the Indian encampment, my heart sank within me. Except under cover of a dark night, a very dark night, it could not be entered. The nearest spy could not have approached it: it appeared unapproachable.

The same thought must at that moment have

occupied the minds of my companions; I saw the gloom of disappointment on the brows of all, silent and sullen. None of them said a word; they had not spoken since we came upon the ground.

PRESENT STATE OF THE BESSEMER QUESTION.

It is only some few months since all Europe was standing on tiptoe, in expectation of witnessing a great and marvellous revolution in the manufacture of iron and steel, by a new and ingenious process, to which it is only necessary to allude in passing as that patented by Mr Bessemer. It was something quite astounding to those who knew by what tedious and expensive means steel was produced from iron in the olden time, to be told that, by the new process, steel was the easier and cheaper production of the two. It was no less wonderful in the eyes of those who had considered iron as, at least in the open air, an incombustible, to be shewn that it was, in fact, a highly combustible material; and that, if once heated by fire to a certain point, it might then, by strong air-currents, be actually *itself set on fire*, and made to burn with a fierce incandescence.

It is humiliating to think upon what small matters great ones often depend. There appears to be no reasonable doubt that Mr Bessemer would have realised all he promised to accomplish but for one slight circumstance, which it is our intention now to explain, and the difficulty connected with which has, at least for the present, frustrated his expectations.

The subject of iron-founding has been so completely popularised by the discussions of this patent in the public press, that it will only be necessary for us to recall attention to the fact, that iron ore contains several foreign matters in intimate combination, and that upon their expulsion during the founding process depends the success of the ironmaster's work. These foreign bodies are chiefly carbon, silicon, sulphur, and phosphorus. The old methods of roasting, casting, refining, puddling, and rolling were found to effect the object in view sufficiently for all practical purposes. In Mr Bessemer's process, all these substances, *except phosphorus*, are effectually expelled. It would seem that up to the present time this material has resisted all the efforts of Mr Bessemer. It defies the utmost heat of his furnaces, and has no sufficient affinity for oxygen, or any other body brought in contact with it, to consent, for its sake, to let go its tenacious grasp of the iron. Now, phosphorus in iron is, as it appears, fatal to the useful qualities of the metal; it renders the iron brittle and unserviceable; and as no portion of it can be detected in the *slag* of the furnace, it would seem that, so far as its expulsion is concerned, Mr Bessemer has as yet altogether failed. But it would surely not be at all philosophical to conclude that the question is finally set at rest, however serious the objection may be to which we have now called attention. It can hardly be too much to expect that in the resources of modern science some ingredient may yet be discovered, the results of which, in the instance before us, will be no less striking than those of soda, borax, and potash, when used as fluxes in various industrial operations. We should not be surprised any day to hear that some such depurative had been discovered, and that its admixture with the incandescent iron in the furnace was found to detach the phosphorus, and leave the iron in a perfectly pure state. We wish we could go further than suggest the existence of some such drug, or metal, or mineral, whatever it may be. We suspect that the man who could go further than this, and supply Mr Bessemer with its local habitation and its name, would participate

largely in a most lucrative as well as scientifically honourable discovery.

We could ourselves easily indicate certain metallic combinations which, in dealing with phosphorus in its uncombined state, possess the power of neutralising its caustic properties; but this may be far indeed from indicating a power in such preparations to deal with that wonderful substance as it is found in nature, united with the crude oxide of iron. Indeed, we take for granted that men of the highest mark in chemical science are just now eagerly devoting their attention to this interesting problem; and, as we have said, we look forward rather hopefully than otherwise to the result.

We are very far from participating in the triumph expressed by many at the partial, and, in truth, temporary failure in the expectations raised in the public mind by Mr Bessemer and his discoveries; but it is still true that, up to the present time, the 'revolution' has not come off. The new aspirants for dominion in the realms of metallurgy—we mean, of course, air-blast and oxygen—have not as yet been able to wrest the sceptre from the hand of 'Old King Coal.' His carbonaceous majesty is still 'master of the situation;' how long he may continue so, we by no means venture to take on ourselves even to conjecture.

A LEAP IN THE DARK.

ONE of the gentlemen who visited Mount Sinai in company with Bishop Clayton, happened, on his return to England, to pass through Sicily. Though by no means a person of romantic character, he had a fancy for wandering about mountains, for getting belated in forests, and supping by the light of wood-fires under a rock. It was perfectly natural, therefore, that he should wish to visit Mount Etna, look at the great chestnut-trees, and examine that marvellous belt of vegetation, so admirably described by the commandant Dollinian, which encircles the cone of the volcano, and marks the point at which in general the streams of lava are arrested in their downward progress.

Our traveller's unromantic name was Fennel, and he had along with him two friends, considerably younger than himself, the one a clergyman, the other a barrister. Two servants, not much accustomed to sojourn in strange countries, rough Yorkshiremen, speaking their native dialect in perfection, and despising everything not English, waited upon the triad of travellers; and when they left Catania, two guides were hired to conduct the party through the labyrinth of woods, gorges, glens, ravines, and precipices which intercepts the ascent to the crater, and renders it at all times an enterprise of considerable danger.

For nearly a week before they set out, the mountain had exhibited some symptoms of internal uneasiness. Earthquakes passed like gentle tremors beneath the city—not rocking or heaving up the earth—not cracking the walls, or dismantling the houses—but just giving a tremulous motion to the pavement under your feet, and at night causing the pillow under your head to seem for an instant about to float away. To the Catanians, this was nothing: they had been used to it from the cradle. Their houses all stood upon lava, were built with lava; the detritus of lava formed the very soil in their gardens, and the fruits they ate had a rich lava relish. In some sense, they were half lava themselves—cold without, fiery within, feeling much, reflecting little, always on the brink of an impassioned eruption, but kept from running over, except at widely distant periods, by the paucity of materials in their constitution.

Mr Fennel, as a true Englishman, loved to see sights, and therefore longed for an eruption; but the Catanians assured him he would have to wait at

least a month, in order to enjoy that peculiar spectacle. He determined to wait two months if necessary; but in the meantime, thought it would be pleasant and interesting to run up and get a peep at the crater. The wind blew strongly from the west, and spun out the dusky smoke into long ribbons in the air. Once or twice in the night, he thought he could detect red sparks among the fuliginous vapour, which now and then increased largely in volume, and issued from the breast of the mountain with something like a deep grunt. The young clergyman observed jocularly that Enceladus was snorting or snoring in his sleep. But the barrister, familiar with the slang of men about town, maintained that there was a row among the Titans, and that Typhoeus having got Mr Enceladus's head into Chancery, was pommelling him about the nob, and making him seek to deliver himself with fierce puffing and contortions. Mr Fennel laughed at their absurdity, which he did not even pretend to mistake for wit, and determined to set out early in the evening to see with his own eyes, as he expressed it, what it was all about. At the hour appointed, the mules were ready, and off they went. To describe what they saw, what they felt, what they thought, and what they said, would fill a volume of no small dimensions. Sicily is big, every inch of it, with wonder; and no writer, so far as I know, has succeeded in conveying to an untraveller reader any idea of its awe-inspiring scenery. You know very well that every step you take conducts you over unfathomable gulfs of fire, from which you are separated only by a thin crust, which may at any moment crack and fall in. You know that interminable beds of sulphur extend from the great volcanic peak in unnumbered leagues out beneath the sea, and that for thousands of years they have supplied fuel to that prodigious fireplace, whose chimney rises 10,000 feet towards the empyrean. You feel mingling with the air you breathe the warmth of that mighty conflagration, which, forcing its way throughout the earth and the rocks, communicates a luxuriance to every kind of vegetation unknown in other parts of the world. But in spite of this knowledge, you are led, by the example of the inhabitants, to put confidence in appearances, and to imagine that those more stupendous Phlegrean fields will continue safely for your time to hang floating over subterranean fires, displaying their beauty and their sublimity, and concealing altogether from the eye the fearful apparatus by which their splendours are produced.

As everybody knows, the ascent of Mount Etna is not to be accomplished in an hour or two. If you wish to reach it by daybreak, that you may witness sunrise from its summit, you must set out early the evening before. If your mules are vigorous, you may perhaps find time for a short nap, a little after midnight, and recommence the ascent about three o'clock. In the case of Mr Fennel and his companions, the mules performed their part with great perseverance and fidelity. If you have travelled by night in a mountainous and woody country, you must know what an exciting thing it is; what gulfs of shadow you gaze at from time to time, straining your eyes in vain to penetrate into their depths; what towering precipices nod and frown over you; what sounds, wild and startling, and proceeding from you know not what cause, come at intervals through the woods; and how your heart beats with something very much like fear, but yet not unmingled with pleasure, as you spring over chasms, after the example of your guide, and climb zigzag along the face of cliffs which seem inclined to carry you up higher than Babel's projected tower into the sky!

It was already one o'clock, when the guides, who are perfectly despot during such undertakings, pronounced it time to halt and take a little refreshment after which, if so inclined, the whole party, they said,

might sleep for two hours without running the least risk of not reaching the edge of the crater by sunrise. They did halt; and while the servants were kindling a fire with dried wood, which lay about in plenty, Mr Fennel amused himself with looking down the vast sweeps of the mountain towards the sea. In that part of the world, nobody appears to sit up late; and at the time to which I now refer, the Sicilian cities had no lamps. You consequently beheld nothing on shore, save dusky irregularities descending and undulating to the extreme verge of the shore. But the sea, when it bares its breast to the stars, has always a faint glimmer diffused over it. On the present occasion, there were patches of phosphorescence which, like small luminous isles, flashed and floated between you and the Tarentine promontory. Science may dissipate as it pleases the mystery of these phenomena, but nothing can still that disquietude of the heart with which you contemplate the waves on fire, looking like so many glowworms several leagues in dimensions, floating leisurely away before the wind. From enjoying this curious prospect, Mr Fennel was called away by the announcement that supper was ready. He then joined his companions, ate, drank, and went, wrapped in his cloak, to sleep, like a red Indian, with his feet towards the fire.

We men are very clever in our way, but nature is often too many for us. According to their day and generation, those travellers were highly scientific, knew all about volcanoes, could dissertate learnedly on gases, and decide beforehand to an inch how far a heavy body, by whatever cause put in motion, could travel in two hours. With regard to the guides, it was altogether impossible that they could ever be taken napping: they understood all the tricks of Etna as well as he did himself, and could always decide whole days beforehand what he was going to do next. Nevertheless, he now stole a march upon them. Awaking with a start, they were surprised at feeling a warmth much greater than their wood-fire was calculated to impart; the sky, moreover, was filled with a blood-red glare, which bewildered at once their senses and their imagination, and the terrible idea suggested itself to their minds that the eruption was in full progress. Indeed, they had but to look around them to discover undeniable proofs of it. They were standing on a knoll skirted on the side of the cone with trees, and on the right and left, a broad stream of fire, glowing like a furnace, was rushing down into the plain, overthrowing everything in its passage—trees, rocks, and, where it encountered them, human dwellings. Never did Mr Fennel witness anything so awful as the red glare cast upon the woods by the desolating torrent as it swept on. He turned to the guides, who stood beside him paralysed with terror.

'How are we to get out of this situation?' inquired he.

'We don't know,' they replied; 'we have never before been placed in such circumstances. But we must make some movement, and that speedily, too, or we shall be burned to cinders where we stand. Look! the lava is coming; and those vast trees are bending and cracking at its touch like fine grass.'

'Well,' replied the traveller, 'lead the way—you must know it better than we—that we may get out into the plain country before the fiery streams meet below, and hem us in.'

'You are right,' declared the guides; 'for the lava is pursuing the course of two ravines which have their confluence below yonder hill; and if we fail to precede them, we are lost.'

The jokers of the morning were not at all inclined to joke now. The lava was sending its intolerable heat before it, warning them that inevitable death was near unless they escaped from it by miraculous

celerity. Down the mountain, therefore, they went, leaving everything behind them but the iron-shod staves which they carried in their hands. The landscape, previously so silent, was now filled on all sides with fearful noises—the bellowing of terrified herds, the shouts and shrieks of human beings, the sudden bursting up of flames here and there, as the torrents reached some combustible matters, the tumbling down of rocks, and the crash of forests, as the irresistible lava forced its way through them. Every moment the glowing flood rose higher and higher, until it overflowed its banks, and began to diffuse itself over the rocky plateau along which the travellers were rushing towards the distant city. At length they came suddenly upon the edge of a precipice, down which they looked, but could discern no bottom. On the right and left was the fire; in front, a gulf of unknown depth; behind, the lava rolling towards them with terrific rapidity, scorching, in its advance, trees, grass, nay, the very earth, which it absorbed and liquefied by its indescribable heat.

'Are you ignorant of this cliff?' inquired Mr Fennel; 'or may we hope to save our lives by throwing ourselves over?'

'It lies entirely out of our usual track,' replied the men, 'and we have never seen it before.'

I do not pretend to describe Mr Fennel's feelings at that moment, because he has left behind him no record of them. It is well known that extreme danger often renders men silent: they do not converse, do not discuss their means of escape, do not communicate their fears; their mental powers appear for the moment to be annihilated—they only feel. But what feelings are theirs! All Sicily now appeared to be on fire. The earth was reddening on every side; the sky overhead glowed like a furnace-mouth, and clouds dense, charged with igneous particles, and emitting an intolerable stench, were precipitated upon them by the west wind. To be scorched to death, or suffocated, appeared now inevitable, unless they threw themselves over the precipice, and so delivered themselves from such fate by suicide. While they were meditating on this idea, the earth under them began to rock violently. It shook: there was a wild crash; the rock parted and yawned, and they beheld a red streak making its way eastward through the bottom of the crevice. They fled, not knowing whither, towards the left; but their progress was soon arrested by the heat thrown out by the lava. All thoughts, all eyes, were now directed towards the precipice: should they dash over, and, by one leap in the dark, either deliver themselves from the most fearful of deaths, or put an end to their agonies at once? With sensations which baffle all description, they approached the edge of the rock, and looked over it. Could they discern anything below? No; all was thick darkness, suggesting unfathomable depth. They would remain therefore where they were, in the hope that the lava might rise no higher, and that when the light of day should make its appearance, they might see some avenue of deliverance. But this hope the guides dissipated. They knew too well that the lava-streams now separated would meet and mix before morning, and leave not one inch of the ground they now stood on unflooded by fire. Yet all hesitated to plunge down they knew not whither in the dark. While they lived, while they breathed, something like a miracle perhaps might occur to preserve them. They would therefore hope, and defer taking the fatal plunge till there should be nothing else left them. It soon came to this: the fiery circle became contracted, the heat and the sense of suffocation intolerable, and at length the young clergyman, with a mixture of horror and resignation in his countenance, volunteered to make the first plunge. In spite of the volcanic glow, his face assumed the hue of death as he approached the rock. He did not dash forward—he did not throw

himself headlong—he turned round, and clinging to the rock with his hands, remained there suspended for a moment, and then—

What was that noise?—that of a body dashing against the rocks—down, down fearfully into some unfathomable gulf. The survivors shouted in agony, and besought him to reply if he still lived. But no answer. Mr Fennel then said it was his turn, and in the same way he committed himself into the depths of air. There was another pause of suspense and agony. Again the survivors listened: again no answer came. Then followed the barrister; and after that, pell-mell, rushed down servants and guides, and there was silence. They had all taken the leap in the dark, and were they on the shores of Acheron? The precipice, if I may borrow an Hibernianism for the occasion, was no precipice at all, but a very shallow rock, with soft grass growing up to its base. Why, then, did they who leaped not answer? They thought they were going to inevitable death, and that thought for a moment paralysed them, so that they did not recover the use of speech for several minutes. Those minutes had appeared an age to those who awaited a reply. But, long as the time seemed, there elapsed, probably, only a few seconds between the plunge of the clergyman and the simultaneous spring of the servants and guides. What roused them at last was the lava glow, flashing upon them from the rocks above. They rose with a feeling of indescribable gratitude, mingled with fear, and hastened eastward over the plain. They were not yet beyond the reach of the Etnean surges, and therefore pushed along with eager speed till they reached the point where the lava-streams must soon have their confluence. They dashed through the gap—they ascended the rocks on the side of Catania, and soon stood upon a high terrace before the city walls, from whence they beheld Etna vomiting forth in smoke and thunder those red torrents, which, at wide intervals, desolate and fertilise the plains of Sicily, suggesting ideas of immeasurable antiquity, since all that part of the island has been gradually created by the mountain. With sobered feelings, and curiosity thoroughly quenched, Mr Fennel set sail, on the following day, for England, where he often spoke of his leap in the dark.

FRIDAY AN UNLUCKY DAY?

NONSENSE: it is nothing of the kind. And the best way to prove this, if we would only take the trouble so to do, is to collect and adduce groups of instances in which joys and successes, happy enterprises, fortunate determinations, world-improving schemes, have been initiated on Friday. Do not, good reader, deem this process of proof beneath you: it is always worth while to remove prejudices; for to shew the fallacy of aught that is untrue, is to render due allegiance to that august lady who is said by some learned men to 'live at the bottom of a well.'

Not that we can ever remove such prejudices entirely. To whatever subject science has not yet reached, there luck and ill-luck maintain a sovereignty in popular belief. Lucky numbers have had a prodigious reputation ever since the days of the astrologers, and long before. Three, four, five, six, seven, nine, ten, twelve, twenty-one—all have had advocates, as being numbers to which certain special attributes pertain. Number seven had a long reign, but it is being gradually deposed; for the talk of seven metals and seven planets will no longer accord with the discoveries of modern times. We know—indeed the number of such believers is still considerable—a person of education and general good sense, who would refuse to sit down at table if the number of diners were thirteen; he

would rather have a domestic servant included among the guests, or would go without his own dinner, or would retain a supplementary guest at hand for exigencies, than be placed under the cloud of the dreaded thirteen. Ask him why; he can only say it is 'unlucky.' Ask him why it is unlucky; he can only say, 'because it is.' In the old days of lotteries, when it was optional in the purchaser to select a ticket of any particular number, the theory of lucky and unlucky numbers was in full power. Some adventurer in the lottery would select the number representing his own age; another, the current year of the Christian era; another, the year in which he was born; another, the number of pounds in the greatest prize; another, a number revealed to him in a dream. The *Spectator* discourses of a nonconformist, who being a great enemy to popery, and believing the bad men are the most fortunate in this world, selected 666 against any other number, because it is the number of the Beast. Lotteries are now dead by law in England; but let us only look down the advertising columns of the sporting newspapers, and consider how astounding is the credulity there implied; seeing the men will give money to knavish charlatans for the expression of a *guess* concerning the name of the horse that will win in the forthcoming Derby, Oaks, or St Leger race. If a man would toss heads and tails with himself, it would be better; for the guess would be just as good, and he would save the charlatan's fee, but in either case, it is a relic of the old feeling, belief in lucky numbers or lucky names.

Certain days of the year have had celebrity, either lucky or unlucky days; sometimes only in the thought of individuals, but occasionally throughout wide circles of society. There was a queer little volume published two centuries ago, something midway in character between Buchan's *Domestic Medicine* and the *Yankee's Best Companion*, in which it is said: 'Six days of the year are perilous of death; and therefore philosophers forbid men to let blood on them, or take any drink: that is to say, January 8, July 1, October 4, April 80, August 1, December 21. These six days with great diligence ought to be kept, but mainly the latter three, for all the veins are then full. . . . any child be born in these three latter days, they shall die a wicked death.' In an old Roman calendar, of the 18th of December, prognostications of the week were drawn for the whole year. Another old weather-book asserts that the feast of St Barnabas and the feast of St Simon and St Jude are often tempestuous days. A writer of the Elizabethan times enumerates no less than sixty 'unlucky' days in the year; the month of January was especially unfortunate in the matter; for the 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 10th, 15th, 17th, and 29th days of this month were included in the date catalogue. The ancients had their *dies albi* and *dies atri*—'white days' and 'black days.' St Augustine, in commenting on a passage in St Paul's epistle to the Galatians, says that it was meant to apply to those persons who regulated their conduct by reference to the particular day of the month, or to the age of the moon, or to the relative positions of the planets, or to the year being leap-year, &c. There are many calendars and breviaries, produced before the days of printing, which contain a sort of calendar in Latin enumerating the days in the year which are to be regarded as unlucky: these are January 1 and 2, February 8 and 4, March 1 and 4, April 10 and 11, May 7, June 10 and 15, July 10 and 18, August 1 and 2, September 3 and 10, October 3 and 10, November 3 and 5, December 7 and 10; all kinds of misadventures, slaying, dying, blood, wounds, death, treachery, malaria, serpent-bites, &c.—are associated with these

perplexity, however, the unlucky days do not at all accord with those given by the Elizabethan writer. A treatise was published in 1687 with the sole purpose of proving that the 14th of October is a lucky day; because 'our magnanimous magnificent sovereign, James II., was born upon that augural day;' because that day

Gave the Norman duke

That victory when he England's sceptre took;

because Edward III. safely landed on that day after his tempestuous voyage from France; because the siege of Calais by the French king was frustrated on that day; and because on that day, in 1557, a treaty of peace was signed between Rome, France, and Spain. When a date is said to have some connection with a particular state of the weather, the assertion is worthy of a little more attention; since modern meteorologists have found themselves justified in looking out for meteors on certain days in August and November, and since the sun's place in the ecliptic may have much to do with the weather; therefore, when it is stated that the feast of St Barnabas, and that of St Simon and St Jude (June 11th and October 28th) are likely to be stormy days; or when it is stated by Dr Forster in his *Perennial Calendar*, that the 15th of September is fine in six years out of seven—the assertion may possibly rest rather upon science than upon superstition.

Particular days of the week, again, have had their lucky and unlucky attributes in the minds of some persons. Stow remarks that Thursday was connected with many disastrous events in the career of Henry VIII. and those of his line. A book published during the reign of Charles I., discoursed on the unlucky characteristics of three Mondays in the year—namely, the first Monday in April, as that on which Cain was born and Abel was slain; the second Monday in August, as that on which Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed; and the last Monday in December, as that on which Judas was born. In the old *Statistical Account of Scotland*, under the heading of Logierait in Perthshire, the inhabitants of the parish are spoken of as being prone to the belief in lucky and unlucky days. 'The day of the week on which the 14th of May happens to fall, for instance, is deemed unlucky through all the remainder of the year. In fevers, the illness is expected to be more severe on Sunday than on other days of the week; if easier on Sunday, a relapse is feared.' In the parish of Kirkwall, the same authority states that many of the inhabitants 'will neither go to sea in search of fish, nor perform any sort of work at home,' on certain days of the year. In Caithness, 'no gentleman of the name of Sinclair will put on green apparel, or think of crossing the Ord, upon a Monday. They were dressed in green and they crossed the Ord upon a Monday on their way to the battle of Flodden, where they fought and fell in the cause of their country, almost without leaving a representative of their name behind them. The day and the dress are accordingly regarded as inauspicious. If the Ord must be got beyond on Monday, the journey is preferred by sea.' Supposing these statements to be true, in reference to the time when Sir John Sinclair collected the materials for his valuable work, it would be interesting to know whether the subsequent period has been marked by any changes in the popular belief in question.

But Friday is the unlucky day, *par excellence*, according to the opinion of the million. Singular, indeed, is it to notice how wide-spread is this credence or credulity. Some writers, who claim to know all about the chronology of early events, even to days and hours, tell us that Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit on Friday, and died on Friday; hence the inauspicious characteristics of that day. Others have picked out a few Fridays in connection with

events and persons at the time of the introduction of Christianity, and have made poor Friday responsible for ever afterwards. For the greater part, however, the dictum has been accepted without any troublesome inquiry into its cause or authority: we know that the cat breaks everything, no other culprit coming forward; and on some such principle, Friday is selected as a scapegoat among the days of the week. The Spaniards have a pretty general opinion that it is unlucky to begin any enterprise on a Friday; and the Finlanders couple that day with Monday in the same bad list. The *Statistical Account of Scotland*, already quoted, tells us that, half a century ago, in some parts of Banffshire, 'few persons would choose to be married on a Friday.' Richard Cœur de Lion was killed on a Friday; and the event was chronicled in a ballad, in which Friday is frowned upon for evermore. A Shropshire adage holds the balance evenly between this day and the other days of the week; for it announces that Friday has always either the *best* or the *worst* weather in the week. Seamen are the most redoubtable defenders of the ill-Friday theory; they generally dislike to start for a voyage on that day; and some of the bluff old admirals and captains are believed to retain the prejudices in this matter imbibed in the early days when they served before the mast. In 1848, it was whispered at one of our southern ports that the port-admiral had delayed the departure of a ship in the government service for one day, in order that Friday might give place to the better-omened Saturday. If you tell a seaman this is pure nonsense, he will quote you instances in abundance. He will adduce the case in which, to disabuse sailors of their prejudice, a shipowner caused a ship to be laid down on Friday, launched on Friday, sent forth on her first voyage on Friday, and placed under the command of a captain named Friday: the ship was never again heard of. He will tell you that the *Amazon* West India mail-steamer left Plymouth on her first voyage on Friday, January 2, 1852, and was burnt to the water's edge, with a loss of 115 lives; and that the *Birkenhead* troop-steamer, which left Southampton on that very same day, was wrecked in her voyage, with a loss of 454 lives. He will tell you that one of the survivors of the *Amazon* joined the ship on a Friday, procured his register-ticket on a Friday, received his appointment on a Friday, left London in the ship for Plymouth on a Friday, and sailed from that port on a Friday; and that a foreboding of disaster arose in his sailor-mind when this list of Fridays came to his recollection.

But what the sailors have *not* told, and what the ill-Friday believers have not cared to inquire about, is the number of disasters that occur upon, and are associated with, the other six days of the week. Let them give poor Friday fair-play, and he will come up to a level with his companions. If it be a catalogue of shipwrecks, burnings, or other disasters, why not inquire whether such do not occur on the other days of the week in as large number as on Friday? If it be a list of fortunate or happy events, why not search candidly for a fair seventh of these on Fridays? The Great Mogul, Aurungzebe, is said to have exclaimed: 'O that my death may happen on a Friday, for blessed is he that dieth on that day!' but as we do not know why he adopted this theory, we can say nothing further about it. As an example, however, of the mode in which a sensible person may upset a stupid prejudice, we will quote a passage from an American newspaper, shewing that the great republic, at all events, has had no reason to consider Friday an unlucky day: 'On Friday, August 21, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery; on Friday, October 12, 1492, he first discovered land; on Friday, January 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he

had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast continent; on Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety; on Friday, November 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America; on Friday, June 13, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America. On Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VII. of England gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America: this is the first American state-paper in England. On Friday, September 7, 1565, Melendez founded St Augustine, the oldest town in the United States by more than forty years. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the *Mayflower*, with the Pilgrims, made the harbour of Province Town, and on the same day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of our present glorious constitution. On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing at Plymouth Rock. On Friday, February 22, George Washington, the father of American freedom, was born. On Friday, June 16, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, October 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause. On Friday, October 19, 1781, the surrender at Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms, occurred. On Friday, July 7, 1776, the motion in congress was made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United States colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent.* We have not verified these dates; but supposing them to be correct, they certainly send Friday up to a premium, so far as America is concerned. But we do not want any premiums: all we ask is—*fair-play for Friday*.

WAR-DECORATIONS.

The Victoria Medal, given by our gracious Queen to the distinguished *braves* of the French army, seems to have inspired no less gratitude and enthusiasm than the crosses and medals so liberally bestowed by Napoleon I. We read that the ribbons by which they are suspended have begun to get shabby, but the present emperor has graciously given orders that the wearers shall be supplied with fresh ones at the public expense every three months. This reminds us of a more eccentric thoughtfulness of the kind on the part of his great predecessor. It was in the year 1809, after the victory of Ebersberg, between Linz and Vienna, that the emperor took up his quarters in a cottage, half destroyed by fire; and a private soldier, named Jean Coluche, was posted as sentry at the door, in company with a soldier of the Imperial Guard, with strict orders to allow no one to go in or out, unless accompanied by a staff-officer. About dusk, a figure enveloped in a gray overcoat quitted the ruined cottage. 'You can't pass here,' cried Coluche. Wrapped in thought, and with his arms folded, Napoleon, for it was he, continued to walk on towards the sentry. Coluche at once brought his musket to the charge, and cried out: 'You can't pass: not if you were the Little Corporal himself. Another step, and my bayonet is in your breast!' At the noise of this challenge, the generals and staff-officers came up; Napoleon re-entered the house; and poor Coluche was carried off to the guard-house. 'All up with you, my boy!' said his comrades; 'you have insulted the emperor, and they'll make an example of you, depend upon it.' 'Wait a bit—wait a bit,' replied Coluche; 'wasn't it my orders? I'll explain all that before the court-martial.' Without delay he was summoned to the presence of the emperor. He entered, and saluted with his hand to his cap. 'Grenadier,' said Napoleon, 'you may henceforward wear the red ribbon at your button-hole: I give you the cross of the legion of honour.' 'Thanks, emperor,' replied Coluche; 'but there are no shops in this country to buy the ribbon.' 'Never mind,' said the emperor; 'take a piece of stuff out of the first red petticoat you meet: that will answer the purpose.'

THE SWEET-SEDGE.

BY THE LATE MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.*

[In former days, the sweet-sedge (*Acorus calamus*) was used the garlands hung in churches or dwellings. From time immemorial, it has been used for strewing the floors of the cathedrals of Norwich, and been thrown on some of the adjoining streets the day of choosing the mayor of that city. When trodden its fragrance becomes stronger, and the old cathedral seems to be with incense.]—ANNE PRATT'S *Plants of Great Britain*.]

Oh, river-side,
Where soft green rushes bear dark flowers,
And reedy grasses weave dark bowers,
Through which fleet minnows glide—
Oh, river-banks, let me from you convey
Something to scatter in yon ancient minster gray.

Oh, minster gray!
Where graves of friends beloved are found,
I come to thee with strewments.—Round
Each blade of grass, each spray
Of *Acorus*, a fragrant essence breathes,
Nature's own incense shed to sanctify these wreaths.

Oh, rushes green,
With blossoms wan or brown!—and ye
Sweet flags, from whose scent-roots to me
Come thoughts of the Has Been,
Ye are the fitting plants at eve to shed
A vague mysterious perfume o'er the silent dead.

'Not so!—not so!'
A voice replies: 'For joy alone
These reeds and rushes here are strewn.'
But I again cry: 'Lo!
Joy's emblems here I fitly use, to prove
That life and death alike spring from God's holy love.'

HOW TO IMPART ODOUR TO FLOWERS.

Every day, man is extending his empire over external nature. Flowers, more especially, spring at his bidding into forms and colours so much richer and more beautiful than the original type, that he might almost boast them his own. He has now gone a step further: he has acquired the art of imparting odour to the most scentless flowers, by constraining those beautiful things to delight the sense of smell as well as sight.* A florist of Aricia, as we are informed by the *Emporio Italiano*, has made some successful experiments of this kind in heaping the roots of flowers an odoriferous compost, and producing the required scent. By means, for instance, of decoction of roses, he has given to the rhododendron the perfect odour of the rose. 'To insure success, however, the seeds themselves of the plant to which it is desired to impart fragrance should be acted upon. Let them be immersed for two or three days in any essence that will be preferred, and then thoroughly dry them in the sun, and shortly after sow them. This operation is to be repeated to those plants which have none whatever. If it is required to substitute one scent for another in the plant, it is necessary to double or triple the quantity of the essence; and besides preparing the seed, it is well to modify the nutritive substance. In order to retain the perfume, it will be necessary to repeat moistening with the odorous substance several days in the spring-season, for two or three consecutive days. Fragrance may be given at the will of the horticulturist, to any plant or tree, by boring a hole from one side of the stem to the other, or through the roots, and introducing the odoriferous ingredients into the hole.'

* The sudden and untimely death of this amiable and accomplished man will spread much grief throughout a wide circle of friends and the good.'

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THE BEARDS OF OUR FATHERS.

ONE of the conventional semi-slang phrases of the day, not long since stereotyped upon our ductile language by the powerful agency of the diurnal press, is contained in the words, 'a great fact.' If we recollect rightly, it was first used by the *Times*, a few years ago, when that colossal paper condescended to recognise the existence, and rapidly increasing influence, of an important political movement. Destined to cruise in the pleasant waters of polite literature, this happy Journal ever avoids the boisterous billows of political partisanship; yet even in these pages another 'great fact' may be noticed; and though it has not organised a powerful league, raised large sums of money, published reams of tracts, nor spouted from a thousand platforms, still its existence—whether for an age or for all time, for weal or wo, for encomium or ridicule—cannot possibly be denied. So obvious, indeed, is this 'great fact,' so portentous are its accompaniments, that even who runs may observe it. Without opening a book, without unfolding a newspaper, without a word being spoken, we may distinctly recognise its unmistakable expression on the faces of our fellow-men, be they where they may. In court or camp, church or council-chamber, market or mansion, parliament or pot-house, street or station, stage-coach or steam-boat—everywhere, in short, we are daily bearded by this novel, synagogical sign of the times. Still, it is perfectly intrusive, the very remarkable circumstance being wholly true, that however gentish and impudent its followers may previously have been, their bitterest enemies cannot now term them barefaced. Need we say more! The important feature, the head question, countenanced by so many, agitates the face of society at the present day is our 'great fact'—the beard-movement.

Now, we are not going, neither do we consider it our province, to enter into the disputed case of beard or no razor—whether a man should, in Shakspeare's words, be 'bearded like the pard,' or

Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reaped,
Show like a stubble-land at harvest-home.

Now, our principal aim is to give some account of the beards of our fathers, for the benefit of the would-be beard-wearers of the rising generation; to endeavour to impress upon their minds a strong sense of that self-respect towards themselves, and courtesy to others, which the high and honourable antiquity of the beard, in the grave, dignified, and learned associations connected with it, so forcibly suggest. Nay, more; we even point out the different modes of wearing

that natural ornament of the face which prevailed among our ancestors, for the information, not only of the beard-wearers, but also of the barbers—we beg pardon, gentlemen—hair-dressers, we should say, of the present time. What, indeed, do the latter know about trimming a beard, except to cut it smooth off with a razor! All the beards we have met with, since the movement has commenced, are of the same stamp and pattern, without the slightest approach to originality or expression. Certes, we might as well ask a bombardier of the horse-artillery to handle a catapult, or a drill-sergeant of the Coldstream Guards to 'clap i' the clout at twelve score and carry a fore-hand shaft a fourteen and a half,' like that famous archer old Double, whom John of Gaunt loved so well, and of whom Justice Shallow prated so garrulously—as ask a tonsor of the present day to trim a beard in the Roman *T*, pique devant, spade, or any other of the various styles our ancestors so tastefully delighted in.

Morgan, the quaint, old heraldic writer, in his *Sphere of Gentry*, and in all seriousness too, informs us that Adam was the first gentleman who introduced fur, or, as it is technically termed, *vair*, into heraldry, he having adopted a sur-coat made of the hairy skins of beasts, after his marriage with Eve, whose arms he bore as an *escotcheon of pretence*, she being an heiress. Now, as the wearers of skin seldom shave so closely as the wearers of broadcloth, we may assume that Adam wore his beard. This opinion is strengthened by a remark of the English Josephus—no great authority, however—who, when speaking of the form of Adam's beard, says he must have worn it long; that is, a long time, before Tubal Cain had made a razor wherewith to shave it. It may be as well, however, to leave the antediluvians to themselves. Aaron, we learn, wore a forked beard, which was anointed with butter, like the head of Mr Mansfield Parkyns, the Abyssinian Brummel. The Theban Ammon-ra wore a narrow elongated beard, as Egyptian monuments testify; and the indomitable energy of Layard has made evident to us, as a nation of shopkeepers, the extraordinary demand for curling-tongs which must have existed among the ancient Assyrians, from the elaborate manner in which they dressed their beards. In short, from the earliest antiquity, the beard has been highly esteemed as an emblem of dignity and wisdom.

Homer, in terms of the warmest admiration, speaks of the snow-white beards of Priam and Nestor. Virgil, with all the ardour of a poet, descants on the flowing beard which covered the breast of Mezentius. Pliny, the Younger, seems to take a pleasure in relating how the flaxen beard of Euphrates, the Syrian philosopher,

inspired his fellow-countrymen with the most respectful veneration. Persius, convinced that the beard was the symbol of all wisdom and knowledge, considered that he could not bestow a higher encomium on Socrates than terming him *magistrum barbatum*—the bearded master.

When Louis XIII. ascended the throne of France, a mere lad, the supple courtiers shaved off their beards in compliment to the youthful king. But shortly afterwards, circumstances of danger and difficulty arising, the court was compelled to solicit the assistance and advice of the distinguished soldier and statesman, Sully. The brave old warrior disdaining to conform to what he considered an effeminate custom, wore a beard of magnificent dimensions, and was consequently a conspicuous object among the close-cropped courtiers, who greeted his unfashionable appearance with sneers and contemptuous laughter. Sully, unabashed by such demonstrations, advanced to the king, and said: 'Sire, when your father, of glorious memory, did me the honour to consult me on grave affairs of state, he first dismissed the buffoons and stage-dancers from the presence-chamber.'

The succession of the boy-king, Philip V., to the crown of Spain, had an exactly similar effect upon the beard; but, as a proof of the estimation in which it was held, its suppression gave rise to a well-known Spanish proverb, 'Desde que no hay barba, no hay mas alma'—(Since we have lost our beards, we have also lost our souls.)

Even among the lowest classes, the beard was formerly considered to be the symbol of wisdom and command. In Beaumont and Fletcher's comedy, *The Beggar's Bush*—or Fletcher's rather, for it was written after Beaumont's death, and acted, for the first time, before the court in 1622—when Oswin, a stranger, has, at the beggars' request, chosen the one who had the longest beard to be their king, Higgen, the beggar-ordinator, thus addresses the new-made monarch:

But what need presage
To us, that might have read it in thy beard,
As well as he that chose thee? By that beard,
Thou wert found out and marked for sovereignty.
Oh happy beard! but happier prince whose beard
Was so remarked, as marked out our prince,
Not bating us a hair.

The most sacred oath of the Mohammedan is, 'by the beard of the Prophet; and when a 'turbaned Turk' suspects that any one is trying to humbug him, the expressive inquiry, 'Do you mean to laugh at my beard?' is tantamount to the Englishman's, 'Do you see anything green about me?' This is also the signification of the old phrase, 'making a beard,' we find in Chaucer. In the reeve's tale, the miller says:

I trow the clerks were afeared,
Yet can a miller make a clerk's beard,
For all his art.

In the olden time, when an inferior was addressing a person of higher rank, or when a person was soliciting a favour, it was always the custom to stroke the beard downwards, as a token of inferiority, deference, or entreaty. Butler, who seems to have never missed the slightest shade of manner or character, represents Hudibras making submissive congees to the widow:

And all due ceremonies paid,
He stroked his beard, and thus he said.

This observance is as ancient as Homer: we read in the tenth book of the *Iliad*, when Dolon is earnestly supplicating Diomedes for mercy:

Sternly he spoke, and as the wretch prepared,
With humble blandishment, to stroke his beard,
Like lightning swift, the wrathful falchion flew.

The custom is also alluded to in that most amusing

episode in *Don Quixote*, where the fictitious Trifaldin, of the white beard, squire to the equally fictitious, disconsolate matron, implores assistance from the knight of the woful countenance. 'He coughed,' says the author, 'and stroked his unwieldy beard from top to bottom with both hands.'

How much more graceful a gesture this is, than the ridiculous and unmeaning mock-hand-washing manœuvre, so regularly performed by tavern-waiters and walking-gentlemen! Even our tragedians overlook this graceful, natural expression of submission, and deferential appeal, though they have the high authority of Shakspeare for it. In *Troilus and Cressida*, Ulysses describes Patroclus mimicking the Grecian warriors for the amusement of Achilles, and the latter saying:

Now play me Nestor—hem and stroke thy beard,
As he, being dressed to some oration.

Probably this gesture arose from the beard being frequently consecrated, as a most precious offering, to the heathen deities. Chaucer, in the knight's tale, describes Arcite as offering his beard to Mars, in the following words:

And evermore until the day I die,
Eternal fire I will before thee find:
And eke to this avow, I will me bind,
My beard, my hair that hangeth long adown,
That never yet felt no offension
Of razor nor of shears, I will thee give,
And be thy true servant while I live.

Our Saxon ancestors delighted in wearing long forked beards; the Normans, on the contrary, at the period of the Conquest, not only shaved their chin but also the back parts of their heads. They had not, however, been long established in England before they permitted their beards to grow to extraordinary dimensions. The long beards, painted hoods, and gowns of the English were thus satirised by the Scottish visitors to London in the reign of Richard I.

Long beards heartless,
Painted hoods witless,
Gray coats graceless,
Make England thriftless.

From the time of Henry IV., the beard began to decrease in size and popularity; and growing less by degrees and beautifully less during the long and disastrous commotions of the Wars of the Roses, became almost extinct, until it was once more called into existence by the Reformation. Yes, dear reader, by the Reformation. Small events may arise from great causes, as well as great events from small causes; and thus it was how that ever-memorable occurrence affected the beard.

After the separation of the Greek and Latin Churches, the practice of shaving became a religious duty among the Roman ecclesiastics, by way of distinction to the Greeks, who, to this day, have continued to pay reverence to a well-clad chin, and are greatly shocked by the beardless images of saints in the Latin churches. The shaving of the chin by the clergy was imperatively commanded by various statutes in the Romish Church; and so strictly were these statutes adhered to, that Duprat, Bishop of Clermont, desirous to break them, found one Easter-Sunday morning the doors of his own cathedral shut in his face. But the dignitaries of the chapter were awaiting him in the porch, one holding a razor, another a pair of scissors, and the third an open book, containing the statutes of the church, with his finger pointing to the words *circumcisis*. In vain did the bishop urge the sanctity of shaving on so holy a day; he was not listened to. Prevented from entering the cathedral, he returned home with his beard, and in a short time died of a broken heart.

By the monastic laws, the lay-monks were commanded to let their beards grow, and only the priests to shave; and a writer, previous to the Reformation, complains that the manners of the clergy had become so corrupt, that they could not be distinguished from the laity by their actions, but only by their want of beards. Consequently, the early reformers suffered their beards to grow, to distinguish themselves from the adherents to Rome; and the Reformation becoming general in England, the beard by this means came into fashion among the clergy.

Verheiden's portraits of the Reformation afford us some good specimens of beards. Beza wore his long and forked; Calvin's was long and pointed, with a slight waving curl; Fox and Cranmer wore goodly appendages to their chins; but John Knox eclipsed all his contemporaries, his beard flowing down to his girdle. These reverend fathers did not wish to concede the use of the beard to the laity, considering that it should be the distinguishing feature of the ecclesiastic alone.

The archaeological inquirers of a future era, thanks to the still-increasing triumphs of the graver's art, will have an easy task when tracing the modes and costumes of our days. A few copies of *Punch* or the *Illustrated News* preserved from oblivion, will make the all-round collar and the alpaca poncho, the wide-awake hat and the Wellington boot, the palétot and the Paxton, almost as familiar to our descendants as those brilliant triumphs of æsthetic invention are to ourselves. We, however, when looking back among the dim shadows of antiquity, have no such advantage; in the earlier periods of our history, we are able to trace the form of the beard only in hideous pre-Raphaelitish figures, worked on tawdry threadbare tapestry, or on the sculptured stones and brasses that so faithfully represent the living forms of the dead, whose memory they were erected. From the reign of Elizabeth, however, the dawning of the modern drama, as the dramatic writers, those brief chroniclers of the times, hold their mirrors up to nature, we are enabled to glean a few reflections; and the satirists, too, when vigorously lashing, afford us many glimpses of the fashions and follies of their era. Holinshed, writing about the middle of the sixteenth century, says:

'Neither will I meddle with our variety of beards, of which some are shaven from the chin, like those of the Turks, not a few cut short like to the beard of Marquis Otto; some made round, like a rubbing-brush; other with a pique devant (Oh, fine fashion!), or now and then suffered to grow long; and the barbers being known to be so cunning in this behalf as the tailors. Therefore, if a man have a lean and straight face, a Marquis of Otto's cut will make it broad and large; if it be platter-like, a long slender beard will make it seem the narrower; if he be weasel-beaked, then such hair left on the cheeks will make the owner look like a bowdled hen, and so grim as a goose, if Cornelius Chelmerford say true; many old men wear no beards at all.'

'Without presuming to insinuate in the slightest degree that any of the supporters of the present beard-arrangement are 'weasel-beaked,' or that any amount of hair on the face would make any of them look 'so platter as a goose,' we would earnestly solicit their attention to the fact, thus alluded to by Holinshed, that our ancestors cut their beards according to the shape of their faces; and that they, if they wish to wear their beards to the adornment of their persons, must undoubtedly do the same.

The Lyly's *Midas*, published in 1591, we find one barber, thus addressing his apprentice: 'Besides, I instructed thee in the phrases of our frequent occupation, as—How, sir, will you be shaved? Will you have your beard like a spade or

a bodkin? a penthouse on your upper lip, or an alley on your chin? your mustaches sharp at the end, like shoemaker's awls, or hanging down to your mouth like goat's flakes?'

The spade-beard, in form like the iron part of a spade, was that mostly worn by soldiers. At a period when almost all men wore swords, and those weapons were frequently drawn to decide very trifling quarrels—in an age, we may say, of 'difficulties,' as our transatlantic brethren mildly term combats *à l'outrance*, a beard cut to look terrible to an enemy was probably no small advantage to the wearer. Shirley, however, in *A Contention for Honour and Riches*, written about 1630, shews that the terrible beard had not always a terrific effect:

Soldier. You have worn a sword thus long to shew the hilt,

Now let the blade appear.

Courtier. Good Captain Voice,

I shall, and teach you manners; I have yet

No ague; I can look upon your buff

And punto beard, and call for no strong waters.

The spade-beard, however, was not always the distinguishing mark of a soldier: the unfortunate Earl of Essex wore a spade; but his friend Lord Southampton, the patron of Shakespeare, who passed a great part of his life in camps, wore the long slender tuft of hair, diminishing to a point, termed the stiletto-beard. But the fashions of beards, like everything else, were always changing. One of the characters in Middleton's *Time's Metamorphosis*, exclaims to another:

Why dost thou wear this beard?

'Tis clean gone out of fashion.

It is highly probable that the officers and private soldiers of an army wore their beards as their general did his. In *King Henry V.*, Gower, when enlightening Fluellen as to the true character of the cowardly braggart Pistol, says: 'And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is marvellous to be thought on; but you must learn to know such slanders of the age.'

The almost endless variety of beards that were fashionable in the reign of Charles I., have been sung by Taylor in the *Superbia Flagellum*, though, curiously enough, he does not mention the kind of beard he himself wore. It was a corkscrew-beard, a single tuft of hair, hanging down from the centre of the chin, and twisted into a spiral form. Taylor's description of beards occupies some pages; we shall quote only the close of it:

Some like a spade, some like a fork, some square,
Some round, some mowed like stubble, some stark bare,
Some sharp stiletto fashion, dagger-like,
That may, with whispering, a man's eyes outpike;
Some with the hammer-cut or Roman T,
Their beards extravagant reformed must be;
Some in the quadrate, some triangle fashion;
Some circular, some oval in translation;
Some perpendicular in longitude;
Some like a thicket for their crassitude;
That heights, depths, breadths, triforms, square, oval,
round,

And rules geometrical in beards are found.

The Roman T or hammer-cut beard was a plain tuft down the centre of the chin, the mustaches parted straight out on each side to form the cross, or upper part of the T. The beard worn by the present emperor of France is an exact Roman T, as may be verified by many old portraits. It was all the vogue in the time of Charles I., as we learn from the *Queen of Corinth*:

He strokes his beard,

Which now he puts i' the posture of a T,

The Roman T; your T-beard is the fashion.

A beard somewhat resembling the spade form, but of an equal breadth throughout its length, was known as the tile-beard—a term still more appropriate when it was of a reddish colour. Thus we read in *Hudibras*:

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face,
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile.

A tile-coloured beard, however fashionable or unfashionable its shape might have been, was not by any means considered a blemish in the olden time. The exquisites of that period used to dye their dark hair and beards a light colour, as some now-a-days dye their light hair dark. In the old books of recipes or 'secrets,' as they are termed, we never meet with the modern friseur's motto, 'No more gray hairs;' on the contrary, we are told how to change black hair to gray, white, yellow, red, and even green. In the seventeenth century, the Jewish females in Holland and Flanders used to cut off their fine black hair, and wear yellow wigs instead. So much for the caprices of fashion.

We think it our duty, however, to warn the youthful reader that the ladies, even in the olden time, did not always admire the beard, especially when it was accompanied by the fumes of tobacco-smoke. A conversation similar to the following might very readily take place at the present day, though we actually extract it from Marston's *Antonio and Melida*, a comedy first acted in 1662:

Piero. Faith, mad niece, I wonder when thou wilt marry.

Rosaline. Faith, kind uncle, when men forsake taking of tobacco, and cease to wear their beards so rudely long. Oh! to have a husband with a mouth continually smoking, with a bush of furze on the ridge of his chin, ready still to flop into his foaming chops; ah! 'tis more than most intolerable.

The beard, too, was on some occasions, and might be still, a tell-tale. Ralph Kettle, preaching in St Mary's Church at Oxford, at the conclusion of his sermon said: 'But now I see it is time for me to shut up my book, for I see the doctor's men come in, wiping their beards from the ale-house.' 'He could,' says Aubrey the antiquary, 'plainly see them, and 'twas their custom to go there, and about the end of the sermon to return to wait on their masters.'

Even in its high and palmy days, the beard, when too large, was not unfrequently a subject of ridicule. In Lyly's *Midas*, we read of

A dozen of beards
To stuff two dozen of cushions.

And in the same play, another character says:

All my mistress's lines that she dries her clothes on are made of moustachio stuff.

Again, Menenius, in *Coriolanus*, tells the tribunes that their 'beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle.'

In Charles II.'s time, the beard became smaller and smaller, till at last a new style of decorating the head put it entirely out of fashion: this was the detestable monstrosity termed a periwig, worn in servile imitation of the French courtiers, who wore it in servile adulation of Louis XIV. The Grand Monarque, it appears, when a boy, had a remarkably beautiful head of hair, which hung down in long waving curls upon his shoulders; and the courtiers, out of compliment to their young sovereign, had wigs made to imitate his natural locks, which obtained the name of perukes. The base subservieney of the English to the French court at that period, placed this absurd head-dress on the shoulders of English gentlemen, and the common

people contemptuously termed it a periwig—a name which had previously been given to a theatrical character-wig, worn, as Hamlet says, 'by a robustious periwig-pated fellow.'

So late as the first half of the last century, some of the clergy continued to wear the beard. Clubbea, in his *Free Advice to a Young Clergyman*, written about that period, recommends him 'not to come into that Jewish fashion of wearing a beard round his face; in them [the Jews] it may be proper enough, but, with us, openness of countenance is the characteristic of an ingenuous mind.'

The periwig, after extinguishing the beard, fell into the oblivion it so well merited. Custom, tyrannical custom, still inflicts it on the heads of lawyers, its last refuge. The beard, aided perhaps more than is generally considered, by the loosely fitting forms of our present garments, seems likely to regain some of its ancient importance. But, alas! the black, inconvenient cylinder, termed a hat, still tortures our weary heads. Assuredly, a majority of the adult male population of England would accept the beard, ay, and dye it green too, if inexorable fashion required it, on condition that a new and easily worn hat were introduced at the same time.

SKY-HIEROGLYPHICS.

WHEN the remote regions of space are reconnoitred by the help of very powerful telescopes, miniature star-systems are discerned scattered about there, some looking only like minute specks of faint cloud, on account of the collective light of their twinkling host being paled down, almost to disappearance, by extreme distance; but others having distinct star-points dotted and stippled in upon their faces in various ways, so that they assume individual and characteristic forms, which can be at once recognised whenever they are encountered by astronomers.

Among these more individualised star-systems of the remote firmament, there are some twelve or fourteen which possess an especial interest on account of the intelligence which beams forth from their features. A family likeness pervades all the members of this group, the fundamental idea of the physiognomy being a spirally contorted arrangement of light streaks, with scintillating balls concentrated in the midst, and depending from the outer extremities of the spires. They all look very much as if they might have been whirling fireworks, whose sparks were suddenly, and as they flew, fixed into indelible fire-petrifications. Some of these star-scrolls are viewed in full face, with all their convolutions open, like the partitions of the nautilus-shell seen in section and edgeways; others are contemplated three-quarters full, and others in profile, with the scrolls setting away from the observer. Science is indebted to the skill and perseverance of Lord Rosse for its knowledge of these strange objects. It was the noble instruments of this illustrious observer that first brought into view these star-shells of the celestial deep.

In these spiral star-systems, the scrolled or convoluted arrangement is so obvious and complete, that there can be no doubt of the peculiar figure expressing the dominant operation of some special power. The spires of these starry miniatures as much declare the active influence of some scrolling agency, as the whorls of the Catharine-wheel intimate that the body which emits the sparks is in rapid revolution. Hence the discovery of the scrolled nebulae by Lord Rosse was very soon followed by speculations, on the part of inquisitive philosophy, concerning the forces that were probably at the bottom of the scrolling. Scientists are now pressing with great urgency the question, 'What can the meaning be that is hidden within these hieroglyphical inscriptions of the sky?' What can

the proceedings of nature that are recorded by these curled and contorted characters?

The sails of a wind-mill go round because their sloping vanes are pressed laterally as the breeze sweeps along past them. But now, let it be conceived, for the sake of illustration, that the tables for once are turned upon the wind; let it be imagined that the sails are whirled round by means of machinery acting upon the central shaft within, just as the blades of the screw are whirled round by the shaft, at the stern of the screw steam-ship. Then they would be resisted by the wind, as they turned, and would have to drive currents of it out of their way, as the blades of the steam-screw drive backwards currents of water by their revolution. The sails of the wind-mill would, on this supposition, succeed in dashing the air out of their way, principally because their framework was made of strong unbending timber. But if it were formed of yielding whalebone, or India-rubber, instead of being composed of rigid timber, how would the case then stand? The elastic ribs of the sails would give way, to a certain extent, before the resistance they experienced, and would curve before it, as the whalebone frame of an umbrella curves before a violent blast of wind. The rotating mill-sails, if viewed from a distance, would then cease to look like a revolving cross, as mill-sails ordinarily do in the face of the landscape, and would assume instead the appearance of convoluted spires turning upon their centres. They would, in fact, wear the same general aspect as the scrolled nebulae or star-systems brought to light by the researches of Lord Rosse. This, then, is what many natural philosophers are inclined to hold that these convoluted objects are. They believe them to be revolving sails, whose skeletons and ribs are of yielding consistence, instead of being composed of rigid material; so that the radiating arms get bent into spiral curves when they are whirled round in the midst of a resisting force that serves to oppose their movement.

An apparent difficulty presents itself upon the threshold of this explanation, which seems at the first glance to affect its principles in an unfavourable way: the revolving sails of a wind-mill can be seen going round; their movements can be traced by the eye; but no motion can be detected in the star-scrolls; none of them have yet perceptibly changed the positions of their spirally curved arms since the period when they first came under observation. They are not seen to be going round. Upon further consideration, however, this obstacle complaisantly withdraws itself out of the way. When an observer stands near to a wind-mill, the ends of the revolving sails rush past him with terrific impetuosity and speed; but if he then moves off gradually from the mill, he will observe that the sails appear to turn more and more gently, although, in fact, the velocity of their movement is in no way altered. Under this experience, the notion is soon realised, that it is altogether possible for such a thing to exist as mill-sails so vast, that although their extremities are rushing along with a speed of almost inconceivable amount, they may nevertheless be contemplated from a distance at which the revolutionary progress ceases to be perceptible during any interval of time that can be employed in observation. If the star-scrolls be revolving spiral sails, it is obvious that they really must stand in this precise category. It is known that their stupendous forms extend through distances light could not flash across in thousands of years, although it passes round the earth six times in a second; and that, consequently, if the outer extremities of their spires were sweeping onwards with a velocity many times greater than that with which the iron ball flies from the mouth of the cannon, that velocity would nevertheless be altogether inappreciable to observers watching it from minute

to minute, and from day to day. So enormous must the circles be through which those celestial mill-sails wheel, that they can only be completed in intervals of thousands upon thousands of years, whatever may be the speed of the movement. In such a state of affairs, it is manifest that short-lived man must watch in vain for any indication of the mighty progress. Its almost infinite march must, of necessity, altogether elude the finite sense that endures but for a few short years.

Having summarily disposed, then, of this weighty difficulty, three other very important considerations next arise: What is the nature of the movement wherewith these gigantic firmamental mill-sails are wheeled round? what is the character of the resistance that curves their huge arms? and what is the composition of these arms, that they are strong enough to hold together, and yet pliable enough to bend to the pressure? We want to know, what are those firmamental mill-sails made of? why are they spirally bent? and why do they whirl?

The most direct road to the solution of these queries lies nearer home than the far-off regions in which the strange objects themselves are placed. Bring back your attention, for a brief interval, to the earth—What is that body? It is both very large and very heavy. Take a million of tons of some solid substance, like iron ore—that is, as many tons as it would require eleven days and a half to count, if one ton were reckoned off every second—place them all in a heap; then make a million such heaps, and lump them all together as a billion of tons. Next form as many billion heaps as there are individual tons in the lump, add one quarter as much again, and roll up the whole into a ball. There you will have the earth, so far as massiveness is concerned. The terrestrial sphere weighs a billion and a quarter of billions of tons!

But how is this ponderous ball sustained in space? Where is the pillar upon which its enormous bulk is laid? or where are the chains by which it is suspended? Go round the earth from east to west, and from north to south, and you will see nowhere any material support. All is transparency and void, until the eye reaches the far-removed orbs which gleam in the remote firmament. The earth is an island of matter, in the ocean of immensity, with only waves of impalpable and incoherent ether breaking upon its shores.

As might be anticipated, then, since this ponderous sphere is not supported in space, it is falling through it, sweeping along onwards, and still onwards, for ever, with fearful impetuosity. The speed of its movement is sixty-eight times as great as that of a ball shot from a rifle; ninety times as great as the velocity of sound; and *eleven thousand times* as great as the speed of the express railway-train! The earth performs a surprising journey of nearly sixty-eight thousand miles every hour.

But whither is the earth falling? To what point does its rapid movement tend? Its own inherent tendency of movement is towards the next very large substantial body that lies out in space as its next-door neighbour. It endeavours to fall to that neighbouring body, as a small stone strives always to fall to it, when raised away from the terrestrial surface. It has been arranged by the Creative fiat which established the order of nature, that all heavy bodies shall act as magnets towards each other. Each one draws, and is drawn by, all the rest. If a series of heavy bodies, like the earth, were simultaneously set down in different situations in space, and then were abandoned there, free from external control, they would all immediately rush together under the influence of this magnet-like attraction.

The nearest very large substantial body that lies out in space, as a next-door neighbour to the earth, is

the sun. This neighbour is a very large sphere indeed; it has in itself a bulk that is equal to a million and a half of earths, and it consequently plays the part of a proportionally powerful magnet to its terrestrial companion. If the earth were abandoned to the influence of this mighty magnet, it would of necessity be drawn to the sun, and would find itself held fast there after a few hours' rapid flight. It is not, however, abandoned to the solar attraction, for it was primevally thrown into space, so to speak, and not set down there; and it was thrown in such a direction that its own momental impulse carried it, not *towards* the sun, but *across* the direction in which the sun forthwith began to pull it. The consequence was, that it went on moving, neither in the line in which it was launched by the Creative hand, nor yet in the direction along which the sun pulled it, but in a course that was intermediate to, or compounded of both. This, then, is how the ponderous earth is sustained without material upholding. It is sustained by the combined influence of movement and attraction. It is rushing along with the momental force with which its vast mass was originally launched into space; but as it is doing so, it is caught in the strings of the sun's attractive energy, and is made to whirl round the sun, as a stone is caused to whirl round the head of a slinger, by the strings of the sling. The earth's onward momental movement is diverted into a whirl round the sun by the solar attraction. The ponderous earth is falling *round the sun in a circle*, or, more correctly speaking, in an ellipse, that for ever returns very nearly into itself.

But upon what is the yet more ponderous sun pillared or hung in its turn? The sun, too, hangs upon nothing. It is falling through space. With its dependent earth, it is rushing along for ever with a speed sufficient to carry it through the vast distance of one hundred and fifty-four millions of miles in the course of a year. As, however, it is doing so, it, too, is caught in the strings of attraction, and is made to whirl round, instead of flying onward. It is whirling round large orbs like to itself, which, nevertheless, on account of extreme remoteness, look to human eyes only like twinkling stars.

What is true in regard to the earth and the sun, is also true of the other material members of the universe. All the bright stars are wheeling through space, rushing onwards with the momenta primarily impressed upon their several masses, but gracefully bending round each other as they do so, under the influence of mutual attraction. The stellar orbs are sustained in space in precisely the same way as the earth and the sun: motion and attraction uphold them as securely as if they were hung in material chains. The twinkling stars which are scattered so confusedly in the nocturnal firmament, are all connected into a system by the meshes of mutual attraction, but are continually keeping the threads of those meshes stretched by their gyratory energies. They cannot fly asunder, because each is restrained by the magnet-like hold of its neighbours; they cannot rush together, because each is impelled by innate impulse of great power another way: consequently, they all sweep round and round, like drops in a mighty whirlpool. If some superhuman intelligence, freed from the restrictions of space and time, could rest on the far shore of the immensity, and look back, in sustained contemplation, upon the twinkling brotherhood, it would see this star-whirlpool dimpling the even face of the firmament, as man sees the watery eddies dimpling the smooth face of the mill-pool.

Even so when the astronomer, aided by the telescope, looks out into surrounding space, he sees dimples on the face of the firmament, caused by eddies of stars. He has not time, it is true, to follow the movement, but he sees the fact of the movement in the form of

the eddy. Those spiral scrolls discovered by Lord Rosse are eddies of stars caught in the act of gyration. The elastic and flexible connection that holds together the spiral arms, is the magnet-like attraction of star for star; the resistance that curves the arms into spires, is the preponderance of the magnet-like attraction in the direction in which most stars are concentrated at the time; and the movement which produces the whirl, is the impulse communicated to the stars by the hand of the Creator. The stars in the distant and external systems, detected beyond the utmost bounds of the earth's more immediate star-group, are sustained in space by precisely the same agency as those nearer bodies.

Such is the interpretation the Daniels of science now offer as the correct reading of these scroll-hieroglyphics. They tell us that, in those spiral nebulae, stars are seen, hanging in clusters upon each other, like bees in a swarm, yet kept from actual contact by the rapidity with which they are eddying. Streaks and knobs of superior brilliancy appear wherever the whirling stars set in more closely together for the time. In the rich depths of the universe there are, in all probability, star-systems of every degree of diversity. In some, for instance, the several orbs are sweeping in concentric ellipses round a common focus, as the planets roll in concentric orbits around the sun; in others, the stars are rushing along in every direction, layer over layer, spherically arranged, as shell beyond shell; and in yet others, subordinate dimples are circling in more comprehensive revolutions, just as the satellites are whirling about the planets, and the planets about the sun.

But it by no means follows that any of these star-systems are of fixed and unalterable character; it is far more accordant with the plan of cyclical progress, which seems to be of such general prevalence in the universe, that the condition present in either of them at any one time is but a single figure in a mazy dance that passes on through a long series of changes, at length to return again and again upon itself, exactly as each varied configuration of the planets and satellites is renewed after prolonged periods. These spiral scrolls, indeed, look to the eye as if they were unrolling their star-streams. Possibly, myriads of centuries hence, they will have expanded themselves into hollow rings; and then, after yet other myriads of centuries, will be found reconcondensed into compact spherical clusters, in their turn once more to unroll into spires. It is a very remarkable fact, that hollowing star-systems, and spherically compacted systems, are discerned in the firmament, just as if different members of the same organisation were exhibited to the eye in the successive stages of their progressive change, to compensate for man's inability to trace out the progress of the change in any individual case.

SCHOOLS CHEAP AND NASTY.

The schoolmaster is a rising man in our age. It may be safely said that, in income and in social consideration, he is at twice the height he was in the early years of this century. Yet the *Times* continues to inform us of instances in which the expectations of this functionary appear quite as low as ever, if they are not indeed lower. Take the following example, selected from a late number:

Education sixteen guineas per annum.—A lady having a highly respectable establishment, offers to receive a few young ladies on these reduced terms, including Music, Drawing, and French. House very large, with ample playground. School-room, 40 by 18 feet. Trained daughters taken in exchange. Unexceptionable references. Address with real name, &c.

In the next column we find a similar one, only young gentlemen are advertised for, and the terms are a little lower than in the above:

Education sixteen pounds per annum (no extras).—Parents of limited income and those having large families are invited to address the advertiser. The education embraces the Latin, Greek, French, and German languages, the Mathematics and English generally. The house is spacious, standing in its own beautiful and extensive pleasure-grounds. A liberal table is kept, and every domestic comfort may be depended on. References to parents of pupils now at the school.

In a third, taken from the same page, an offer is made to board, clothe, and educate young gentlemen for L.18 per annum; and numbers of others may be found even within the limits of the same paper, offering board and an education including numerous accomplishments, on terms varying from this sum to L.25 a year.

One can hardly think that Mr Dickens's Dotheboys Hall is an overdrawn picture, or that such establishments as the one kept by Mr Squeers have ceased to exist, when we read such advertisements as the above. The age in which we live, philanthropical as it may be, is not so overflowing with the commodity that a crowd of benevolent individuals are to be found willing and eager to educate the children of other people at the cost of their own pockets; and yet a little analysis will show that education on such terms cannot otherwise be given.

Let us calculate the cost of a pupil fed in the plainest manner, and at the least possible expense—but not actually dipping under the starving-point—for forty weeks out of the fifty-two, allowing the remaining twelve for vacations. Let us suppose this child to have three meals a day—a number parents have a predilection for as the minimum; and that the morning and evening repast cost sixpence *together*: these meals alone, for 280 days, will take L.7 out of the annual stipend. Dinner, with however small a quantity of animal food, could not be supplied for the same sum; but calculating it to cost a fraction above fourpence per day (including the luscious vehicle of the sulphur), L.6 more will be required; so that at least L.12 per annum must be expended in the actual cost of food. But it is not only food that has to be provided, but lodging. The veriest outcasts on the face of the earth pay threepence a night for bare shelter, with a couch of straw, not particularly clean. Allow but the same for the lodging of your child night and day, and L.3, 10s. more is expended out of the sixteen guineas named in the first advertisement. At this computation, which certainly does not admit of anything very luxurious either in food or accommodation, twenty-six shillings will remain to pay for the instruction of the young ladies for the year, including music, drawing, and French. In the second advertisement, in which pounds are mentioned instead of guineas, the sum of ten shillings per annum remains to pay for the education, 'which embraces Latin, Greek, French, and German; mathematics and English generally.' In the third, as clothing is offered, in addition to board, lodging, and education, for L.2 a year more, we may consider there is no very important difference in the terms.

But it is not only for what has been already mentioned that the head of an educational establishment must look for remuneration; in the first place, some capital is necessary to take and furnish a house large enough for scholastic purposes; and let the furniture be of the very plainest and most homely description that can be procured, it will still cost something. Of course, for this capital expended, interest must be looked for. Then there is the actual rent of a large

house and grounds—if the advertisement can be credited which describes them—the wages and food of servants, with other items almost innumerable. All this is positive outlay, independently of the educational part of the bargain. Supposing the master to be so admirable a Crichton as to be able to teach all the varied branches of learning himself, and the lady-principal so completely finished as to undertake the whole conduct of the school, accomplishments included, surely the time of such talented persons is worth a trifle. They should at least earn a living by exercising these powers; and not only that, but some little return might naturally be expected, by way of interest, for the sums spent in fitting them for the position they occupy. But as it can scarcely be thought that a single head, with the pair of hands which usually—not always—accompany it, will be able, unaided, to go through the whole work of a school, suppose an assistant to be employed. This does not always imply that the individual is paid; for, referring again to the columns of the *Times*, we find advertisements inserted by persons at least professing to be able to teach a great deal, and stating their willingness to do so without any other remuneration for their services than simply board and lodging, or, to use the prescriptive term, 'a comfortable home.' The teacher, however, even when receiving no salary whatever, must cost the principal at least as much as one of the pupils.

Now comes the question, how are all these expenses met? Sometimes we hear of additional items of various kinds inserted in the bills, which so swell their amount as to make the concern pay in spite of the apparent lowness of the charge; but in one of these advertisements we see the ominous words, 'no extras;' so we are driven from that idea in despair.

And yet some profit must be obtained out of the miserable pittances quoted, or why are such pupils thought not only worth having, but advertised for? Advertisements, it is true, are now pretty cheap; but being frequently, almost constantly, repeated by the philanthropical educators of juvenile England, they must cost a good deal in the aggregate.

That it is quite impossible for a teacher, in such circumstances, to fulfil his bargain honestly to himself and his employers, must be apparent. Yet I should almost blame more than the school-speculators, the parent who committed his child into such hands without making any calculation as to whether the other party in the bargain can be reasonably expected to fulfil his share of the contract. This, however, is often the last thing thought of; the main object being to have their children taken entirely off the parents' hands, and brought up with as little trouble and expense to themselves as possible. That there is a great demand for these cheap schools is evidenced by the number of advertisements, similar in class to those cited, which appear daily in the provincial papers as well as the *Times* and other metropolitan journals.

It would be amusing, were it not for the ideas of a different nature which are also suggested by them, to notice such sentences—as, for instance, this, from one of the advertisements given above: 'Parents of large families and of limited income are invited to address the advertiser;' and again, 'Tradesmen's daughters taken in exchange.' The family should indeed be large if a member is condemned to be educated and boarded on such terms. The remark as regards 'tradesmen's daughters' is, to say the least of it, a little ambiguous. Are they to be taken in exchange for the children of the school, the deficiency of the latter in flesh being made up for in learning? Or are the olive branches of the tradesman to be done for in payment of his account for the goods he deals in? If this is the true explanation—and we suspect it is so, notwithstanding the absurdity of the phrase 'children taken in exchange'—the advertisements are

doubtless meant exclusively for the dealers in adulterations and imitations, as articles of any quality whatever will fully remunerate the school for such board and education.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.—NO COVER.

In silence I continued to scrutinise the camp, but could discover no mode of approaching it secretly or in safety.

As I have said, the adjacent plain, for nearly a thousand yards' radius, was a smooth grass-covered prairie. Even the grass was short; it would scarcely have sheltered the smallest game, much less afford cover for the body of a man—much less for that of a horse.

I should willingly have crawled on hands and knees over the half-mile that separated us from the encampment; but that would have been of no service; I might just as well have walked erect. Erect or prostrate, I should be seen all the same by the occupants of the camp, or the guards of the horses. Even if I succeeded in effecting an entrance within the lines, what then? Even should I succeed in finding Isolina, what hope was there of our getting off?

There was no probability of our being able to leave the lines unseen—not the least. We should certainly be pursued, and what chance for us to escape? It was not probable we could run for a thousand yards with the hue and cry after us? No; we should be overtaken, recaptured, speared or tomahawked upon the spot!

The design I had formed was to bring my horse as close as possible to the Indian lines; to leave him under cover, and within such a distance as would make it possible to reach him by a run; then mounting with my betrothed in my arms, to gallop to my comrades. These I had intended should be placed in ambush, as near to the camp as the nature of the ground would permit.

But my preconceived plan was entirely frustrated by the peculiar situation of the Indian encampment. I had anticipated that there would be either trees, brushwood, or broken ground in its neighbourhood, under shelter of which we might approach. To my chagrin, there was none of the three. There was no timber nearer than the grove in which we were lying—the copse excepted—and to have reached this would have been to enter the camp itself.

We appeared to have advanced to the utmost limit possible that afforded cover. A few feet further would have carried us outside the margin of the timber; and then we should have been as conspicuous to the denizens of the camp, as they now were to us. Forward we dared not stir—not a step further.

I was puzzled and perplexed. Once more I turned my eyes upon the sky, but I drew not thence a ray of hope; the heavens were too bright; the sun had gone down in the west; but in the east was rising, full, round, and red, almost his counterpart. How I should have welcomed an eclipse! I thought of omnipotent power; I thought of the command of the Israelitish captain. I should have joyed to see the shadow of the opaque earth pass over that shining orb, and rob it of its borrowed light, if only for a single hour!

Eclipse or cloud there was none—no prospect of one or other—no hope either from the earth or the sky.

Verily, then, must I abandon my design, and adopt some other for the rescue of my betrothed? What other? I could think of none: there was no other that might be termed a plan. We might gallop for-

ward, and openly attack the camp? Sheer desperation alone could impel to such a course, and the result would be ruin to all—to her among the rest. We could not hope to rescue her—nine to a hundred—far we saw and could now count our dusky foemen. They would see us afar off; would be prepared to receive us—prepared to hurl their masses upon us—to destroy us altogether. Sheer desperation!

What other plan?—what— Something of one occurred to me at that moment: a slight shadow of it had crossed my mind before. It seemed practicable though fearfully perilous; but what of peril? It was not the time, nor was I in the mood, to regard danger. Anything short of the prospect of certain death had no terror for me then; and even this I should have preferred to failure.

We had along with us the horse of the captive Comanche. Stanfield had brought the animal, having left his own in exchange. My new design was to mount the Indian horse, and ride him into the camp. In this consisted the whole of my newly conceived scheme.

Surely the idea was a good one—a slight alteration of my original plan. I had already undertaken to play the rôle of an Indian warrior, while within the camp; it would only require me to begin the personation outside the lines, and make my *entrée* along with my *début*. There would be more dramatic appropriateness, with a proportionate increase of danger. But I did not jest thus; I had no thought of merriment at the time. The travesty I had undertaken was no burlesque.

The worst feature of this new scheme was the increased risk of being brought in contact with the friends of this warrior of the red hand—of being accosted by them, and of course expected to make reply. How could I avoid meeting them—one or more of them? If interrogated, how shun making answer? I knew a few words of the Comanche tongue, but not enough to hold a conversation in it. Either my falset accent or my voice would betray me! True, I might answer in Spanish. Many of the Comanches speak this language; but my using it would appear suspicious circumstance.

There was another source of apprehension: I could not confide in the Indian horse. He had endeavoured to fling Stanfield all along the way—kicking violently and biting at his rider while seated upon his back. Should he behave in a similar manner with me when entering the camp, it would certainly attract the attention of the Indians. It would lead to scrutiny and suspicion.

Still another fear: even should I succeed in the main points—in entering the camp, finding the captive, and wresting her from the hands of her jailers—how should I could never depend upon this capricious *mustang* carry us clear of the pursuit—there would be others swift, perhaps swifter than he, and we should only be carried back to die. Oh! that I could have taken my own steed near to the line of yonder guard—oh! that could have hidden him there!

It might not be; I saw that it could not be; as I was forced to abandon all thought of it.

I had well-nigh made up my mind to risk all the chances of my assumed character, by mounting the Indian horse. To my comrades I imparted the idea and asked their counsel.

All regarded it as fraught with danger; one or two advised me against it. They were those who did not understand my motives—who could not comprehend the sentiment of love—who knew not the strength of courage which that noble passion may impart. They understood they how its emotions inspire to deeds of daring—how love absorbs all selfishness—even it becoming a secondary consideration, when weighed against the happiness or safety of its object. They

rude men had never loved as I. I gave no ear to their too prudent counsels.

Others acknowledged the danger, but saw not how I could act differently. One or two had in their life's course experienced a touch of tender feeling akin to mine. These could appreciate; and counselled me in consonance with my half-formed resolution. I liked their counsel best.

One had not yet spoken—one upon whose advice I placed a higher value than upon the combined wisdom of all the others. I had not yet taken the opinion of the earless trapper.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

RUBE CONSULTING HIS ORACLE.

He was standing apart from the rest—leaning, I should rather say, for his body was not erect, but diagonal. In this attitude it was propped by his rifle, the butt of which was steadied against the stump of a tree, whilst the muzzle appeared to rest upon the bridge of Rube's own nose.

As the man and the piece were about of a length, the two thus placed in juxtaposition presented the exact figure of an inverted V, and the small close-capped skull of the trapper formed a sufficiently tapering apex to the angle. Both his hands were clasped round the barrel, near its muzzle, his fingers interlocking, while the thumbs lay flat—one upon each side of his nose.

At first glance, it was difficult to tell whether he was gazing into the barrel of the piece, or beyond it upon the Indian camp.

The attitude was not new to him nor to me; it was not the first time I had observed him in a posture precisely similar. I knew it was his favourite pose, when any question of unusual difficulty required all the energy of his 'instincts.' He was now, as often of yore, consulting his 'divinity,' presumed to dwell far down within the dark tube of 'Targuts.'

After a time, all the others ceased to speak, and stood watching him. They knew that no step would be taken before Rube's advice had been received; and they waited with more or less patience for him to speak.

Full ten minutes passed, and still the old trapper neither stirred nor spoke. Nor lip nor muscle of him was seen to move; the eyes alone could be detected in motion, and these small orbs scintillating in their deep sockets, were the only signs of life which he showed. Standing rigid and still, he appeared, not a statue, but a scarecrow, propped up by a stick; and the long, brown, weather-washed rifle did not belie the semblance. Full ten minutes passed, and still he spoke not; his 'oracle' had not yet yielded its response.

I have said that at the first glance it was difficult to tell whether the old man was gazing into the barrel of his gun or beyond it. After watching him closely, I saw that he was doing both. Now his eyes were a little raised, as if he looked upon the plain—anon they were lowered, and evidently peering into the tube. He was drawing the data of his problem from facts—he was trusting to his divinity for the solution.

For a long time he kept up this singular process of conjuration—alternating his glances in equal distribution between the hollow cylinder and the small circle of vision that covered the Indian camp.

The others began to grow impatient; all were interested in the result, and not without reason. Standing upon the limits of a life-danger, it is not strange they should feel anxiety about the issue.

Thus far, however, none had offered to interrupt or question the queer old man. None dared. One or two of the party had already had a taste of his quality

when fretted or interfered with, and no one desired to draw upon himself the sharp 'talk' of the earless trapper.

Garey at length approached, but not until Rube, with a triumphant toss of his head and a scarcely audible 'whEEP' from his thin lips, shewed signs that the consultation had ended, and that the 'joss' who dwelt at the bottom of his rifle-barrel had vouchsafed an answer!

I had watched him with the rest. I liked that expressive hitch of the head; I liked the low, but momentous sibilation that terminated the *séance* between him and his familiar spirit. They were signs that the knot was unravelled—that the old trapper had devised some feasible plan by which the Indian camp might be entered.

Garey and I drew near, but not to question him; we understood him too well for that. We knew that he must be left free to develop his purpose in his own time; and we left him free—simply placing ourselves by his side.

'Wal, Billee!' he said, after drawing a long breath, 'an yurself, young fellur! whet do 'ee both think o' this hyur bizness: looks ugly, don't it—eh, boyees?'

'Tarnal ugly,' was Garey's laconic answer.

'Thort so meself at fust.'

'Thar ain't no plan o' gettin into thar camp,' said the young trapper, in a desponding tone.

'The doose thur ain't! What greenhorn put thet idee inter yur brain-pan, Bill?'

'Wal, thar are a plan; but 'tain't much o' a one: we've been talkin it over hyar.'

'Le's hear it,' rejoined Rube, with an exulting chuckle—'le's hev it, boyee! an quick, Bill, fur time's dodrotted precious 'bout now. Wal?'

'It's jest this, Rube, neyther less nor more: the capt'n proposes to take the Injun's hoss, and ride straight into thar camp.'

'Straight custrin in do 'ee?'

'Ov coorse; it 'ud be no use goin about the bush: they kin see him acomin from ony side.'

'I'll be burned ef they kin—thet I'll be burned. Wagh! they cudn't 'a see me—thet they cudn't, ef ivery niggur o' 'em hed the eyes o' an Argoose—thet they cudn't, Billee.'

'How?' I inquired. 'Do you mean to say that it is possible for any one to approach yonder camp without being observed? Is that what you mean, Rube?'

'Thet ur preezactly whet I mean, young fellur. No—not adzactly thet eyther. One o' you I didn't say: whet I sayed wur, that this hyur trapper, Rube Rawlins o' the Rocky Mountains, kud slide inter yander campmint jest like greased lightnin through a gooseberry-bush, 'thout e'er an Injun seein 'im; an thet, too, ef the red-skinned vamints hed more eyes in thur heads than they hev lice; which, accordin to this child's reck'nin, 'ud hev ivery squaw's son o' the gang as many peepers as thur ur spots in a peacock's tail, an a wheen over to breed, I kalkerlate. No plan to git inter thur camp 'thout bein seed! Wagh! yur gettin green, Bill Garey!'

'How can it be accomplished, Rube? Pray, explain! You know how impatient!—'

'Don't git unpayshint, young fellur! thet ur's no use whetsomdiver. Yu'll need payshinse, an a good grist o' thet ur, afore ye kin warm yur shins at yander fires; but 'ee kin do it, an in the nick o' time too, ef yu'll go preezactly accordin to whet ole Rube tells ye, an keep yur eye well skinned an yur teeth from chat-terin: I knows yu'll do all thet. I knows yur weasel to the back o' yur neck, an kin whip yur weight in wild cat any day i' the year. Now? D'yr agree to follur my direkshuns?'

'I promise faithfully to act according to your advice.'

'Thet ur sensible sayed—durnation'd sensible. Wal, then, I'll gi' ye my device.'

As Rube said this, he moved forward to the edge of the timber, making a sign for Garey and myself to follow.

On reaching its outer edge, but still within cover, he dropped down upon his knees, behind some ever-green bushes.

I imitated his example, and knelt upon his right, while Garey crouched down on the left.

Our eyes were directed upon the Indian camp, of which, and the plain around it, we had a good view—as good as could be obtained under the light of a too brilliant moon.

After he had surveyed the scene for some moments in silence, the old trapper condescended to begin the conversation.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

THE TRAPPER'S COUNSEL.

'Now, Bill Garey, an you, young fellur, jest clap yur eyes on thet 'ere campmint, an see ef thur ain't a road leadin inter the very heart o' it, strait as the tail o' a skeart fox. 'Ee see it? eh?'

'Not under kiver?' replied Garey interrogatively.

'Unner kiver—ivery step o' the way—the best o' kiver.'

Garey and I once more scrutinised the whole circumference of the encampment, and the ground adjacent. We could perceive no cover by which the camp could be approached. Surely there was none.

What could Rube mean? Were there clouds in the sky? Had he perceived some portent of coming darkness? Had his words reference to this?

I raised my eyes, and swept the whole canopy with inquiring glances. Up to the zenith, around the horizon—east, west, north, and south—I looked for clouds, but looked in vain. A few light cirrhi floated high in the atmosphere; but these, even when crossing the moon's disk, cast no perceptible shadow. On the contrary, they were tokens of settled weather; and moving slowly, almost fixed upon the face of the heavens, were evidence that no sudden change might be expected. When the trapper talked of entering the camp under cover, he could not have meant under cover of darkness. What then?

'Don't see ony kiver, old boss,' rejoined Garey, after a pause; 'neither bush nor weed.'

'Bush!' echoed Rube—'weed! who's talkin 'bout weeds an bushes? Thur's other ways o' hidin yur karkidge 'sides stickin it in a bush or unner a weed. Yur a gettin durnation'd pumpkin-headed, Bill Garey. I gin to think yur in the same purdicamint as the young fellur hisself. Yu've been a humbuggin wi' one o' them ur Mexikin moochachera.'

'No, Rube, no.'

'Durn me, ef I don't b'lieve you hev, boy. I heern ye tell one o' 'em'—

'What?'

'Wagh! ye know well enuf. Didn't 'ee tell one o' 'em gurls at the rancherie thet ye loved her as hard as a mule kud kick—sartintly ye did; them wur yur preezact words, Billee.'

'I was only jokin, boss.'

'Putty jokin thet ur 'll be when I gits back to Bent's Fort, an tell yur Coco squaw. He, he, he—ho, ho, hoo! Geehosophat! thur will be a rumpus.'

'Nonsense, Rube; thar's nothin ov it.'

'Thur must 'a be: yur brain-pan's out o' order, Bill; ye hain't hed a clur idee for days back. Bushes! an weeds too! Wagh! who sayed thur wur bushes? Whur's yur eyes? d' yur see a bank?'

'A bank!' echoed Garey and I simultaneously.

'Ye-es,' drawled Rube—'a bank. I guess thur's a bank, right afore yur noses, ef both o' yur ain't as blind as the kittlins o' a 'possum. Now, do 'ee see it?'

Neither of us made reply to the final interrogatory.

For the first time, we began to comprehend Rube's meaning; and our eyes as well as thoughts were suddenly directed upon the object indicated by his words—the bank of the stream—for to that he referred.

I have stated that the little river ran close to the Indian lines, and on one side formed the boundary of the camp. We could tell that the current was towards us; for the stream, on reaching the hill upon which we were, turned sharply off, and swept round its base. The Indian camp was on the left bank, though upon its right when viewed up-stream, as we were regarding it. Any one proceeding up the left bank must therefore necessarily pass within the lines, and through among the horses that were staked nearest to the water.

It need not be supposed that under our keen scrutiny the stream had hitherto escaped observation; I myself had long ago thought of it as a means of covering my approach. Time after time had my eyes dwelt upon it, but without result. In its channel I could perceive no shelter from observation. Its banks were low, and without either rush or bush upon them. The green turf of the prairie stretched up to the very brink, and scarcely twelve inches below its level was the surface of the current. This was especially the case along the front of the encampment, and for some distance above and below.

Any one endeavouring to enter the camp by stealing up the channel, must have gone completely under the water, for even a swimmer could have been observed upon its surface; or even if a man could have approached in this way, there was no hope that a horse could be taken near; and without the horse, what prospect of ultimate escape?

It had seemed to me impossible. More than once had I taken into consideration, and as often rejected the idea.

Not so Rube. It was the very scheme he had conceived, and he now proceeded to point out its practicability.

'Now, theen—ees see a bank, do 'ee?'

'Tain't much o' a bank,' replied Garey, rather discouragingly.

'No; 'tain't as high as Massoora bluffs, nor the kenyons o' Snake River—thet nob'dy durnies; but o' 'tain't as high as it mout be, it ur ivery minnit a gittin higherer, I reck'n.'

'Getting higher, you say?'

'Ye-es; or whet ur putty consid'able the same thing, the t'other ur a gittin lower.'

'The water, you mean?'

'The water ur a fallin—gwine down by inches at a jump; an in a hour from this, thur 'll be bluffs aforet o' the camp half a yurd high—thet's whet thur 'll be.'

'And you think I could get into the camp by creeping under them?'

'Sure o't. Whet's to hinner ye? it ur easy as fallin off a log.'

'But the horse—how could I bring him near?'

'Jest the same way as yurself. I tell yur the bod o' thet river ur deep enuf to hide the biggest hoss in creashun. 'Tur now fall, for the reexun thur's been a fresh in consykwince o' last night's rain: 'ee needn't mind thet—the hoss kin wade or swim eyther, an the bank 'll kiver 'im from the eyes o' the Ingens. You kin leave 'im in the river.'

'In the water?'

'In coorse—yur hoss 'll stan thur; an ef he don't, you kin tie his nose to the bank. You kin take 'em as near as you please; but don't go too far to wader, else them mustangs 'll smell 'im, an then it ur all up both wi' yurself an yur hoss. About two hundred yurds ull be yur likeliest distence. Ef you gits the gurl clur, ye kin easy run thet, I reck'n; put straight for the hoss; an whun yur mounted, gallop like

durnation up hyur for the timmer, whur we'll be cached; an then, durn 'em! ef the red-skins don't git goes out o' our rifles. Wagh! thet's the way to do the thing—*it ur.*'

Certainly, the plan appeared practicable enough. The sinking of the water was a new element; it had escaped my observation, though Rube had noted it. It was this that had delayed him so long in giving his opinion; he had been watching it while leaning upon his rifle, though none of the rest of us had thought of such a thing. He remembered the heavy rain of the night before; he saw that it had caused a freshet in the little river, that its subsidence had begun; and, as in most prairie-streams, it was progressing with rapidity. His keen eye had detected a fall of several inches during the half hour we had been upon the ground. I could myself observe, now that it was pointed out to me, that the banks were *higher* than before.

Certainly, the plan of approaching by the stream had assumed a more feasible aspect. If the channel should prove deep enough, I might get the horse sufficiently near: the rest would have to be left to stratagem and chance.

'*Tur ridin in the Injun hoss,*' said Rube, '*ud niver do: it mout, on the wust pinch; an ef ee don't git in the t'other way, yur kin still try it; but ye kud niver git acrost through the cayward: 'em mustangs 'ud be sure to make sich a smortin an stompin, an whigherin, as 'ud bring the hul campmint about ye; an some o' the sharp-eyed niggurs 'ud be sartint to find out yur hide wur white. T'other way ur fur the safest—it ur.*'

I was not long in making up my mind. Rube's counsel at once decided me, and I resolved to act accordingly.

CHAPTER XC.

TAKING TO THE WATER.

I spent but little time in preparations; these had been made already. It remained only to tighten my saddle-girth, look to the caps of my revolvers, and place both pistols and knife in the belt behind my back; there the weapons would be concealed by the pendent robe of jaguar-skins. In a few minutes I was ready.

I still loitered a while, to wait for the falling of the water; not long—I was too anxious to tarry long. The hour of the council might be nigh—I might be too late for the crisis. Not long did I loiter.

It was not necessary. Even by the moonlight, we could distinguish the dark line of the bank separating the grassy turf from the surface of the water. The slipping current was shining like silver-lace, and, by contrast, the dark earthy strip that rose vertically above it, could be observed more distinctly. It was sensibly broader.

I could wait no longer. I leaped into the saddle. My comrades crowded around me to say a parting word; with a wish or a prayer upon their lips, one after another pressed my hand. Some doubted of their ever seeing me again—I could tell this from the tone of their leave-taking; others were more confident. All vowed to revenge me if I fell.

Rube and Garey went with me down the hill. At the point where the stream impinged upon it, there were bushes; these continued up the declivity, and joined the timber upon the summit. Under their cover we had descended, reaching the bank just at the salient angle of the bend. A thin skirting of similar bushes ran around the base of the hill, and following the path by which we had come, the ambuscade might have been moved a little nearer to the camp. But the cover was not so good as the grove upon the summit, and in case of a retreat, it would be necessary to

gallop up the naked face of the slope, and thus expose our numbers. It was decided, therefore, to leave the men where they were.

From the bend to the Indian camp, the river trended almost in a straight line, and its long reach lay before my eyes like a band of shining metal. Along its banks, the bush extended no further. A single step towards the camp would have exposed me to the view of its occupants.

At this point, therefore, it was necessary for me to take to the water; and dismounting, I made ready for the immersion.

The trappers had spoken their last words of instruction and counsel; they had both grasped my hand, giving it a significant squeeze that promised more than words; but to these, too, had they given utterance.

'Don't be afeerd, capt'n!' said the younger. 'Rube and I won't be far off. If we hear your pistols, we'll make a rush to 'rest you, and meet you half-way anyhow; and if anything should happen amiss'—here Garey spoke with emphasis—'you may depend on't we'll take a bloody revenge.'

'Yees!' echoed Rube, 'we'll do jest thet. Thur'll be many a nick in Targuts afore next Krissmuss ef you ur rubbed out, young fellur; thet I swar to ye. But don't be skeart! Keep yur eye sharp-skinned, an yur claws steady, an thur's no fear but yu'll git clur. Oncest yur clur o' the camp, 'ee may reck'n on us. Put straight for the timmer, an gallip as ef Ole Scratch wur aggrupp'n at the tail o' yur critter.'

I waited to hear no more, but leading Moro down the bank, at a place where it sloped, I stepped gently into the current. My well-trained steed followed without hesitation, and in another instant we were both breast-deep in the flood. The water was just the depth I desired. There was a half yard of bank that rose vertically above the surface; and this was sufficient to shelter either my own head, as I stood erect, or the frontlet of my horse. Should the channel continue of uniform depth as far as the camp, the approach would be easy indeed; and, for certain hydrographic reasons, I was under the belief it would.

The plumes of the Indian bonnet rose above the level of the meadow-turf, and as the feathers—dyed of gay colours—would have formed a conspicuous object, I took off the gaudy head-dress, and carried it in my hand.

I also raised the robe of jaguar-skin over my shoulders, in order to keep it dry; and for the same reason, temporarily carried my pistols above the water-line.

The making of these slight alterations occupied only a minute or so; and as soon as they were completed, I moved forward through the water.

The very depth of the stream proved a circumstance in my favour. In wading, both horse and man make less noise in deep than in shallow water; and this was an important consideration. The night was still—too still for my wishes—and the plunging sound would have been heard afar off; but fortunately there were rapids below—just where the stream forced its way through the spur of the hill—and the hissing sough of these, louder in the still night, was borne upon the air to the distance of many miles. Their noise, to my own ears, almost drowned the splashing made by Moro and myself. I had noted this *point d'avantage* before embarking upon the enterprise.

At the distance of two hundred yards from the bushes, I paused to look back. My purpose was to fix in my memory the direction of the hill, and more especially the point where my comrades had been left in ambush: in the event of a close pursuit, it would not do to mistake their exact situation.

I easily made out the place, and saw that, for several reasons, a better could not have been chosen. The

trees that timbered the crest of the hill were of a peculiar kind—none more so upon the earth. They were a species of arborescent yucca, then unknown to botanists. Many of them were forty feet in height; and their thick angular branches, and terminal fascicles of rigid leaves, outlined against the sky, formed a singular, almost an unearthly spectacle. It was unlike any other vegetation upon earth, more resembling a grove of cast iron than a wood of exogenous trees.

Why I regarded the spot as favourable for an ambush, was chiefly this: a party approaching it from the plain, and climbing the hill, might fancy a host of enemies in their front; for the trees themselves, with their heads of radiating blades, bore a striking resemblance to an array of plumed gigantic warriors. Many of the yuccas were only six feet in height, with tufted heads, and branchless trunks as gross as the body of a man, and they might readily have been mistaken for human beings.

I saw at a glance the advantage of the position. Should the Indians pursue me, and I should succeed in reaching the timber before them, a volley from my comrades would check the pursuers, however numerous. The nine rifles would be enough, with a few shots from the revolvers. The savages would fancy nine hundred under the mystifying shadows of that spectral-like grove.

With confidence, strengthened by these considerations, I once more turned my face up-stream; and 'breasting the current, kept on.

CHAPTER XCI.

UP-STREAM.

My advance was far from being rapid. The water was occasionally deeper or shallower, but generally rising above my hips—deep enough to render wading a task of time and difficulty. The current was of course against me; and though not very swift, seriously impeded my progress. I could have advanced more rapidly, but for the necessity of keeping my head and that of my horse below the escarpment of the bank. At times it was a close fit, with scarcely an inch to spare; and in several places I was compelled to move with my neck bent, and my horse's nose held down to the surface of the water.

At intervals, I paused to rest myself—for the exertion of wading against the current wearied me, and took away my breath. This was particularly the case when I was required to crouch; but I chose my resting-places where the channel was deepest, and where I could stand erect.

I was all the while anxious to look up and take a survey of the camp: I wished to ascertain its distance and position; but I dared not raise my head above the level of the bank. The sword that crowned it was smooth as a mown meadow, and the edge-line of the turf even and unbroken. Had I shewn but my hand above it, it might have been seen in that clear white light. I dared not shew either hand or head.

I had advanced I knew not how far, but I fancied I must be near the lines. All the way, I had kept close under the left bank, which, as Rupe had predicted, now rose a full half yard above the water-line. This was a favourable circumstance, and another equally so was the fact that the moon on that—the eastern side—was yet low in the sky, and consequently the bank flung a broad black shadow that extended nearly half-way across the stream. In this shadow I walked, and its friendly darkness sheltered both myself and my horse.

I fancied I must be near the lines, and longed to reconnoitre them, but, for the reasons already given, dared not.

I was equally afraid to make any further advance—for that might be still more perilous. I had already

noted the direction of the wind: it blew *from* the river, and *towards* the camp; and should I bring my horse opposite the line of the mustangs, I would then be directly to windward of them, and in danger from their keen nostrils. They would be almost certain to take up the scent of my steed, and utter their warning snorts. The breeze was light, but so much the worse. There was sufficient to carry the smell, and not enough to drown the plunging noise necessarily made by my horse moving through the water, with the hollow pounding of his hoofs upon the rocks at the bottom.

If I raised my head over the bank, there was the danger of being observed; if I advanced, the prospect was one of still greater peril.

For some moments I stood hesitating—uncertain as to whether I should leave my horse, or lead him a little further. I heard noises from the camp, but they were not distinct enough to guide me.

I looked back down the river, with the hope of being able to calculate the distance I had come, and by that means decide where I was; but my observation furnished no data by which I could determine my position. With my eyes almost on a level with the surface of the water, I could not judge satisfactorily of distance.

I turned my face up-stream again, and scrutinised the parapet line of the bank. Just then I saw an object over its edge that answered well to guide me; it was the croup and hip-bones of a horse—one of the mustangs staked near the bank. I saw neither the head nor shoulders of the animal; its hind quarters were towards the stream; its head was to the grass—it was browsing.

The sight gratified me. The mustang was full two hundred yards above the point I had reached. I knew that its position marked the outer line of the encampment. I was just in the place where I wanted to be—about two hundred yards from the lines. Just at that distance I desired to leave my horse. I had taken the precaution to bring with me my picket-pin—one of the essentials of the prairie traveller. It was the work of a moment to delve it into the bank. I needed not to drive it with violence: my well-trained steed never broke fastening, however slight. With him the stake was only required as a sign that he was not free to wander.

In a moment, then, he was staked; and with a 'whisper' I parted from him, and kept on up-stream.

I had not gone a dozen yards further, when I perceived a break in the line of the bank. It was a little gully that led slantingly from the level of the prairie down to the bed of the stream. Its counterpart I perceived on the opposite side. The two indicated a ford or crossing used by buffaloes, wild-horses, and other denizens of the prairie.

At first, I viewed it with apprehension; I feared it might uncover my body to the eyes of the enemy; but on coming opposite, my fears were allayed: the slope was abrupt, and the high ground screened me as before. There would be no danger in passing the place.

As I was about moving on, an idea arrested me; and I paused to regard the gully with a look of greater interest. It offered me an advantage.

I had been troubled about the position in which I had left my horse. Should I succeed in getting back of course it would be under the pressure of a hot pursuit, and my steed was not conveniently placed; his back was below the level of the bank. He might easily be mounted, but how should I get out of the bottom of the stream. Only by a desperate leap might I reach the plain above; and he might fall in the effort—time might be lost, when time and speed would be most wanted.

I had been troubled with this thought; it now troubled me no longer. The 'crossing' afforded opportunity.

access either to or from the channel of the river—the very thing I wanted.

I was not slow to profit by the discovery. I turned back, and having released the rein, led my horse gently up to the break.

Choosing a spot under the highest part of the bank, I fastened him as before, and there left him.

I now moved with more ease and confidence, but with increased caution. I was getting too near to risk making the slightest noise in the water; a single splash might betray me.

It was my intention to keep in the channel, until I had passed the point where the horses were staked; by so doing, I should avoid crossing the line of the horse-guards, and, what was quite as important, that of the horses themselves, for I was equally apprehensive of being discovered by the latter. Once inside their circle, they would take no notice of me, for doubtless there would be other Indians within sight; and I trusted to my well-counterfeited semblance of savagery to deceive the eyes of the equine sentinels.

I did not wish to go far beyond their line; that would bring me in front of the camp itself—too near its fires and its idle groups.

I had noticed before starting that there was a broad belt between the place occupied by the men, and that where their horses were staked. This 'neutral' ground was little used by the camp loungers, and somewhere on the edge of it I was desirous of making my *entrée*.

I succeeded to my utmost wishes. Closely hugging the bank, I passed the browsing mustangs; under their very noses I glided past, for I could hear them munching the herbage right over me; but so silently did I steal along, that neither snort nor hoof-stroke heralded my advance.

In a few minutes, I was sufficiently beyond them to make halt.

I raised my head; slowly and gently I raised it, till my eyes were above the level of the prairie slope. No one was near. I could see the swarth savages grouped around their fires; but they were a hundred yards off, or more. They were capering, and talking, and laughing; but no ear was bent, and no eye seemed turned towards me. No one was near.

I grasped the bank with my hands, and drew myself up. Slowly and silently I ascended, like some demon from the dark trap-door of a stage. On my knees, I reached the level of the turf; and, then gently rising to my feet, I stood erect within the limits of the Indian camp—to all appearance as complete a savage as any upon the ground!

THE GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.

It has now for some years been a very well-accredited fact, that there are many big as well as little matters in our otherwise excellent system of jurisprudence which require improvement; and although lawyers, as a class, are perhaps not generally favourable to alteration, some defects in legal proceedings are so glaring, and their evil influence on the community at large so considerable, that those in as well as those out of the profession of the law alike agree in the desirableness of a change.

Attention has of late been very much directed towards the subject of appeals; and although no alteration of any great importance has yet been made in the mode of conducting them in the superior courts, the evils to be remedied are so formidable, that we doubt whether any subject can better illustrate to the general reader the delay and expense which may be attendant upon the administration of the law, than the subject of 'appeals.' That the opinion of a single judge, however eminent and learned he may

be, should be final and conclusive, is what no sensible person will for a moment urge: all men are liable to error; and whatever be the wisdom of the expounder of the law, he may easily see things in a wrong light, and be led to draw conclusions, his judgment upon which, if final, would not only bring odium upon the law which he professes to understand, but entail injustice and oppression upon those who had the misfortune to be the unsuccessful parties.

In our own, and in almost every other civilised country, we find that this opinion has prevailed, and that a right of appealing from the decision of one court to that of another, exceeding the former in the number or presumed greater wisdom of its presiding officers, has been recognised. But in England this system of appeal has become so complicated, as to be unintelligible to the non-legal inquirer, who often wanders through the newspaper summary of some long legal proceeding in which he feels an interest, and after learning that 'the judge on the original trial directed a verdict for the plaintiff'—that the 'court above' granted a 'rule nisi' for a new trial, such rule being subsequently 'discharged,' but a '*venire de novo*' awarded on a 'writ of error,' which was contested in the House of Lords, and 'the decision of the Court in Banc affirmed the proceedings in error being quashed,' casts away the puzzling report in disgust, still without an answer to the only question he cares to ask respecting the matter—'Which side won?'

It may not, therefore, be altogether uninteresting to attempt a short sketch of the complex apparatus at present used in our courts for conducting legal inquiries.

Taking the *common law* first, we find in Westminster Hall three courts—the Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer. Each of these courts has five judges—fifteen in all—who, during the year, try, on the average, in town and country, about 2500 civil causes, every one of such causes being tried by a judge of either of these three courts sitting alone, with the assistance of a jury.

When a verdict is given, whether for plaintiff or defendant, the unsuccessful party may, if he pleases, apply to the judges of the court in which the action commences—who sit four of them together, in *Banc*, as it is termed, every day during term to receive such applications—asking them to set the verdict aside. He may assert various grounds for the request: That the judge misdirected the jury; that the jury gave a perverse verdict, or one not warranted by the evidence; that new matters have come to light since the trial, which materially alter the appearance of the case; &c. If the judges think that there is something in the application, and choose to hear what can be said on the other side, they grant what is called a rule *nisi*, or, in plain English, consent to the application *unless* the other side appears before them, and proves its impropriety. When the other side has been heard, the judges, having the whole matter before them, give their solemn opinion as to whether the proceedings in the cause are valid and proper, or the reverse.

Having done so, it might be imagined that the affair was at an end, for it seems altogether unlikely that the solemn decisions of *four* learned judges should be incorrect; but in reality, an appeal lies in almost every instance from the judgment of the four judges in *Banc*, to what is termed the 'Court of Error.' The composition of this court is somewhat ingenious. We have already said that there are three superior courts of common law, in either of which an ordinary action may be brought. The Court of Error is composed of the judges of the two courts in which the action is *not* brought; so that in this way, the judges of the Court of Common Pleas and Exchequer, sitting together, hear errors from the Queen's Bench; the

Courts of Queen's Bench and Exchequer hear those from the Common Pleas; and the Common Pleas and Queen's Bench dispose of those from the Exchequer; and as *all* the judges of either court sit in a Court of Error, ten judges confirm or overrule the judgment of four.

Of course, it requires rather a well-filled pocket to set the Error Court in motion, and the majority of suitors are obliged to be contented with the judgment obtained in Banc. Out of about 500 cases heard annually before the judges in Banc, not more than from twenty-five to thirty find their way into the Court of Error.

But even the Court of Error, with its imposing array of ten sages of the law, is not the *last* resource. The law, wisely considering that the judges of the land are, after all, but *commoners*, and their learning and judgment only those of commoners, has given a right of appeal from their decision as pronounced in a Court of Error, to the House of Lords, presuming—to quote an ancient authority—that ‘those whom the king hath by prerogative and in the discretion of his princely wisdom ennobled, be ennobled in mind and understanding as well as in earthly estate, and be better able to determine dark and weighty matters than are commoners.’ The House of Lords, then, is the ultimate tribunal; and it is there, and there alone, that the suitor, blest with sufficient money and patience to save him from his breaking down on the road, may be presumed to get pure, unimpeachable law—the ‘perfection of reason,’ as Blackstone designates it. Happy suitor! we sincerely hope that when he obtains he may enjoy it.

Whether the members of the House of Lords ever sat in any great number and heard appeals from courts of law, without calling in the assistance and receiving the advice of the judges of such courts, we do not know, and the matter is somewhat doubtful; but of late years, it seems to have been discovered, that ‘the ennobling of the mind and understanding,’ contingent upon an elevation to the peerage, does not at all events give an intuitive perception into profound and difficult legal questions, and that the only ‘coronet wearers’ who are competent to determine such, are, 1st, The lord chancellor, who is ‘ex-officio’ Speaker of the House; and 2d, Certain members of the legal profession who, having once held high judicial offices in courts of law or equity, have retired from their judicial posts, and are now members of the ‘Upper House.’

The number of ‘law-lords,’ as they are technically called, is thus necessarily very limited; and as, from age and infirmity, some cannot attend upon any, and none upon *all* the appeal cases, the actual number of peers before whom any case is heard is small indeed, being, beside the chancellor, not more than three, and oftener two. On this and other accounts, the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords is considered by all parties very much in need of improvement, and not more than ten or twelve appeals from the Court of Error—seldom, indeed, so many—annually find their way into it.

If, indeed, the House, as a court of appeal from the common law-courts, was attended *only* by the few individuals we have mentioned, it is probable there would be a good deal more grumbling as to the inefficiency of the court than there is; but from time immemorial, it has been customary to summon all the fifteen judges of England to hear such appeals. These learned individuals, however, judges though they be in other places, are no judges here. In the writs summoning them to every new parliament, they are only called upon to ‘treat and advise,’ whilst the peers themselves are to ‘hear and determine’ matters coming before them. The judges are, therefore, quite secondary individuals in the House of Lords; they cannot, by the rules of the House, ask a question of the counsel

conducting the case; cannot make a single observation, or correct any error during the progress of the argument; and when the long-winded speeches are all over, they must patiently wait the pleasure of the House before they offer their *opinions*, by which the judgment of the lords is not in the slightest degree bound, for two or three of those great individuals may, and more than once have, set at naught the solemn opinions of nearly all the judges, although those opinions have been supported by the grave authority of the lord chancellor himself!

Such, then, are the several tribunals before which an action at common law may be successively brought. ‘Well,’ exclaims the reader, ‘after all, it is an excellent arrangement for securing justice at last.’ True, good friend, but what a long way off the at last is; and what a deal of money it takes to reach it! A millionaire, indeed, may be badly treated at Nisi Prius; may be set on his legs by the Court in Banc; be knocked over by his opponent in Error; and, finally, at a cost altogether of several thousands, have his *rights* awarded him in the House of Lords. But the poor widow, whose bit of freehold has been encroached upon by a rich neighbour, after seeing the verdict she has obtained by the outlay of her last penny set aside by the judges in Banc, must be content to lose both money and land, simply because she has no funds to put the expensive machinery of the Court of Error in motion.

Let us follow a man with a little money into the courts. Here is our friend, Mr John Smith of Norfolk, a decent respectable yeoman, with a farm of some 200 acres, and a snug little matter of L.1000 in the funds. He is not married, but is courting the pretty rosy-cheeked Elizabeth Baker, the belle of the village, and leads altogether a most jolly sunshiny life. But alas! John Smith goes to law! Old Wickens, his neighbour, a grasping curmudgeon, who farms the adjoining land, has for years past asserted his right to about half an acre of marshy soil, on the extreme border of John's farm, called Squash Corner, of no use to anybody, and as to the ownership of which there have been disputes before Old Wickens himself was born. John, of course, won't give up, and so to law they go—a thin, parchment-faced, one-eyed old shark of an attorney ‘looking up’ Wickens's case; and a bland, unctuous, take care of Number One, professional man, Mr Codecil, managing John's little affair. The dry legal matters preliminary to the trial would be perfectly uninteresting to the reader, and we therefore omit them. The cause comes on for trial at the new Norwich Assizes. Before it is half over, a very knot-point arises, to the extreme delight of counsel and attorneys on either side. The judge reflects; looks into some half-dozen books; confers with his brother judge, who is trying criminals in the adjoining court; and eventually says (oh! ominous words), ‘that he shall reserve the point.’ The trial proceeds, and John gains the day. Wickens's parchment-faced friend is in ecstasies: the point reserved is in his favour, and the idea of moving in the court above, quite obliterates any unpleasantness arising from an adverse verdict. ‘Ah!’ says Codecil, as he pockets a little matter of L.200 received from John, ‘those fellows will give some more trouble yet, depend upon it.’

Next term, Wickens's counsel moves in the court above for a rule *nisi* to reverse the verdict, or for a new trial, and, with some difficulty perhaps, obtains it. John, of course, must defend the verdict he has gained at such a heavy cost, and by the advice of Codecil, instructs counsel to argue to ‘discharge’ the rule. Half a year after, the court is prepared to hear the case. John buys a new suit of clothes, and comes up specially to Westminster Hall, but is astonished at the curious way in which the matter is got through. The good old days when one counsel would

long clear speech, and set out all the facts; when either 'followed on the same side;' when each of their numerous 'points'—for counsel were then, as now, in that respect a sort of legal porcupine—was verily answered; and the judges, calm and dignified in the argument, afterwards gave their judgment have long passed away, and now a sort of verbal shorthand is the order of the day.

First, the judge who tried the cause, and who is a member of the same court in which the action is fought, reads his notes of the original trial; then his leading counsel, Mr Nollepross, holds a sort of piped and entangled conversation with the four judges once, and sits down after a very few minutes, quite rare that 'the court is with him.' Wickens's counsel, Mr Yearbook, then takes up the matter, and something like the following conversation is kept up between the learned judges—whom we respectively designate Justices A, B, C, and D—and the counsel:

Yearbook. My lords, I appear to support the rule in this case: it is, as your lordships have heard, a case of trespass, tried last Norwich Assizes, before Mr Justice D.

Justice B. Have you another copy of the pleadings to hand up?

(Handed up.)

Year. My lords, in this case—

Justice C. Is there no plan of the farm?

Year. Here is one, my lords.

(All the four judges look at it and talk about it at once, and eventually Justice B gets it to himself.)

Justice A. Go on, Mr Yearbook.

Year. My lords, I was saying—

Just. B. It's a strange thing; I've sat on the bench a great number of years, and I never knew a plan to be made the right size!

Year. No, my lord. My lords, in this case—

Just. B. Which is the north of the plan?

Year. At bottom, my lord. My lords—

Just. B. I thought so; it's always the way. Why isn't the architect who constructs the plan put the north to the north, and the south to the south?

Year. Yes, my lord. My lords—

Just. B. I wouldn't allow them their expenses, if they can't do work in a proper manner.

Year. No, my lord. My lords, I was saying—

Just. D. The second plea to this declaration, Mr Yearbook, won't hold water.

Just. B. O no; you certainly can't rely on the second plea.

Year. My lords, if your lordships will permit me—

Just. D. I own I can't see the relevancy of the first plea.

Just. B. The pleadings are very inartificial.

Year. I am coming to the second plea, my lord.

Just. A. It may reasonably be presumed from the ordinary nature of pleading, and from the various circumstances.

Just. C. There is no joinder in demurrer, or else a question might arise on the third plea.

Just. B. Clearly not.

Just. C. O yes.

Just. D. Well, I don't think, Mr Yearbook, that you will succeed—that's my impression.

Year. If your lordships think—

Just. B. No, not exactly so; but you see the second plea—

Year. My lord, that's what I am coming to—

Just. C. What we really want to know is—

Just. B. Usher! first Meesom and Welsley, twelfth Barnwall and Alderson, Comyn's digest; title, 'Estoppel.'

Year. Perhaps your lordships are not aware that it has been decided in—

Just. B. O yes, in Sharpe's case; but that is very shaky law; in my own time, in Edger and

Dodger, which you will find in third Manning and Grainger—

Just. A. I was counsel in that case; it occupied five days and a half.

Just. D. I only reserved the point to hear if you could make anything of it, Mr Yearbook.

Just. C. O yes; and we only granted the rule nisi because you pressed it so much.

Just. B. Well, I don't know; I think the ruling was perfectly right.

Just. C. Rule discharged.

Just. D. I think so decidedly.

Just. B. Come, call on the next case.

Year. Then, my lords—

Just. B. O dear, no; it's idle, Mr Yearbook, to—

Just. C. O dear, yes. Rule discharged.

'Bravo!' says Mr Codecil, as he leaves the court; 'we've conquered them now, in good earnest.'

But Codecil, deep fellow! knows as well as possible the nature of his parchment-faced friend, and in this, as in other cases, acts upon the spirit of the ancient distich:

Here are two fat wethers fallen out with one another,
If you'll fleece one, I'll fleece the other!

and therefore it is with no surprise, and with considerable delight, that some few days after he receives a little notice, which he at once communicates to his client, that a 'memorandum has been left with a master of the court, stating that there is *error in law*, in the record and proceedings in *Smith v. Wickens*!'

'Very good, very good!' says Mr Codecil; 'if he chooses to go into *Error*, of course we have nothing to do but to follow him.'

'Will these things *ever* end?' says poor John Smith, as he slowly draws another check for a considerable amount, and hands it to Codecil.

'My dear fellow,' says that excellent professional adviser, 'it will all turn out right in the end, trust me for it.'

John goes back to Norfolk, and in about a year's time his case comes on in *Error*. He does not make his appearance in court this time, for he very justly considers, that if he could not understand five words of the argument before four judges, he is not very likely to understand much of it when conducted before ten. Mr Yearbook, who opens the case in *Error*, has a great deal to say, a great many books to refer to, and is not nearly so much snubbed as in the court below. He and another counsel on the same side occupy an entire day in their arguments, and Mr Nollepross and his junior are even longer. Yearbook replies; the judges take time to consider the question; and a month afterwards they give judgment for the appellant *Wickens*!

What is John Smith to do? 'Go to the House of Lords, decidedly,' says Codecil; 'I know it must come right in the end.' He has a right to go there—to make Wickens go there. A painstaking judge, sitting at Nisi Prius, has said that he is right; twelve impartial jurymen have said that he is right; four judges sitting together have said that he is right; and now he is told, that he has been wrong all along! 'Go to the House of Lords, de-ci-ded-ly,' says Mr Codecil.

Alas! what is to take him there?—L.900 of his L.1000 have disappeared in law-expenses; the horrible amount of costs accruing on the proceedings in *Error*, and yet unpaid, will swallow up a good L.500 or L.600 more, to raise which, part of the farm must be sold; and John sees, that if he goes up to the House of Lords, and is unsuccessful there, he shall scarcely have a penny left him in the world. He therefore does, what Codecil declares is 'a thousand pities,' gives up to Wickens Squash Corner, sells enough of his farm to enable him to pay all his law-expenses, abandons for the present all hopes of marrying Elizabeth Baker, and

sets heartily to work on his remaining bit of property, a far poorer, but far wiser man.

Such is a short sketch of the present method of conducting common-law appeals. Were we not afraid of swelling our article beyond all reasonable bounds, we might shew the operation of the equity and of the spiritual courts in these matters—how, in the equity courts, cases may be heard and re-heard, and little *legal* points arising during their progress, be sent out to be tried as issues in a court of common law, at an enormous expenditure of time and money, until all the property in dispute, and a good deal besides, has been frittered away in costs, and long years of anxiety and vexation have passed over the heads of the devoted suitors, who at length, as a last resource, appeal to the House of Lords, and find as their *sole* judge there the very officer from whose decision they are appealing!

Turning to Doctors' Commons, we might shew also, how, in the Prerogative Court, a decision may be obtained, which shall be soon after set aside by a judgment of the Court of Arches, which will shortly, in its turn, be overruled by a judgment of the judicial committee of Privy Council, and then—some little common-law points arising—the case itself—as occurred not many years ago—be carried, after the long journey it has already made, through every one of the three courts of common law!

Only one branch of our jurisprudence is not subject to this lengthy and costly system of appealing, and it is the *criminal* law.

The case of a prisoner who has been tried and acquitted, can of course never afterwards be inquired into; while that of a person convicted can only again become the subject of judicial investigation should some *legal* point arise which the judge voluntarily reserves for the opinion of the Court of Criminal Appeal. When this is the case, the point is argued at Westminster, as soon as possible after the original trial, before five judges sitting together. If they are uniform in opinion, one way or the other, the matter ends; if they differ, no matter what the majority, the case is re-argued before all the fifteen judges, also sitting together, and their decision, or that of the majority of them, is final and irrevocable. The judges, however, usually dislike to impose upon a prisoner the anxiety which reserving his case must necessarily occasion, and, unless they have grave doubts on the matter, lay down the law themselves upon the trial. Not more than 40 or 50, out of about 8000 or 10,000 prisoners tried annually in England and Wales, have their cases reserved.

Such, reader, is the way 'appeals' are conducted; and after a pretty fair experience of the 'glorious uncertainty of the law,' the best advice we can give you is—never go into court if you can possibly keep out of it!

CONCOMITANCE OF HIGH CIVILISATION AND BAD TEETH.

It is remarkable that this prevalence of disease of the teeth occurs to such an extent only on the race of mankind to which we belong. In the other branches of the human family, the disposition of the teeth to decay does not exist, or, where present, does not prevail to such an extent. It would appear, indeed, as if a faulty structure of the teeth were an attribute of superior civilisation, and that the more savage man becomes, the more perfect and impervious to decay are his teeth. In the negro and similar races, caries of the teeth seldom occurs. There is little doubt that many of the habits and customs which attend the advance of society in luxury and refinement are injurious to the teeth. Still, these can be looked upon only as very unimportant causes, and are quite insufficient to account for the evident predisposition of the teeth to decay, by which the civilised races are characterised. It would form much too abstruse a subject for these pages to inquire into the probable dependence which exists between

the greater cerebral development which is the undesirable result of civilisation, and the deficiency in the bony structure of the teeth—which dependence we have little doubt will yet be recognised as forming the principal cause of the defective teeth of the more civilised races of mankind.—*Nisbet's Digestion and the Teeth.*

'WILL SAIL TO-MORROW.'

THE good ship lies in the crowded dock
Fair as a statue, firm as a rock,
Her tall masts piercing the still blue air,
Her upright funnel all white and bare—
Whence the long soft line of vapoury smoke
Twixt sky and sea like a vision broke,
Or slowly o'er the horizon curled,
Like a lost hope gone to the other world:
She sails to-morrow—
Sails to-morrow.

Out steps the captain, busy and grave,
With his steady footfall—quick and brave,
His hundred thoughts and his thousand cares,
And his quiet eye that all things dares:
Though a little smile o'er the kind face dawns
On the loving brute that leaps and fawns,
And a little shadow comes and goes
As if heart or memory fled—where, who knows!
He sails to-morrow—
Sails to-morrow.

To-morrow the thronged line of ships
Will quick close after her as she slips
Into the unknown Deep once more;
To-morrow, to-morrow, some on shore
With straining eyes shall desperate yearn—
'This is not parting? Return—return!'—
Peace, wild-wrang hands! Hush, quivering breath!
Love keepeth his own through life and death,
Though she sails to-morrow—
Sails to-morrow!

Sail, stately ship; down Southampton-Water
Gliding fair as old Nereus' daughter,
Christian ship that for freightage bears
Christians, followed by Christian prayers.
God! send angels after her track!
Pitiful God, bring the good ship back!—
All the souls in her for ever keep
Thine—living or dying, awake or asleep.
Then, sail to-morrow:
Ship, sail to-morrow!

May 6.

BAVARIAN PRISON-REFORM.

When M. Obermaier first arrived at Munich, he found from 600 to 700 prisoners in the jail, in the worst state of insubordination, and whose excesses, he was told, deserved the harshest and most stringent discipline; the prisoners were all chained together, and attached to each chain was an iron weight, which the strongest found difficulty in dragging along; the guard consisted of about 100 soldiers, who did duty not only at the gates and around the walls, but also in the passages, and even in the workshops, dormitories; and, strangest of all protections against the possibility of an outbreak or individual evasion, twenty or thirty large savage dogs of the blood-hound breed were loose at night in the passages and courts, to keep the watch and ward. M. Obermaier's system of kindness and labour has now so completely changed this pandemonium that the prison-gates stand wide open, without a sentinel at the door, and a guard of only twenty men idling away their time in a guard-room off the entrance-hall. *Murray's Not so Bad as they Seem.*

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TANCRED HALL:

A NARRATIVE.

CERTAINLY, as Slawkenbergius observed to the Rosicrucians, the eccentricities of mankind can never be fully expressed by the formula $(a + 1)^n$. For instance, the introduction of a single minus—of an individual who, to use an expressive Yorkshire idiom, is *not all there*, will lead your calculation to most unforeseen results. One of these results, which last summer fell within the scope of our own observation, we propose now to describe, and that in a style as simple and severe as befits the contemporaries of Macaulay and the Rev. George Gilfillan.

On the skirts, then, of the North Riding Hills—those hills which break at last into the crested cliffs of Knaresborough—stands an old Tudor mansion, lonely, demonstrative, not to be passed without inquiry by traveller or tramp. What is it doing there, shorn of its rookery and elms, and mulcted of nearly all its ancient park? You can see all up the terraced gardens from the road below. The ha-ha is abolished, and privacy extinct. Still, somebody must live there, for the hereditary housemaid is even now drawing up the blinds. Come up into the old church-yard, which takes the hall in flank; there is a private door there, leading to the kitchen-garden, and on it is inscribed, '*Tancred Hospital: no admittance except on business.*' How is this? This an hospital, and in the wilds of Yorkshire too! Come directly to the parsonage, and ask our friend the warden: he is an amiable fellow, if ever there was one, and he will tell us. Yes, he will go with us at once; and we enter by the private door; for what is business, madam, but pleasure in harness? We pass round to the terrace-gardens in front. No flowers there now, certainly. The steps, too, are green and 'slape,' and the stone knobs on the balustrade have caps of antique moss; but there is soft grass all over of a century's growth, and plenty of illegitimate footpaths meandering across it. The steps lead up to the fore-court—now a green lawn between the projecting wings of the house; and beyond the fore-court is the great hall-door. The warden tries his key, and we enter. A hall of the period, truly! shooting up at once to the very top of the house; garnished with stately pilasters, and comforted with huge roaring chimneys; but now cold and silent, and ceiled across at half its height, like Ben Nevis in a mist. Still, there are the pictures: Sir Richard Tancred, master of the hounds to William III.; and Charles Tancred, Esq., our hero; and Queen Anne, and Mary Queen of Scots. Here, too, are arms, and luxurious trifles of the Caroline age; and here is the old chair where good Queen Mary sat.

The coffin used to hang from that large hook in the ceiling, till they put it in— But suddenly the hall-door opens, and enter a gentlemanly man in a moustache and a Glengarry bonnet, carrying under his arm—*proh pudor!*—a bundle of cabbages! Certainly, there was something of bathos in the sight of that agreeable esculent—redeemed, however, by the pathos of a second figure that strode in behind the first—an aged tremulous hero, consisting chiefly of a stiff blue cloak and a wide-awake, with a hooked nose by way of copula. The two bowed deferentially to our warden, and vanished into dusky distance. 'Yes, these are two of them,' says the vicar: 'O'Jibaway was a wild fellow once—spent his fortune in keeping the Aniseed hounds; the other is old Trotter of the Blankth—lost an arm tiger-hunting in India before he got his company, poor fellow.' And so we stroll into the great drawing-room, looking out on the bowling-green that was. It is furnished like a club-room, in spite of its wainscot, embossed ceiling, and statuesque mantelpiece; and the round tables with magazines and papers look pretty much as the distinguished moderns in tie-wigs look in Westminster Abbey. Comfortable, however, for the old fellows, when they turn out of their 'studies' in a morning; which they don't always do, though, for some of them haven't the best constitutions. None of them are there now, at anyrate; so we open an inner door, and enter the chapel, which I suspect—and indeed our friend but faintly denies it—was formerly the back drawing-room. However, it has episcopal sanction now; and there's a quaint Georgian pulpit in it, and a singular appearance of altar-rails without an altar, at one end; and here they all meet for service every day. So I think, in this particular at least, we may subtract the minus from old Tancred's character. 'By the way,' says the warden, 'the coffin used to be here at one time; but you haven't seen the dining-room, and they'll be going to dinner at two.'

We don't see them at dinner—that would be an insult, for they are gentlemen still, you know, and are here as such—but we see the room, and John Thomas is setting out the table in a cleanly but somewhat parochial fashion. A strange old room, lining one side of the hall, as the drawing-room the other, and looking out on the fore-court. One wall is smothered to the cornice with the brethren's kists, each bearing his name without, and his mug and spoon within. Just opposite, over the broad fireplace, is an old map of the estate, and near it hangs a print of the hall and park as they appeared in those days, when the hedges were duly clipped and the pleasureau stocked with flowers, and when the avenue extended far beyond the present

usurping road. Sir Richard Tancred is there too with his fox-hounds, on a heroic scale; but John Thomas is a nuisance, so we adjourn to the grand staircase; and here I confess to a disappointment. Certainly, the place is dingy and dark, and near the bottom is an ominous coal-cellar, which looks very like an *oubliette*. Modern housemaids, however, have not the energy of their ancestors, as the mullioned window testifies; and the strong carved balustrade, too, has been painted yellow by some extravagant warden, with a fine eye for colour. After all, though, this is perhaps the most interesting part of the house; for on the landing above is a goodly row of family portraits—Nevilles, and Dacres, and Wyvills of the civil wars; and the bare white walls, as you go up, are covered with the painted pedigree of the Tancred—a planetary system of double stars, ending with the lonely circumference of our hero. As an *amari aliquid* to these aristocrats, the effigies of 'J. Gurth, swineherd to Sir R. T., Knt.,' hangs unabashed among them all—a humorous rustic, with a grizzly beard, and a twinkle in his eye which accounts for his immortality.

These are our limit: beyond, lie the penetralia of the brethren, and the serene adytum of Mrs Jellicoe the housekeeper. It remains for us only to descend—*facilis descensus Averni*, and that is the place we have yet to see. We climb down the rude cellar-stairs, and past the *oubliette*; we creep silently along dim passages full of damp green smells and cold thrilling airs, and awful with the neighbourhood of a ghostly presence; we reach a low black door; the rusty key of our hierophant grates in the unfrequented wards; we enter, and are mute.

Here is blackness of darkness and oblivious silence; the air has a sickly odour of ancientness and death; our feet stick to the cold clammy floor; we hear, but cannot see the fetid moisture trickling down the walls. Only one ray of light slopes down into the place, but it falls upon the thing we seek—it falls upon an *unburied coffin*.

And now, perhaps our readers would like to know what we mean, and what 'our hero' means, and, in fact, what is the meaning of these things in general. We will therefore take the liberty of introducing the following appropriate and authentic details. The Tancred was a Yorkshire family of some note, the male line of which became extinct in the person of Charles Tancred, who died in 1754. Charles Tancred, who was a Cambridge man, and a barrister or benchet of Lincoln's Inn, had the misfortune—so common in those unhappy classes—to be jilted in his youth, and he thereupon made and executed two resolutions: first, to remain always a bachelor; and second, to illustrate the celebrated maxim of Pericopius, that benevolence is the child of selfishness, and the mother of eccentricity. In fact, he had on his death-bed the satisfaction of knowing that in converting his house and estate by will into an hospital—with a large sum in the funds to support it—he had extinguished his family, and impoverished his sisters and their children. The inmates of the hospital were to be twelve decayed gentlemen of the army and navy, and the three learned professions. They were to inhabit and be maintained in the hall, with L.30 apiece to spend per annum; and the park, with forty head of deer in it, was to be kept up for ever for their use. No condition that we know of was annexed to these munificent privileges, except the arduous one of attending daily service in the chapel. The vicar of the parish was to be the warden; but, notwithstanding these proofs of religious feeling, Charles Tancred decreed further—perhaps from modesty, or a disinclination to the society of worms—that his body should never be buried, but should remain for a sweet savour perpetually in the abode of his ancestors.

The will was at first strictly carried out; the gallant,

reverend, and learned trustees took possession, peopled the hall with decayed gentlemen as required, and set the thing fairly agoing. How strange and how pleasant for that primeval twelve, when they first assembled in the hall, beneath the pendent coffin of their founder! If that was a *memento mori* to them, it was one of the jolliest kind, and the sight of it must have soothed the rancorous recollections of any jilted bachelor among them; for was it not through the conduct of that abominable female that they were here—joint-lords of a fine estate, with no bothering steward or teasing tenants to annoy—jovial monks without a cloister, enjoying all the comforts, and bound by none of the vows of Bolton or of Rivaux? Lucky for them that they had passed the frantic heats of youth; for the warden was an easy abbot; night after night they toddled down to his cosy parsonage, and talked with him over the port of Mr Garrick, and the young king, who could actually speak English; day after day they toddled into the village, and drank their home-brewed at the Tancred Arms, and patted the little Gurths on the head as they ran out wondering at the funny old gentlemen who had come to live at the hall. And in summer-time, how tranquilly they smoked their noon-day pipes upon the lawn terrace! how benignantly they gazed out on the park—their own park, where the forty head of deer were continually performing feats of agility for their amusement!

Yes, they had a pleasant life of it; but alas! even twelve old gentlemen of the first respectability cannot always dwell together in peace. One may be a soldier, a doctor, or even a lawyer, without quite fulfilling a perfect morality; and besides, if philosophy had gone so far north, it might have discovered that these lay-brethren wanted above all things a *principle*. *Principal* won't do alone; you must spell it with an *e*, my friends, if you want to bind men together in any other bonds than those of kindred. Could you expect the fogies at White's to live in harmonious unity from morning to night, even under the auspices of an exclusive and aristocratic committee?

And so it came to pass that there arose strifes and dissensions in the fraternity. They chose a purveyor, and then quarrelled with him about the soup; they grudging one another the chief places in chapel, and the uppermost seats at dinner; they thought it strange when the warden shewed, as he sometimes did, that their nightly visits to the parsonage were becoming a bore. Oh, had there been but an Uncle Toby among them, to trace out ravelins and counterscarps in the orchard, and make a few timely breaches in the garden-wall! Yet even he would have had some unsympathising Shandy to annoy him; Bulkhead, R.N., would have demolished his works with a broadside of coarse invective, or the Rev. Growley Brimston would have shewn him that such amusements were no fit preparation for another world. And there were fears without as well as fightings within; lawsuits, promoted by the envy of disappointed collaterals, arose from time to time; and though they invariably terminated in favour of justice and the hospital, it was not pleasant, meanwhile, for the twelve old men whose comforts were at stake. At length, too, the glorious nineteenth century appeared, and the goddess of retrenchment shewed her clipped pinions to an admiring world. Even in Yorkshire, she was seen at last; and the trustees began to ask what was the use of keeping up the forty head of deer, and of maintaining a whole park for the use of fellows who could hardly crawl beyond the garden-door.

So they got an act of parliament—entitled an act for the regulation of attorneys and solicitors, and for improving the breed of horned cattle, and for other purposes—whereby the poor animals were instantaneously converted into venison for the million, and the broad old park was cleared, and hedged, and ploughed into fields, or else invaded by hordes of manful

cows and ignominious porkers. Bulkhead, R.N., and the Rev. Growley Brimston, were not sentimental, fortunately; but poor old M'Muller, the broken-down physician, was heard to say with a sigh that he wished the horns of the deer were in the belly—*abdomen* we call it now-a-days—of the trustees. However, the storm blew over the tea-cup: a new generation arose which knew not the deer-park; and all went well and smoothly till an event occurred which had well-nigh robbed Tancred Hall of its palladium, and done more than those impoverished collaterals to ruin and disperse the brethren.

After hanging in chains for many a long year from the roof of his own hall, the founder's body was removed into the chapel, there to be an object of affectionate solicitude to his protégés, and to point an effective moral from the pulpit just above. But familiarity did not breed respect; and, whether it were to gratify the senses or the feelings, poor Charles Tancred's coffin was again disturbed, and he was consigned to an open vault in one of the cellars, to sleep in peace till doom.

One day, however—and not very long ago either—the water of the household well was found to possess a new and peculiar flavour. Most of the brethren were acquainted with the neighbouring waters of Harrogate: was it possible that they were to possess in their own yard a constant supply of that delightful beverage? Alas! experience soon checked the pleasing thought; and then the warden, looking round for explanation, remembered with horror—*THE COFFIN*!

Yes, coffins are not quite impervious; and we have all of us, especially after death, a tendency to ooze and fritter into our kindred earth; and so it was that truth and Tancred were found in solution at the bottom of the well. Why not, indeed, when, as is well known, the dust of Cæsar was used for stopping bungholes? It was easy to dig a new well, and place the body elsewhere; but our friend the warden wisely determined to seize the moment of disgust, and remove for ever what he justly thought a scandal to his parish. 'This poor spirit,' said he, 'has been wandering a full century on the shore of Styx; let us charitably ferry it over, and lay it gently within the prayerful shades.' 'By all means,' wrote the trustees in reply: 'the nineteenth century is with us, and we perfectly agree with you; let it be done at once.'

Great was the excitement through the whole countryside when it became known that Squire Tancred, who died a hundred years ago, and had been above-ground ever since, was to lie in state in the old hall that night, and be buried like a Christian on the morrow. From hall, and farm, and cottage, they came in troops to see the wonder; and well they might, for truly it was what Rembrandt should paint and Hamlet's soul interpret. In a new coffin—for the old one had fallen in pieces—beneath a new velvet pall, and upon a new black bier, lay that strange superannuated corpse: above it was a glare of torches, driving back the darkness into far-off ghostly corners; around it, a whispering crowd, whose grandfathers were children when it ceased to live. Where were the tender women who closed those shrunken eyes, and folded that ragged ancient shroud? Where were the strong men who carried him out from this very house just a century ago, and left him alone with darkness in the church? Where were the mourners who should follow him to that church again to-morrow, and weep as they laid him in the moist bosom of our mother? The last of the Tancreds lay dead in his own mansion, and not one of those around him had ever seen his face, or possessed, by blood or friendship, the slenderest clue of sympathy to link them with his life.

So great a gulf is there between us and our great-grandfathers—so soon does affection transfer itself from our own progenitors to those who are the

intellectual ancestry of our age. Think you that your descendants will care at all for you as they will for Tennyson or Carlyle? And this man, in the midst of his own dependents, in the centre of his own domain, found but one friend wise enough to save his body from the miserable outlawry to which he had condemned it; and that friend was the village pastor. Truly, as saith the prophet, the sight was 'significant of several things.'

But while the throng of silent rustics was passing through the hall, confused between awe and curiosity, where were the brethren of the hospital?

When Tancred's buried, and not till then,
The heir shall have his own again.

So ran the legend, which was whispered around the bier; and our friends, of all men, were least likely to forget it. The body of their founder was like to prove a Patroclus to these worthy Trojans; and they were at that moment assembled in secret conclave overhead, devising means for getting it out of the hands of the enemy, and defeating the odious machinations of their warden. No one had missed them at such a time; but it mattered not, for the poor old fellows had outlived both wit and energy, and could only storm and bluster at an inevitable fate. At last the eventful morning came; the brethren sat apart in their rooms up stairs, waiting sullenly for the close of a ceremony which was to exorcise them into an unkind world once more; whilst the warden, in hood and surplice, stood ready in the hall, satisfied and cheerful. All was tranquil and triumphant; the grave had been dug, and the old sexton, whose grandfather tolled the bell for this very corpse a hundred years ago, was tolling for it now; in half an hour, the mouldering remains of Charles Tancred would be safe.

Already the clerk had marshalled the funeral procession, with the vicar and himself at its head; already the villagers had formed in line along its route; the bearers were just setting their shoulders to the coffin, and all was in act to move, when, hold! the hall-door bursts open, and enter in hot haste a messenger of that *Deus ex machina* the electric telegraph.

'We have read the will again, and taken counsel's opinion; and the burial *must not* take place.' The warden's voice quivers as he reads these words aloud to the assembly. Man's will, not God's, must be done!

The corpse returns self-condemned to its cellar; the good vicar goes sorrowing home; the crowd slink away in a fresh wonder, or stay behind to gossip with the sexton as he fills up the empty grave; whilst the brethren emerge victorious from their cells, and subside once more—who knows for how long?—into the calm security of their *status quo*.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

FEMALE PROFESSIONS.

GRANTED, the necessity of something to do, and the self-dependence required for its achievement, we may go on to the very obvious question—*what is a woman to do?*

A question more easily asked than answered; and the numerous replies to which, now current in book, pamphlet, newspaper, and review, suggesting everything possible and impossible, from compulsory wifehood in Australia, to voluntary watchmaking at home, do at present rather confuse the matter than otherwise. No doubt, out of these 'many words,' which 'darken speech,' some plain word or two will one day take shape in action, so as to evolve a practical good. In the meantime, it does no harm to have the muddy pond stirred up a little; any disturbance is better than stagnation.

These Thoughts—however desultory and unsatisfactory, seeing the great need there is for deeds rather than words—are those of a 'working' woman, who has been such all her life, with opportunity of comparing the experience of other working women with her own; she therefore at least escapes the folly of talking about what she does not know.

Female professions, as distinct from what may be termed female handicrafts, which merit separate classification and discussion, may, I think, be thus divided: the instruction of youth; art; literature; and the vocation of public entertainment—including actresses, singers, musicians, and the like.

The first of these, being a calling universally wanted, and the easiest in which to win, at all events, daily bread, is the great chasm into which the helpless and penniless of our sex generally plunge; and this indiscriminate Quintus Curtianism, so far from filling up the gulf, widens it every hour. It must be so, while young women of all classes and all degrees of capability rush into governing much as young men enter the church, because they think it a 'respectable' profession to get on in, and are fit for nothing else. Thus, the most important of ours, and the highest of all men's vocations, are both degraded—in so far as they can be degraded—by the unworthiness and incompetency of their professors.

If, in the most solemn sense, not one woman in five thousand is fit to be a mother, we may safely say that not two out of that number are fit to be governesses. Consider all that the office implies: very many of a mother's duties, added to which, considerable mental attainments, firmness of character, good sense, good temper, good breeding; patience, gentleness, loving-kindness. In short, every quality that goes to make a perfect woman, is required of her who presumes to undertake the education of one single little child.

Does any one pause to reflect what a 'little child' is? Not sentimentally, as a creature to be philosophised upon, painted and poetised; nor selfishly, as a kissable, scoldable, sugar-plum-feedable plaything; but as a human soul and body, to be moulded, instructed, and influenced, in order that it likewise may mould, instruct, and influence unborn generations. And yet, in face of this awful responsibility, wherein each deed and word of hers may bear fruit, good or ill, to indefinite ages, does nearly every educated gentlewoman, thrown upon her own resources, nearly every half-educated 'young person' who wishes by that means to step out of her own class into the one above it, enter upon the vocation of a governess.

Whether it really is her vocation, she never stops to think; and yet, perhaps in no calling is a personal bias more indispensable. For knowledge, and the power of imparting it intelligibly, are two distinct and often opposite qualities; the best student by no means necessarily makes the best teacher: nay, when both faculties are combined, they are sometimes neutralised by some fault of disposition, such as want of temper or of will. And allowing all these, granting every possible intellectual and practical competency, there remains still doubtful the moral influence, which, according to the source from which it springs, may ennoble or corrupt a child for life.

All these are facts so trite and so patent, that one would almost feel it superfluous to state them, did we not see how utterly they are ignored day by day by even sensible people; how parents go on lavishing expense on their house, dress, and entertainments—everything but the education of their children; sending their boys to cheap boarding-schools, and engaging for their daughters governesses at L.20 a year, or daily tuition at sixpence an hour; and how, as a natural result, thousands of incapable girls, and ill-informed, unscrupulous women, go on professing to teach everything under the sun, adding lie upon lie, and meanness

upon meanness—often through no voluntary wickedness but sheer helplessness, because they must either do that or starve!

Yet, all the while we expect our rising generation to turn out perfect; instead of which we find it—what?

I do solemnly aver, having seen more than one generation of young girls grow up into womanhood—that the fairest and best specimens of our sex that I have ever known, have been those the least indebted to, or familiar with, either schools or governesses.

Surely such a fact as this—I put it to general experience, whether it is not a fact?—indicates some great flaw in the carrying out of this large branch of women's work. How is it to be remedied? I believe, like all reformations, it must begin at home—with the governesses themselves.

Unless a woman has a decided pleasure and facility in teaching, a thorough knowledge of everything she professes to impart, a liking for children, and above all, a strong moral sense of her responsibility towards them, I hold that for her to enrol herself in the schoolmistress order is absolute profanation. Better turn shopwoman, needlewoman, lady's-maid—even become an honest housemaid, and learn how to sweep a floor, than sell her own soul, and peril many other souls by entering upon what is, or ought to be, a female 'ministry,' unconsecrated, and incapable of the work.

If capable, doubtless she will find it. Not easily, alas! nor soon; but she will find it; for conscientious attainments rarely fail in the long-run to obtain their end. There is no influence so deeply felt in a home, or so anxiously kept, if only for self-interest, as the influence of a good governess over the children. And as in most social questions, where to theorise is easy and to practise very difficult, I think it will be found that the silent remedying of an evil is safer than the loud outcry against it. If every governess, so far as her power extends, would strive to elevate the character of her profession by elevating its members, many of these acknowledged wrongs and miseries of governess-ship would gradually right themselves. A high standard of capability would weed out much current mediocrity; and, competition lessened, the value of labour would rise. I say 'the value of labour,' because, when we women do work, we must learn to rate ourselves at no ideal and picturesque value, but simply as *labourers*—fair and honest competitors in the field of the world; and our wares as mere merchandise, where money's worth alone brings money, or has the right to bring it.

This applies equally to the two next professions, art and literature. I put art first, as being the more difficult—perhaps, in its highest form, almost impossible to women. There are many reasons for this, in the long course of study necessary for a painter, in the unnatural repugnance of 'society' to women's dress, from 'the life,' attending anatomical dissections, and so on—all of which are indispensable to one who would plumb the depths and scale the heights of the most arduous of the liberal arts. Whether any woman will ever do this, remains yet to be proved. Menial, many lower and yet honourable positions, are open to female handlers of the brush.

But in literature, we own no such boundaries; we meet men on level ground—and, shall I say it?—do often beat them in their own field. We are as historians, as clear explanators of science, as novelists, almost—except for Thackeray—and even in the last year we have proved that we can write a great poem as any man among them all. The publisher's list, any handful of weekly or monthly periodicals, can testify to our power of entering heartily on the literary profession, and pursuing it wholeheartedly, and self-reliantly, thwarted by no hindrance and content with no height short of the highest.

So much for the best of us—women whose work will cut down the ages, safe and sure; there is no need to seek of it or them. But there is another secondary class among us, neither 'geniuses' nor ordinary women—aspiring to both destinies, and usually achieving either: of these it is necessary to say a word.

In any profession, there is nothing, short of being violently evil, which is so injurious, so fatal, as mediocrity. To the amateur who writes 'sweetly' or paints 'prettily,' her work is mere recreation; and though it may be less improving for the mind to do small things on your own account, than to be satisfied with appreciating the greater doings of other people, still, it is harmless enough, if it stops there. But all who leave domestic criticism, to plunge into the open arena of art—I use the word in its widest sense—must abide by art's severest laws. One of these is, that every person who paints a common-place picture, writes a mediocre book, contributes temporarily—happily, only temporarily—to lower the standard of public taste, fills unworthily some better competitor's place, and without achieving any private good, does a positive wrong to the community at large.

One is often tempted to believe, in the great influx of small talents which now deluges us, that if half the books written, and pictures painted, were made into one great bonfire, it would be their shortest, easiest, and safest way of illuminating the world.

Therefore, let men do as they will—poor fellows, they are often ten times vainer and more ambitious than we!—but I would advise every woman to examine herself and judge herself, morally and intellectually, by the sharpest canons of criticism before she attempts art or literature, either for abstract fame or as a means of livelihood. Let her take to heart, humbly, the telling truth, that

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,

and be satisfied that the smallest perfect achievement is nobler than the grandest failure. But having, after mature deliberation, chosen her calling, and conscientiously believing it is her calling—that in which she shall do most good, and best carry out the aim of her existence—let her fulfil to the last iota its solemn requirements.

These entail more, much more, than flighty young genius or easy-satisfied mediocrity ever dreams of: labour incessant, courage inexhaustible, under difficulties, misfortunes, and rebuffs of every conceivable kind—added thereto not unfrequently the temperament to which these things come hardest. *Le génie est la patience*; and though there is a truth beyond, since all the patience in the world will not serve as a substitute for genius, still, never was a truer word spoken than this of old Buffon's. Especially as applied to women, when labourers in a profession which demands from them, no less than from men, the fervent application, and sometimes the total devotion of a lifetime.

For, high as the calling is, it is not always, in the human sense, a happy one; it often results in, if it does not spring from, great sacrifices; and is full of thousand misconstructions, annoyances, and temptations. Nay, since ambition is a quality far oftener deficient in us than in the other sex, its very successes are less sweet to women than to men. Many a 'celebrated authoress' or 'exquisite paintress' must have felt the heart-truth in *Aurora Leigh*:

I might have been a common woman, now,
And happier, less known and less left alone,
Perhaps a better woman after all—
With chubby children hanging round my neck,
To keep me low and wise. Ah me! the vines
That bear such fruit are proud to stoop with it—
The palm stands upright in a realm of sand.

And, setting aside both these opposite poles of the female character and lot, it remains yet doubtful whether the maiden-aunt who goes from house to house, perpetually busy and useful—the maiden house-mother, who keeps together an orphan family, having all the cares, and only half the joys of maternity or mistress-ship—even the active, bustling 'old maid,' determined on setting everybody to rights, and having a finger in every pie that needs her, and a few that don't—I question whether each of these women has not a more natural, and therefore happier existence, than any 'woman of genius' that ever enlightened the world.

But happiness is not the first nor the only thing on earth. Whosoever has entered upon this vocation in the right spirit, let her keep to it, neither afraid nor ashamed. The days of blue-stockings are over: it is a notable fact that the best housekeepers, the neatest needlewomen, the most discreet managers of their own and others' affairs, are ladies whose names the world cons over in library lists and exhibition catalogues. I could give them now—except that the world has no possible business with them, except to read their books and look at their pictures. It must be something deficient in the women themselves, if the rude curiosity of this said public is ever allowed to break in upon that dearest right of every woman—the inviolable sanctity of her home.

Without—in these books and by these pictures—let it always be a fair fight, and no quarter. To exact consideration merely on account of her sex, is the poorest cowardice. She has entered the neutral realm of pure intellect—has donned brain-armour, and must carry on with lawful, consecrated weapons a combat, of which the least reward in her eyes, in which she never can freeze over or burn out either woman-tears or woman-smiles, will be the public acknowledgment called Fame.

This Fame, as gained in art or literature, is certainly of a purer and safer kind than that which falls to the lot of the female *artiste*.

I believe that no human gift is given to be hid under a bushel; that a Sarah Siddons, a Rachel, or a Jenny Lind, being created, were certainly not created for nothing. There seems no reason why a great actress or vocalist should not exercise her talents to the utmost for the world's benefit, and her own; nor that any genius, boiling and bursting up to find expression, should be pent down, cruelly and dangerously, because it refuses to run in the ordinary channel of feminine development. But the last profession, of the four which I have enumerated as the only paths at present open to women, is the one which is the most full of perils and difficulties, on account of the personality involved in its exercise.

We may paint scores of pictures, write shelves-full of books—the errant children of our brain may be familiar half over the known world, and yet we ourselves sit as quiet by our chimney-corner, live a life as simple and peaceful as any happy 'common woman' of them all. But with the *artiste* it is very different; she needs to be constantly before the public, not only mentally, but physically; the general eye becomes familiar, not merely with her genius, but her corporeality; and every comment of admiration or blame awarded her, becomes necessarily an instant and personal criticism. This of itself is a position contrary to the instinctive something—call it reticence, modesty, shyness—what you will—which is inherent in every one of Eve's daughters. Any young girl, standing before a large party in her first *tableau vivant*—any singing-pupil at a public examination—any boy-lover of some adorable actress, at the moment when he first thinks of that goddess as *his wife*, will understand what I mean.

But that is by no means the chief objection; for the

feeling of personal shyness dies out, and, in the true artiste, becomes altogether merged in the love and inspiration of her art—the inexplicable fascination of which turns the many-eyed gazing mass into a mere 'public,' of which the performer is individually no more conscious than was the Pythoness of her curled and scented Greek auditors, when she felt on her tripod the coming of the unconquerable, inevitable god. The saddest phase of artiste-life—which is, doubtless, the natural result of this constant presence before the public eye, this incessant struggle for the public's personal verdict—is its intense involuntary egotism.

No one can have seen anything of theatrical or musical circles without noticing this—the incessant recurrence to 'my part,' 'my song,' 'what the public think of me.' In the hand-to-hand struggle for the capricious public's favour, this sad selfishness is apparently inevitable. 'Each for himself' seems implanted in masculine nature, for its own preservation; but when it comes to 'each for herself'—when you see the fairest Shakespeare heroines turn pale at the name of a rival impersonator—when Miss This cannot be asked to a party for fear of meeting Madame That, or if they do meet, for all their harmony and smiles, you perceive their backs are up, like two strange cats meeting at a parlour-door—I say, this is the most lamentable of all results, not absolutely vicious, which the world, and the necessity of working in it, effect on women.

And for this reason, the profession of public entertainment, in all its gradation, from the inspired *tragedienne* to the poor chorus-singer, is, above any profession I know, to be marked with a spiritual Humane Society's pole, 'Dangerous.' Not after the vulgar notion: we have among us too many chaste, matronly actresses, and charming maiden-vocalists, to enter now into the old question about the 'respectability' of the stage; but on account of the great danger to temperament, character, and mode of thought to which such a life peculiarly exposes its followers.

But, if a woman has chosen it—I repeat in this as in any other—let her not forego it; for in every occupation, the worthiness, like the 'readiness,' 'is all.' Never let her be moulded by her calling, but mould her calling to herself; being, as every woman ought to be, the woman first, the artiste afterwards. And, doubtless, so are many; doubtless one could find, not only among the higher ranks of this profession, where genius itself acts as a purifying and refining fire, but in its lower degrees, many who, under the glare of the footlights and the din of popular applause, have kept their freshness and singleness of character unfaded to the end. Ay, even among poor ballet-dancers, capering with set rouged smiles and leaden hearts—coarse screaming concert-singers, doing sham pathos at a guinea a night—flaunting actresses-of-all-work, firmly believing themselves the best Juliet or Lady Macbeth extant, and yet condescending to take ever so small a part—even the big-headed 'princess' of an Easter extravaganza, for the sake of the old parents, or the fiddler-husband and the sickly babies at home. No doubt, many of them live—let us rather say endure—a life as pure, as patient, as self-denying, as that of hundreds of timid, daintily protected girls, and would-be correct matrons, who shrink in safe privacy from the very thought of these. But Heaven counts and cares for all.

Therefore, in this perilous road, double honour be unto those who walk upright, double pity unto those who fall!

Conning over again these desultory Thoughts, it seems to me they all come to neither more nor less than this: that since a woman, by choosing a definite profession, must necessarily quit the kindly shelter and sweet negativeness of a private life, and assume a substantive position, it is her duty not hastily to decide, and before deciding, in every way to count the cost. But having

chosen, let her fulfil her lot, and keep to it. No hesitations, no regrets, no compromises—they are at once cowardly and vain. She may have missed or foregone much;—I repeat, our natural and happiest life is when we lose ourselves in the exquisite absorption of home, the delicious retirement of dependent love; but what she has, she has, and nothing can ever take it from her. Nor is it, after all, a small thing for any woman—be she governess, painter, author, or artiste—to feel that, higher or lower, according to her degree, she ranks among that crowned band who, whether or not they are the happy ones, are elected to the heaven-given honour of being the Workers of the world.

A GLIMPSE OF SARAWAK.

ON the 11th of August 1852, I embarked at Singapore in a small trading-schooner bound for Sarawak; and aided by a favourable breeze and a rapid tide, we were soon carried past the verdant shores of the Straits of Malacca, into the China Sea, across which we stretched direct for Borneo. After four days' sail, the outlines of the mountains of that island appeared in the distant horizon, blue and bright through the clear atmosphere, gradually rising up from the water, and darkening in colour, and shewing more clearly their spurs and valleys as we closed in with the land. Next appeared the low level coast-line, black with the forests of centuries, whose dark and heavy verdure stretched in unbroken mass over the whole face of the country, far away over and beyond the tops of the highest and most distant mountains. As we passed along, the coast-line was seen to be occasionally broken by the mouths of large rivers, which discharge their waters through gaps in the ceaseless and apparently impenetrable jungle, and which, by their broad and stately streams, afford access to the interior of the country. We were becalmed for some time off Cape Datu—a high bold promontory that projects far into the sea—till, a heavy squall coming down from the top of the bluff, necessitated a rapid reduction of sail, but bore us at the same time gallantly over the waves. As the night closed in, the clouds gathered in masses, but the almost incessant play of sheet-lightning around the horizon afforded a sufficiency of light by which to continue our course; and about midnight we cast anchor off the Santubong entrance of the Sarawak river.

Next morning the weather was stormy and heavy, but unpropitious as the day was, it gave us a favourable idea of the picturesque character of the country. On one side of the river, close to its mouth, and close also to the beach, Santubong mountain shot up almost perpendicularly to the height of nearly 3000 feet, stretching away seaward in a long irregular, broken, and picturesque range, and terminating in a bold bluff cape, round whose base the waters of the China Sea heaved and broke. On the other side rose a lower and less striking hill, between which and Santubong the river opened, like the open gate of an avenue, inviting us to explore the country. There we entered with the flood-tide, and in due time arrived at Kuching, the capital of the world-famed Sarawak.

I do not intend to repeat the story—so well known through the works of Captains Keppell and Munro—of the manner in which Sir James Brooke became rajah of Sarawak; I may, however, be permitted to give the following illustration of the cool climate

in which he looks danger in the face, and prepares against it.

When Mr Brooke first arrived at Kuching in the *Royalist*, he landed and paid his respects to Muda Hassim, the Malay rajah of the place; and in return invited that prince, with several of his nobles and their followers, to visit him on board his yacht. I have shared in the surprise which I have often heard expressed, that Mr Brooke should have invited on board his yacht a Malay prince and his followers, of whom he knew comparatively nothing, except that they belonged to a race whose name is synonymous in the east with ferocity, treachery, and blood-thirstiness, and who, wherever they are known, are noted for their addiction to piracy. It is true, they are by no means so bad as they are represented to be; and it is equally true that they possess many fine qualities, which are discovered upon closer acquaintance; but still the general character they bear, and by which alone Mr Brooke could have known them, is that of treacherous pirates. Mr Brooke, however, resolved to return Muda Hassim's hospitality, without exhibiting either fear or suspicion, while at the same time he took effectual measures to baffle any attempt at treachery, should such be made. On deck, the crew were drawn up under arms, acting ostensibly as a guard of honour to receive the prince, but prepared for hostilities in case of necessity; while at the same time, the ship's guns were loaded with grape, and trained so as to sweep the deck at the first discharge. In the cabin, where Mr Brooke was to receive his visitors, he was seated on a sofa with a broad table placed before him, in order to prevent any sudden stab with a kris, and under the pillow, which lay carelessly beside him, a pair of loaded pistols were concealed. Above the sofa, a large mirror was placed, and behind the mirror were stationed four men, each with four loaded muskets, who on a given signal were to throw down the mirror, and shew themselves armed. Thus fortified, Mr Brooke sat at his ease, and received his distinguished visitors with gentlemanly courtesy. No attempt at violence was made; and Muda Hassim remained till the day of his death ignorant of the precautions taken against his possible treachery.

On another occasion, after the present Sarawak government was established, a chief of the Sarebas Dyaks, by name Lingire, made an attempt to take Mr Brooke's head. He came to Sarawak with several war-boats, ostensibly to pay a visit to the Malay *datus* or magistrates of that place, and moored his boats in the river opposite their campongs, a few hundred yards above Rajah Brooke's house. At length, one night when the tide suited his purpose, he dropped silently down the river to the rajah's wharf, fastened his boats there, and landed with eighty armed men. He then walked up to the house, entered the hall where the rajah was seated at dinner entertaining all the European inhabitants of the settlement, and his men, placing themselves in a semicircle around the table, squatted down, intending to spring upon their victims in the confusion of clearing away the dinner. As soon as Mr Brooke saw Lingire enter with so many men, he suspected his object, and calling a Malay servant who fortunately understood English, he ordered him to cross the river and tell the *datus* to bring over their men as quickly as possible. This being spoken in English, was not understood by the Dyaks, who, thinking that the rajah had merely given some order about the dinner, saw the servant leave the room without suspicion, and sat still, quietly and intently surveying the scene before them, and waiting the signal of attack from their chief. In the meantime, the Europeans continued their dinner with the best appetite they could, and knowing that their safety depended on their prolonging the meal as much as

possible, they were in no hurry to conclude it. From the painful state of suspense in which they were held, they were at length delivered by the arrival of the *Datu Tumang-gong*—a brave old pirate who, in his day, has carried on his depredations within sight of Singapore—who entered the room at the head of thirty Malays. He at once placed himself between the Europeans and Dyaks; and turning upon Lingire, he applied to him many epithets the reverse of complimentary, told him that he knew what he had come for, and ordered him instantly to go down to his boats. The Dyak paused; the odds were eighty to thirty, and he seemed inclined to try the chances of a combat; but while he hesitated, the *Datu Bandar* entered with fifty men, and he then slunk off to his boats like a beaten dog. When he arrived at Sarebas, he gave it out publicly that his object was to have taken the rajah's head, and he further expressed his determination still to have it; nay, he even went so far as to make a basket for the special purpose of containing it after it should be captured. He now appears, however, to have thought better of the matter; for when I last saw him, he was seated at the rajah's table, talking and laughing and drinking arrack.

The Sarawak territory, as seen from the sea, presents a long low dark coast-line, covered with trees to the water's edge, and occasionally intersected by the mouths of rivers, or broken by bold rocky promontories that project far into the sea. Behind the coast-line, the ground rises in many places into hills and mountains, some of them round and swelling, and covered, like all the rest of the country, with dark jungle; others abrupt and craggy in the extreme, with trees and bushes shooting from every crevice, and creepers and parasites hanging from every cliff and from every tree.

On entering one of the rivers which cleaves its way through the apparently impenetrable jungle, the traveller finds himself in a wide open channel, both sides of which are crowded with the same dark and heavy foliage that covered the coast, and which, not content with the possession of the land, seems to aspire to that of the water too, by sending forests of mangroves far into the river. In other parts, the banks are lined by thousands of nipa palms, whose long bending leaves, fringed with their dark and sharp-pointed leaflets, wave gracefully in the breeze, forming the foreground of the mighty jungle that towers up behind. Higher up the river, where the banks are no longer swampy, the mangroves and nipas disappear, but the primeval forest still continues in undiminished and unchanging magnificence; and as the silent stream bears us swiftly onwards over its still and placid waters, glowing with the tints of a tropical evening sky, we pass point after point, and traverse reach after reach, each bank and every change of scene presenting the same wild and lonely grandeur and luxuriance. If a pigeon flies overhead, a monkey leaps from a bough, or the loud and discordant note of some feathered denizen of the forest rings through the air, it is the only sign of life the vast jungle exhibits, except the shrill chirping of the tree grasshoppers which have commenced their evening-song, or the irritating attacks which compel attention to the existence of sand-flies and mosquitoes.

As we ascend the river above the influence of the tides, the channel, though it still continues deep, becomes very narrow, and often appears almost over-arched by the vegetation which clothes its banks. Not only do enormous trees shoot up their giant forms to the height of hundreds of feet, but the margin of the river between the trees and the stream itself is lined with a dense mass of vegetation, as thick and impenetrable, and ten times as high, as a quickset-hedge. One of the most remarkable of the plants that form this fringe to the margin of the stream, is called by the

Dyaks *mudiang*, and exactly resembles the plant of the pine-apple, only that it grows upon a stem some twenty feet high. Its fruit, also, has much the appearance of the pine-apple, but is hard and woody within, and utterly unfit for food. These plants grow in great numbers in the mud that forms the margin of the stream, and are the resort of troops of monkeys, which leap, grin, and chatter among them during the day, and at night hang asleep upon them within oars-length of the passing boat.

Higher up the river still, it again changes its appearance; instead of being deep and muddy, it becomes shallow and clear, assuming to a considerable extent the character of a mountain stream. The bottom is sandy or stony, and the fish are seen playing in the pools; the banks are dry and free from mud, allowing the large trees of the jungle to spring up from the margin of the stream, and to interlace their gigantic branches high overhead. Then it is that the forest is seen in all its beauty and grandeur. Tall trunks, straight as an arrow, support the unbroken shade of verdure which clings to their boughs, while long and fantastic creepers embrace the vast columns with their tangled net-work, and hang like festoons from one to another. Occasionally, accident may have cleared a considerable space along the banks, leaving one vast tree standing in comparative solitude, and then is seen the monarch of the forest in all his glory. A vast, massive trunk rises straight as a ship's mast, and without a single branch, to the height of 200 feet or more; and from the top of this gigantic column, diverge the spreading branches, covered with their heavy masses of dark-green foliage, the whole forming as fine an object as the eye can rest on.

Sometimes these large trees are found in inconvenient proximity to the traveller: they fall across the stream, and bar his progress. If the trunk is immersed so deeply as that there are three or four inches of water on any part of it, the canoe is unloaded, and the crew, jumping into the water, drag her over the impediment; while if it happens to be resting at a height of five or six inches above the surface of the stream, she is again unloaded, and pushed underneath it.

As the trees seldom fall perfectly flat across the surface of the water, one or other of these methods of passing them is generally practicable; but sometimes neither of them can be followed, in which case, there is no other resource than the laborious and tedious process of cutting the trunk through. As there are also shallows and rapids, as well as logs of wood in the rivers, it will easily be imagined that ascending these smaller streams is a toilsome method of journeying; and so numerous are impediments of one kind or another, that I have sometimes seen the crew wading or swimming continuously for several hours.

I have thus endeavoured to give an idea of the country as seen in going up one of the large rivers. I shall now ask the reader to take a walk with me into the jungle. Jungle is of two kinds—old and young. Old jungle is simply the forest, young jungle is the vegetation which springs up wherever old jungle has been cut down. It consists of a dense mass of grass, reeds, and bushes, impervious to man; and when necessity compels him to take his course through it, he must cut his way with his *parang* or chopping-knife, hewing out a path as he goes along. Walking in old jungle, however, is very different. There, there is comparatively little underwood; the ground is moist and soft with decaying leaves; the air is cool and pleasant; and the enormous trees whose foliage completely keeps off the sun, form a 'leafy labyrinth' of the most imposing and extensive dimensions. Every tenth tree is a giant, whose vast stem, straight as a ship's mast, shoots up aloft till its almost undiminished diameter is hid by the foliage of those around it, and from the visible height of the lower trees which conceal

its top, we are left to imagine the size of the higher. Some of them are covered with the strangest-looking creepers and parasites which clothe the stem and festoon the boughs; and occasionally we come to a tree in full flower, which, if it be partially isolated, so as to admit of its being seen from below, affords one of the most beautiful spectacles which the vegetable creation can present. Altogether, though the general appearance of the forest is, except as regards the size of the trees which compose it, very much like that of a wood at home, still the most cursory examination will not fail to shew something very unlike any of the vegetable productions of the temperate zone. Perhaps, however, one of the most striking features of the jungle is the almost entire absence of animal life which it displays—an absence perfectly surprising to the European visitor, who, from the jungle's being unfrequented and almost untrod by man, is prepared to find it filled with tenants of one kind or other. But no; he walks along amidst this luxuriance of vegetation, and scarcely sees an animal. Almost the only signs of life he discovers are the harsh cry of the hornbill, the plaintive wail of the *wawa* or long-armed ape, and loud but melancholy groaning of the *razang* or long-nosed monkey; or perhaps the sight of a lizard ascending the rough trunk of some vast tree, or a snake rustling among the fallen leaves or twining among the branches. It is true, that where there are many fruit-trees, the scene is different; there, troops of monkeys abound, and leap and sport among the boughs, now shaking the forest in very wantonness, again sitting gravely on some lower bough, grinning secure defiance on their two-legged brethren below, treating with majestic contempt the efforts of the Dyaks to frighten them, and gazing with the bliss of ignorance on the terrors of the gun. They are of many hues and of all sizes, from the orang-outang, whose body is as large as that of a tall man, to the smaller species of a span long. There are many birds, too, of different kinds, generally with harsh voices and brilliant plumage, which conceal themselves among the thick leaves, or flit away on too near an approach. Such assemblages of animals, however, are the exception; the rule in the forest is, as I have already stated, great luxuriance of vegetation, and great scarcity of animal life; and in this respect, Borneo at present, I should imagine, somewhat resembles the account given by geologists of England during the formation of the coal. If it be so, it is strange to find the state of our own island many thousand ages ago paralleled by the present state of another island many thousand miles distant.

There is yet another view of the country which I shall endeavour to present—namely, that witnessed from the summit of a lofty mountain. From such a position, as far as the spectator's eye can reach, he looks down upon a generally flat but somewhat undulating country, with hills of various forms and sizes scattered around, some of them round and swelling, some with sharp peaks and ridges, and some abrupt and craggy in the extreme, but all of them covered with the same dark and heavy verdure which overspreads the face of the country, except where some limestone cliff gleams through the mass of vegetation which elsewhere shrouds it. In the low ground, he sees the winding rivers pursuing their tortuous course through the unbroken forest, now appearing lustrous and silvery in the light, now red and muddy as they roll along almost at his feet, now buried in the tall trees which clothe their banks, and again reappearing at a distance brighter and more lustrous than ever. The vast expanse of forest spread out before him, induces ideas somewhat akin to those awakened by gazing on the ocean from a sea-side cliff. There is the same extent of prospect, the same monotony of scene, and the same feeling of solitude in the one

case as in the other; and this similarity of landscape induces a similarity of ideas, cutting off the soul, as it were, from immediate contact with his fellows, and opening it to the greatness and the majesty of that Power who created alike the ocean and the forest.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XCII.—COUP D'ŒIL OF THE CAMP.

For some minutes I stood motionless as a statue; I stirred neither hand nor foot, lest the movement should catch the eye either of the horse-guards or those moving around the fires. I had already donned my plumed head-dress, before climbing out of the channel: my first thought was to replace my pistols in the belt behind my back. The movement was stealthily made; and with like stealthy action, I suffered the mantle of jaguar-skins to drop from my shoulders, and hang to its full length. I had saved the robe from getting wet; and its ample skirt now served me in concealing my soaked breech-cloth as well as the upper half of my leggings. These and the moccasins were, of course, saturated with water, but I had not much uneasiness about that. In a prairie-camp, and upon the banks of a deep stream, an Indian with wet leggings could not be a spectacle to excite suspicion; there would be many reasons why my counterpart might choose to immerse his copper-coloured extremities in the river. Moreover, the buckskin—dressed Indian-fashion—was speedily casting the water; it would soon drip dry, or even if wet, would scarcely be observed under such a light.

The spot where I had 'landed' chanced to be one of the least conspicuous in the whole area of the camp. I was just between two lights—the red glare of the camp-fires, and the mellower beams of the moon; and the atmospheric confusion occasioned by the meeting of the distinct kinds of light favoured me, by producing a species of optical delusion. It was but slight, and I could easily be seen from the centre of the camp, but not with sufficient distinctness for my disguise to be penetrated by any one; therefore, it was hardly probable that any of the savages would approach or trouble their heads about me. I might pass for one of themselves indulging in a solitary saunter, yielding himself to a moment of abstraction or melancholy. I was well enough acquainted with Indian life to know that there was nothing *outré* or unlikely in this behaviour; such conduct was perfectly *en règle*.

I did not remain long on that spot—only long enough to catch the salient features of the scene. I saw there were many fires, and around each was grouped a number of human forms—some squatted, some standing. The night was cold enough to make them draw near to the burning logs; and for this reason, but few were wandering about—a fortunate circumstance for me.

There was one fire larger than the rest; from its dimensions, it might be termed a bonfire, such as is made by the flattering and flunkeyish peasantry of old-world lands when they welcome home the squire and the count. It was placed directly in front of the solitary tent, and not a dozen paces from its entrance. Its blazing pile gave forth a flood of red light that reached even to the spot where I stood, and flickered in my face. I even fancied I could feel its warmth upon my cheeks.

Around this fire were many forms of men—all of them standing up. I could see the faces of those who were upon its further side, but only the figures of these on the nearer. The former I could see with almost as much distinctness as if I had been close beside them; I could trace the lineaments of their features—the

painted devices on their breasts and faces—the style of their habiliments.

The sight of these last somewhat astonished me. I had expected to see red-skinned warriors in leggings, moccasins, and breech-cloth, with heads naked or plumed, and shoulders draped under brown robes of buffalo-skin. Some such there were, but not all of them were so costumed; on the contrary, I beheld savages shrouded in serapés and cloaks of broadcloth, with calzoneros on their legs, and upon their heads huge hats of black glaze—regular Mexican sombreros! In short, I beheld numbers of them in full Mexican costume!

Others, again, were dressed somewhat in a military fashion, with helmets or stiff shakos, ill-fighting uniform coats of red or blue cloth, oddly contrasting with the brown buckskin that covered their legs and feet.

With some astonishment, I observed these 'fancy dresses;' but my surprise passed away, when I reflected as to who were the men before me, and whence they had lately come; where they had been, and on what errand. It was no travesty, but a scene of actual life. The savages were clad in the spoils they had captured from civilisation.

I need not have been at such pains with my toilet; under any guise, I could scarcely have looked odd in the midst of such a motley crew: even my own uniform might have passed muster—all except the colour of my skin.

Fortunately, a few of the band still preserved their native costume—a few appeared in full paint and plumes—else I should have been *too Indian* for such a company.

It cost not a minute to note these peculiarities, nor did I stay to observe them minutely; my eyes were in search of Isolina.

I cast inquiring glances on all sides; I scrutinised the groups around the different fires; I saw others—women—whom I knew to be captives, but I saw not her.

I scanned their forms and the faces of those who were turned towards me. A glance would have been enough; I could easily have recognised her face under the firelight—under any light. It was not before me.

'In the tent—in the tent: she must be there?'

I hastened to move away from the spot where I had hitherto been standing. My eye, quickened by the necessity of action, had fallen upon the copse that covered the entire background of the camp. At a glance I detected the advantage offered by its shadowy cover.

The tent was placed close to the edge of the timber; and in front of the tent, as already stated, was the great fire. Plainly, this was the gravitating point—the centre of motive and motion. If aught of interest was to be enacted, there would lie the scene. In the lodge or near it would she be found—certainly she must be there; and there I resolved to seek her.

CHAPTER XCIII.

A FRIENDLY ENCOUNTER.

Just then the shrill voice of a crier pealed through the camp, and I observed an unusual movement. I could not make out what the man said, but the peculiar intonation told that he was uttering some signal or summons. Something of interest was about to transpire.

The Indians now commenced circling around the blazing pile, meeting and passing each other, as if threading the mazes of some silent and solemn dance. Others were seen hastening up from distant parts of the camp, as if to observe the actions of those around the fire, or join with them in the movement.

I did not wait to watch them; their attention thus occupied, gave me an opportunity of reaching the

copse unobserved, and, without further ado, I started towards it.

I walked slowly, and with an assumed air of careless indifference. I counterfeited the Comanche walk—not that bold free port—the magnificent and inimitable stride, so characteristic of Chippewa and Shawano, of Huron and Iroquois—but the shuffling gingery step of an English jockey, for such in reality is the gait of the Comanche Indian when afoot.

I must have played my part well. A savage, crossing from the horse-guards towards the great fire, passed near me, and hailed me by name:

‘Wakono!’ cried he.

‘Que cosa?’ (Well—what matter?) I replied in Spanish, imitating as well as I could the Indian voice and accent. It was a venture, but I was taken at a straight, and could not well remain silent.

The man appeared some little surprised at being addressed in the language of Mexico; nevertheless, he understood it, and made rejoinder.

‘You hear the summons, Wakono? Why do you not come forward? The council meets; Hissoo-royo is already there.’

I understood what was said, more from the Indian’s gestures than his speech, though the words ‘summons,’ ‘council,’ and the name ‘Hissoo-royo,’ helped me to comprehend his meaning. I chanced to know the Comanche epithets for the two first, and also that Hissoo-royo (the Spanish wolf) was the Indian appellation of the Mexican renegade.

Though I understood what was said, I was not prepared with a reply. I dared not risk the answer in Spanish; for I knew not the extent of Wakono’s proficiency in the Andalusian tongue.

I felt myself in a dilemma; and the importunate savage—no doubt some friend of Wakono himself—appeared determined to stick to me. How was I to get rid of him?

A happy idea came to my relief. Assuming an air of extreme dignity, and as though I did not wish to be disturbed in my meditations, I raised my hand and waved the man a parting salute: at the same time, I turned my head, and walked slowly away.

The Indian accepted the *congé*, and moved off, but evidently with an air of reluctance. As I glanced back over my shoulder, I could see him parting from the spot, with a hesitating step; no doubt somewhat astonished at the strange behaviour of his friend Wakono.

I did not look back again until I had placed myself under the shadow of the timber; then I turned to reconnoitre: my friend had continued on; I saw him just entering among the crowd that circled around the great fire.

Screened from observation by the shadow, I could now pause and reflect. The trifling incident that had caused me some apprehension, had also helped me to some useful knowledge: First, I had learned my own name; second, that a council was about to take place; and thirdly, that the renegade, Hissoo-royo, had something to do with the council.

This was knowledge of importance; combined with my previous information, everything was now made clear. This council could be no other than the jury-trial between the renegade and the yet nameless chief; the same that was to decide to which belonged the right of property in my betrothed. It was about to meet; it had not assembled as yet. Then had I arrived in time. Neither white savage nor red savage had yet come into possession; neither had dared to lay hand on the coveted and priceless gem.

Isolina was still safe—thus singularly preserved from brutal contact. These dogs in the manger, their mutual jealousy had proved her protection! I was consoled by the thought—strange source of consolation!

I was in time, but where was she? From my new

position I had a still better view of the camp, its fires, and its denizens. She was nowhere to be seen!

‘In the lodge, then—she must certainly be there—or’—A new thought occurred to me: ‘She may be kept apart from the other captives?—in the copse—she may be concealed in the copse until the sentence be pronounced?’

This last conjecture brought along with it hopes and resolves. I determined to search the copse. If I should find her there, my emprise would be easy indeed; at all events, easier than I had anticipated. Though guarded by the savages, I should rescue her from their grasp. The lives of six men—perhaps twice that number—were under my belt. The odds of unarmed numbers would be nothing against the deadly bullets from my revolvers, and I saw that most of the savages had laid aside their weapons, confident in the security of their camp.

But I might find her alone, or perhaps with but a single jailer. The meeting of the council favoured the supposition. The men would all be there—some to take part—others interested in the result, or merely from curiosity to watch the proceedings. Yes, all of them would have an interest in the issue—too surely all. The barbarous custom of these savage brutes at that moment came to my remembrance! I stayed no longer to reflect; but gliding into the grove, commenced my search for the captive.

The ground was favourable to my progress: there was not much underwood, and the trees grew thinly; I could easily pass amongst them without the necessity of crouching, and without making noise. The silent tread of the moccasin was in my favour, as also the dark shadowy foliage that stretched overhead, hiding the sky from my view.

The chief timber of the copse was the pecan hickory—almost an evergreen—and the trees were still in full leaf; only here and there, where the trunks stood far apart, did the moonbeams strike through the thick frondage. The surface of the ground was shrouded from her light, and the narrow aisles through which I passed were as dark as if no moon had been shining.

There was still light enough to reveal some horrid scenes. O Heaven! my heart bleeds at the remembrance.

I was wrong in my conjecture. The men had not all gone to the council; the captive women were not all by the camp-fires. I beheld ruffian men beside their helpless victims—women—fair white women—with drooping heads and listless air—diaveilled, weeping! O Heaven! my heart recoils at the remembrance!

It recoiled at the sight—it burned with indignation. At every turn did it prompt me to draw knife or pistol; at every step my fingers itched to immolate a hideous paint-besmeared brute—to slay a ‘savage.’

I was restrained only by my own desperate situation—by my apprehensions for the safety of Isolina, now more acute than ever. What horrid imaginings crowded into my brain, begot by the barbarous drama that was being enacted around me.

The monsters, too earnestly occupied with their captives, took no heed of me; and I passed on without interruption.

I threaded the pathways of the grove one after another, gliding through as rapidly as the path would permit; I entered every aisle and glade; I searched everywhere, even to the furthest limits of the wood. I saw more men—more weeping women—more ruffianism; I saw nought of her for whom I searched.

‘In the tent then—she must be there.’

I turned my face towards the lodge, and moving with stealthy step, soon arrived among the trees that stood in the rear. I halted near the edge, and separating the leaves with my hands, peered cautiously

through. I had no need to search further—Isolina was before my eyes.

CHAPTER XCIV.

THE COUNCIL.

Yes, there was my betrothed—within sight, within hearing, almost within reach of my hands; and I dared not touch, I dared not speak, I scarcely dared look upon her. My fingers trembled among the leaves—my heart rose and fell—I could feel within my breast its strokes, rapid and irregular—I could hear its sonorous vibration.

It was not at the first glance that I saw Isolina. On looking through the leaves, the *coup d'ail* was a scene that quite astonished me, and for a while occupied my attention. Since I had last gazed upon the great fire, the grouping around it had undergone an entire change; a new tableau was presented, that for the moment held me under a spell of surprise.

The fire no longer blazed, or only slightly, and when stirred; the logs had burned into coals, and now yielded a fainter light, but one more red and garish. It was steady, nevertheless, and the vastness of the pile rendered it strong enough to illumine the camp-ground to its utmost limits.

The fire was still encircled by savages, but no longer standing, nor grouped irregularly, as I had before observed them; on the contrary, they were seated, or rather squatted at equal distances from each other, and forming a ring that girdled the huge mound of embers.

There were about twenty of these men—I did not count them—but I observed that all were in their native costume—leggings, and breech-cloth to the waist—nothing above, save the armlets and shell-ornaments of nose, ears, and neck. All were profusely painted with chalk, ochre, and vermilion. Beyond doubt, I was looking upon the 'council.'

The other Indians—they in 'fancy dresses'—were all upon the ground, but they stood behind, retired a pace or two from the circle, and in groups of two, three, or four, talking in low mutterings. Others were moving about, still at a greater distance from the fire.

My observation of all these features of the scene did not occupy ten seconds of time—just so long as my eyes were getting accustomed to the light. At the end of that interval, my glance rested upon Isolina, and there became fixed. My fingers trembled among the leaves; my heart rose and fell; I could feel within my breast its strokes, rapid and irregular; I could hear its sonorous vibration.

In the chain of Indians that encircled the fire, there was a break—an interval of ten or a dozen feet. It was directly in front of the lodge, and above the fire; for the ground gently sloped from the tent towards the stream. In this spot the captive was seated. Her position was exactly between the lodge and the fire, and a little retired behind the circle of the council. The tent intervening between her and my position, had prevented me from seeing her at first.

She was half seated, half reclining upon a robe of wolf-skins. I saw that her arms were free; I saw that her limbs were bound. Her back was to the tent, her face turned towards the council. I could not see it.

To recognise my betrothed, I did not need to look upon her face; her matchless form, outlined against the red embers, was easily identified. The full round curve of the neck—the oval lines of the head—the majestic sweep of the shoulders—the arms smooth and symmetrical—all these were familiar to my eyes, for I had dwelt upon them in admiration. I could not be mistaken; the form before me was that graven upon my heart—it was Isolina's.

There was another salient point in this singular tableau, that could not escape observation. Beyond

the fire, and directly opposite to where Isolina was placed, I saw another well-known object—the white steed! He was not staked there, but haltered and held in hand by one of the Indians. He must have been lately brought upon the ground, for from neither of my former points of observation had I noticed him. He, like his mistress, was to be put on trial—his ownership was also matter of dispute.

There was in sight one more object that interested me—not with friendly interest did I regard it—but with disgust and indignation. Not seated in the council ring, not standing among the idle groups, but apart from all, I beheld Hissoo-royo the renegade. Savage as were the red warriors, fiend-like as they appeared with their paint-smears visages, not one looked so savage or fiend-like as he.

The features of this man were naturally bad; but the paint—for he had adopted this with every other vile custom of barbarian life—rendered their expression positively ferocious. The device upon his forehead was a death's-head and cross-bones, done in white chalk, and upon his breast appeared the well imitated semblance of a bleeding scalp—the appropriate symbols of a cruel disposition.

There was something unnatural in a white skin thus disfigured; for the native complexion was not hidden: here and there it could be perceived forming the ground of the motley elaboration—its pallid hue in strange contrast with the deeper colours that daubed it. It was not the canvas for such a picture.

Yet there the picture was—in red and yellow, black, white, and blue; there stood the deep-dyed villain.

I saw not his rival; I looked for him, but saw him not. Perhaps he was one of those who stood around?—perhaps he had not yet come up? He was the son of the head-chief—perhaps he was inside the lodge? The last was the most probable conjecture.

The great calumet was brought forward and lit by the fire; it was passed around the circle, from mouth to mouth, each savage satisfying himself with a single draw from its tube. I knew that this was the inauguration of the council. The trial was about to proceed.

CHAPTER XCV.

MEASURING THE CHANCES.

The situation in which I was placed by chance, could not have been better had I deliberately chosen it. I had under my eyes the council fire and council, the groups around—in short, the whole area of the camp.

What was of equal importance, I could see without being seen. Along the edge of the copse there extended a narrow belt of shadow, similar to that which had favoured me while in the channel, and produced by a like cause—for the stream and the selvedge of the grove were parallel to each other. The moonbeams fell obliquely upon the grove, and under the thick foliage of the pecans I was well screened from her light behind, while the lodge covered me from the glare of the fire in front.

I could not have been better placed for my purpose. I saw the advantage of the position, and resolved therefore to abide in it.

The observations and reflections thus given in detail occupied me but a few minutes of time. Thought is quick, and at that crisis mine was more than usually on the alert. Almost instantaneously did I perceive the points that most interested me, or had reference to my plans; almost instantaneously I had mastered the situation, and I next bent my mind upon the way to take advantage of it.

I saw there was but one way to proceed: my original scheme must be carried out. Under so many eyes, there was not the slightest chance that the captive could be stolen away; she must be taken

openly, and by a bold stroke. Of this was I convinced.

The question arose, when should I make the attempt? At that moment? She was not ten paces from where I stood! Could I rush forward, and with my knife set free her limbs? Might we then get off before the savages could fling themselves upon us?

Hopeless—impossible. She was too near them; she was too near the renegade who claimed her as his property. He was standing almost over her, within distance of a single leap. In his belt was the long triangular blade, the Spanish knife. He could have cut me down ere I could have severed a cord of her fastenings. The attempt would fail; success was hopeless—impossible. I must wait for a better opportunity; and I waited.

I remembered Rube's last word of counsel, not to act too hastily—and his reasons, that if I must make a 'desprit strike for it,' to leave the grand *coup* to the last moment. The circumstances could be no worse then than now.

Under the influence of this idea, I checked my impatience, and waited.

I watched Hissoo-royo; I watched the squatted forms around the fire; I watched the straggling groups behind them. In turn, my eyes wandered from one to the other.

At intervals, too, they rested upon Isolina. Up to this moment I had not seen her countenance; I saw only the reverse of that beautiful image so deeply graven upon my heart. But even then—under that suspense of peril—strange thoughts were passing within me. I felt a singular longing to look upon her face; I remembered the *herredero*.

It pleased fortune to smile upon me. So many little incidents were occurring in my favour, that I began to believe the fates propitious, and my hopes of success were growing stronger apace. Just then the captive turned her head, and her face was towards me. There was no mark on that fair brow; that soft cheek was without a scar; the delicate skin was intact, smooth, and diaphanous as ever. The *herredero* had been merciful!

Perhaps something had occurred to interrupt or hinder him from his horrid work? Would that the matador had met with a similar interruption! I could not tell—those profuse clusters covered all—neck, bosom, and shoulders were hidden under the dark dishevelment. I could not tell, but I did not dare to hope. Cyprio had seen the blood!

It was but a momentary glance, and her face was again turned away. At intervals she repeated it, and I saw that she looked in other directions. I could note the uneasiness of her manner; I could tell why those glances were given; I knew her design. O for one word in her hearing—one whisper!

It might not be; she was too closely watched. Jealous eyes were upon her; savage hearts were gloating over her beauty. No word could have reached her that would not have been heard by others—by all around the fire—for the silence was profound. The 'council' had not yet essayed to speak.

The stillness was at length broken by the voice of a crier, who in a shrill tone proclaimed that the 'council was in session.'

There was something so ceremonious in the whole proceedings, and every movement was made with such regularity, that but for the open air, the fire, the wild savage costumes, and fierce painted faces, I might have fancied myself in the presence of a civilised court, and witnessing a trial by jury. It was in effect just such a trial, though judge there was none. The members of the jury were themselves the judges, for in the simplicity of such primitive litigation, each was presumed to understand the law without an interpreter.

Pleaders, too, were equally absent; each party—

plaintiff and defendant—was expected to plead his own case. Such is the simple fashion in the high court of the prairies—a fashion which might elsewhere be adopted with advantage.

The name of 'Hissoo-royo' pealed loud upon the air. The crier was calling him into court—another parallel with the customs of civilisation.

Three times the name was pronounced—at each repetition in a shriller and louder tone than before.

The man might have spared his voice; he who was summoned was upon the spot, and ready to answer. Before the echo died away, the renegade uttered a loud response; and stepping to an open space within the ring, halted, drew himself up to his full height, folded his arms, and in this attitude stood waiting.

At that crisis the thought occurred to me, whether I should rush forward, and at once decide the fate of myself and my betrothed. The seated warriors appeared to be all unarmed; and the renegade—whose hand I most regarded—was now further off, having gone round to the opposite side of the fire. The situation was favourable, and for a moment I stood bending upon the spring.

But my eye fell upon the spectators in the background; many of them were directly in the way I should have to take; I saw that many of them carried weapons—either in their hands, or upon their persons—and that Hissoo-royo himself was still too near.

I could never fight my way against such odds. I could not break such a line—it would be madness to attempt it. Rube's counsel was again ringing in my ears; and once more I abandoned the rash design.

CHAPTER XCVI.

THE WHITE-HAIRED CHIEF.

There was an interval of silence—a dramatic pause—that lasted for more than a minute. It was ended by one of the council rising to his feet, and by a gesture inviting Hissoo-royo to speak.

The renegade began:

'Red warriors of the Hietan! brothers! what I have to say before the council will not require many words. I claim yonder Mexican girl as my captive, and therefore as my own. Who denies my right? I claim the white horse as mine—my prize fairly taken.'

The speaker paused, as if to wait for further commands from the council.

'Hissoo-royo has spoken his claim to the Mexican maiden and the white steed. He has not said upon what right he rests it. Let him declare his right in presence of the council!'

This was said by the same Indian who had made the gesture, and who appeared to direct the proceedings. He was not acting by any superior authority, which he may have possessed, but merely by reason of his being the oldest of the party. Among the Indians, age gives precedence.

'Brothers!' said Hissoo-royo, in obedience to the command—'my claim is just—of that you are to be the judges; I know your true hearts—you will not shut them against justice. I need not read to you your own law, that he who makes a captive has the right to keep it—to do with it as he will. This is the law of your tribe—of my tribe as well, for yours is mine.'

Grunts of approbation caused a momentary interruption in the speech.

'Hietans!' resumed the speaker, 'my skin is white, but my heart is the colour of your own. You did me the honour to adopt me into your nation; you honoured me by making me first a warrior, and afterwards a war-chief. Have I ever given you cause to regret what you have done? Have I ever betrayed your trust?'

A volley of exclamations indicated a response in the negative.

'I have confidence, then, in your love of justice and truth; I have no fear that the colour of my skin will blind your eyes, for you all know the colour of my heart.'

Fresh signs of approbation followed this adroit stroke.

'Then, brothers! listen to my cause: I claim the maiden and the horse. I need not tell where they were found, and how; your own eyes were witnesses of their capture. There has been talk of a doubt as to who made it, for many horsemen were in the pursuit. I deny that there is any doubt. My lazo was first over the head of the horse—was first tightened around his throat—first brought him to a stand. To take the horse was to take the rider. It was my deed; both are my captives. I claim both as my property. Who is he that disputes my claim? Let him stand forth!'

Having delivered this challenge with a defiant emphasis, the speaker fell back into his former attitude; and, once more folding his arms, remained silent and immobile.

Another pause followed, which was again terminated by a sign from the old warrior who had first spoken. This gesture was directed to the crier, who the moment after, raising his loud, shrill voice, called out:

'Wakono!'

The name caused me to start as if struck by an arrow. It was my own appellation: I was Wakono!

It was pronounced thrice, each time louder than the preceding:

'Wakono! Wakono! Wakono!'

A light flashed upon me. Wakono was the rival claimant! He whose breech-cloth was around my hips, whose robe hung from my shoulders, whose plumed bonnet adorned my head, whose pigments disfigured my face—he of the red hand upon his breast, and the cross upon his brow, was no other than Wakono!

I cannot describe the singular sensation I felt at this discovery. I was in a perilous position indeed. My fingers trembled among the leaves. I released the branchlets, and let them close up before my face; I dared not trust myself to look forth.

For some moments I stood still and silent, but not without trembling. I could not steady my nerves under such a dread agitation.

I listened, but looked not. There was an interval of breathless silence—no one seemed to stir or speak—they were waiting the effect of the summons.

Once more the voice of the crier was heard pronouncing in triple repetition: 'Wakono! Wakono! Wakono!'

Again followed an interval of silence; but I could hear low mutterings of surprise and disappointment as soon as it was perceived that the Indian did not answer to his name.

I alone knew the reason of his absence; I knew that Wakono could not—the true Wakono—that his counterfeit would not come.

Though I had undertaken to personate the savage chieftain, for this act in the drama I was not prepared. The stage must wait.

Even at that moment I was sensible of the ludicrousness of the situation; so extreme was it, that even at that moment of direst peril, I felt a half inclination for laughter! But the feeling was easily checked; and once more parting the branches, I ventured to look forth.

'I saw there was some confusion. Wakono had been reported 'missing.' The members of the council still preserved both their seats and stoical composure; but the younger warriors behind were uttering harsh speculations, and moving about from place to place with that restless air that betokens at once surprise and disappointment.

At this crisis, an Indian was seen emerging from the tent. He was a man of somewhat venerable aspect, though venerable more from age than any positive expression of virtue. His cheeks were furrowed by time, and his hair white as bleached flax—a rare sight among Indians.

There was something about this individual that bespoke him a person of authority. Wakono was the son of the chief—the chief, then, should be an old man. This must be he?

I had no doubt of it, and my conjecture proved to be correct.

The white-haired Indian stepped forward to the edge of the ring, and with a wave of his hand commanded silence.

He was instantly obeyed. The murmurings ceased, and all placed themselves in fixed attitudes to listen.

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

THE postman's knock is more audible than ever in London:

No. 17 does an acknowledgment get,
And 18 a letter of love;

and—what is still further a matter of interest to us—it is heard at an earlier hour than ever in the morning. Mr Briggs, a year or two ago, was daily obliged to bustle off from Prospect Villas to the City without waiting for the general postman, whose visits were tormentingly delayed beyond the hour when Briggs could conscientiously remain in the bosom of his family; but now, before the breakfast is well ended, up comes the postman, with a letter to state that Aunt Jane will arrive on a visit that very day, and will reach Euston Square by six o'clock—which will just enable Briggs to call for her on his way home from office: whereupon he blesses Rowland Hill, and departs cityward in a benevolent frame of mind. And here we are reminded that the postman's knock is, after all, not a necessary part of the arrangements; for if we would only observe fair-play towards the dignitaries of St Martin's le Grand, as a means of enabling them to observe fair-play towards us, we should provide letter-boxes in our doors: the postman's weary trudge would become marvellously shortened in time though not in distance; and every Briggs or Paterfamilias would be the better for it.

The new postal district reform goes on bravely: we have already gained forty minutes by it in the first morning delivery; and as time is money to a man so thoroughly commercial as John Bull, those minutes do really increase our national wealth. What the districts mean, is not yet clearly known to all; but the knowledge is gradually coming. There are monster maps of London staring at us in the shop-windows, belonging to Guides, and Handbooks, and newspaper supplements—maps

Too broad to be conceived

By any narrow mind,

as Hood might have said—maps in which N. and W., and E. C. and S. E., and other initials, are shewn as belonging each to a huge slice taken out of the metropolis. But before treating of these initials and districts, it may be well to shew how the wonderful postal system of the great city has grown up.

Our country post was originally carried by special messengers, by common carriers, or by relays of pack-horses, according to the circumstances of the times, or the energy of individuals: the letters from one part to another of the same town being easily managed by foot-messengers, each letter being the subject of a separate bargain or arrangement. The corporation records of Bristol contain an entry of one penny given to a carrier for conveying a letter to London. It was not until the time of Charles I. that a regular system

was established for conveying letters between the capitals of the two kingdoms. In 1635, the king issued a proclamation, commanding 'his postmaster of England for foreign parts to settle a morning-post or two, to run night and day between Edinburgh and London, to go thither and come back again in six days, and to take with them all such letters as shall be directed to any post-town in or near that road;' and it was at the same time ordered that by-posts should be connected with many places on the main line, to bring and carry out the letters from and to other towns. The postage-rate was fixed at 2d. the single letter for any distance under 80 miles; 4d. up to 140 miles; 6d. for any greater distance in England; and 8d. to any place in Scotland. The mail-service was a source of perquisite to some of the courtiers; and to secure this privilege, private persons were forbidden to carry letters as a source of profit. This right was tested in 1649, when the common council of London set up a post in rivalry with that of the government; they were instantly proceeded against for breach of privilege, and compelled to abandon their plan.

The penny-post is not a modern invention; for it appears that in 1683, one Robert Murray established a penny-post for the conveyance of letters and small parcels about London and its suburbs; he assigned this to William Dockwra. The plan, however, was denounced by the ultra-Protestant party, as a contrivance of the Jesuits; and it was alleged that if the bags were examined, they would be found full of popish plots. Nevertheless, Dockwra worked his post for several years; till its profits excited the envy of the government, who seized it on the ground of its being an infringement of the rights of the crown, granting him a pension to compensate him for the loss. This was the commencement of the London district post, of which Dockwra was subsequently appointed comptroller. Throughout all the changes, political and civil, of a century and a half, this London post remained a separate department of the general Post-office until 1854. No limit appears to have been placed by Dockwra to the weight of a packet sent by his post, but its value was restricted to L.10. The comptroller brought himself into trouble in 1698. The officers and messengers under him declared, in a memorial to the Treasury, that 'he wilfully doth what in him lyes to lessen the revenue of the penny post-office, that he may farm it or get it into his own hands;' that 'he forbids the taking in any handboxes (except very small), and all parcels above a pound, which, when they were taken, did bring in considerable advantage to the office, they being now at great charge sent by porters into the city, and by coaches and watermen into the country, which formerly went by penny-post messengers, much cheaper and more satisfactory;' and that 'he stops, under spetious pretences, most parcels that are taken in, which is great damage to tradesmen by loosing their customers, or spoiling their goods, and many times hazard the life of the patient when physic is sent by a doctor or an apothecary.' He was, moreover, charged with stopping parcels, which it was hinted he misappropriated; with opening letters, and taking from them bills, &c.; and with persecuting all the officers except his own creatures. These delinquencies, real or alleged, led to the removal of Dockwra from the office of comptroller. The next fact we find relating to London letters was an attempt made in 1708 by a Mr Povey to establish a halfpenny-post in opposition to the official penny-post; but this enterprise likewise was suppressed by law. It thus appears that the penny-post of those days comprised not only the delivery of letters within the limits of London, but that of parcels also, and was thus the prototype of the modern Parcels' Delivery Company.

The state of the London postal service in 1748, about the middle of the reign of George II., is very well represented in *A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain*, of which a fourth edition was published in that year: the work being originally, as is said—though we know not on what grounds—by Defoe. 'The Post-office,' we are told, 'is kept in Lombard Street, in a large house formerly Sir Robert Viner's, and is under admirable management. The penny-post is a branch of it, and a most useful addition to trade and business; for by it letters are delivered to the remotest corners of the town almost as soon as they could be sent by a messenger, and that from four, five, six, to eight times a day, according as the distance of the place makes it practicable—inasmuch that you may send a letter from Limehouse in the east, to the furthest part of Westminster for a penny, several times in the same day, and to the neighbouring villages, as Kensington, Hammersmith, Chiswick, &c., westward; Newington, Islington, Kentish Town, Hampstead, Holloway, Highgate, &c., northward; Newington Butts, Camberwell, &c., southward; and Stepney, Poplar, Bow, Stratford, Deptford, Greenwich, &c., eastward—once a day. Nor are you tied up to a single piece of paper, as in the general post-office, but any packet under a pound-weight goes at the same price.' If this account be correct, the cheapness excelled that even of this present year, 1857, so far as London alone is concerned; for the boldness of our postal reformers has not yet brought us to the state in which the postman's knock becomes the harbinger of a pound-packet conveyed for a charge of one penny.

We do not here touch upon the large subject of the general post, with its mail-coaches and mail-packets; or upon Mr Palmer's invention, which converted slow into rapid conveyance; or upon the state pensions, through which the never-dying 'heirs of the Duke of Schomberg,' and the Dukes of Grafton and Marlborough, obtain large sums annually out of the postal revenues; or upon the franking system, whereby 'Dr Crichton, carrying with him a cow and divers other necessities,' 'a deal-case with four slices of bacon,' 'a case of knives and forks,' 'fifteen couple of hounds,' and 'two servant-maids going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen,' were in Queen Anne's reign 'franked' to their several destinations by virtue of parliamentary privileges—we touch on none of these things, but confine attention to the London district-post.

During the great war with France, when taxes of all kinds were high, the postal rates were increased. In 1801, the London penny-post became a twopenny-post, confined within rather narrow district limits, beyond which there was a zone of threepenny-post, still belonging to the London rather than to the general system. It was about 1814 that the authorities began to find the old house in Lombard Street too small for the increasing business; but with the slowness characteristic of most official undertakings in this country, it was not until 1829 that the vast structure in St Martin's le Grand was opened—certainly at that time the largest and finest post-office in the world, and indeed we are not aware that it has since been equalled. Large as it is, however, it is full to overflowing; the Money-order Office has been driven to find a house over the way; the central hall is nearly blocked up with most inartistic but probably convenient additional receiving and sorting rooms; and we may look forward to a parliamentary demand for a new building by and by. The reader is of course aware that in 1830 the mails first began to be conveyed by railways, and that the number of letters was increased by the facilities thus offered; that in 1835 the newspaper stamp was reduced to one penny, offering a temptation to print, sell, buy, and post more newspapers than before; and that in 1840, after three years' indolence

perseverance, Mr Rowland Hill succeeded in bringing into operation one of the greatest social improvements of our age—the general penny-postal system—inducing those to write letters who never wrote before, and those who had written, to double or quadruple their epistolary correspondence. These matters being borne in mind, it will be easy to understand how they have led to the partition of the metropolis into several distinct postal districts.

It must be remembered, not only that millions of letters are every year conveyed from one part to another of the metropolis itself, but that others arrive daily in London from the country, that a third group leave London daily for transmission into the country, and that a fourth simply pass through London *en route*, being neither posted nor delivered therein. Only by combining these four groups can we rightly appreciate the magnitude of the system. There are 11,000 post-offices or receiving-houses in the United Kingdom, from all of which letters may need to be transmitted to the metropolis, either for delivery there, or *en route* to other places; and as, conversely, London may need to send letters to all these 11,000 places, St Martin's le Grand has much to do besides attending to the merely London letters, and indeed, beyond all this, the entire foreign and colonial mails are managed in London. It is on these several accounts that the letters passing into or out of or through London daily so vastly exceed in number those in any other city in the world. Great as has been the increase in all departments of our postal system, that of London eclipses all the others in rapidity of advance; for whereas the letters of the whole United Kingdom increased *sixfold* between 1840 and 1856, those of London increased *ninefold*. The letters in which London is concerned now amount to more than 200,000,000 annually; that is, in round numbers, 50,000,000 posted in London for delivery in London, 50,000,000 posted in the country for delivery in London, and 100,000,000 that leave London either direct or *in transitu* to places all over the world.

Now, fixing attention on 100,000,000 of these letters, those which are delivered in London comprising more than one-fifth of all the letters that pass into or through any or all parts of the United Kingdom (about 470,000,000 in 1856), we shall at once understand how important must be any improvement that will expedite the delivery of these letters. There are about 500 of the red-coated personages who give the postman's knock, each of whom delivers on an average, say 700 letters in an average day; the number of miles he walks in the performance of this duty is something wonderful; and no one but himself can truly tell how much his labours are increased by any ambiguity or blunder in the direction of the letters.

It was in the Second Report of the postmaster-general relating to the operations of 1855, that the public were first informed of a project concerning the subdivision of the metropolis into postal districts. A hint to this effect had been thrown out by the commissioners of Post-office inquiry in 1837, and again by the Commons' committee on the same subject in 1843; and in December 1854, Viscount Canning, at that time postmaster-general, appointed a committee of officers at St Martin's le Grand to investigate the matter. The project to be examined was this—how best to divide London into districts, with a separate sorting-office for each, and hourly deliveries during twelve hours in the day. It was shewn that the distribution of that large portion of London district-letters intended for delivery near the place of posting, and which amount to about one-fifth of the whole number of London district-letters daily collected, might be much accelerated in the outer parts of the metropolis by stopping those letters at a local sorting-office, instead of sending them to one central office for

all London. It was also rendered evident that the delivery of the morning general-post might commence at an earlier hour. As a means of obtaining these and other useful results, the committee recommended—that the metropolis should be divided into ten postal districts, two central and eight suburban; that these should extend to a twelve-mile radius from Charing Cross; that each district should be treated as a distinct town in regard to postal matters; that each district-office, after collecting from the receiving-offices within its limits, should sort the letters, and send nine bags to the other nine districts—one to each; that it should deliver, by its own postmen, the letters directed to houses within its limits; that it should receive nine bags from the other nine districts—one from each—containing letters posted in those districts for the district in question; that those letters should be delivered by its own postmen; and that mail-carts should rapidly convey the bags from one district-office to another. The committee gave themselves the task of plotting out the proposed postal districts; they considered that the two central districts should include such an area, having the river Thames for a southern boundary, as would permit the letter-carriers to reach the points at which their deliveries would commence in about ten or fifteen minutes after leaving the district-office; and that the boundaries of those districts should, where practicable, be marked by the well-defined lines of main streets or roads; keeping together, however, the several parts of any locality which has a connected and peculiar character. The eight country-districts were, so far as possible, to be bounded by the then existing limits of the country-deliveries of the London district-post. A map, prepared by the committee, was printed in lithograph, and coloured, shewing the ten districts—named respectively Northern, North-eastern, North-western, Eastern, East Central, Western, West Central, Southern, South-eastern, and South-western—stretching from Waltham Cross, in the north, to Carshalton in the south, from Romford in the east, to Southall in the west.

It fell to the lot of the Duke of Argyll to carry out the plan commenced by his predecessor, the Viscount Canning. In the Second Report, above adverted to, published early in 1856, his grace points out how much time will be saved by obviating the necessity of sending merely local letters to St Martin's le Grand. 'Thus a letter from Cavendish Square to Grosvenor Square, instead of travelling four or five miles, as at present, could go almost directly from one place to another.' Under the former system, the first morning delivery was intrusted to about 480 postmen, who carried 480 bags to 480 'beats,' or small neighbourhoods; the letters were first sorted into districts, and then sub-sorted into beats by persons who alone possessed the minute local knowledge required for that purpose. Now the postmaster-general pointed out how the public might assist in expediting the postal service by putting a few initials on their letters, that would enable the *first* or district sorting to be effected before the letters reach London at all. Every railway traveller knows that mail-carriages, or post-office carriages, form part of every mail-train; these contain not only bags of letters, but clerks who are employed throughout the day in sorting. If a bag of letters, say, be sent from Edinburgh to London, that bag under the old system, was conveyed unopened to St Martin's le Grand, where both the primary and the secondary sorting were effected; but under the improved plan suggested, the primary sorting would be done either at Edinburgh or in the railway train; inasmuch that, on arriving at Euston station, the letters would be found separated into ten groups packed in ten bags for ten districts. At half-past four o'clock in the morning, therefore, when the train arrives, half the sorting will have been completed,

and the bags could be sent to the ten district-offices without going to St Martin's le Grand at all: this would insure, perhaps, one hour earlier delivery. The postmaster-general said: 'To secure so great an advantage, it is perhaps not unreasonable to hope that the public may be willing to give its ready co-operation. The whole plan of acceleration in the delivery of the general-post letters depends upon the first assortment being effected previously to the arrival of the mails. As London will, for postal purposes, be in effect divided into ten towns, it is essential to the complete working of the plan that the letters should be directed accordingly. For this purpose it would suffice, if to the address there were appended initial letters denoting the district, as N. for the northern, S. W. for the south-western, &c.; the public of course first receiving the necessary information, and all other aids being given. To enable provincial correspondents to act on this suggestion, little more would be necessary than for London residents to append the initial letters, as above, to their own. In many instances, the address thus given would be shorter than at present: thus "Hill Street, Berkeley Square," might be reduced to "Hill Street, W."'

During the year 1856, the Post-office authorities were busily engaged in preparations for this reform. The change itself became publicly known about the month of November; and it is highly gratifying to hear that the saving of time has already been very marked. In the Third Report of the postmaster-general, published in April of the present year, we find that *more than half* of the letters posted in the country for delivery in London undergo their first sorting before they reach London at all. What is the consequence? The delivery *begins* thirty-three minutes earlier than it did twelve months ago, and *ends* forty-six minutes earlier—giving an average of just about forty minutes' saving. And when letter-writers in the country habituate themselves still more to the use of the initial, a still further saving will be effected; for it must be remembered that although a London postman knows that 'Hill Street, Berkeley Square,' is in district W., that fact may not be known so readily by the sorters in the country or in the mail-train; the letter will reach safely, but it is not certain that the primary sorting can be done before the letter reaches London. But this is too favourable an example, for the names almost indicate that they *must* be in the western district; it is more to the purpose to ask whether a sorter in the country would know that 'William Street, New Bridge Street,' is in the East Central district, unless the initials E. C. were written on the letter? The postmaster-general further tells us, that about one-third of the local letters, directed from one part of London to another, have now the initials written on them. The saving of time, averaging forty minutes in London generally, amounts to one hour at many of the suburban villages. Considering that this great improvement has been wrought with very little addition to the public expenditure, the saving of time, on perhaps 150,000 letters a day, is a positive increase to the commercial wealth and the social comfort of the metropolis; and considering that all Londoners are more or less interested in the matter, the least they can do is to try to aid the postmaster-general in the matter.

The names of streets are a terrible trouble to the postmen, who, through their chief, are earnestly imploring the Metropolitan Board of Works to effect a reform in this direction. If a letter be addressed to John Street, London, correct in all other particulars, but not denoting *which* John Street, who can tell the amount of perplexity produced? *There are sixty John Streets in London!* And then the King Streets and Queen Streets, the New Streets and William Streets—each group varies from forty to sixty in number. In

the Third Report, the postmaster-general makes especial mention of the Westbourne series as a very embarrassing one; for not only is that name combined with the usual street, terrace, &c.; but there are all varieties of what may be called ternary compounds, in which the first two names are Westbourne Park, and the third is cottage, crescent, place, road, terrace, &c. villa. The slightest blunder in the direction might give the poor postman half a mile of additional walking; and is it to be expected that a country letter-writer should be always keen enough to observe the nice distinctions between 'Westbourne Park Cottage' and 'Westbourne Park Villas?' It is not every cottager that knows itself from a villa, although the villa sometimes looks disdainfully at a cottage. Mr. Colles, inspector of letter-carriers, reported on some of the anomalies in the numbering of houses, irrespective of those in the naming of streets. During his inspection he found the four corners of a new and unfinished street all called No. 1; he found a street built by seven persons, each of whom gave a favourite name to his own group, with No. 1 to begin each group, and thus there were seven No. 1's in the same street; he found No. 95 between Nos. 14 and 16 in a particular street—an arrangement so extraordinary, that he was induced to inquire into its cause. 'A woman came to the door, when I requested to be informed why a brass number 95 should appear between 14 and 16: she said it was the number of a house she formerly lived at in another street, and it (meaning the brass plate) being a very good one, she thought it would do for her present residence as well as any other!'

Thus the postman's difficulties are not a few; so far as we can alleviate them, it is nothing more than just so to do.

THE GARLAND OF WILD-FLOWERS

THESE be simple flowers, lady,

That I have culled for you;

For in no lordly garden

Or gay parterre they grew;

But on the dewy field-bank,

Where the poorest child may roam,

And fill its lap with treasures,

To bear exulting home.

Any little country maiden

Can call you these by name;

I cannot bring you rarer,

Since no foot of ground I claim;

But wide and rich is the domain

I share with millions more:

Old England's meads and cornfields

The gardens of her poor.

For while man sows 'the staff of life,'

Unseen, a higher hand

Is strewing gems of beauty

To gladden all the land.

The farmer calls them worthless weeds;

But *He* sends sun and rain,

Till many-hued they blossom

Amongst the golden grain.

So do not scorn them, lady,

These humble, God-sown flowers—

Oh! they were lovely *once* to you

In childhood's guileless hours—

So rather humbly join in praise

To *Him* who thus has given,

To rich and poor alike, a boon

Of beauty straight from Heaven.

RUTH B.

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THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE American *Niagara*—do not be alarmed, gentle reader, we mean the frigate, not the fall—arrived recently in England to receive her share of a very interesting burden—the metallic cable which is about to be laid across the depths of the Atlantic, in order that one of the vast gulfs of the earth may be commercially annihilated. The English *Agamemnon*, of Sebastopol fame, had long been waiting at Portsmouth for the other half of the load. About the 13th of July, these mighty war-ships will trim their screws, and start for the mid-Atlantic, in generous rivalry to try which can first waft thence to its own native shore the end of the bond thenceforth to annex the New World to the Old. The two halves of the cable will be firmly spliced together in mid-ocean, and each vessel will then steam its own way; the one towards the west, and the other towards the east, paying out the metallic rope from its stern. It is anticipated that the cable will be safely deposited in its deep resting-place, in the course of eight or ten days at most.

The cable consists of a strand of seven copper wires, firmly twisted together, and enclosed first within a thick coating of gutta-percha, to insulate it from all conducting influences; and then in a layer of rope-yarn, saturated with a compound of tar and oil. The copper core, gutta-percha sheath, and hempen greatcoat, are next all enveloped together in an investment of iron wire, bound closely round them to furnish tenacity and strength. In this outer investment, there are eighteen strands, each consisting of seven iron wires. The wires are twisted together to form the strand, and the strands are twisted round yarn and gutta-percha, to form the rope. The copper strand and the iron strands are each one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter; and the rope itself is about eleven-sixteenths of an inch thick. Notwithstanding its containing so much metal in its composition, this ingeniously constructed cable is so flexible that it can be coiled about with the utmost facility.

The contractors who have undertaken the labour of preparing this gigantic cable, have engaged to have 2000 miles of it completed and ready for embarkation by the middle of July. The labour is equally divided between the Messrs Newall of Birkenhead, and the Messrs Glass and Elliott of East Greenwich. Through the instrumentality of steam, each of these firms turns out twenty miles of the rope per day, at a cost of about £100 per mile. Nearly all the wire-drawers of England are pressed to the utmost to keep up the necessary supply of the metallic portion of the raw material. In the neighbourhood of the works, light wagons, drawn

each by four horses, are continually to be seen hurrying backwards and forwards at high speed with huge drums of the twisted wire, the driver plying his whip, and turning the corners with an air that reminds one of the red-coated man of high dignity who was encountered everywhere, and stopped nowhere, before Her Majesty's mail-bags went upon the rail.

The telegraphically important portion of the cable is that small strand of copper wire which lies within the thick gutta-percha tube. Slight, indeed, does that sixteenth-of-an-inch strand look for the work to which it is destined—the conveyance to and fro of a world's messages through nearly 2000 miles of distance, lying chiefly at the bottom of a deep sea. One of the most wonderful and interesting features of the novel enterprise, in fact, is the boldness with which the idea has been conceived of carrying out an object so stupendous by an instrumentality so small. To the eye, the rope seems fitted to connect the posts of a laundress's drying-ground, rather than the eastern and western continents of the wide world. No one who has stood in the yard of the factory at Greenwich, and seen the tar-blackened men coiling that slim rope round in the pits of the yard, as it is delivered by rollers through the wall from the machinery, can wonder that many, among even electrically and mechanically initiated men, have questioned the possibility of its ever efficiently performing the office for which it has been designed. The indefatigable and sagacious electrician of the company, Mr Whitehouse, has, however, a large series of very ponderous facts ready for the conversion of such sceptics, when they trust themselves within reach of his experimental demonstration.

It is well worth while, merely as an act of passing curiosity, for any one who can procure the *entrée* of the somewhat closely guarded cable-treasury, to take a glance at that lightning-king, Mr Whitehouse, in his cabinet. In a small chamber, looking out over the pits where many hundred miles of the cable are coiled in flat layers, he may be daily found, surrounded by the ingenious and complex implements which are the insignia of his rule. In one nook of the instrumental repertory there is an exquisitely delicate balance, very much like a steelyard—with that the cunning manipulator weighs the force of his electrical currents. He makes the voltaic stream run along a wire coiled round a bar of soft iron, which then becomes a magnet, and attracts the iron-shod short end of the steelyard with a power that is measured by the number of grains lifted up at the opposite end. That balance has been christened by Mr Whitehouse his *magneto-electrometer*. It is obviously a pet child; and, indeed, it is deserving of its position in his affections; for a more beautiful

practical application of a fundamental principle of science has never been devised by that inscrutable agent, the brain of inventive man. It is only necessary to see the old measure of electric force, the galvanometer, and this invention of Mr Whitehouse at work side by side, for the infinite superiority of the latter over the former to be apprehended. The needle of the galvanometer, when an electrical current is brought to it for examination, all at once starts madly off with a series of somersets, whirling over and over, and jerking its magnetised ends this way and that; and it is well if, after two or three minutes of such aberrant and hysterical demeanour, it settles quietly down into a deflection that philosophy can make head or tail of. The magneto-electrometer, under the same circumstances, tilts up a given number of grains on the end of the steelyard in a steady matter-of-fact business way, and then refuses to lift an additional one, and sends in the refusal as its estimation of the limit of the electric force. Mr Whitehouse would have earned a reputation in mechanical estimation, if he had done nothing else besides superseding the old crazy and fitful galvanometer, in matters where precise investigations into the behaviour of considerable degrees of electrical force are required.

Mr Whitehouse has also in his cabinet another no less ingenious implement for doing, with regard to the *velocity* of electrical currents, what the magneto-electrometer does with regard to their *force*. There is a long ribbon of paper in process of being unrolled from a drum by clock-work, and the ribbon of paper is saturated with a colourless substance, which receives a deep purple stain whenever a stream of electrical influence is caused to pass through it. There are two metal styles pressed down upon the paper—a metal plate lying beneath—and a seconds' pendulum swaying to and fro, turns on and off an electrical stream to the styles. In this way, as the paper is drawn from the drum, two parallel traces, a *second long*, are left on its surface, with blank seconds' intervals lying between them. But one style can be placed in connection with the beginning of a long wire, while the other communicates with its end, and so one trace lags back behind its companion just so long as the electrical current takes to flow through the stretch of the wire. In reality, the printing is performed by two relay-batteries, one for each style, which are called into operation by the primary current as it passes through a coil, wound on a bar of soft iron, and converts it into a magnet. When the bar becomes a magnet, it opens the flood-gates of the relay-batteries, so to speak, and makes them print. This, however, makes no difference in the practical result indicated by the arrangement: the journeymen relay-batteries print on the instant when the primary current there passing directs them to do so.

As Mr Whitehouse stands reflectively in his cabinet, looking at the creations of his own sagacious brain and ingenious hands, he has a cobweb of wires enveloping him, until he seems almost like some astute old spider, with its feelers out in all directions, patiently waiting for the earliest intimation of the approach of a stray visitor and victim to his net. There are wires through the ceiling, and wires through the wall, and wires through the floor; wires on this hand, and wires on that. Take heed to your steps as you venture into this suspicious-looking retreat, or you will be tripped

up by a strand extended under your feet. Take care of your head, or you will be suspended by a stretcher that comes from the window to a pair of vicious-looking magnetic coils, before you know what you are doing. Look to your coat-tails, or they will be pinned and impaled as you turn round. The meaning of all this wire-drawn complexity and confusion is, that the hundreds of miles of cable coiled up in the yard have sympathetic relations with the instruments of this magical room, and can be acted upon by them in any conceivable way, either in lengths of half-a-dozen inches, or of a thousand miles. Mr Whitehouse has only to put now this wire and that into connection, and now to change this copper point from the binding-screw to the right, so that it shall rest in the grasp of that on the left, and he is able to ask all sorts of curious and prying questions of the raw material he has to deal with; and it is very rarely indeed that he asks a question without eliciting a reply.

Among the deeply interesting replies Mr Whitehouse has thus extracted from the Atlantic Telegraph cable, while it has been in the process of construction, there are two or three which deserve to be known as widely and generally as the cable itself is long. That insulated core, when it is stretched across the Atlantic, will transmit its electrical messages, not as a simple conducting-wire, such as those are which are suspended for telegraphic purposes in the air, but by accumulated charge and subsequent discharge. The cable will be a capacious Leyden jar, Atlantic-breadth long, the gutta-percha sheath being its insulating layer, the copper strand its interior conducting coat, and the iron covering and the water of the sea, its outer coat. Every time a signal is sent through it, the entire jar must be filled with electricity, and discharged. It is well, then, that the copper strand in the middle is a small one. If it were a large one as well as a long one, it would need a proportionally enormous expenditure of electricity to make it perform its work. Mr Whitehouse demonstrates the fact of this being the actual electrical nature of the structure, by turning up into the air, and so insulating, the further ends of two pieces of the cable, one being 15 miles, and the other 200 miles long. The 15 mile length is then charged, and by its discharge it lifts 1075 grains on the magneto-electrometer, as the discharge magnetises the iron bar. The same thing being done with the 200 mile length, the discharge lifts 2300 grains. The long piece of cable receives and holds more electricity than the short one; and the larger quantity makes itself manifest by the exertion of greater power, when it is changed from the static into the moving state.

But how much electricity does it really take to charge hundred miles' lengths of wire? If the Atlantic cable is to be thousands of miles long, allowing for its curvatures, will it need thousands of pairs of voltaic plates to render it telegraphically available and active? It would, if you made it large as well as long; but it will not as it is made, with its slender core of twisted copper strand. Mr Whitehouse takes seven small triangular fragments of zinc, coats them with sealing-wax, and then chips off by a knife, from one of the points of each, the sealing-wax to an extent about as large as the letter 'o' in the print of this page; copper-wire being attached to the plates, and these being then immersed in seven small glass cells, charged with a diluted acid, the whole becomes a lilliputian voltaic battery, with the seven minute zinc-points for its sole acting part. With this lilliput battery, the writer of

this article printed clearly defined and distinct telegraphic marks upon the ordinary ribbon of chemically prepared paper, *through 660 miles of the cable*; the length of time occupied by the passage of this feeble current through the 660 miles of the cable being no more than nine-tenths of a second. This curious piece of printing is retained in the writer's possession, that he may have a friendly monitor near at hand to fall back upon, whenever he feels himself inclining to *say of anything*, 'That cannot be.' Henceforth, he intends to wear that cabalistic fragment of paper as his *anti-septic* charm.

A simple voltaic current, sent forth from 72 pair of plates of 16 square inches each, lifts 25,000 grains on the magneto-electrometer, when thrown upon its magnetising coil at once. It lifts 10,650 grains when sent to the magneto-electrometer through 200 miles of cable; 8250, when sent through 400 miles; and 1400 grains when sent through 600 miles. It will be seen from this ratio that there is nothing to fear in the mere breadth of the Atlantic—speaking in an electro-telegraphic sense—when it is borne in mind, at the same time, that the lilliputian battery of seven points prints through 660 miles of cable; and when it is also understood that the enfeebled current, on arriving at the other side of the ocean, will be set, not to do hard mechanical labour, but simply to call relay-batteries into operation which will work the prickers of Professor Morse's apparatus as the ribbon of paper is drawn beneath them. The primary current will be passed round a soft iron bar a sufficient number of times to be again multiplied into strength; thus intensified, it will make a temporary magnet of the iron bar, and the magnet, *pro tem*, will pull down the armature, and set the recording prickers to their labour.

Seventy-two pair of 16 inch voltaic plates—that is, zinc plates made electrically active by the chemical influence of acids—can raise 1400 grains at the distance of 600 miles. It effects this task with a loss of half a second for the time consumed on the journey. Ten plates of 100 square inches acting through the magnetisation of iron bars and the secondary currents called up in coiled wires by the magnetism, send forth a stream of influence which can only lift 745 grains at the distance of 600 miles; but this stream loses only nineteen-hundredths of a second. Simple voltaic electricity has *less motor force* than the electricity of magnetic induction; but the weak electricity of magnetic induction, strange to say, moves through the insulated and wire-bound cable with a *higher rate of speed* than the strong electricity of a voltaic character. As the messages of two mighty nations will have, for some time at least, to be transmitted through a single cable, it is a matter of no small importance that the most nimble messenger should be selected to do the work—that Ariel rather than Caliban should be sent upon the service. It will make a difference of some hundred pounds per week in the revenue of the company, whether two or six words per second can be transmitted through the telegraphic cable; hence, magnetic induction coils will be used in working the Atlantic Telegraph in preference to the simple voltaic battery. Here, again, there is a proof of the practical wisdom which has selected a small cable at a cost of L.100, and with a weight of less than one ton per mile, rather than a larger, heavier, and more costly structure depending upon its transmitting core for its strength. With such an implement of transmission, the weak, but humble induction coils could not have been employed. Several pair of induction coils, five feet long, but generating a current of very limited intensity, will be excited by large voltaic cells, containing plates of 2000 square inches. It is anticipated that the cost of working these batteries in the service of transatlantic telegraphy, will not exceed a shilling per hour.

But suppose that this slim cable should be stretched

by its own weight, when six miles of it hangs looped down in the mid-Atlantic, its curve not yet sounding the depth of the ocean—what will happen then? If the already fine, and unquestionably soft and ductile core should be drawn out still finer by the strain, will it cease to be available as a means of telegraphic communication through so wide a span? will it no longer be able to transmit electricity enough to excite the operating magnet on the further shore of the broad ocean? As an answer to this question, Mr Whitehouse takes 600 miles of the cable, and finds that, through these, 745 grains are lifted on the magneto-electrometer by 72 pair of plates; and he then inserts a *whole mile of wire eleven times as small* as the copper core, midway of the cable, and through the entire length, cable and interpolated wire, 725 grains are lifted by the same 72 pair of plates. *The drawing out of an entire mile of the copper core to the amount of ten-elevenths of its entire thickness, only impairs its conducting capacity a thirty-seventh part.* It has been asserted that the copper core of the Atlantic cable will be drawn out *two feet in a mile*, and that this will destroy its transmitting power, so far as telegraph purposes are concerned. Mr Whitehouse replies by shewing, that if it were drawn out 96 feet in every mile, its loss of transmitting capacity would scarcely be remarked.

The external sheath of the cable is formed of twisted wires of iron, but those wires look to the eye absurdly fine for the task which is marked out for them; it seems as if a very few months' immersion in water would necessarily corrode them altogether away. If this corrosion should take place, what is to become of the denuded cable? The protecting investment being gone, what chance would the soft core within have of a prolonged existence of usefulness? Mr Bright, the engineer of the work, and the worthy coadjutor of Mr Whitehouse, has a very satisfactory answer for this question. The iron greatcoat of the cable may dissolve into rust, if it pleases; the very day after its strands have once been fairly deposited in the depths of the ocean; it is only designed to protect the more important portion of the cable during the process of laying down, and while it is exposed to accident from mechanical injury. When once this has reached its final resting-place, it will no longer require defence of any kind, because it will then be in the one situation of all others in the earth where it is the more fully withdrawn from every chance of hurtful interference. In the profound recesses of the Atlantic, there is no violence, and scarcely any motion; waves are but surface-ripples on the great oceanic reservoir; currents extend downwards only a few fathoms; anchors never obtrude themselves into these deep-sea realms, unless they fall to rise no more. The Atlantic cable will have the softest conceivable environments, for nothing can be more tranquil and calm than still water. Where the cable passes through a more accessible region, near to each shore of the ocean, it will be made of much larger dimensions, and of considerably greater strength.

There is one influence, however, which may reach the Atlantic cable, even in its retired bed, and affect it in a manner not at all desired by its projectors; here, indeed, is the real rub: great natural currents of electricity, coursing along within the earth's shell, may sympathetically disturb the insulated core, and occasionally preoccupy it with an induced charge, when it is required to be free and open to the performance of its ordinary business. If this should chance, it will be a troublesome matter, but not one by any means which science will not be able to meet. Antagonistic and neutralising currents will have to be furnished by art, to restore the equanimity of the central conductor, and to render it amenable to the will of the signaling-officers. The men who have

conceived this noble work, so bold and grand from its very slightness and simplicity, will be fully equal to any emergency of this kind which may arise.

A CATASTROPHE.

In social experiences, every one has had his catastrophes, some grave and painful to recur to, and sore to touch, even when the wound has apparently healed; others harmless in issue, and amusing to look back upon when they have passed away. Of the latter class, though very grievous at the time, was the occasion when, after a ball at a ladies' school in the country, to which I had accompanied the brother of my hostess, we were discussing over our bedroom fire, with agreeable freedom, the merits, personal and pecuniary, of our respective partners, a half-dressed servant handed in a scrap of paper conveying an intimation from the lady-superior that the girls in the next room—as well of course as herself, which we probably considered even more serious—could hear every word we said. Of such also was the hour when, having invited two friends whom I had encountered in Paris on their wedding-tour, to dine with me at Durand's, I walked up the Rue Lafitte on the morning of the day of festivity with no better means of exercising that hospitality than a five-franc piece, and an intimation from the English office at Rothschild's, that no communications being received by them from London on a Monday, the little remittance of which I had received advice, and which was to be the foundation of my feast, could not arrive until the day after it. But the most exquisite catastrophe with which my experience supplies me, arose out of a circumstance of a far graver character, if possible, than either of these; and which, laying my personal feelings wholly aside, I hereby put on record for the benefit and warning of the unwary.

'Fred, old boy, will you do me a favour?'

The applicant, 'Harry Spooner, St Benet's College,' Oxford, was a youthful swell with whiskers pendent as the nest of a tropical bird, and nether garments like pudding-bags, who honours me with his friendship and occasional patronage in Piccadilly; and in whose composition the bump of veneration, that fossil organ now-a-days, was not more largely developed than is usual with his contemporaries.

'You're going to the Shaftons on the 27th, are you not?'

'I rather thought of doing so. Was he?'

'Not asked, old boy; that's the rub—and that's what I wanted to speak to you about. Look here! You know how deucedly attached I am to Laura Heaviland!'

Devotedly would have been the expression, I thought, in the days when I adored—not that it is so long ago either—but sentiment has yielded to slang since then. Suppressing these views, however, which it would have been profitless to promulgate, I confined myself to a deprecatory acquiescence, for my friend had mentioned the circumstance before, more than once indeed, and with considerable details.

'Well, sir, the 27th is her birthday, don't you know? and I want to send her some verses—poetry, you know—that sort of thing. Charley Giltspur and I cobbled 'em up yesterday at the Wellington. I stood him a little dinner, and we did 'em up in the smoking-room. We had two "eye-openers," a "smash," and two "gin cocktails," and did 'em afterwards. I don't think they're out and out bad either. Well, sir, look here: the Heavilands will be safe to be in Harrington Street on the 27th, for they're intimate there, and here am I "scratched." Now, I want you, like a good fellow, to take charge of my little venture for me.'

'Me! Why on earth don't you send your verses by post? They're not too heavy, I hope?'

'Don't chaff, Fred, please. No, sir, they are not too

heavy! It isn't that; but, if you understood these things, your own tact, sir, would suggest to you that verses are not things to be sent by post.'

'Ah! I see—clause in the Post-office regulations which forbids the transmission through that medium of inflammable substances. Well, then, why don't you leave 'em yourself?'

'Yes, with a ticket, I suppose, and would be glad to know how the family are! It won't do, Fred, as you ought to know. Women are very fond of little attentions of this sort; whether they like you, mind you, or not, they like *them*. But they don't care twopence, sir, about a thing if they get it in a plain straightforward way. You must be up to all sorts of dodges with them, bless you.'

'Oh! that's the way, is it?' I rejoined, very favourably impressed with the knowledge of female character exhibited by Mr Spooner, who had scarcely attained his fourth lustrum.

'That's it, my boy! That's why I want you to take it in hand. I never saw such a fellow, by Jove! as you are, when you do really take anything in hand. I want you to insinuate my notelet into her bouquet, pin it on to her *bournoise*, wrap it up with a *praline*, or some gentle dodge of that sort. Bless you! it would be the making of me. They've six thousand apiece under the mother's settlement, and no brothers.'

'No brothers?'

'Yes! No brothers to be settled over and over again in life, and have their debts paid out of the daughters' fortunes. I always say to fellows: "Don't you have anything to say to any girls where there are brothers in the family; there's always sure to be a screw loose somewhere in the settlements, when the time comes to cash up." Bless you, sir, I've seen it dozens of times.'

Here my friend began to wander, a proceeding to which extensive experience of life apparently, and a somewhat erratic mind, occasionally induced him; but in which it is not necessary for us to follow him.

I have no partiality myself for the part of confidant in a love-affair, having, in my limited experiences, been present at the birth and in at the death of so many, as to have had my sense of the novelty and interest of the situations considerably impaired. How it was that my usual caution and reserve deserted me on the present occasion, I cannot tell. Whether the compliment to my diplomatic talents—for we are but mortal—had softened the natural ruggedness of my disposition; or whether, like the vicar of Wakefield, I was tired of being wise; or whether a glass of *parfait amour* with my coffee, for my friend had timed his request with great judgment, had rendered me more susceptible to the gentle passion, or more enterprising generally, I scarcely know. Certain it is that, after some objecting, I consented to play Mercury, 'for that night only, by particular request.'

The important evening duly arrived, and the important missive with it. The billet was done up with great art, and smelt copiously of perfume. About its contents I did not trouble myself, satisfied that Mr Spooner's *amour propre* would have insured such evidence in the work of the identity of the sender, as would relieve me from personal responsibility in regard to them; and I entered upon the scene of my diplomacy with all the air of Mr Charles Mathews in light comedy.

Any opportunity which the earlier portion of the evening might have afforded for effecting Mr Spooner's object was somehow lost. Whether it was that I had some little analogous business of my own to look after, which of course claimed precedence; or whether the enterprise may have assumed, as enterprises sometimes do, a less propitious aspect under the accompanying influences of cold blood, is not material. Certain it is, that the evening had warmed into geniality, and even

waned into repletion, before I became sensible of the necessity for action; or for some special interposition of Fortune on my client's behalf, if his commission were to be executed at all. We seldom lose, however, when we are playing a game in which our interest is small; it is only when we are throwing our whole heart or our last hundred that it is always *seizes* to *deuce-ace* against us. Having no absorbing interest in the present affair, and being aware of the above feminine principle on the part of her of the scales and bandage, I did not lose my faith in her assistance on the occasion, even at an hour when less skilled waiters upon providence would have given up the game as hopeless. And I had my reward! Did she not, at two o'clock in the morning, throw the charge of Miss Heaviland to her carriage into my hands; and prompt the benign: 'Oh, thank you! Can we not set you down anywhere?' from the good-natured 'she-dragon' who guarded that young lady, in which I read the successful consummation of my little enterprise. 'Could they not set me down?' Of course they could, Oxford Square being, as everybody knows, in the direct road from the Regent's Park to the Temple. Humming contentedly the Abbé l'Attaignat's

Dans un amoureux mystère
Un fiacre est un grand secours,

I entered upon the scene of action.

Glisser un billet is not difficult in a French drama, when Henriette (Rose Cheri) knows perfectly well that it is the rôle of Henri (Bresson) to convey to her the letter which no one is to see but the audience, and that she must have her left hand appropriately *posed* to receive it. *Glisser un billet*, if French novels are to be taken as pictures of society in France—and it is to be presumed they are—is not, in that favoured land, a difficult proceeding, even under direct marital or maternal supervision. But to slip a love-letter when the lady has *not* the cue, and under the ordinary conditions of everyday English life, is, I do hereby warn all enterprising readers of Parisian literature, and will maintain unto the death, a work of profound difficulty, and not to be lightly undertaken. At the same time, to tuck a note the size of a crown-piece, into a disorganised bouquet, thrown negligently beside one in the recesses of a family brougham, at two o'clock in the morning, with no witnesses to the dark deed but a drowsy chaperon and a day-dreaming beauty—for what beauty does not day-dream on her way home from a ball?—affords no great scope for the ingenuity, which I doubt not I should have been able to develop to admiration if the circumstances had demanded it.

'Assuredly,' said I to myself, as the business accomplished, I prepared to regale myself by my bedroom fire with a mild cigar, which, in the circumstances, I felt I had fairly earned—'assuredly, nature designed me for a diplomatist. There are no failures in life save through precipitancy or sloth. There is the right moment in every enterprise, though the patience to wait till it arrives, and the decision to act when it does, are perhaps the gifts of the few. Nine men out of ten,' I continued, as I felt in my pocket for a fusée, 'in such an affair as to-night's, would infallibly have muddled it.' Here the train of my meditations was suddenly broken; a gentle perspiration rose to my face; my heart fell like a thermometer in an ice-house, and commenced beating in my epigastrium, when, with feelings of the profoundest horror, I drew from my pocket, smelling luxuriously as ever, *Mr Spooner's billet-doux*.

I shuddered! An inevitable result rose with startling distinctness before my eyes. *Something* I had unquestionably tucked into Miss Heaviland's bouquet; and that something, whatever it was, that young lady was, in all probability—with her feet on the

fender, it might be, like myself, but alas! with what different feelings—at that moment, that melancholy moment, engaged in inspecting. What was that something? was the distracting problem now to be solved! What had I had in my pocket? Alas! what had I not? the receptacle in question being my invariable depository for all my correspondence until it became too bulky to be kept there any longer. First, I could distinctly remember a communication from my tailor, with a clean abstract of his bill before last, and a communication of the fact, that, if not settled, he would have to place it in the hands of his creditors. That didn't matter much. In these times, it was more than possible that the young lady herself might have had a milliner's bill of her own in the same category, and find comfort in a community of sorrow. Then there was—ah, miserable me!—an autobiographical letter of four pages from Paris, descriptive of the varied relaxations of that metropolis under the empire, from that villain Tom Raffington, who must needs embalm his delinquencies in black and white, to the everlasting confusion of my hitherto irreproachable character. Was there not a little dinner-bill too—not from a tavern in Eastcheap; but with as great a disproportion, almost, between the bread and the sack, as honest Falstaff's own: to say nothing of a double ticket for Madame de Montmorency's Full and Fancy Dress-ball at the Prince's Concert-rooms, with an intimation from the fair *beneficiaire* that that made three I owed her for? And a thousand times more distracting than all—yea, than all, said I, in the bitterness of my anguish—a skeleton epilogue, peppered with inharmonious jokelets, to be worked in afterwards, for some private theatricals at Brompton; and three draft impromptus, very rough, for a dinner-party the next evening in Gloucester Place! I, who had the reputation of doing these things so easily! One only comfort there was, the mysterious *something* could be but one of them; and to the investigation of which it was I now proceeded with a heavy heart. Tom Raffington's performance turned up first, and then the epilogue and impromptus. Fortune, I thanked thee! Madame de Montmorency and the tailor came up together; and to my unbounded astonishment, a further dive brought up the little dinner-bill also. The mystery remained unsolved: nothing was wanting; and yet the dreadful *something* was undoubtedly gone. The dread suspense renewed again seemed more dreadful than the knowledge of the direct conceivable reality. 'Present fears are worse than horrible imaginings.' In vain I ransacked my brain and rummaged my memory, lay awake all night, and walked about in a dream all the next day; all was fruitless. I met Miss Heaviland at dinner the following evening, when I let off my impromptus with unbounded success; but what was fame to me with black care at my heart-strings. The young lady made no sign, though I valiantly gave her more than one opportunity: this looked ominous. 'La femme qui ne veut s'apercevoir de rien, s'est aperçue de tout; il faut se tenir terriblement sur ses gardes avec elle,' says the French philosopher. I agreed with him and trembled.

There is a popular German tale, entitled the *Story without an End*. Would that I could emulate its incompleteness; but I have undertaken to make an example of myself for the benefit of the unwary, and am resolved to go to the stake like a hero. Some six months after the above incident, a flush of unexampled prosperity in my usually equal and modest fortunes, had the wholesome effect—not an invariable one of prosperity—of recalling to my recollection a period at the latter end of the preceding year when I chanced to be labouring under one of those temporary estrangements from the favour of the Diva Pecunia which occasionally vary the lot even of the sagest of

us. Now, at that period, I had been induced, I might almost say constrained—a circumstance for which I submit the aforesaid Diva Pecunia, and not I, must be held to be wholly and exclusively responsible—to set apart, or place away, or oppignerate, or hypothecate, or effect a mortgage by way of wadset; or, in the plain and simple vernacular, all circumlocution premitting and setting aside, to deposit temporarily, with equity of redemption, with one of that useful mercantile body trading under the insignia of the Lombards, a certain article of jewellery described in the duplicate or counterpart of the mortgage instrument as 'Ring, 30s.' Having, in a spirit of mistaken truthfulness, despised availing myself of any of those imaginary nomenclatures under which I am given to understand monetary operations of this nature are not unfrequently conducted, my real name and address was annexed, as well as, in bright-blue letters at the top, the style and designation of the merchant whom I had patronised on the occasion. Need I continue? Need I say that upon a search, in the hour of my prosperity, for this document, which I had carefully stowed away in a small envelope, it was not to be found! Must I, in so many words, admit the harrowing fact, that a comparison of the costume which I had worn on the only occasion in my life on which I had presented myself at three balls at a time with that in which I had had the honour of waiting upon Mrs Shafton on the evening I have mentioned, left no possibility of doubt in my mind that in lieu of Mr Spooner's billet-doux, I had endowed the fair object of his attachment with a *pawnbroker's duplicate*!

My confession is at an end, and carries its own moral. Fortunately, I was the only sufferer on the occasion, Miss Heaviland having, as I have since heard, consented, on the very evening, to share with Tom Shafton the L6000 and other reversions, to the attainment of which Mr Spooner had devoted the combined poetical capabilities of himself and Charley Giltspur, and the outlay of a little dinner, and other inspiring refreshments before alluded to. He is, however, I am happy to say, not heart-broken, and is, I believe, open to any overtures from any young lady of condition (these advances being now, I am given to understand, expected, by the ingenuous youth of the day, to be made by the weaker vessel) who can offer satisfactory evidence on the question of settlement, and has no brothers. It only occurs to me to add, that if by chance—and it is indeed of course most probable—Miss Heaviland should be a reader of this Journal, and should thus see this my confession, I should not feel that there was the slightest indelicacy—quite the contrary—in her enclosing to me (Pumphandle Court, Temple) anonymously, or in any other manner which the refinement of her feelings, or an advertisement in the second column of the *Times* might suggest, the—little document above referred to, which it is unnecessary for me again to particularise, and which is of no use to anybody but the owner.

ST GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

ST GEORGE is the patron saint of England: at any rate, there is not one in the calendar who retains any noticeable influence on our affairs or our literature besides the victor of the Dragon. We could enumerate the historical worthies who have had their blunt English characters emblazoned on the celestial roll, and some others who, if they ever existed at all, have left none but saintly traces behind them. But neither the monkish saints, nor St Edward, nor St Thomas of Canterbury, can fairly contest the position unanimously assigned to the heroic and holy St George.

For more than six hundred years, St George has borne nearly the same relation to England that St Patrick has borne to Ireland. Our streets, docks, and hotels have been named after him; and while the earlier poets of our country have embalmed the saintly memory in immortal verse, our politicians have rendered his renown as permanent as our monarchical institutions, by agreeing to set up the Order of the Garter as the highest prize alike of diplomacy, state-service, and valour. But, after all, England is only an insignificant province of the vast realm which has, in the lapse of time, been conceded to the tateful of St George. We find whole countries in the old world and in the new called by his name. We find—strangely enough, as will presently appear—that the Roman Church consecrates its religious edifices by a name which represents no saint in their calendar. Protestant Germany rejoices in his patronage; Venice prefers his mythical way to that of St Mark. The professors of the oriental faith invoke him first among their apostles, prophets, martyrs, and saints. Russia accounts him as her Christian 'god of battles,' and the czar gives the Order of St George to those who can make out that they have not entirely succumbed to the valour of English, French, and Turkish heroes; who, in their turn, get the Order of St George on the supposition that they have trodden the Russian to the dust. Surely it is worth while to collect whatever is known of the man whose head Time has crowned with such dazzling honours; and if it be necessary, it may be still more interesting to trace the growth of a legend which has given rise to such strange and diverse reverence from so many different countries, and amongst various forms of faith. First, then, we will try to tell the genuine old legend as it would in all probability fall from the lips of an aged and enthusiastic Greek priest; then we will glean whatever is known of the real George; and, lastly, show how the fable and the history have been mixed together in the vague popular notion of the sainthood of George which all are familiar. Thus would the Greek priest tell his tale.

George of Cappadocia—so called either from his parents or from the school in which he was educated—was born in Cilicia. In youth, he was of fair and even lovely presence; as he grew up, he was known not less for brave deeds than for pure Christian faith. Being raised to the tribunate (military), and having received a summons to relinquish his furlough and join the eastern army of the emperor forthwith, he set forth on his travels. As he journeyed, he came near to a certain city of Libya. Now the sad case of that city was on this wise. Some few years before, a huge dragon had infested the city, breathing fire from his monstrous throat not only fire and smoke, but also plagues and death. The king of that city went forth to parley with the hideous enemy, and made a covenant with him, by which the city should supply to the foul beast two sheep daily, and the beast, on his part, abstain from his evil designs. All went well until there was no longer a sheep left. Then a second covenant was sealed, by which, to stay the beast's anger, the king agreed to sacrifice two virgins of his city daily. These maidens were chosen by lot, and many fair ones perished. At last, in an evil day, the fatal lot fell upon the king's only daughter, and the father would have saved the maiden; but the people rose up enraged, saying: 'We spared not our own flesh to feed the dragon, neither shall thy flesh be spared.' Nevertheless, the king would fain have saved his child; but she would not hearken to him, listening only to the voice of duty and of the people. Therefore

she went out to the dragon's den alone, that she might die for the people. As she was going towards the noisome cave in which the dragon dwelt, it was so that George drew nigh, and hearing the maiden weeping, he was troubled in heart; and having learned from her the cause of her sorrow, he bade her be of good comfort, for that he would slay the dragon. The maiden wept the more for such brave kind words, and sought to turn him from his purpose, saying that 'he would surely perish;' but George approached the dwelling of the monster; and when he saw the flame and smoke rushing from his gaping mouth, he called upon the sacred name, and drawing his good sword, sorely smote the dragon. Then taking from the maiden's neck a scarf delicately wrought, he bound it round the monster, and putting the scarf into the maiden's hand, he bade her lead the monster to the city-walls. There, in sight of all the wondering trembling people, he slew the fearful dragon. The king, when he learned that the name of Christ had wrought the wonder of his daughter's deliverance, was himself, with all his people, baptised in that name. The king, too, gave rich gifts to the warrior; but he, for his part, gave them all to the poor, and resisting all their entreaties, he went on his way, and was seen no more in those parts.

Journeying onwards, he came at length to Palestine, where he saw, for the first time, the cruel edict which Diocletian had put forth against the Christians. A copy of the decree was posted on the doors of the church to which he repaired for worship, and when his eye rested on the decree, his soul was moved with holy rage, and drawing his sword, he struck and tore down the imperial edict. Immediately he was seized and dragged before the prefect, who commanded him to offer sacrifice to the gods of the emperor. But this he could not do, and he was sent to the torture. They put him first into a cask full of sharp swords, and rolled him about, thinking they would cut him to death, but he was unhurt. Then the prefect sent unto him two cunning enchanters, who administered a deadly poison, which the warrior drank in the name of his Lord; and when they saw that no hurt followed the draught, the magicians themselves believed, and for their confession they were put to death. At last the angry governor bade his soldiers put the Christian to death by the sword; and George, knowing that his time had come, meekly bowed his head to the stroke, and gave up the ghost.

This is the beautiful fable from which the sanctity of George's two-sided character is derived: now let us glean a little in the harvest-field of history. The only man known as Cappadocian George was of humble parentage, and was bred to the pursuits of an honest trade. By dint of pleasing manners, and a certain energy of character, George succeeded in ingratiating himself with men of influence, by whose favour he was placed on the high road to fortune, as the selected contractor for bacon to the imperial army of the east. The temptations of this position had been felt long before his day, and most undoubtedly have continued in undiminished force up to the present hour. To enhance the profits of his contract, he bought up, and foisted upon the hapless soldiers, rusty bacon. He probably thought that the echo of their grumblings would not reach head-quarters; but he was mistaken. Not all the influence or wealth of himself and friends could save him from disgrace. He, too, like his shadow in the legend, set out upon his travels, and spent his money and leisure in a way that rather surprises us, considering his antecedents. He became a collector of books on a large scale, and has the singularly high honour of being amongst the first private individuals who invested their fortunes in libraries. This fascinating pursuit probably engaged him for some years; and it had this good effect upon his

fortunes—that it served to wear away the unfavourable impression left by his dishonesty.

But the crisis of his career was rapidly approaching. To understand this juncture of affairs, we must make a slight detour. It will be remembered that on the death of Constantine the Great, the empire was divided into two parts—Constans holding the sovereignty of the west, and Constantius that of the east. The eastern emperor embraced the Arian tenets, while the western emperor professed the Athanasian dogmas. Athanasius was the patriarch of Alexandria, and, in point of fact, he was, in all but the name, an independent sovereign over a large district. His nominal superior was Constantius, who hated and persecuted him under the combined motives of religion and politics. So long as Constans lived, Athanasius knew that he had a firm friend, and at least a refuge against extreme measures on the part of his enemy on the Byzantine throne. But when Constans died, the brother was no longer deterred from hurling his full weight of vengeance against the princely archbishop of Egypt; and once more he succeeded in driving Athanasius from Alexandria into the Libyan deserts. This local revolution was effected by, and in favour of, Cappadocian George, aided by one Sebastian. The accomplished book-collector—rather than the knavish bacon-factor—received episcopal consecration at the hands of an Arian synod, and, undertaking the civil as well as the ecclesiastical sceptre of the Great Exile, he soon displayed his real character in acts of the most unrighteous and cruel extortion. In this practice, he was unwisely indiscriminate. If he had suffered his religious prejudices to govern his exactions, it would have been safer for himself; but he laid his heavy hand upon all without distinction. Clamour, loud and continuous, made itself heard even at the imperial court; but the heart of Constantius was sore with the memory of the many occasions on which the city of Alexandria had stubbornly resisted his royal will; and he not only turned a deaf ear to all complaints, but actually encouraged his minion by eulogising his virtue and piety. All this was very hard to be borne, and the smothered hatred of the mighty city only waited for an opportunity to throw off its burden and signalise its vengeance. Constantius died, just in time to escape the dethronement which he had richly deserved at the hands of Julian. Julian is called the Apostate; but he never was anything but a pagan from first to last; so that the epithet apostate must be understood as indicating merely a reactionary policy. As a pagan, then, it was not at all likely that he would enter into the controversies and quarrels of Christians, unless for political purposes. But it was not at all a dispute in doctrine which lay between George and his spiritual flock: it was simply a question of taxes. The people had been cowed by the conviction that the Emperor Constantius would support his subordinate from considerations of religious opinion. So that as soon as they heard that the philosophic Julian had ascended the throne, they threw aside all fear, relied upon the simple justice of their cause, and, weary with vexation, proceeded to administer lynch-law upon the reckless tyrant of their city. They seized him, slew him, dragged his corpse through the streets on the back of a camel, and, finally, chopping it in pieces, threw it into the sea, lest by any chance his co-religionists should seek to further their own views at the expense of human justice, by exalting the tyrant to the dignity of a martyr, and his relics to the honours of adoration. They wished his name to be an offence for ever amongst men, if remembered at all. This is the true story of the only George known to history.

We next ask, how he came to be a martyr and saint, with so unusually splendid a halo round his brow? Shortly after his death, when his evil deeds had

pparently left no trace behind them, men of his own professed faith began to think of those points in which they agreed with him; and began, too, to think that he persecution they were experiencing had its type, if not its actual commencement, in the horrid death of their own bishop, George. They thought about it until the idea acquired probability, and talked themselves into a belief that it was true. Nothing was easier, in those days, than to pick up a few wild stray lowers of legendary poetry, and to weave them into a chaplet for some favoured hero. Early Attic history consists almost entirely of the same sort of fable as that which invests the name of St George; and if we look for the correspondence of the dragon, we are at least assisted in our search by a passage in the probably spurious 'Remains' of St George, which clearly indicates Athanasius as the dragon—at anyrate, the dragon is no insuperable difficulty in a case where polemics enter largely. When the Arians became absorbed into the Latin Church, it was policy to admit their saints along with them; George was accordingly canonised. On the other hand, when the entire calendar was revised by Pope Gelasius III., it appeared advisable to deprive George of his place in the calendar, and to assign him an honourable prominence amongst 'those decent, doubtful men, whose works are known to God rather than to men.' Further—as the separation between the Latin and the Eastern Churches became more and more decided—although there was not a formal division of the calendar, it was not unnatural that the two following principles should have something to do with the ultimate form of the calendar as held by the respective churches: First, each church would cherish a preference for the saints of its own growth; and second, in proportion to the lack of esteem evinced by the one church, would be the fervent adoration of the other church. Thus, the man whom the Latin Church had degraded, was by the Greek Church elevated to the highest rank. Hence it has happened that St George is the chief of the oriental saints, while he has no place in the western calendar, although his name is familiarly used in the consecration of Roman Catholic chapels (St George's Southwark, for example). From this statement, it is easily understood how all Russian patronage is vested in St George. We have still to account for the connection of St George with England; and this is the most probable explanation: When the British Crusaders—especially the Lion-hearted king—went forth to Palestine, they went under the protection of saints generally, but must have felt rather at a loss for a saint that they could call peculiarly their own. Other nations had their saintly badges and sacred banners, and spirit-stirring invocations: why not England? In the harbours of Greece and of the Archipelago, English ears would catch the melody in which the mariner chanted the praises of his martyred St George: and when Richard came to learn the story of the beloved saint, it was one to charm his fancy and to touch his heart. Seeing, then, that no western nation had recognised the glorious sainthood of George, he adopted the legend and the name as the model and type of his own intended exploits. His illustrious prowess reflected fresh interest on the legend—gave it, in fact, a new meaning. On his return to England, he fulfilled the substance of many a vow breathed amid the din of battle, by instituting the festival of St George in the year 1222.

When Edward III. instituted his Order of the Garter, he looked about, according to precedent, for a patron saint; and surely none worthier to be the head and fountain of England's decorative honour could have been found than he who was supposed—and believed in those days—to have inspired the marvellous achievements of the great *Cœur de Lion*. Thus it has come to pass that St George for Merry England

is the response to the cry 'St George for Holy Russia'; and thus may legends find a home in the hearts and characters of nations who do not believe one word of them.

SPARE MONEY.

ONE would suppose, from the clamours of frugal patriots in the House of Commons, that this was a country in a state of desperate poverty and embarrassment. Go in a deputation to the Treasury to plead for a few thousand pounds to accomplish some important public object; and, to judge by the response you get, it might appear as if the British community had not a spare penny beyond what was strictly required to keep square with its creditors, and support a handful of troops and ships. Yet, strange to say, we export a hundred and twenty millions of goods annually now, against about fifty millions' worth in 1841, and our ordinary national expenditure is not greatly beyond what it was forty years ago, while our population is not much less than doubled. Listen to Mr Williams of Lambeth and Mr Roebuck of Sheffield, and you would think it a great matter to save twenty-pence at any time to the nation; and then, again, go to dine with a merchant of London, or a manufacturer of Manchester, and you see a luxury in furniture, in eating, and in drinking, beyond anything of the kind that has ever been known in the world. A mercer of the latter town is said to have spent forty thousand pounds lately in decorating his country-house. One of its leading men went, not long ago, into a jeweller's shop with his wife, and spent in jewellery for her adornment a sum exceeding eleven hundred pounds. It is believed to be not uncommon for a Manchester married lady to spend eight hundred a year in dress. To give five hundred, seven hundred, or even a thousand for a single picture, while on the easel of a living artist, is no uncommon act of these merchant-princes. Parsimony seems to be a word only heard of in the House of Commons.

Leaving the House itself to explain how its prominent feelings and transactions so often do not represent any general sentiment or sense in the nation at large—which, however, we take leave to think is a very alarming thing for the House of Commons—we would fain say something about the positive fact of the great luxury here adverted to. We sympathise with the rewards of industry, and of course deprecate all interferences of the nature of sumptuary laws. We assert the right of each individual, be he a fortunate speculator, or only a clever artisan in the enjoyment of high wages, to spend his money as he pleases. But it is one thing to have a right, and another to use it rightly. When we see a man largely, perhaps suddenly enriched, and employing his wealth only in what ministers to his own or his family's personal gratifications—what solaces the appetites, the senses, or the vanities—we feel, and we are entitled to feel, somewhat shocked. Now, scarcely any rich man is wholly shut up against charities in this country. Few but subscribe to something, or disburse a little money when they hear of a case of extraordinary distress. But the question is, Do the rich, in general, make a right division between their own indulgences and the claims of humanity? Even in what they spend on themselves, it may be questioned, Do they, in general, spend wisely, or otherwise?

Our belief is, that the fortunate classes in general bestow far too much on the indulgence of appetite, caprice, and ostentation, compared with what a Christian humanity can approve of, and in doing so act unwisely even for themselves.

We will not attempt to excite a mere feeling on the subject by exhibiting the contrast between the home of superfluous wealth and the home of want, poverty

as that contrast must be in moving benevolent minds. We leave aside that moral obligation of the rich which was expressed in its extreme form in the injunction to the young man to sell off what he had and give it to the poor. We refrain for the present from remarks on that immoral glorification of wealth which tempts so many men into frauds and defalcations, that they may appear not less grand than certain of their neighbours, and prompts to a general vying one with another, in appearances which, after all, only provoke mutual jealousy, and never procure any real or permanent honour. We put the whole matter on simply rational ground. Beyond, we say, a certain moderate satisfaction to the immediate wants, money loses power in a rapidly increasing ratio. In other words, after the simplest needs are supplied, it takes always more and more to procure us any pleasure, either for the senses or the tastes. To illustrate what we mean, cream instead of milk to our tea—what may be purchased in favourable circumstances for a penny—will yield fully as much gratification as an additional wing to an already comfortable house. The first help to locomotion in the setting up of a one-horse carriage is more appreciated than afterwards will be the change to a first-class carriage with liveried servants. It often indeed happens that an extension in style, the setting up of a country-house in addition to one in town, the opening of intercourse with an aristocratic circle of society, is rather productive of discomfort than of true happiness. We have not, therefore, been surprised to hear various wealthy men declare that, after the first two thousand a year, they were sensible of little improvement in their position in this world. It might only have been added, that the serious needs of life may all be satisfied for much less than that sum, and long before so much has been attained, expenditure, in the generality of cases, takes the form of show instead of substance, and the spender feels that he is doing little to increase his own real enjoyments.

This is a rule, however, which does not apply when our abundance is employed in the gratification of the moral feelings. We may go on spending more and more of an overplus for the benefit of others, and find that in the luxury of doing good, as it has been well called, there is no such palling of the appetite as to dull the pleasure, or demand more and more to give us a sensation. Here, then, is the wise way of bestowing unneeded wealth.

But how? Many, in spending on costly luxuries, think they are doing good in the best possible way, by creating a gainful employment for the industrious classes. It is a most soothing unction to lay to their souls; but the immediate gratification proposed to themselves in the first place should of itself raise a suspicion of the soundness of the idea. The truth is, that to employ people in the making of anything not actually required or truly to be enjoyed, is to misapply means, seeing that the people would be supported by these means to better purpose in being set to work which was to redound to actual gratification, and always the more so if the gratification were that of a large instead of a small number, or if the resulting work were capable of being turned to some account in realising further means for human gratification.

To apply superfluous wealth to really good purpose calls for the exercise of great judgment in the consideration of circumstances. Direct relief of suffering, succour of the virtuous poor, claim and deserve a part. Means for that intellectual and moral advancement of the community which promises to diminish suffering and anticipate disaster in future, merit another and considerable portion. The general duty in the case is, that the fortunate part of the community—fortunate, it may be, in natural talent or self-denial—fortunate, perhaps, only in the course of circum-

stances—should seek to bring up the less fortunate in these respects as far as possible towards their own happy state—striving to do God's work on earth in the lessening of evil and the diffusion of good, and finding their all-sufficient reward in the joy reflected from the faces of their fellow-creatures. There is no equally great law over us here below, and positively no other method of indefinitely extending our enjoyment of life and its blessings. Everything else is bell-ringing, peacocks' feathers, tinsel, and trash.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XC VII.—SPEECHES IN COUNCIL.

'HIETANS!' began the chief, for such in reality was the old Indian, 'my children, and brothers in council! I appeal to you to stay judgment in this matter; I am your chief, but I claim no consideration for that; Wakono is my son, but for him I ask no favour; I demand only justice and right—such as would be given to the humblest in our tribe; I ask no more for my son Wakono. Wakono is a brave warrior: who among you does not know it? His shield is garnished with many trophies taken from the hated pale-face; his leggings are fringed with scalps of the Utah and Cheyenne; at his heels drag the long locks of the Pawnee and Arapaho. Who will deny that Wakono—my son Wakono—is a brave warrior?'

A murmur of assent was the response to this paternal appeal.

'The Spanish wolf, too, is a warrior—a brave warrior; I deny it not. He is stout of heart and strong of arm; he has taken many scalps from the enemies of the Hietan; I honour him for his achievements; who among us does not?'

A general chorus of grunts and other ejaculations from both council and spectators responded to this interrogatory. The response, both in tone and manner, was strongly in the affirmative; and I could tell by this that the renegade was the favourite.

The old chief also perceived that such was the prevailing sentiment, and, despite his pretensions to fair-play, he was evidently nettled at the reply. The father of Wakono was undoubtedly no Brutus.

After a momentary pause, he resumed speech, but in a tone entirely altered. He was now painting the reverse side of Hissoo-royo's portrait, and as he threw in the darker touches, it was with evident pique and hostility.

'I honour the Spanish wolf,' he continued; 'I honour him for his strong arm and his stout heart: I have said so; but hear me, Hietans—hear me, children and brothers! there are two of every kind—there is a night and a day—a winter and a summer—a green prairie and a desert plain, and like these is the tongue of Hissoo-royo. It speaks two ways that differ as the light from the darkness—it is double—it forks like the tongue of the rattle-serpent—it is not to be believed.'

The chief ceased speaking, and the Spanish wolf was permitted to make reply. He did not attempt to defend himself from the charge of the 'double tongue'; perhaps he knew that the accusation was just enough, and he had no reason to tremble for his popularity on that score. He must have been a great liar, indeed, to have excelled or even equalled the most ordinary story-teller in the Comanche nation; for the mendacity of these Indians would have been a match for Sparta herself.

The renegade did not even deny the aspersion: he seemed to be confident in his case; he simply replied:

'If the tongue of Hissoo-royo is double, let not the council rely upon his words; let witnesses be called; there are many who are ready to testify to the truth of what Hissoo-royo has spoken.'

'First hear Wakono! Let Wakono be heard! Where is Wakono?'

These demands were made by various members of the council, who spoke almost simultaneously.

Once more the crier's voice was heard calling 'Wakono!'

'Brothers!' again spoke the chief; 'it is for this I would stay your judgment. My son is not here; he went back upon the trail, and has not returned. I know not his purpose. My heart is in doubt—but not in fear. Wakono is a strong warrior, and can take care of himself. He will not be long absent; he must soon return. For this I ask you to delay the judgment.'

A murmur of disapprobation followed this avowal. The allies of the Spanish wolf evidently mustered stronger than the friends of the young chief.

The renegade once more addressed the council.

'What trifling would this be, warriors of the Hietan? Two suns have gone down, and this question is not decided! I ask only justice. By our laws, the judgment cannot stand over. The captives must belong to some one. I claim them as mine, and I offer witnesses to prove my right. Wakono has no claim, else why is he not here to avow it. He has no proofs but his own word; he is ashamed to stand before you without proof—that is why he is now absent from the camp.'

'Wakono is not absent,' cried a voice from among the bystanders; 'he is in the camp!'

This announcement produced a sensation, and I could perceive that the old chief partook equally with the others of the surprise thus created.

'Who says Wakono is in the camp?' inquired he in a loud voice.

An Indian stepped forth from the crowd of spectators. I recognised the man whom I had met crossing from the horse-guard.

'Wakono is in the camp,' repeated he, as he paused outside the circle. 'I saw the young chief; I spoke with him.'

'When?'

'Only now.'

'Where?'

The man pointed to the scene of our accidental rencontre.

'He was going yonder,' said he; 'he went among the trees—I saw him no more.'

This intelligence evidently increased the astonishment of all. They could not comprehend why Wakono should be upon the ground, and yet not come forward to assert his claim. Had he abandoned it altogether?

The father of the claimant appeared as much puzzled as any one; he made no attempt to explain the absence of his son: he could not; he stood silent, and evidently in a state of mystification.

Several now suggested that a search be made for the absent warrior. It was proposed to send messengers throughout the camp—to search the grove.

My blood ran cold as I listened to the proposal; my knees trembled beneath me. I knew that if the grove was to be searched, I should have no chance of remaining longer concealed. The dress of Wakono was conspicuous; I saw that there was none other like it: no other wore a robe of jaguar-skins, and this would betray me. Even the paint would not avail: I should be led into the firelight; the counterfeit would be detected. I should be butchered upon the spot—perhaps tortured for the treatment we had given the true Wakono, which would soon become known.

My apprehensions had reached the climax of acuteness, when they were suddenly relieved by some words from the Spanish wolf.

'Why search for Wakono?' cried he; 'Wakono knows his own name; it has been called, and loud enough. Wakono has ears—surely he can hear for himself, if he be in the camp. Call him again, if you will!'

This proposition appeared reasonable. It was adopted, and the crier once more summoned the young chief by name.

The voice, as all perceived, could have been heard to the furthest bounds of the camp, and far beyond.

An interval was allowed, during which there reigned perfect silence, every one bending his ears to listen. There came no answer—no Wakono appeared to the summons.

'Now!' triumphantly exclaimed the renegade, 'is it not as I have said? Warriors! I demand your judgment.'

There was no immediate reply. A long pause followed, during which no one spoke, either in the circle or among the spectators.

At length the oldest of the council rose, re-lit the calumet, and, after taking a whiff from the tube, handed it to the Indian seated on his left. This one, in like manner, passed it to the next, and he to the next, until the pipe had made the circuit of the fire, and was returned to the old warrior who had first smoked from it. The latter now laid aside the pipe, and in a formal manner, but in a voice inaudible to the spectators, proposed the question. The vote was taken in rotation, and was also delivered *sub voce*. The judgment only was pronounced aloud.

The decision was singular, and somewhat unexpected. The jury had been moved by a strong leaning towards equity, and an amicable adjustment that might prove acceptable to all parties.

The horse was adjudged to Wakono—the maiden was declared the property of the Spanish wolf!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A ROUGH COURTSHIP.

The decision appeared to give satisfaction to all. A grim smile upon his face testified that the renegade himself was pleased. How could he be otherwise? He had certainly the best of the suit, for what was a beautiful horse to a beautiful woman, and such a woman?

Even the white-haired chief seemed satisfied. Perhaps, of the two, the old savage jockey preferred the horse? It might have been different had Wakono been upon the ground. I was much mistaken if he would so tamely have acquiesced in the decision.

Yes, the renegade was satisfied—more than that, he was rejoiced. His bearing bespoke his consciousness of the possession of a rare and much-coveted thing. He was unable to conceal the gratification he felt; and with an air of triumph and exultation, he approached the spot where the captive sat.

As soon as the sentence was pronounced, the Indians who had been seated rose to their feet. The council was dismissed. Some of the members strolled off on their own business; others remained by the great fire, mixing among their comrades, no longer with the solemn gravity of councillors, but chatting, laughing, shouting, and gesticulating as glibly and gaily as if they had been so many French dancing-masters.

The trial and its objects appeared to be at once forgotten; neither plaintiff, defendant, nor cause, seemed any longer to occupy the thoughts of any one. The horse had been delivered to a friend of Wakono—the maiden to Hissoo-royo—and the thing was settled and over.

Perhaps, here and there, some young brave, with a pain in his heart, may have bent wistful glances upon the lovely captive. No doubt there were many who looked with envious thoughts upon Hissoo-royo and his fortunes. If so, their emotions were concealed, their glances furtive.

After the council was over, no one interfered—no one seemingly took any interest either in the renegade or his pale-faced squaw; they were left to themselves.

And to me. From that moment, my eyes and

thoughts rested only on them; I saw no one else; I thought of nothing else; I watched but the 'wolf' and his victim.

The old chief had retired into the tent. Isolina had been left alone.

Only a moment alone. Had it been otherwise, I should have sprung forward. My fingers had moved mechanically towards my knife; but there was not time. In the next instant, Hissoo-royo stood beside her.

He addressed her in Spanish; he did not desire the others to understand what was said. Speaking in this language, there would be less danger.

There was one who listened to every word. I listened—not a syllable escaped me.

'Now!' began he, in an exulting tone—'Now, Doña Isolina de Vargas! you have heard? I know you understand the tongue in which the council has spoken—your native tongue. Ha, ha, ha!'

The brute was jeering her.

'You are mine—soul and body, mine; you have heard?'

'I have heard,' was the reply, in a tone of resignation!

'And surely you are satisfied; are you not? You should be. I am white as yourself—I have saved you from the embrace of a red Indian. Surely you are satisfied with the judgment?'

'I am satisfied.'

This was uttered in the same tone of resignation. The answer somewhat surprised me.

'Tis a lie!' rejoined the brutal monster; 'you are playing false with me, sweet señorita. But yesterday you spoke words of scorn—you would scorn me still?'

'I have no power to scorn you; I am your captive.'

'Carrambo! you speak truth. You have no power either to scorn or refuse me. Ha, ha, ha! And as little do I care if you did; you may like me or not at your pleasure. Perhaps you will take to me in time, as much as I may wish it; but that will be for your consideration, sweet señorita! Meanwhile, you are mine—body and soul you are mine, and I mean to enjoy my prize after my own fashion.'

The coarse taunt caused my blood, already hot enough, to boil within my veins. I grasped the hilt of my knife, and like a tiger stood cowering on the spring. My intent was, first to cut down the ruffian, and then set free the limbs of the captive with the blood-stained blade.

The chances were still against me. A score of savages were yet around the fire. Even should he fall at the first blow, I could not hope to get clear.

But I could bear it no longer; and would have risked the chances at that moment, had not my foot been stayed by some words that followed.

'Come!' exclaimed the renegade, speaking to his victim, and making sign for her to follow him—'Come, sweet señorita! This place is too public. I would talk with you elsewhere: I know where there are softer spots for that fair form to recline upon—pretty glades and arbours, choice retreats within the shadow of the grove. There, dearest, shall we retire. *Vamos!*'

Though hideous the signification of this mock-poetic speech, I joyed at hearing it; it arrested my hand and limb, both of which had been ready for action. It promised a better opportunity.

With an effort, therefore, I restrained myself, and resolved to wait.

I listened for the reply of Isolina; I watched her as well; I noted her every movement.

I saw that she pointed to her limbs—to the thong-fastenings around her ankles.

'How can I follow you?' she inquired, in a calm voice, and in a tone of surprise. Surely that tone was feigned? Surely she meditated some design?

'True,' said the man, turning back, and drawing the

knife from his belt. 'Carrai! I had not thought of that; but we shall soon.'—

He did not finish the sentence; he stopped in the middle of it, and in an attitude that betokened hesitation. In this attitude he remained a while, gazing into the eyes of his victim: then, as if suddenly changing his mind, he struck the knife back into its sheath, and at the same time cried out:

'By the Virgin! I shall not trust you. You are too free of limb, sweet *margarita!* you might try to give me the slip. This is a better plan. Come! raise yourself up—a little higher—so. Now we go—now for the grove. *Vamos!*'

While delivering the last words, the ruffian bent himself over the half-prostrate captive; and, placing his arm underneath, wound it around her waist. He then raised her upward until her bosom rested upon his—the bosom of my betrothed in juxtaposition with the painted breast of this worse than savage!

I saw it, and slew him not; I saw it, and kept cool—I can scarcely tell why, for it is not a characteristic of my nature. My nerves, from being so much played upon during the preceding hours, had acquired the firmness of steel; perhaps this enabled me to endure the sight—this, combined with the almost certain prospect of an improved opportunity.

At all events, I kept cool, and remained in my place; though only for a moment longer.

CHAPTER XCIX.

THE CRISIS.

The renegade having raised the unresisting captive in his arms, proceeded to carry her from the spot. He scarcely carried her; her feet, naked and bound, were trailing upon the grass, both together.

He passed the lodge, and was going towards the copse, in an oblique direction. The savages who saw him only shouted and laughed!

I waited neither to see nor hear more. Still keeping within the timber, I glided along its edge; with quick but noiseless step I went, making for the same point towards which the ruffian ravisher was tending.

I arrived first, and, stooping under the shadow of the trees, waited, with knife in hand, firm grasped and ready.

His burden had delayed him; he had stopped midway to rest, and was now standing scarcely ten paces from the edge of the grove, with the girl still in his arms, and apparently leaning against him.

There was a momentary wavering in my mind, as to whether I should not then rush forth, and strike the coup. The chance seemed as good as I might have.

I was about deciding in the affirmative, when I saw that Hissoo-royo had again taken up his burden, and was moving towards me. He was making directly for the spot where I stood. The crisis was near!

It was even nearer than I thought. The man had scarcely made three steps from the point of rest, when I saw him stumble and fall to the earth, carrying the captive along with him!

The fall appeared accidental. I might have deemed it so, but for the wild shout with which it was accompanied. Something more than a mere stumble elicited that fearful cry!

There was a short struggle upon the ground—the bodies became separated. One was seen to spring suddenly back; I saw it was Isolina! There was something in her hand—both moonlight and firelight gleamed upon a crimsoned blade!

She who grasped it bent for an instant downward—its keen edge severed the thongs from her limbs, and the moment after, she was running in full flight across the level sward of the camp-ground.

Without reflection, I sprang out of the covert and

rushed after. I passed the renegade, who had half-regained his feet, and appeared but slightly wounded. Astonishment as much as aught else seemed to hold him to the spot. He was shouting and swearing—calling for help, and uttering threats of vengeance.

I could have slain him, and was half-inclined to the act; but there was no time to stay. I only thought of overtaking the fugitive, and aiding her in her flight.

The alarm was given—the camp was in commotion—fifty savages were starting upon the chase.

As we ran, my eyes fell upon a horse—a white horse. It was the steed; a man was leading him by a lazo. He was taking him from the fires towards the ground occupied by the mustangs; he was going to picket him on the grass.

Horse and man were directly in front of us, as we ran—in front of the fugitive. She was making towards them; I divined her intention.

In a few seconds she was up to the horse, and had seized the rope. The Indian struggled, and tried to take it away from her; the red blade gleamed in his eyes, and he gave back.

He still clung to the rope, but in an instant it was cut from his hands, and, quick as thought, the heroic woman leaped upon the back of the steed, and was seen galloping away.

The Indian was one of the horse-guards, and was therefore armed; he carried bow and quiver. Before the horse had galloped beyond reach, he had bent his bow, and sent an arrow from the string. I heard the 'whEEP' of the shaft, and fancied I heard it strike; but the steed kept on!

I had plucked up one of the long spears as I ran across the camp. Before the Indian could adjust another arrow to the string, I had pinned him to the grass.

I drew back the spear, and, keeping the white horse in view, ran on.

I was soon in the midst of the mustangs; many of them had already stampeded, and were galloping to and fro over the ground. The guards were dismayed, but as yet knew not the cause of the alarm. The steed with his rider passed safely through their line.

I was following on foot. Fifty savages were after me; I could hear their shouts.

I could hear them cry 'Wakono,' but I was soon far in advance of all. The horse-guards, as I passed them, were shouting 'Wakono!'

As soon as I had cleared the horse-drove, I again perceived the steed; but he was now some distance off. To my joy, he was going in the right direction—straight for the yuccas upon the hill. My men would see and intercept him.

I ran along the stream with all speed. I reached the broken bank, and, without stopping, rushed into the gully for my horse.

What was my astonishment to find that he was gone!—my noble steed gone, and in his place the spotted mustang of the Indian! I looked up and down the channel; I looked along its banks—More was not in sight.

I was puzzled, perplexed, furious. I knew no explanation of the mystery—I could think of none. Who could have done it? Who? My followers must have done it? Rube must have done it? but why? In my hot haste, I could find no reason for this singular action.

I had no time to reflect—not a moment. I drew the animal from the water, and leaping upon his back, rode out of the channel.

As I regained the level of the plain, I saw mounted men, a crowd of them coming from the camp. They were the savages in pursuit; one was far ahead of the rest, and before I could turn my horse to flee, he was close up to me. In the moonlight I easily recognised him—it was Hissoo-royo the renegade.

'Slave!' shouted he, speaking in the Comanche tongue, and with furious emphasis, 'it is you who have planned this. Squaw! coward! you shall die! The white captive is mine—mine, Wakono! as you'—

He did not finish the sentence. I still carried the Comanche spear; my six months' service in a long regiment now stood me in stead; the mustang behaved handsomely, and carried me full tilt upon my foe.

In another instant the renegade and his horse were parted; the former lay levelled upon the ground transfixed with the long spear, while the latter was galloping riderless over the plain!

At this crisis I perceived the crowd coming up, and close to the spot. There were twenty or more, and I saw that I should soon be surrounded.

A happy idea came opportunely to my relief. As long I had observed that I was mistaken for Wakono! The Indians in the camp had cried 'Wakono!'; the horse-guards shouted 'Wakono' as I passed; the pursuers were calling 'Wakono' as they rode; the renegade had fallen with the name upon his lips: the spotted horse, the robe of jaguar-skin, the plumed head-dress, the red hand, the white cross, proclaimed me Wakono!

I urged my horse forward, and reined up in front of the pursuers. I raised my arm, and shook it in menace before their faces; at the same instant I cried out in a loud voice:

'I am Wakono! Death to him who follows!'

I spoke in Comanche. I was not so sure of the correctness of my words—either of the pronunciation or the syntax—but I had the gratification to perceive I was understood. Perhaps my gestures helped the savages to comprehend me—the meaning of these words was not to be mistaken.

From whatever cause, the pursuers made no further advance; but one and all, drawing in their horses, halted upon the spot.

I stayed not for further parley, but, wheeling quickly round, galloped off as fast as the mustang could carry me.

CHAPTER C.

THE LAST CHASE.

On facing towards the hill, I perceived the steed not so distant. His white body, gleaming under clear moonlight, could have been easily distinguished at a far greater distance. I had expected to see him much further away; but, after all, the tilt of his mane and the menace delivered to the pursuing horse had scarcely occupied a score of seconds, and he was not in the time have gone out of sight.

He was still running between myself and the foot of the hill—apparently keeping along the bank of the stream.

I put the Indian horse to his full speed. The point of my knife served for whip and spur. I was no longer encumbered with the spear; it had been left in the body of Hissoo-royo.

I kept my eyes fixed upon the steed, but he was closing in to the timber that skirted the base of the hill; he was nearing the bend where I had taken the water, and would soon be hidden from my view behind the bushes.

All at once I saw him swerve, and strike away to the left, across the open plain. To my surprise I did this, for I had conjectured that his rider was aiming to reach the cover offered by the thicket.

Without waiting to think of an explanation, I had the mustang into the diagonal line, and galloped forward.

I was in hopes of getting nearer by the advantage thus given me, but I was ill satisfied with the comparative pace of the Indian horse, so unlike the long, swift

stretch of my noble Moro. Where was he? Why was I not bestriding him?

The white steed soon shot clear of the hill, and was now running upon the plain that stretched beyond it.

I saw that I was not gaining upon him; on the contrary, he was every moment widening the distance between us. Where was Moro? Why had he been taken away?

At that instant I perceived a dark horseman making along the foot of the ridge, as if to intercept me; he was dashing furiously through the thicket that skirted the base of the declivity. I could hear the bushes rattling against the flanks of his horse; he was evidently making all the haste in his power, at the same time aiming to keep concealed from the view of any one upon the plain.

I recognised my horse, and upon his back the thin, lank form of the earless trapper!

We met the moment after, at the point where the thicket ended. Without a word passing between us, both simultaneously flung ourselves to the ground, exchanged horses, and remounted. Thank Heaven! Moro was at last between my knees!

'Now, young fellow!' cried the trapper, as I parted from him, 'gallip like durnation, an kitch up wi' her! We'll soon be arter on yur trail—all right thur. Away!'

I needed no prompting from Rube; his speech was not finished before I had sprung my horse forward, and was going like the wind.

It was only then that I could comprehend why the horses had been changed; a *ruse* it was—an afterthought of the cunning trappers! Had I mounted my own conspicuous steed by the camp, the Indians would in all probability have suspected something, and confined the pursuit; it was the spotted mustang that had enabled me to carry out the counterfeit!

I had now beneath me a horse I could depend upon; and with renewed vigour I bent myself to the chase. For the third time, the black and white stallions were to make trial of their speed—for the third time was it to be a struggle between these noble creatures.

Would the struggle be hard, and long? Would Moro again be defeated? Such were my reflections as I swept onward in the pursuit.

I rode in silence; I scarcely drew breath, so keen were my apprehensions about the result.

A long start had the prairie-horse. My delay had thrown me far behind him—nearly a mile. But for the friendly light, I should have lost sight of him altogether; but the plain was open, the moon shining brightly, and the snow-white form, like a meteor, led me onward.

I had not galloped far, before perceiving that I rapidly gained upon the steed. Surely he was not running at his fleetest? Surely he was going more slowly than was his wont?

Oh! could his rider but know who was coming after!—could she but hear me! I would have called, but the distance was still too great. She could not have heard even my shouts; how could she distinguish my voice?

I galloped on in silence. I was gaining—constantly and rapidly gaining. Surely I was drawing nearer? or were my eyes playing false under the light of the moon?

I fancied that the steed was running heavily—slowly and heavily—as if he was labouring in the race. I fancied—no, it was no fancy—I was sure of it! Beyond a doubt, he was not going at his swiftest speed!

What could it mean? Was he broken by fatigue?

Still nearer and nearer I came, until scarcely three hundred yards appeared between us. I fancied that my shouts might be heard, that my voice—

I called aloud; I called the name of my betrothed, coupling it with my own; but no answer came back—the sign of recognition to cheer me.

The ground that now lay between us favoured a race-course speed; and I was about putting my horse to his full stretch, when, to my astonishment, I saw the steed stagger forward, and fall headlong to the earth!

It did not check my career, and in a few seconds more I was upon the spot, and halting over horse and rider, still prostrate.

I flung myself from the saddle, and drew nearer. Isolina had disengaged herself, and risen to her feet. With her right hand clasping the red knife, she stood confronting me.

'Savage! approach me not!' she cried in the Comanche tongue, and with a gesture that told her determination.

'Isolina! I am not—— It is'——

'Henri!'

No words interrupted that wild embrace; no sound could be heard save that made by our hearts, as they throbbed closely together. * * *

Silently I stood upon the plain with my betrothed in my arms. Moro was by our side, proudly curving his neck and chafing the steel between his foaming lips. At our feet lay the prairie-horse with the barb in his vitals, and the feathered shaft protruding from his side. His eyes were fixed and glassy; blood still ran from his spread nostrils; but his beautiful limbs were motionless in death!

Horsemen were seen approaching the spot. We did not attempt to flee from them: I recognised my followers.

We looked back over the plain; there was no sign of pursuit; but for all that, we did not tarry there. We knew not how soon the Indians might be after us; the friends of Hiscoo-royo might start forth upon the trail of Wakono!

It was near daybreak when we halted to rest, and then only after the prairie had been fired behind us.

We found shelter in a pretty grove of acacias, and a grassy turf on which to repose. My wearied followers soon fell asleep.

I slept not; I watched over the slumbers of my betrothed. Her beautiful head rested upon my knees; her soft damask cheek was pillowed upon the robe of jaguar-skins, and my eyes were upon it. The thick tresses had fallen aside, and I saw——

The matador, too, had been merciful! or had gold bribed him from his cruel intent? No matter which! he had failed in his fiendish duty. There in full entirety were those delicate organs—perfect, complete. I saw but the trifling scar where the gold circlet had been rudely plucked—the source of that red hemorrhage that had been seen by Cyprio!

I was too happy to sleep.

It was our last night upon the prairies. Before the setting of another sun, we had crossed the Rio Grande, and arrived in the camp of our army. Under the broad protecting wings of the American eagle, my betrothed could repose in safety until that blissful hour when——

* * * * *

Of the Comanches we never heard more. The story of one only was afterwards told—a fearful tale. Ill-fated Wakono! A horrid end was his.

An oft-told tale by the prairie camp-fire is that of the skeleton of an Indian warrior found clasping the trunk of a tree! Wakono had horribly perished.

We had no design of giving him to such a fate. Without thought had we acted; and though he may have deserved death, we had not designed for him such terrible retribution. Perhaps I was the only one who had any remorseful feeling; but the remembrance of that scalp-bedecked shield—the scenes in that Cyprian grove—those weeping captives, wedded to a woful lot—the remembrance of these cruel realities evermore rose

before my mind, stifling the remorse I should otherwise have felt for the doom of the ill-starred savage. His death, though terrible in kind, was merited by his deeds, and was perhaps as just as punishments usually are.

Poetical justice demands the death of Ijurra, and by the hand of Holingsworth. Truth enables me to satisfy the demand.

On my return to the camp, I learned that the act was already consummated—the brother's blood had been avenged!

It was a tragic tale, and would take many chapters in the telling. I may not give them here. Let a few particulars suffice.

From that dread night, Holingsworth had found a willing hand to aid him in his purpose of retribution—one who yearned for vengeance keenly as himself. Wheatley was the man.

The two, with a chosen party, had thrown themselves on the trail of the guerrilla, and with Pedro as their guide, had followed it far within the hostile lines. Like sleuth-hounds had they followed it night and day, until they succeeded in tracking the guerrilleros to their lair.

It was a desperate conflict—hand to hand and knife to knife—but the rangers at length triumphed; most of the guerrilleros were slain, and the band nearly annihilated.

Ijurra fell by Holingsworth's own hand; while the death of the red ruffian El Zorro, by the bowie knife of the Texan lieutenant, was an appropriate punishment for the cruelty inflicted upon Conchita. The revenge of both was complete, though both still bore the sorrow within their hearts.

The expedition of the two lieutenants was productive of other fruits. In the head-quarters of the guerrilla they found many prisoners, Yankees and Ayankieados—among others, that rare diplomatist Don Ramon de Vargas. Of course the old gentleman was released from captivity, and had arrived at the American camp, just in time to welcome his fair daughter and future son-in-law from their grand ante-hymeneal 'tour upon the prairies.'

THE END OF THE WAR-TRAIL.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

JUNE, as usual, has brought the beginning of a holiday alike to school-boys and philosophers—the learned societies have wound up their sessions, and the gray-beards, leaving science to take care of herself for a while indoors, are cogitating over the best way of making recreation enjoyable. Some will go dredging; some botanising; some insect-hunting; some on geological explorations; some to visit savans abroad; and not a few have matter in hand for the British Association, which is to meet in Dublin on the 26th of August.

Promising circumstances attended the winding-up. Dr Tyndall gave a course of lectures at the Royal Institution, 'On Sound and some Associated Phenomena.' Professor Huxley enlightened an audience at the same place concerning neural phenomena, and told them it was an error to believe that nervous action and electric action are, as some suppose, identical. Sir H. Rawlinson discoursed also at the same place, and before the Geographical Society, on Persia and the Persians; and Mr Paget, lecturing 'On the Rhythmic Action of the Heart' to the Royal Society, gave a summary of what is known on the subject, and drew broad philosophical conclusions therefrom, as became one who ranks among the ablest of physiologists. The president of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr Robert Stephenson, invited some 800 or 900 of the learned,

the scientific, and mechanical, to a conversation, in which, though the throng was great and the temperature uncomfortable, good things were spoken and excellent things shown. Among the latter were certain glass tubes bulbous at one end, in which Mr Appold shewed that water may easily be frozen even in a hot room. He produces ice, and thaws it again and again, in presence of all beholders. And there was shewn the *Nautilus*, a newly invented machine or diving-bell, which appears admirably adapted for working under water. The model rose and fell in its glass cistern, shewing how great stones might be lowered and deposited, in a way that seems to have something magical about it. According to the inventor's description, 'it is entirely independent of suspension; its movements are entirely dependent on the will of them within it, and without reference to those who may be stationed without. It possesses the power of lifting large weights *per se*, and at the same time is perfectly safe, by common care, in its operations—this latter the greatest desideratum of all. The form of the machine is not arbitrary, but depends entirely on the nature of the work to be performed, adapting itself to the various circumstances attending any given position. The shape of the model exhibited is a flat oval, the base smaller than the crown, with a domed roof; and the interior partitioned into several chambers. Unlike the ordinary diving-bell, it is so constructed as to float on the surface.

The workman enters through a valved opening in the roof, turns a tap, water flows into a chamber, and by its weight causes the descent of the machine. At the same time, air is admitted by a flexible tube from the receiver of a steam air-condensing pump at the surface, the air in which has been brought 'to a density somewhat greater than that of the water at the depth it is proposed to attain.' Air and water gauges indicate to the workman the density of the air, and the exact lifting-power that may be employed in the laying of stones or removal of wreck or heavy objects from the bottom. The construction of the machine is such, that by discharging the water-bellows and regulating the valves, enormous weights, many tons, may be raised with scarcely an effort. In calm water, the workman steps out and pushes it from place to place with his hands; but in tides and currents, it is moved and steadied by cables. Will the American engineers who have engaged to raise the sunken ships in Sebastopol harbour make use of the *Nautilus*?

Professor Edmund Davy has read a paper to the Royal Dublin Society on a cement which he obtained by melting together in an iron vessel two parts by weight of common pitch with one part of gutta-percha. It forms a homogeneous fluid, which is much more manageable for many useful purposes than gutta-percha alone, and which, after being poured into cold water, may be easily wiped dry and kept for use.

'My first trials with this cement,' says the professor, 'put it to a very severe test. I used it as a substitute for plumber's solder in repairing the lead gutters on the roof of my house, which were cracked in several places, and admitted water freely; and also to stanch the leaks in an old common forcing-pump, attached for yielding a supply of water for the use of two houses, and raising it about thirty feet. For these purposes, I found it quite efficient. All that was necessary in the case of the gutters was to remove with a brush all loose earthy matters from the cracked lead, slightly warm it with a hot iron, then pour the cement in a fluid state on the cracks, so as to cover them on both sides.' The pump was repaired with equal success, the leaks being first wiped dry; and the professor continues: 'I entertain no apprehension that the warmth of our climate at any time will impair the efficacy of this cement, which

applied to repair lead, zinc, or iron gutters; for though it softens at a comparatively low temperature, it still adheres most tenaciously to metals and other substances, and does not allow water to pass through it.' Vessels of any kind may be similarly patched or repaired, and be ready for use in a few hours afterwards; and wet metallic surfaces may be joined as well as dry ones, if they are warm. And further, to quote again from the paper, the cement 'adheres with the greatest tenacity to wood, stones, glass, porcelain, ivory, leather, parchment, paper, hair, feathers, silk, woollen, cotton, linen fabrics, &c. It is well adapted for glazing windows, and as a cement for aquariums. As far as my experience has yet extended,' adds Professor Davy, 'the cement does not appear to affect water, and will apparently be found applicable for coating metal tanks; to secure the joints of stone-tanks; to make a glue for joining wood, which will not be affected by damp; to prevent the depredation of insects on wood. The heavy oak beams and rafters in the roof of the Royal Dublin Society are attacked to a considerable extent by insects—as the weevil, &c. As this cement is soluble in volatile oils, an application of a solution of the cement in turpentine or naphtha might be beneficial, and arrest the ravages of the insects. It may be highly deserving of inquiry whether the cement may not be applied to preserve surfaces of metal and wood exposed to the atmosphere, and to fresh water; also to protect anchors, chain-cables, &c., from the corroding agencies of sea-water.' We doubt not that due advantage will be taken of Professor Davy's experiments and suggestions.

The Linnæan Society, who are now comfortably lodged by side of the Royal Society in Burlington House, held their anniversary meeting very happily in their new quarters. In the last published part of their *Proceedings*, there is some interesting information concerning certain trees of Western Africa which produce the gum used in the making of copal varnish; and on the Timbuctoo palm, seedlings of which are eaten either raw or roasted by the negroes, the tree itself being felled to procure its sugar. In India, the natives accomplish the same object by merely wounding the spadix, and collecting the sap as it flows; and on this point Dr Seemann remarks: 'The wanton destruction of the trees by the one party, and the careful husbanding of them by the other, is the reason why Africa and America have never furnished, and as long as the present process of destruction is continued, will never furnish any palm-sugar—a product of which Asia sends to Europe alone several thousand tons annually.'—Another fellow of the society, Rev. M. J. Berkeley, has a 'Note on the Use of the Rhizoma of *Pteris aquilina* as an Article of Food,' in which, after explaining that the root of this species of fern abounds in starch and mucilage, and is used as food in Northern Europe, Siberia, Normandy, and New Zealand, he says: 'Having lately had occasion to examine the rhizoma of our common *Bracken*, it became a matter of interest to ascertain what sort of food might be afforded by it. I accordingly roasted some of the rhizomata, and found them edible, but extremely disagreeable from their slimy consistence and peculiar flavour, in both of which respects they precisely resemble ill-ripened brinjals. It struck me, however, that they might afford a better food if the slimy matter could be removed. I accordingly scraped some of the rhizomata, which had been first washed and peeled, avoiding, however, the two columns of hard coloured tissue with which they are threaded, and then placed the pulp thus obtained in water. After four-and-twenty hours, the water had become extremely slimy, and of a yellow brown. This was carefully decanted, and the pulp washed again with water, which was now quite colourless. This was also decanted, and the pulp, when sufficiently dry,

was kneaded into a cake, and baked upon the hearth. The result was a coarse but palatable food, perfectly free from any disagreeable flavour—much better, indeed, to my taste, and probably not less nutritious than cassava-bread.' Whether nurture and cultivation would effect any such change on fern-roots as on the wild parsnip, we do not know, but it might be worth while to try a course of experiments.

The food-question is so pre-eminently interesting, that we may be pardoned for devoting to it another paragraph or two. In the *Journal of the Canadian Institute*, Mr Paul Kane of Toronto, gives an account of his travels among the Chinook Indians, who inhabit a portion of the north-west coast of America and of Vancouver's Island—a region to which many an eager eye is now cast in anticipation of the expiry of the Hudson's Bay Company's charter. Mr Kane states: 'The only vegetables in use among the Chinooks are the *Camas* and *Wappattoo*. The *Camas* is a bulbous root, much resembling the onion in outward appearance, but is more like the potato when cooked, and is very good eating. The *Wappattoo* is somewhat similar, but larger, and not so dry or delicate in its flavour. They are found in immense quantities in the plains in the vicinity of Fort Vancouver, and in the spring of the year present a most curious and beautiful appearance, the whole surface displaying an uninterrupted sheet of bright ultramarine blue from the innumerable blossoms of these plants. They are cooked by digging a hole in the ground, then putting down a layer of hot stones, covering them with dry grass, on which the roots are placed. The hole is then closed by another layer of grass and of earth, perforated by a small orifice, through which water is poured, and immediately closed; and the water on reaching the hot stones is converted into steam, which in a short time completely cooks the roots.'

We have heard that a new way of making bread has been successfully tried at the great biscuit-factory at Carlisle. According to a statement in the *Times*, the process 'consists in compressing the air in the vessel in which the flour is contained before admitting the water charged with gas (carbonic acid?), so as to prevent the escape of the gas before the process of mixing or kneading is completed. It is said that the bread can thus be made with perfect precision of any degree of lightness, and that, owing to the avoidance of the waste consequent upon the chemical changes which take place during the course of fermentation, an economy of 10 per cent. will be effected.'

The Earl of Ducie has communicated a suggestive paper to the Scottish Arboricultural Society, 'On the Effects of Geological Position on Certain Coniferae,' from which planters of fir-trees, especially of foreign kinds, may take a hint. As a general rule, he remarks, the trees thrive best in proportion to the depth of surface-soil on which they stand; strikingly shewn by the *Deodar* and *Pinus insignis*. The former is described as 'the most accommodating of all the Coniferae. No position and no variety of soil appear to come amiss to it; on lime or sandstone, rock or clay, it grows with equal facility.' The *Abies Douglasii* also grows as vigorously on the cold and sterile shales of the carboniferous limestone, as on the deep and warm soil of the Old Red Sandstone. On the other hand, the earl notifies: 'The most fastidious of the Coniferae which I have had an opportunity of observing, is undoubtedly *Cryptomeria japonica*. On the limestone, its leading shoot is always defective, and its growth generally devoted to the formation of a nest-like mass of small shoots; while on the Old Red, a formation deficient in lime, its growth is regular, upright, and graceful, and so rapid, that I have no hesitation in affirming that in this locality it would outgrow the larch.' The earl's experiments have been made at Tortworth Park, Gloucestershire: as yet, they are

too few to furnish positive data; and we would suggest that planters in other parts of the kingdom might render good service to arboriculture by further experiments and observations, and making them publicly known.

The attention of mariners, particularly of those navigating the Baltic, has been called to the published charts, many of which are defective in giving the true variation of the compass needle. The variation, or departure to the west of the true north, as is generally known, reached its maximum, 24 degrees, in 1836; and since then it has been going back towards the east at the rate of from 6 to 7 minutes a year. Consequently, unless proper allowance be made for the effect of this change, navigation becomes doubly hazardous; and now, that the Sound dues are abolished, there will probably be a greater number of ships than ever trading to the Baltic.

The navigation returns for 1856, recently published, afford a few items which we think remarkably instructive. The number of British vessels entered coastwise in England, during the year, was 93,238—an aggregate of 7,253,608 tons; and 262 foreign vessels, 45,901 tons. In the same year, 106,896 British vessels, 8,170,971 tons, and 85 foreigners, 14,602 tons, cleared outwards. Of steamers, 13,143 British, 3,045,612 tons, and 19 foreign, 4025 tons, entered inwards; and 12,964 British, 2,938,239 tons, and 29 foreign, 5589 tons, cleared outwards. The trade of the United Kingdom employs 26,029 British ships, 6,390,715 tons; and 20,744 foreign, 4,480,859 tons. And to these we add a fact worth record: it is now ordered that all transport-ships shall be fitted with Clifford's apparatus for lowering boats. Every trial, whether with ships at anchor or under full sail, but serves to prove the excellence and utility of this contrivance.

Astronomy is likely to be further cultivated in the southern hemisphere, for we hear that an observatory is to be erected on a rocky hill overlooking Sydney harbour, in a situation where the time-ball can be seen by all vessels at the anchorage. And before long, we shall have to report that an electric telegraph has been set up from Sydney to Melbourne. The colony is making progress. According to the census returns of 1856, the population of New South Wales was 266,000, numbering 147,000 males, and 119,000 females; of whom 80,000 are inhabitants of Sydney.

Liverpool and Manchester have held a meeting to consider the question of increasing the supply of cotton.—A successful attempt has been made to light a railway train with gas, adopted from the United States. Each train carries a gasometer, and the apparatus is so contrived that the gas can be turned off from any one carriage at pleasure.—Satisfactory experiments have been made at Woolwich to test Abbé Pauvert's method of making steel from old refuse and scraps of iron, equal to that produced from the best Swedish iron. It employs certain 'chemical ingredients and electric agency,' and causes no waste, for a ton of iron yields a ton of steel.

THE PATH THROUGH THE SNOW.

BARE and sunshiny, bright and bleak,
Rounded cold as a dead maid's cheek,
Folded white as a sinner's shroud
Or wandering angel's robe of cloud—

I know, I know,
Over the moor the path through the snow.

Narrow and rough it lies between
Wastes where the wind sweeps, biting keen,
And not a step of the slippery road
But marks where some weary foot has trod;
Who 'll go, who 'll go,
After the rest in the path through the snow?

They who would tread it must walk alone,
Silent and steadfast, one by one;
Dearest to dearest can only say:
'My heart! I follow thee all the way,
As we go, as we go,
Each after each in the path through the snow.'

It may be under that glittering haze
Lurks the promise of golden days,
That each sentinel tree is quivering
Deep at its core with the blood of spring,
And as we go, as we go,
Green blades are piercing the frozen snow.

It may be the unknown path will tend
Never to any earthly end,
Die with the dying day obscure,
And never lead to a human door,
That none know who did go
Patiently once, on this path through the snow.

No matter—no matter! The path shines plain,
The pure snow-crystals will deaden pain:
Above, like stars in the deep blue dark,
Guiding spirits will stand and mark;
Let us go, let us go,
Whither Heaven leads in the path through the snow!

NOTICE.

A NEW TALE,

ENTITLED

KIRKE WEBBE, OR THE PRIVATEER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'REMINISCENCES OF A BARRETT,'
'RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER,' &c.

Will be commenced on Saturday, 1st August, and continued
Weekly until completed.

The present number of the Journal completes the Seventh Volume, for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF SEVENTH VOLUME.

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INDEX.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

	Page
Aldburgh Coach, the, . . .	8
Algiers, a Forenoon Call in, . .	39
Ancona to Loretto, from, . . .	355
Ballygarraffe, Church-affairs in, .	321
, Festivities in, . . .	411
Bien Gantée, . . .	137
Cheap Train, a, . . .	214
Commentator, the Old, . . .	209
Cookery, Philosophy of, . . .	280
Divan, a Day with the, . . .	168
Drowned, but not Found, . . .	354
Fishing, a Really Good Day's, . .	391
Growing Old, . . .	393
Happiness and Health, . . .	337
Highland Season, the, . . .	289
Irish Servants, . . .	261
Italy, Religious Observances in, .	76
Little Nid-noddy, . . .	293
Loretto to Ancona, from, . . .	355
Lost Women, . . .	374
Millinery for the Million, . . .	241
Moral Sunshine, . . .	386
Music of the Streets and Cellars, .	12
Number Three, a Word from, . . .	31
Old, Growing, . . .	393
— Saws New Set, . . .	150
— Stones, . . .	113
Our Curates, . . .	231
Philosophy of Common Sense, . .	
considered in a Conservative	
Point of View, . . .	295
Physic, the Vagaries of, . . .	17
Popular Preacher, a, . . .	81
Puss, the Poetry of, . . .	401
Ramble in a Parisian Suburb, a, .	310
Reckoning the Winnings, . . .	369
Religious Observances in Italy, .	76
Successful People, . . .	353
Suggestions and Predictions, . .	
Neglected, . . .	161
Sunshine, Moral, . . .	386
Swiss Rifles, . . .	204
Three, a Word from Number, . . .	31
Travelling Companions, . . .	49
Woman's Thoughts about Women, a—	
24, 68, 129, 184, 275, 332, 374,	393
World, what one Learns in the, . .	97

POETRY.

	Page
Arise ye, and Depart, . . .	233
Brighton, a Wet Day at, . . .	240
Butterfly, a, . . .	80
Chemist, the, . . .	124
Dark Hour are the Dawning, the, .	352
Flower of a Day, a, . . .	144
Gone, . . .	304
Great Eastern, a Vision of the, .	320
Haunting Spirits, . . .	192
In Loving Thee, . . .	272
Limes, under the, . . .	48
Lost and Found, . . .	336
Music, . . .	208
One True Heart is Mine, . . .	96
'Per Ardua!' . . .	112
Poems, Alexander Smith's City, .	216
Poetry of Puss, the, . . .	401
Rural Life, the, . . .	32
Seasons, Four, . . .	16
Sleeper, the Little, . . .	334
Stanzas, . . .	160
Star in the East, the, . . .	256
Stranger, the, . . .	368
Violets in Wax, on Receiving a	
Basket of, . . .	64
War-defying Flag, we Bear no, .	400
Zerotes, . . .	176

	Page
Fish, Preserving, . . .	112
Garden, My Extinct, . . .	245
Geography of the Nineteenth	
Century, . . .	291
Hedgehog, the, . . .	41
Hints of Nature, . . .	33
Leprosy, Modern, . . .	102
Mauna Loa at Work, . . .	187
Month, the : Science, and Arts—	
62, 139, 206, 286, 348,	414
Museum, the South Kensington, .	145
Natural History, Notes on, . . .	89
Ocean Telegraph-cable on its Way	
to the Bottom, the, . . .	107
Parohment-paper, . . .	320
Pictures in Stone, . . .	177
Picture-writing of Egypt, . . .	83
Railways, Sub-aqueous, . . .	175
Reaping-machine <i>versus</i> the	
Sickle, the, . . .	303
Rocks, an Early Worker at the, .	26
Tyrian Purple, . . .	313
Vaccination, the Struggle of, . .	263
Vegetable Kingdom, a Glance at	
the, . . .	234

TALES AND OTHER NARRATIVES.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Aërial Voyage in England, the First,	60
Atlantic Telegraph-cable at	
Work, the, . . .	120
Blazon, the Noble Science of, . .	51
Comets, . . .	6
Copper in the Sea, . . .	80
Crosse, Mr, the Electrician, . . .	11
Cuckoo Mystery, the, . . .	410
Date-palm, the, . . .	108
Deodorisation, Our Light Con-	
tributor on, . . .	190
Eels, a Few Words about, . . .	254

Athenese Princess, My Interview	
with an, . . .	366
American Diogenes, an, . . .	330
Anning, Mary—The Fossil-finder	
of Lyme-Regis, . . .	382
Barton, Elizabeth—The Nun of	
Kent, . . .	341
Bien Gantée, . . .	137
Böttger, the Inventor of Dresden	
China, . . .	257
Bride's Journey, the, . . .	1
Catherine of Würtemberg, . . .	86
Crosse, Mr, the Electrician, . . .	11
Diamonds, the Lost, . . .	350
Fishing, a Really Good Day's, . .	391

	Page		Page		Page
King's Word, the, ...	148	British Association—The Dublin Meeting, ...	193	Herrings, in the North Among the, ...	225
Kirke Webbe, the Privateer Captain—65, 91, 103, 117, 132, 157, 182, 180, 197, 219, 236, 246, 265, 281, 297, 315, 325, 344, 359, 377		Burlington House—the New Home of the Royal Society, ...	71	Highland Season, the, ...	229
Krasinski: A Tale. In Four Chapters, ...	19, 35, 54	Business in Egypt, ...	28	Highlands of Scotland, Traditional Medicine of the, ...	31
Little Nid-noddy, ...	293	Cambridge, Miltonian Relics at, ...	319	Hindoo Emigrants, ...	399
Midnight Rite, the, ...	308	Catherine of Württemberg, ...	86	Hints of Nature, ...	3
Miser of Marseille, the, ...	43	Cellars and Streets, Music of the, ...	12	History of the Four Kings, the, ...	171
Moral Sunshine, ...	386	Cheap Train, a, ...	214	Indian Revolt, the, ...	270
Muller, George—Founded on Faith, ...	362	Church-affairs in Ballygarraffe, ...	321	— Servants, ...	275
Nid-noddy, Little, ...	293	'City Poems,' Alexander Smith's, ...	216	India-rubber Shoes, Vulcanised, ...	165
Pariah's Revenge, the, ...	371	Clubs and Club-houses, ...	141	Interesting Act of Parliament, an, ...	37
Really Good Day's Fishing, a, ...	391	Coach, the Aldburgh, ...	8	Investments, Simple People and their, ...	394
Stephenson, George, ...	125	Coal-mine, a Descent into a, ...	110	Irish Servants, ...	351
Sunshine, Moral, ...	386	Cob, ...	14	Italy, Religious Observances in, ...	75
Twin Quadroons, the, ...	406	Comets, ...	6	Jan Mayen—The Mountain in the Main, ...	211
Ure, David—An Early Worker at the Rocks, ...	26	Commentator, the Old, ...	209	Kensington Museum, the South, ...	145
Württemberg, Catherine of, ...	86	Common Sense, the Philosophy of, considered in a Conservative Point of View, ...	295	Kent, the Nun of, ...	341
		Companions, Travelling, ...	49	King's Word, the, ...	149
		Cookery, Philosophy of, ...	280	Kouan-Fou-Youan, ...	367
		Court of Chancery as it is, the, ...	16	Law of Divorce, the New, ...	302
		Crosse, Mr, the Electrician, ...	11	Leprosy, Modern, ...	102
		Cuckoo Mystery, the, ...	410	Literary Forgery, Anatomy of a, ...	228
		Curates, Our, ...	231	Loretto to Ancona, from, ...	355
		Date-palm, the, ...	108	Lost Diamonds, the, ...	359
		Deodorisation, Our Light Contributor upon, ...	190	— Envoy, the, ...	273
		Descent into a Coal-mine, a, ...	110	— Women, ...	374
		Diamonds, the Lost, ...	350	Lyme-Regis, the Fossil-finder of, ...	382
		Diogenes, an American, ...	330	Lyon, the Silk-weavers of, ...	403
		Disease, the Natural Treatment of, ...	135	Manna Loas at Work, ...	187
		Divan, a Day with the, ...	168	Mechanics' Institutes, Present and Future of, ...	364
		Divorce, the New Law of, ...	302	Medicine of the Highlands of Scotland, Traditional, ...	31
		Domestic Bookbinding, ...	79	Meeting at Birmingham, the, ...	305
		Douglas Jerrold's Witticisms, ...	143	Midnight Rite, the, ...	308
		Dresden China, Böttger, the Inventor of, ...	257	Millinery for the Million, ...	261
		Drowned, but not Found, ...	354	Miltonian Belics at Cambridge, ...	319
		Dublin Meeting, the, ...	193	Miser of Marseille, the, ...	43
		Duck-hunting—Very Like a Whale, ...	74	Modern Leprosy, ...	102
		Dyaks, the. By a Personal Acquaintance of theirs, ...	201	Month, the: Science and Arts—62, 139, 206, 286, 348, ...	414
		Early Worker at the Rocks, an, ...	26	Moral Sunshine, ...	386
		Eels, a Few Words about, ...	254	Mountain in the Main, the, ...	211
		Egypt, Business in, ...	28	'Move On,'	338
		— Picture-writing of, ...	83	Muller, George—Founded on Faith, ...	362
		Electrician, Mr Crosse, the, ...	11	Museum, the South Kensington, ...	145
		Electro-metallurgy, ...	222	Music of the Streets and Cellars, ...	15
		Emigrants, Hindoo, ...	389	My Extinct Garden, ...	245
		England, the First Aërial Voyage in, ...	60	— Interview with an Achenese Princess, ...	365
		Envoy, the Lost, ...	273	Mystery, the Cuckoo, ...	419
		False Theories and their Results, ...	385	Natural History, Notes on, ...	39
		Farm-school of Glamevin, the, ...	252	— Treatment of Disease, the, ...	135
		Felon Bush, the, ...	338	Nature, Hints of, ...	3
		Female Friendships, ...	129	Neglected Suggestions and Predictions, ...	161
		— Handicrafts, ...	24	New York and Baltimore, Passing through, ...	189
		— Servants, ...	68	Nineteenth Century, Geography of the, ...	291
		Festivities in Ballygarraffe, ...	411	North among the Herrings, in the, ...	225
		'Field,' of Yore, the, ...	99	Number Three, a Word from, ...	31
		Fishing, a Really Good Day's, ...	391	Nun of Kent, the, ...	341
		Forenoon Call in Algiers, a, ...	39	Occupations, Sedentary, ...	46
		Fossil-finder of Lyme-Regis, the, ...	382	Ocean Telegraph-cable on its Way to the Bottom, the, ...	107
		Found, but not Drowned, ...	354	Old Commentator, the, ...	209
		Founded on Faith, ...	362	— Growing, ...	385
		Four Kings, the History of the, ...	171	— Saws New Set, ...	150
		France, Suicide in, ...	57	— Stones, ...	113
		— They manage these Things better in, ...	239	Omnibus Two Hundred Years ago, the, ...	250
		French Justice in Algeria, ...	338	Our Curates, ...	371
		Garden, My Extinct, ...	245	— Light Contributor upon Deodorisation, ...	190
		Geography of the Nineteenth Century, ...	291	Pain? the Beneficence of, ...	195
		George Stephenson, ...	125	Parchment-paper, ...	320
		Glance at the Vegetable Kingdom, ...	234	Pariah's Revenge, the, ...	371
		Glamevin, the Farm-school of, ...	252	Parisian Suburb, a Ramble in a, ...	310
		Gossip, ...	184	Parliament, an Interesting Act of, ...	37
		Grebe-shooting—Very Like a Whale, ...	74	People at Sarawak, the, ...	93
		Growing Old, ...	393		
		Happiness and Health, ...	337		
		Hedgehog, the, ...	41		

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Askew's Voyage to Australia and New Zealand, ...	271
Connolly's Artificer-soldiers, ...	46
Lane's Hydropathy; or the Natural System of Medical Treatment, ...	135
Narrative of some of the Lord's Dealings with George Muller, ...	363
Bowell's Essay on the Beneficent Distribution of the Sense of Pain, ...	195
Shakspeare Forgeries, the, ...	228
Smith's City Poems, ...	216
Walden, or Life in the Woods, ...	330

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT.

Achenese Princess, My Interview with an, ...	366
Act of Parliament, an Interesting, ...	37
Aërial Voyage in England, the First, ...	60
Aldburgh Coach, the, ...	8
Algeria, French Justice in, ...	338
Algiers, a Forenoon Call in, ...	39
American Diogenes, an, ...	330
Anatomy of a Literary Forgery, ...	228
Ancona to Loretto, from, ...	355
Antipodes, Social Progress at the—152, 173	
Arab Love, ...	339
Artificer-soldiers, ...	46
Arts and Science—62, 139, 206, 286, 348, 414	
Ashley Down—Founded on Faith, ...	362
Atlantic Telegraph-cable at Work, the, ...	120
Ballygarraffe, Church-affairs in, ...	321
— Festivities in, ...	411
Baltimore and New York, Passing through, ...	189
Bank-notes, ...	416
Bells, Something about, ...	398
Beneficence of Pain? the, ...	195
Bien Gantse, ...	137
Birmingham, the Meeting at, ...	305
Blazon, the Noble Science of, ...	51
Bookbinding, Domestic, ...	79
Böttger, the Inventor of Dresden China, ...	257

	Page		Page		Page
People, Successful, . . .	353	South Kensington Museum, the, . . .	145	Württemberg, Catherine of, . . .	86
Philosophy of Common Sense, con-		St Vitus, . . .	122	Yore, 'the Field' of, . . .	99
sidered in a Conservative Point		Stephenson, George, . . .	125		
of View, . . .	295	Stonehenge—Old Stones, . . .	113		
Philosophy of Cookery, . . .	280	Stone, Pictures in, . . .	177		
Physic, the Vagaries of, . . .	17	Streets and Cellars, Music of the, . . .	12		
Pictures in Stone, . . .	177	Struggle of Vaccination, the, . . .	263		
Picture-writing of Egypt, . . .	83	Sub-aqueous Railways, . . .	175		
Popular Preacher, a, . . .	81	Successful People, . . .	353		
Predictions and Suggestions, Ne-		Suggestions and Predictions, Ne-			
glected, . . .	161	glected, . . .	161		
Present and Future of Mechanics'		Suicide in France, . . .	57		
Institutes, . . .	364	Sunshine, Moral, . . .	386		
Purple, Tyrian, . . .	313	Swiss Rifles, . . .	204		
Puss, the Poetry of, . . .	401	Sydney, a Steerage Passenger's			
Quadroons, the Twin, . . .	406	View of, . . .	271		
Railways, Sub-aqueous, . . .	175	Telegraph-cable at Work, the			
Ramble in a Parisian Suburb, a, . . .	310	Atlantic, . . .	120		
Really Good Day's Fishing, a, . . .	391	Telegraph-cable, the Ocean, on its			
Reaping-machine <i>versus</i> the Sickle,		Way to the Bottom, . . .	107		
the, . . .	303	Theories and their Results, False,			
Reckoning the Winnings, . . .	369	'They Manage these Things better			
Registrar-general's Report on 1855, . . .	399	in France, . . .	239		
Religious Observances in Italy, . . .	76	Tourists, a Few Words to, . . .	155		
Revolt, the Indian, . . .	270	Traditionary Medicine of the			
Rifles, Swiss, . . .	204	Highlands of Scotland, . . .	31		
Rite, the Midnight, . . .	308	Train, a Cheap, . . .	214		
Rocks, an Early Worker at the, . . .	26	Travelling Companions, . . .	49		
Royal Life in the Nineteenth		Tyrian Purple, . . .	313		
Century—Catherine of Wür-		Vaccination, the Struggle of, . . .	263		
temberg, . . .	86	Vagaries of Physic, the, . . .	17		
Royal Society, the New Home of		Vegetable Kingdom, a Glance at			
the—Burlington House, . . .	71	the, . . .	234		
Sarawak, the People at, . . .	93	Vitus, St, . . .	122		
Science and Arts—		Vulcanised India-rubber Shoes, . . .	165		
62, 139, 206, 286, 348, . . .	414	Whale, very Like a, . . .	74		
—of Blazon, the Noble, . . .	51	Winnings, Reckoning the, . . .	369		
Season, the Highland, . . .	289	Witticisms, Douglas Jerrold's, . . .	143		
Sedentary Occupations, . . .	45	Woman's Thoughts about Women, a—			
Servants, Female, . . .	68	Female Handicrafts, . . .	24		
—, Indian, . . .	229	—Servants, . . .	68		
—, Irish, . . .	261	—Friendships, . . .	129		
Shoes, Vulcanised India-rubber, . . .	165	Gossip, . . .	184		
Sickle, the Reaping-machine <i>versus</i>		Women of the World, . . .	275		
the, . . .	303	Happy and Unhappy Women, . . .	332		
Silk-weavers of Lyon, the, . . .	403	Lost Women, . . .	374		
Simple People and their Invest-		Growing Old, . . .	393		
ments, . . .	384	Word from Number Three, a, . . .	31		
Smith's 'City Poems,' Alexander, . . .	216	—, the King's, . . .	148		
Social Progress at the Antipodes—		Words about Eels, a Few, . . .	254		
152, 173, . . .		—to Tourists, a Few, . . .	155		
Something about Bells, . . .	398	World, what One Learns in the, . . .	97		

ANECDOTES AND PARAGRAPHS.

America, Workmanship in, . . .	160
Banks as they were, are, and	
ought to be, . . .	416
Buildings, Caution as to Lofty, . . .	160
Cat-trade, the, . . .	176
Children, Love of, . . .	32
Copper in the Sea, . . .	80
Currency and Capital, . . .	416
Customs, Curious Parallelism of, . . .	80
Diamond, a New Kind of, . . .	64
'Douglas Jerrold, in Remem-	
brance of,' . . .	224
Douglas Jerrold's Witticisms, . . .	143
Eat Wisely, how to, . . .	96
Etymology of Names of Places, . . .	336
Fish, Preserving, . . .	112
Glass-engraving, . . .	112
Gold-digging Scene, . . .	144
'His Horn shall be Exalted,' . . .	128
Hoops and Crinoline, . . .	32
Hyena, the Laughing, . . .	336
Isobergs, Singular, . . .	144
Investments, Simple People and	
their, . . .	384
Iron Railings, Decay of, . . .	368
Jeweller's Gold, . . .	112
Law, Vulgar Errors in, . . .	352
Literary Nugs, . . .	304
Mice, how to Deal with the	
Plague of, . . .	128
Ministers of the Crown, Pay of, . . .	96
New Thing, the Latest, . . .	64
Observatory, Proposal for a Tem-	
porary, . . .	272
Parchment-paper, . . .	320
Patents for Inventions, . . .	256
Plates, Damage caused to Books	
of, by the Tissue-paper, . . .	304
Postage Envelopes, . . .	352
Suicides, Honour to, . . .	240
Working-men, Advice to Young, . . .	64
Young un, the, . . .	400

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THE BRIDE'S JOURNEY.

On the banks of the river Lerg, where it forms its estuary with the Great Fiord of the North Sea, stood the quaint old town of Lerwig—a place that seemed from the rude harmony that characterised the buildings, to have sprung ready fashioned, ages before, out of the primeval forest. So primitive was its whole aspect, that, but for the vanity of each proprietor, who had branded his initials and the year of erection in iron hooks over the chamber-window, the spectator might have fancied the whole the work of a single night.

Tall narrow houses of timber, with their overhanging gables towards the street, rudely carved, but warped in every conceivable manner, extended in two lines parallel to the river; while smaller streets, diverging north and south, led to the heavy wharfs and store-houses lining the primitive harbour, or to the few detached mansions that, standing in their own grounds, constituted the fashionable quarter, and comprised the wealth and aristocracy of the ancient burg. In the centre of the main street, and built, like the town itself, of timber, stood the venerable church, or what had once been the cathedral, a perfect marvel of picturesque architecture, from the stern Runic to the florid Norman. Not a foot of the heavy timber that comprised the building was left unadorned by carving or unrelieved by grotesque tracery; while every beam or lintel was terminated by a corbel head, perhaps that of a grinning satyr, which, with the towering roof, open spire, and covering of red tiles, contrasted not unpleasantly with the massive and sombre tone of the structure below.

Facing the cathedral stood a double-gabled house of a more pretentious appearance than its neighbours, from the greater quantity of carving that ornamented the wooden mullions of the windows and adorned the door-posts of the low-arched entrance, denoting the building to belong to some wealthy inhabitant or official of the town.

The house was the abode of Carl Underwaldent, the burghgrave or mayor, who on the present occasion was standing with some friends at the casement looking out inquisitively on the busy street in front. The period at which our story opens is mid-winter—that is, about the 20th of January 1740—a time of the year when the most intense frost prevails, not only here, but over the whole of Norway and the adjacent countries. For nearly six weeks at this epoch, the sun never rises above the horizon; and the only light during the brief day, is a faint glimmering that lasts for barely two hours, caused by the reflection of the

sun's rays on the snows of the mountain-tops, which, being again reflected upon the plains, affords that dubious light which constitutes day. As soon as this light disappears, the heavens are illumined by the aurora borealis, which, with the exception of the two hours at mid-day, is always present during winter in the Norwegian skies, affording a light more steady and perfect than the dim substitute that rules at noon.

The rivers, from the first setting in of the frost, are locked in sheets of ice, while the fiords into which they flow, like all the harbours on the western coast, owing to the warm sea-breezes, are, with rare exceptions, always open, so that the inhabitants of the coast have a free traffic with such winter commodities as are brought down by the mountaineers during the frost, by means of their sledges, when the rivers can no longer float their rafts. The mountainous range that, towering to a height of from 1000 to 2000 feet, encompasses the little burg of Lerwig, and forms part of that alpine chain that stretches through the whole extent of Norway, was, from pinnacle to base, covered for several yards deep with snow, which in the valleys and rifts lay to the depth of fifty fathoms. Along the plain, and spreading over the uneven streets of the grim old town, the snow lay compact as iron, from the friction of the sledges, that, loaded with merchandise or filled with chattering groups, were passing in rapid succession to and fro, the jingling of their horses' copper-bells keeping up a perpetual chime to their rapid and merry progress; while mountaineers and villagers in heelless boots or long arching skates, and every variety of costume, mingled with the inhabitants, and gave a singular animation to the wintery noon.

The room into which we beg the reader to follow us was large, and extended the whole length of the house; the walls were lined from ceiling to floor with scantlings of pine, and so finely polished that they shone like dark mirrors. The floor, composed of the same material, was covered with a coarse carpet of Finnish matting; a few heavy settles stood against the walls; while an arm-chair, stuffed with Lapland grass, was placed near the stove, and presented a most luxurious seat, being, from the warmth and nature of the grass or hay, a perfect nest of downy softness. About a dozen stools of all sizes were ranged about a table, or rather board, supported on trestles and covered with a sheet of huckaback, engrossing the whole middle of the apartment. To a series of brass nails round the walls hung pewter platters, iron and horn spoons, trenchers, and such implements of domestic use as were to be seen in a remote Norway household, and went far to bespeak the refinement of

the owner a century ago. The skeleton of a walrus—the bones as black as the beams from which it hung—afforded support to a set of iron lamps or cruces, that cast their light, when burning, directly on the table beneath, while the cavity of the thorax formed a receptacle for tobacco-pouches and sundry such articles. A round piece of bread like a Scotch bannock, hung by a hank of blue silk on the polished wall, and from a label duly engrossed, set forth that it was baked by 'Margarita, the frau of Carl Underwaldent, on the baptism of their first child, Gertruda, on the 17th day of January 1721.'*

A flight of steps at the extremity of the room led to the sleeping apartments, while, at the opposite side, a door opened on the hall and domestic offices; an elk's head and antlers over the entrance completed the appurtenances of the room, with one exception—the stove, which, placed between the two doors at the end of the apartment, projected about six feet forward. The stoves of the north are everywhere applied to the same purposes—they heat the house, bake, boil, and roast; and among the poorer classes, their flat tops invariably form a bed.

'The sun has set, Christopher, and taken his last kiss of purple Luhea, who is now as white as Hecla's night-cap,' exclaimed Carl Underwaldent, a broad-faced, jovial-looking man, as he turned his good-humoured countenance from the window and addressed a tall muscular youth, who, seated beside his young wife—a handsome girl of nineteen—was adjusting a shaggy bear's skin over the back of the hard seat, so as to protect her from the rough unpadded settle. 'You'll have a prime night for your travel, Chris,' he continued, kissing the approving lips of his blushing bride, joined his father-in-law at the casement. 'There's a sky for you!' he went on, pointing to the firmament with a feeling of exultation. 'Talk of your sun all day, and your moon all night—ah, bosh!' he added contemptuously. 'I wouldn't give a dried ling or a cod's sound for such; boo! There, you have all the colours of the rainbow. See! how they shoot like jets of purple and orange flame! It's a good augury, lad, and sent to light you homewards. There's a dart of blue, now, might shame the brightest amethyst!' And, in his enthusiasm, Carl slapped his listener's shoulder, to rouse him to a keener sense of the beauties of the aurora borealis, as, the moment the sun faded from the tops of the mountains, it began shooting its dazzling streamers over the sky—at first, in darts and leaping coruscations, that, bounding here and there in puffs of coloured light, seemed to break the whole face of heaven into dimples; then converging over the Polar Star, spread out their belts of luminous colour like a vast fan, and waving in stately undulations, looking like Juno's bird majestically walking the heavens; again, with erratic bounds, streaking the vault with separate rainbows, that, blending into one whole of mingled colours, seemed to carpet the entire sky with interlacing gold and purple, till, with a leap and flash like lightning, the whole vanished, leaving the expanse a leaden darkness. 'You don't get such lights as those in Sweden, Chris,' resumed Carl, in a triumphant tone, to his son-in-law. 'Now, having had their frolic, they'll come out soberly. There! I told you so.' And, as he spoke, a bright trembling blush of the most exquisite rose began to gradually intensify round the north pole, till a deep belt of orange skirted the northern half of the firmament, when, like darts from a bow, it shot out a thousand pencils of colour, the whole pouring down a toned and

softened light, sufficiently clear for the minutest office of daily life.

'It will be a famous evening,' replied Christopher. 'With the air so light, we shall reach the second six on the Lulians by midnight; and by starting early descend the Tornea by breakfast; after that, we can easily cross the plain to Gora in time for dinner. But who are those people who seem older than Gustav Adolphus, or even Vasa himself, so out of all memory, is the shape of their garments?' he inquired, pointing to several passengers, who moved on foot or in sleighs along the street.

'Here's Herr Peterhoff, he will tell thee the meaning of these matters,' replied his father-in-law, who readily availed himself of the opportunity to pass to another explanation demanded of himself.

'Why, Christopher,' began Herr Peterhoff, turning to his young friend, 'we Norwegians are very primitive in our habits, and like to remain as our fathers left us; and it is only in the towns that any change takes place at all, for in the mountains, things remain stock still; and each parish is known by its costume and some of the dresses have come down unaltered in fashion or material for several hundred years. The *stirle* (farmer or peasant) with his breeches and stockings all of one piece, and his loose jerkin or *waddel* and braided waistcoat, comes from the Salm Fiord; that Herdanger beside him, as you see, wears all black, with a bordering of red; the man in black and yellow is from Sogneford: so we know by his colours where the *stirle* comes from; but as every Norwegian is his own smith and carpenter, each man has got his axe, saw, and gimblet hanging in a chain by his side.'

'Thank you,' cried Christopher, in return for the explanation. 'I have only one more question, which as I'm a Swede, you will excuse my asking. Why have so many men letters chalked on their backs? Is it some trick of the boys, or do your people mark slates of each other's coats to cast their accounts on, and he pointed to several persons hurrying along, with the utmost circumspection avoided the least contact, as with bent shoulders, and their coats on the stretch, they hastened on their several destinations.'

'Ha! ha!' shouted his father Carl, in boisterous merriment. 'Now, by St Nicholas, the patron of salt-fish, thou hast made a great mistake, son Carl. Trick, quotha! A slate; no, no!' and he laughed again at the conceit of his son-in-law. 'Tell me, Frantz; tell him, neighbour,' and referring the explanation to one of his friends, he indulged in an involuntary chuckle at his son's remark.

'Why, friend Christopher,' observed the person addressed, 'our *stirle* farmers are better skilled at saw and adze than at the horn-book; so, when they bring down their deals in exchange for goods for the frau's housekeeping, the store-keeper chalks on their backs so many *lippards* of rosin, or so many lengths of deal; and as that is their only voucher for the delivery, they are careful not to get it rubbed out on their way to the pay-office, where all they have to do is to present their back to the clerk, who runs up the figures, pays down the thalers, and brushes out the reckoning. But, neighbour,' he added, turning to Carl, and smiling with considerable gusto at the aroma that issued from the stove, 'I smell the odour of roast-meats, and think the good frau has gotten dinner waiting in the oven; and it is a sin to do meat a shade too much, when the appetite is ready, and the time come for eating.'

'You are right, Frantz; so now, wife, set out the table at once, for I've a hunger on me as sharp as an east wind. Help yourselves, neighbours, and welcome to all!' So saying, Carl turned, and taking from the wall his platter, knife, and spoon, invited his guests to help themselves in the same manner, an invitation that required no second urging. In the meantime, the

* The Norwegian housewives are justly proud of their bread-making; they bake but seldom, and their bread will generally keep good a year. It is a common custom to bake bread at the christening of their first child, and preserve it for the feast given on the coming of age or marriage of the child.

wife, a tall sour-looking matron, assisted by an aged friend, opened the stove, and began removing the several dishes, and placing them on the table; while Gertruda, Christopher's young wife, rose from her settle, and, aided by four or five companions and bridesmaids, proceeded to light the lamps, and place large quantities of dried stock-fish, and pieces of bread or bannocks, beside every guest, the stock-fish being universally eaten as bread with every meal. Having attended to these lighter duties of the table, the young females drew their stools up to the board, and awaited the onslaught by the men. But we must take the present opportunity to make the reader acquainted with the personal appearance of the bride. Like the Norwegians of both sexes, Gertruda was remarkably fair, and the pure whiteness of her complexion would have made her face insipid but for the bright sunny blue of her large clear eyes, which, relieved by long dark lashes, gave it a peculiar vivacity and animation. Her figure was remarkably light and graceful. Over a *chemisette* as white as one of her native snow-drifts, she wore a close-fitting wadmel jacket of bright orange, which, fitting close to the arm, and showing the contour of the swelling bust, was laced in front from the neck to the waist, where it terminated in the form of a stomacher. A black girdle of polished leather, embossed with plates of silver, and adorned with small silver bells, rings, and other ornaments of the same metal, served to confine and adorn her slender waist. A full-flowing skirt of blue wadmel, gathered in flat plaits over the hips, fell in graceful curves round her person, and reached to within a span of her small-pointed shoe. Her hair, of a sunny chestnut, was, after the fashion of young wives, gathered into bands, and confined round her well-formed head in braids, while a party-coloured kerchief placed archly on the back, and tied with an expanded knot, was, with the hair, profusely covered with rings, medals, coins, large silver spangles, and thin plates of silver and gold; so that, at every motion, the entire head-dress flashed and scintillated with a brilliancy perfectly dazzling. A long silver chain wound three or four times round the neck, with a small medallion suspended from its links, and resting on the bosom, with amber bracelets, where the sleeve of the chemisette terminated in a frill, completed her costume; and Gertruda, like most of her Norwegian countrywomen, carried on her girdle and head-dress the whole of her bridal fortune.

Attracted by the savoury smell from the stove, two young girls suddenly made their appearance through the doors, and came eagerly forward to take their places at the table; but no sooner was the cold admitted into the room by the entrance of the maids, than the air of the apartment was converted into a cloud of snow, which fell like a fine white powder, covering every person and article with a layer of hoarfrost. So common a circumstance, however, produced no effect on the hungry visitors, who fell vigorously on the first dish that presented itself—a kind of porridge made of oat and barley meal, in which salted salmon had been cooked, to give flavour to the mass. This was followed by roast ribs of beef, a brisket of mutton, a haunch of venison, grouse, a stuffed hare, and a large dish of reindeer forage. For the first quarter of an hour, all were busy with their teeth and fingers to think of eating; but after the edge of their appetites was a little dulled, and the party began to eat more leisurely, Carl exclaimed: 'Try these reindeer tongues; they are of the real sort; I had them, with half a pound, from Tueta Ladrone himself, when he last came to the village. Nay, you needn't blush, Gertruda,' he said, observing the almost frightened look of his wife as she heard the name of the individual in question—the poor fellow meant no harm in asking

for thy hand, although, even if I hadn't set my heart on Chris here—as thou didst too—he was quite out of the question.'

'Who's that?' demanded Frantz, with his mouth distended with stock-fish and roast brisket. 'Eh! what? Tueta, the Lap!—ah, bosh!' and swallowing hastily his mouthful, he turned his head, and, with a gesture of contempt, testified his disgust at the name of a Laplander by spitting on the floor.

'Had a Lap the insolence to propose for my Gertruda?' inquired Christopher, looking up from the rib of beef he was attacking with his teeth. 'I sicken at the name of a Lap.'

'Well, well, he meant no harm,' resumed the father apologetically; 'and I was obliged to speak him fair, for Tueta is powerful with his charms and incantations. Bless you! he's quite a magician, and has a black cat that, for instinct and devilry, I think is the very fiend himself. I wouldn't say it before him, but I hate a Lap; and that's the reason I've arranged for you to set out to-night, only three days after your wedding; because Tueta's gone home by the fiords instead of over the Tornea, where you might have met him; and his frown would put a blight on the best man living. Then, again, he's as dangerous to handle as a *goupe*.* Oh, he can do no end of mischief!'

'Have you got a cat, father Carl?' demanded Christopher, looking inquisitively at the top of the stove.

'Surely, lad—surely. Bumpo! Where is he?'

'Well, I suppose he is up there, on the roof of the stove,' he replied, 'for a pair of red eyes have been fixed on me for some time. There!' and he pointed to the servant's bed on the top of the stove.

'Oh, very likely; he's fond of a warm berth. Perhaps he's hungry. Bumpo!'

'I'll give him a bone, then,' cried the young man, taking up the heavy rib he had so carefully polished, and flung it with so true an aim, that it struck, as the company judged by the sound, the animal's head.

'By St Nicholas, that was a blow!' cried Carl sympathetically.

'It's made him shut up his eyes, at anyrate. I never saw such eyes in a cat's head before. But what manner of man is this Tueta?' inquired Christopher abruptly.

'Oh, he's well enough for a Lap,' replied his father; 'though he's not altogether a Lap, but a kind of cross: his father was a Dane, and so Tueta is rather good-looking, and as strong as an ox. Why, lad, his hat's covered with tin scales—one for every bear he has killed, according to the custom of the Laps. Then he plays on the flute beautifully; but notwithstanding, like all his people, he's powerful ignorant.'

'Poor wretch!' ejaculated Christopher, in a tone of pitying scorn.

'Poor!' exclaimed his father in astonishment, mistaking the cause of his son's pity: 'Tueta poor! A man with a summer *gamme* on the Waranger Fiord, and a winter one on the Luhea. Poor! A man who owns a thousand reindeer—has a cap of black fox, and a cloak of martens' skins—can eat deer's flesh every day of the year—has a rifle, a copper kettle, two iron spoons and a fork. Poor! Why, lad, where be thy senses!'

'Rich or poor, he's but a benighted heathen,' exclaimed the hostess; 'for who ever believed that a Lap had a soul! If he had one at his birth, his wicked mother was sure to sell it to the Evil One, with his first teeth. But if Chris and Gertruda mean to cross the Seggevara to-night,' continued she, 'instead of sitting here talking of Lapland heathens,

* The *goupe*, or lynx, when attacked, throws itself on its back, and, with its powerful claws, frequently rips up the dogs that hunt it.

you'd better yoke the horse to the *pulta*, and get the skins ready for travelling.' And the frau rose hastily. Her suggestion, or rather command, was at once carried out, for the wife's word was law in the house, however much Herr Carl might delude himself with the belief that he was its master.

Quitting the table accordingly, the female part of the company ascended to the bedrooms, to dress the young wife for her first departure from home, while the men gathered round Christopher, as he equipped himself for his long journey through the severe cold of a mountain region; and he was just accoutered and ready as the *pulta*, or travelling-sledge, and horse came up to the door.

Gertruda had just entered, carefully wrapped in her furs, and holding her vizard of white gauze in her hand, and was giving and taking the farewell kiss, when a *pulta*, drawn by a Daniah horse, with its chime of merry bells, dashed past the window, and before the driver could be seen distinctly, had left the street, and was lost in the shadow of the mountains.

Cheered by knowing that another traveller was on the same path, Christopher hastened his preparations, and the weeping Gertruda was led out by her husband, and placed among the pile of cushions and furs. Passing her arms through the straps at the back of the sledge, to keep her stationary, Christopher carefully adjusted her mask, and drawing the skins over her person, fixed her securely in the low carriage; then looking to the priming of his rifle, he took his seat in the *pulta*, and waving his hand to the group at the door, gave his horse the rein. With an impatient bound, the animal dashed into the street, and with long strides, tore over the polished snow with a speed that soon left the town and its inhabitants far behind; while the velocity of their motion, and the purple fires and golden lights that cast their scintillating glory over their path, so exhilarated the spirits of the travellers, that their enjoyment rose to a kind of ecstasy.

Two hours of rapid travelling brought them to their first halting-place, whence, after an hour's rest and refreshment, the pair again set forward, and in two hours more reached their destination for the night—a stove, situated in a chasm of the loftiest pinnacle of the chain up whose side they had thus far travelled.* The view from this point of the Lulian Alps was truly magnificent. Far down at their feet, lay the narrow indented shores of Norway, while beyond, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the vast Atlantic; northward, the Loffoden Isles, and the stormy horrors of the North Cape; while on the east, the level plains of Sweden, and the barren steppes of Lapland, filled up the picture.

Taking advantage of the early morning, the pair performed the descent of Lulea, and halted at a small inn on the banks of Lulea Treiste. Christopher here discovered that a sprain his horse had sustained was likely to detain him some time, as not another was to be obtained, and his own was unfit to journey further: this, when a few hours' drive would have carried them to Gora, was most vexatious; for there was no knowing how long they might be delayed, or to what annoyances subjected. Finding his horse grew worse rather than better, towards evening, Christopher threw his rifle over his shoulder, and leaving Gertruda in charge of the master of the inn, set off to a game of Laplanders, to hire one or two reindeer to take their sledge home. As Gertruda sat reflecting on the discomforts that surrounded her, and contrasting the repulsive room with the cheerful abode she would

make of her new home for her beloved Christopher, and picturing her future with all the colouring of hope and affection, her ear became conscious of a low breathing music that gradually stole into the apartment, and rising with measured cadence, filled the air with tones of such plaintive harmony, that the young wife bent her head with curiosity and delight to catch every vibration of the touching melody. When the strain was over, and Gertruda scarcely yet recovered from her wonder, she was roused from her reverie by the gladly recognised clack, click, clack, the noise made by the knees of the reindeer when in motion, and the jingling of the *pulta*-bells appraising her of the success of her husband's mission.

'I am to help you into the *pulta*, while Herr Christopher pays the Lap for the use of his deer,' observed the master of the inn, as he entered and announced the sledge. The host having assisted to pass her arms through the shoulder-straps, enclosed her hands in a pair of long gloves, closed the apron, and saying he would call her husband, retired. The man who stood by the deer having whispered in their ear the place of their destination—a custom a Lap never omits before starting—stepped backwards with the reins till on a level with the sledge, when, bounding into the vehicle, the reindeer dashed forward like the wind, the mysterious driver standing erect and motionless as a pine, while the host leaped upon the runners, and held firmly to the back of the *pulta*.

The whole proceeding was so quick, that Gertruda was unconscious of the treachery practised till already in motion. As soon, however, as she could comprehend her situation, she shrieked with terror, and called upon her husband for aid and rescue. Christopher, who was returning from an unsuccessful conference with the Lap, at that moment descended into the plain, and hearing the voice of his wife, sprang forward to ascertain the meaning of her cries, as the sledge came flying onwards. Without checking the speed of his deer, the motionless driver drew a missile from his breast, and hurled it at the head of the intruder; but Christopher, quick of eye, caught the projectile in his hand. One glance told him with whom he had to deal, and what to expect. It was the bone he had thrown at the supposed cat! Dashing it to the ground, he instantly brought his piece to bear on the erect form of the fugitive, and fired; but at that moment the *pulta* dipped into one of the hollows, and threw the back of the innkeeper into the line of aim, and the shot entering his spine, he threw up his arms, and, with a loud shriek, fell heavily on the snow; but, indifferent to the wail of the dying wretch, the impassive driver kept on his course, and in a few moments was lost in the haze that swept like a dark scud over the dreary region. Christopher saw that pursuit was hopeless, and turned with a vindictive heart to retrace his footsteps, brooding on some swift and terrible revenge. Suddenly, the silence of the night was broken by a cry, that rang through the frosty air with a wail as shrill and wild, that Christopher paused in suspense to hear a repetition of the sound. After some moments of intense listening, the growl and snarl of a gorging wolf came down like a deep breathing through the stillness. With a smile of grim pleasure, he reloaded his rifle, and, throwing it over his arm, stalked stealthily back to the inn.

When Gertruda saw her husband start so unexpectedly on their path, her first intention was to throw herself from the *pulta*; but she soon discovered that the accomplice, when he drew on the large gloves, had artfully united her wrists, so that she was a complete prisoner, pinioned and handcuffed.

That Tueta was the author of this outrage, she had no doubt; and when she could muster courage to look on the motionless driver before her, she had no hesitation in believing that he and the dreaded Lap were the

* Stove, a building erected and maintained at the public expense for the comfort of travellers among the mountains in Norway, where, free of all charge, large stoves are kept burning day and night, for the accommodation of all who journey in such elevated regions.

me. His well-built, muscular frame—for he differed most characteristics from the people of his nation—boded of itself a strong confirmation of her belief; hile none but Tueta could have preserved such a untless attitude, his form rising like a mast from e carriage, and swaying with the flying pulta. gain, had other circumstances left any doubt, a nce at his dress would have dispelled it. A tall p, of the priceless black fox, rose straight from his rehead; while the tail of a snow-white ermine, its tremity tipped with black, hung from the crown his shoulders like a drooping feather. The robe at encompassed his person was made of many hun- ed skins of the black marten, and descended in regal splitude from the neck to the heels, while a chain of ver amulets, rings, and medals, crossed, like a collar state, his furry shoulders. As regarded his features, rtruda was yet in ignorance; for though Tueta d seen her frequently, she had never herself met m, and it was only through her mother that she d heard of his proposal for her hand. It was there not without a certain curiosity that, despite the nger of her position, she watched for some motion her guide that should enable her to see his counte- nce; but though the north wind came howling over e bleak steppes, and the flying reindeer dashed up e snow like spray, and the swells and dips in the rface of the plain made the carriage rise and fall e a vessel in a storm, the driver never for a oment removed his unprotected glance from the ack outline of hills that rose like a wall in the stance, and towards which the reindeer stretched ir utmost speed. As if a part of the inert vehicle, continued to stand erect; now over the plain and even steppes, and anon up the mountain-track and wn the gloomy glens and rifts. At length, dashing to a sheltered ravine, and skirting the bank of a zen lake, whose ice, blue as steel, contrasted nly with the universal white that covered hill d vale, the deer suddenly halted before a series of gammes or low huts—the winter encampment of eta Ladrone the Lap.

The driver had scarcely leaped to the ground, when, th a cry and a howl, a huge black cat bounded on e shoulders, and began caressing him in a manner ferocious as playful. During this ceremony, three four Laps hurried to the pulta, and, unfastening r gloves, carried Gertruda at once into the largest mme; where, such was the effect of the sudden heat d unwholesome atmosphere of the place, she would ve fainted but for the assistance of several women, ho, by removing her furs, and giving her a draught reindeer milk and brandy, succeeded in relieving r from the feeling of suffocation caused by the oven- e heat of the gamme.

As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, the women eed before her hot milk, boiled salmon, and dried er's flesh, which, as she had been many hours without od, and exposed to the rigour of the weather, she e absolutely in need of. From the women, she uld learn nothing further than that Tueta himself d been her conductor—that this was only one of his rms—that the great gamme with his mother and here, was a day's journey further to the east, and at the hut she was in was the women's gamme. ailing to elicit any further intelligence, and expressing r weariness, they brought her a mattress of eider athers, and a pillow of Lapland grass; and spreading y the fire, Gertruda laid herself down on the luxu- us bed, and, despite her anxieties, closed her eyes, d was almost instantly asleep: while the women, ith their knees up to their chins, and faces resting on eir hands, kept watch round the fire, gazing with eir small beared eyes into the glowing embers, and e subdued whispers, recounting to each other tales f incantation and witchcraft. The strong odour of

cooked meat, and the voices of the women, raised in dispute, awoke Gertruda from a sleep that had extended over the lapse of two meals, so profound had been her slumbers. The sudden jangling of sledge-bells apprised her that something of import- ance had occurred, and while she was yet pondering upon its nature, the women began suddenly to attire her precisely as she had been dressed when she arrived. The same men immediately after entered, and taking her in their arms, placed her, pinioned as before, in a pulta, to which three reindeer were already attached, while Tueta, as before, stood at their head. Having given the usual muttered notice to his team, the Lap sprang into the carriage, and the animals bounded forward, leaving the huts, lake, and valley behind, as the buoyant sledge, holding onwards, rapidly crested the mountains that encompassed them. In about two hours, they descended the last hill, and entered on the vast level that, stretching from the Tornea River to the White Sea, extends for three hundred leagues its desolate waste of snow, without landmark or track.

Though their course was still rapid, it wanted that velocity which had heretofore characterised their progress, for the snow was so deep on the plain, that the runners of the pulta dashed it up like billows, while the sinking sledge was frequently some feet below the level of the channel through which they ploughed their impetuous way. After proceeding some leagues over this ocean of snow, Tueta, grasping the rifle that lay in front of the pulta, and pointing with it to the dark and hazy distance, turned his face for the first time to Gertruda, and said: 'He is a good husband, and will risk much for his wife. I will not kill him, but he shall have no advantage;' and dropping the muzzle of his rifle till it rested on the bottom of the carriage, he used the butt as a crutch to lean on.

'I do not comprehend,' replied Gertruda, in surprise at the abruptness of his words, and almost quailing before the piercing glance he bent with a fascinating power on her countenance. Shaking off some of the influence inspired by the presence of the dreaded man on whom she looked for the first time, she gazed on his features with a feeling of wonder and surprise. His eyes, of an intense black, had all the fire and tenderness of a southern clime, and though of the same colour, were unlike those of his people, in being full and open—a peculiarity that, with his broad fore- head, he derived from his Danish father; at the same time, his high cheek-bones and projecting jaw were equally indicative of his Lapland origin, though the repulsive character of the latter feature was greatly modified by a full moustache, and a beard that flowed majestically on his breast. But the sallow complexion and small hands and feet were purely Lap, though the straight limbs and perfect symmetry of form were derived from his father. On the whole, Tueta was what might be justly called a handsome man.

'I mean,' replied the Lap, 'that your husband follows us. But we will strive on equal terms. Do you understand?—your husband is there!' and he turned his glance to the south. Gertruda directed her gaze in the direction indicated, and after a long scrutiny of the scud that swept over the horizon, perceived what might have been mistaken for the hull of a ship, which, parallel with themselves, seemed stationary on the verge of the waste. At length she was enabled to make out a sledge and four reindeer through a break in the scud, as it was for a moment defined against the leaden sky beyond. The pleasure which Gertruda derived from the knowledge of her husband's presence, was quickly banished when she saw Tueta turn his deer in a course that would bring him directly across her husband's track, especially when she looked at the deadly weapon he held in readiness. These feelings were excited to the keenest terror when she observed

the other sledge put about, and the two vehicles rapidly converging. When within a few furlongs of each other, Tueta raised his rifle, and fired; at the same moment, the pulta again flew round, and the animals bounded like the wind upon their former course. Instantaneously with the discharge, the leading deer of the approaching sledge sprang into the air, and fell dead among its companions. To cut the harness, and throw out the lifeless deer, rearrange his team, and once more follow the pursuit, was but the work of a few seconds; and Gertruda had the satisfaction to know that her husband was unhurt and again in motion on their trail.

Familiar with all the bearings of the snowy desert, and confident of his route, Tueta never for a moment doubted his being able to baffle all pursuit. But he had to deal with a man every whit as resolute as himself; and what might have been a successful stratagem under other circumstances, lost all its effect when met by such energy as was exhibited by Christopher Steinhoff, who was personally as indifferent to danger as the witch-inspired Lap himself. Though the death of his deer somewhat delayed him, yet he was again upon the track, sooner than Tueta could have believed possible; with his rifle on his knees, he urged on the chase with the utmost speed of his untiring deer. But so uncertain was the drifting scud, that it became necessary for both men to keep as large a space between them as possible, till one or other could fire with advantage.

'Herr Christopher is swift,' observed Tueta to Gertruda, as his eye caught her husband's sledge looming through the haze; 'but it shall avail him nothing; I'—A flash of red flame leaped from the side of the dimly seen sledge as he spoke, and a bullet whirled in the air. With a deep frown, the Lap instantly reversed his rifle, and drew a cartridge from his pouch. 'He has unsheathed the knife; let him look to its edge,' he said vindictively, as he rammed home the charge. 'I would have spared him, but now he dies.'

'My husband!' exclaimed Gertruda in terror; 'spare him—spare him.'

'Hark!' he cried abruptly; 'the wolves bark over the dead deer; they will eat his flesh too, and the snow will bury his bones. Look!' and turning the direction of his deer, the pulta flew round, and held a course in the track of the sledge, which the next moment was seen bursting out of a dense scud, bearing down in full career, with such an impetus, that all Tueta's skill was needed to avoid a collision. They dashed past with a velocity that carried them again beyond the sight or sound of each other; but at the instant of recognition, and while in midway, both men levelled their rifles, and fired; and though Gertruda strove to discover whether her husband was hurt, such was the speed at which they flew, that the sledge was beyond her sight before she could form an opinion. Tueta was apparently unharmed, for he directly reloaded his piece, and stood silent and motionless, as the pulta dashed onward on its altered course.

At length, as if awaking from a dream, the Lap shook his head, and looked keenly round the horizon. Not discovering the object he sought, he put about the pulta, and the deer started in an opposite direction with redoubled speed. After many bends and unsuccessful tacks over the pathless snow, his practised eye at last discovered the sledge emerging from the scud. Tueta instantly raised his rifle, and taking deliberate aim at the approaching figure, fired. The next moment, the piece fell from his hands, and without a sigh, or the slightest indication of pain, the Lap dropped heavily over the front of the pulta, as his foremost deer, pierced by a ball from the sledge, fell dead, bringing the vehicle to a sudden halt. So swiftly

was the sledge borne over the ground, that it passed the pulta some distance before Christopher could check its velocity, or bring his vehicle to the side of his prostrate enemy. To leap from the carriage and find his rescued wife in his arms, was the work of a moment. So unbounded was his joy, and so fervent Gertruda's thankfulness at her husband's safety, that for some time neither could speak; never till that moment, when their troubles were over, had the dangers they had escaped appeared so formidable.

He liberated his Gertruda's hands, and pressed her to his heart, as he carried her from the pulta, and placed her in his own sledge; and he thought as he kissed her lips, and received her approving smiles and thanks, that she had never looked so beautiful, nor been so dear to him, as then. Christopher next approached his prostrate rival, and searched minutely for the wound which he must have received more than half an hour previous, for he had fallen before the last shot that struck the deer was fired. A little blood that had oozed from the right side was the only injury his examination could discover; and believing he had only fainted, Christopher drew the dead deer into the pulta, and making it serve as a pillow to the wounded man, laid him along the carriage, and covered him up with furs. Trusting to the sagacity of the animals to take their master home, he clasped his hands, and starting the deer, saw them dash off in an easterly direction with their accustomed speed. Having watched their progress till they were lost in the haze of the horizon, he took his place by his beloved wife in the sledge, and directing his course south, was soon flying—like a ship before the wind—upon his homeward journey.

Obtaining a relay from a gamme near Kangia, in six hours more they were dashing through the solitary streets of Gora, and at length drew up before the door of Herr Steinhoff's house.

Leaping out of the sledge, Christopher caught Gertruda lovingly in his arms, and, as if fearful of losing his coveted prize, carried her into the house, placing her in a warm settle near the stove, he knelt by her side, and passing his arm affectionately round her waist, with an endearing kiss welcomed her to his Swedish home.

COMETS.

We were leaving Byculla Church, after evening service, one Sunday in the spring of 1843, when the first comet we ever saw was presented to our eyes. Its whereabouts was announced to us in a very startling manner by the cry of a child who was with us, 'Mamma! there is a fiery sword in the heavens!'

Bending from beneath the carriage-hood in astonishment, we beheld the most glorious apparition our eyes had ever dwelt on—a comet, and such a comet! a small nucleus, bright and clear, and a tail, which, scimitar-shaped, swept over half the heavens, and dipped its slender point in the western sky. Even now we can see by the eye of memory the white radiance of that delicate splendour. It was of transparent light—one could see through it the stars of Orion quivering as through a milky haze. The sight of this glorious stranger was a surprise to the European population of Bombay; the natives—at least to whom we spoke—expected it. When we asked of Parsee Arjeeesha, what he thought of it, he replied, 'Much fine comet, Ma'am Sahib. People know it is coming. Great empire going to fall.'

The superstition put us in mind of the tales of Europe in the middle ages, with allusions to the pages of the old dramatists are to be found.

activity,' says Owen Glendower, 'the front of heaven as full of fiery shapes.' And again, in *Julius Cæsar*, Shakespeare makes Calphurnia, with the feeling of his people as well as of hers, say :

When beggars die, there are no comets seen—
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

How did these unlearned Asiatics forebode the coming of the comet, of which European science was ignorant? One cannot tell; but one thing is certain, the Chinese have ever had a peculiar sympathy with these long-tailed strangers; they traced the starry path of each of those visible to them through every separate constellation, more than five hundred years before the Christian era. They call the tail of a comet a 'brush;' and were the first to observe and record a comet which was not known in Europe till the sixteenth century—that is, that the tail is always turned away from the sun, so that their line of prolongation passes through its centre. It might, therefore, have been from Chinese science that the Parsee and Hindoo were led to expect *my* comet. How beautiful it was, and how we used to sit and watch it from the house-top at those delicious starry nights! We were told by some officers who came just then from England, that here it looked only like a cloudy star, and the eye had to seek for it before it could be perceived. We were sorry that the eyes most dear to us could not rest in its glorious beauty also; but stranger as it was, we were quite to love it and look for it, and were pained when its place knew it no more, and it had vanished into space. Comets go away for such long periods of time, generally, that we can scarcely ever hope to meet them again. We have heard since that our English visitor was even more resplendent in North America, for it was seen in daylight, in dazzling sunshine, at New Bedford, Massachusetts, on the 28th of February, the distance of the very dense nucleus from the sun's light admitting of being measured with such exactness. We ourselves have traced it as a heavy cloud upon the eastern sky, before the daylight had quite faded; but the sun of India allows of no rival in its noonday dominion.

We have been led into this reminiscence of the comet of 1843, by hearing of the strange commotion and apprehension which the expected visitor of 1857 is creating in some parts of Europe, and even in England. A friend wrote to us the other day, that the shoemakers of the county town had left off work, expecting, like others, that the 13th of June was to see the end of the world; and being determined, they said, to enjoy the last month of their existence! Now, though we cannot assuredly say that combustion by a comet is *impossible*—for the orbit of Biela's comet intersects that of the earth, and might, therefore, as Humboldt observes, be productive of danger—still, the chances are so greatly *against* it, that we felt convinced ourselves we should experience no evil consequences from the coming visitor. As, however, everything mysterious or indistinct to our mind has a certain awfulness and shadow of fear about it, we purpose to lay before the general reader some facts concerning these fiery denizens of the sky, which may render them more familiar objects to our imaginations: not that we know a great deal of the comets; we are not at all, not even the wisest of our astronomers, on such intimate terms with them as we

are with our next-door neighbours the planets, or even with the aristocracy of fixed stars beyond, but we do know something from actual and recent research and experiment, and that we mean to tell.

And first—rare visitors as the comets are to us, they are, nevertheless, a very large tribe in themselves. Kepler tells us that there are more comets in the regions of space than fishes in the depths of the ocean. They have not, as the stars, a striking family-likeness, but vary in appearance so much, that a description of one of them could only be applied with caution to another. 'The faintest telescopic comets are generally devoid of visible tails, and resemble Herschel's nebulous stars.' This is the most simple type; but we cannot be sure, therefore, that these are infantine specimens of the perfect meteor, as they may just as probably be the remains of older cosmical bodies exhausted by exhalation. In the larger comets, we can distinguish the head or nucleus, and the single or even double tail. The head presents no definite outline, except in a few rare cases, when it appears as a star of the first or second magnitude, as did that of our personal friend of 1843. Doubtless, this indicates, in the case of these individuals, a greater thickness of mass, capable of reflecting light in greater intensity. The tails are sometimes single, sometimes double; frequently their branches are of different lengths—in one instance, in 1744, a comet appeared with a *six*-branched tail, the whole forming an angle of 60 degrees. The tails are straight or curved, and sometimes appear even like a flame in motion, and are of all sizes. The tail of the one seen in 1618 measured 104 degrees!

The mass of a comet is smaller than that of any other cosmical body, indeed insignificant in comparison, though never yet in any case precisely ascertained; but they occupy much more space, their tails extending over many millions of miles. 'The cone of luminous vapour,' says Humboldt, 'which radiates from a comet, has been found in some cases—as in 1680 and 1811—to equal the length of the earth's distance from the sun, forming a line that intersects the orbits both of Venus and Mercury. It is even probable that the vapour of the tails of comets mingled with our atmosphere in the years 1819 and 1823.' Can any of our readers remember if those years were especially hot? for we have some small misgiving as to great heat this approaching summer, in consequence of the expected bright one.

The variations in form which occur in comets are many and frequent. The comet seen by Hensius at St Petersburg in 1744, had a well-defined tuft of rays emanating from that part of the nucleus or head which was turned towards the sun; and these, bending backwards, formed a part of the tail. The nucleus of Halley's comet, 1835, resembled a burning rocket, the end of which was turned sidewise by the force of the wind. The rays assumed different forms on successive nights, as they were watched by M. Arago and Humboldt from the Paris Observatory. The comet of 1823 had two tails in opposite directions, one turned towards the sun, the other from it, forming with each other an angle of 160 degrees.

With regard to the light of comets—an important question when the burning of the earth is dreaded from it—the experiments of M. Arago with an instrument called the polariscope, have informed us that it is *principally* reflected. 'On the 3d of July 1819,' says Humboldt, 'Arago made the first attempt to analyse the light of comets by polarisation, on the evening of the sudden appearance of the great comet. I was present

at the Paris Observatory, and was fully convinced, as were also Matthieu and the late Bonvard, of the dissimilarity in the intensity of the light seen in the polariscope, when the instrument received cometary light. When it received light from Capella, which was near the comet, and at an equal altitude, the images were of equal intensity. On the reappearance of Halley's comet in 1835, the instrument was altered so as to give, according to Arago's chromatic polarisation, two images of complementary colours—green and red. . . . The comet shewed polarised, and therefore reflected light, whilst the fixed star Capella shone forth a *self-luminous sun*. It does not follow that a comet has no light of its own; the reflected may exist with the independent light, as it is supposed may be the case even with the planets; but every experiment appears to prove that these snowy, and, when seen by daylight, cloudlike strangers, are nothing more than mirrors of the sun's brightness, and, as such, very little likely to set fire to the earth.

Three of the known comets are called planetary, because they do not pass beyond the limits of the orbits described by the principal planets. These are Encke's, Biela's, and Haye's. Biela's comet—which appears every six years—intersects the earth's path in its course, and is the only one which does so; but when this passage occurred in 1832, it required a full month before the earth could reach the point of intersection. And even if so unlikely an event as a collision had occurred, the planet would probably have suffered little, if at all; the poor comet seems more likely to have been the victim of the shock. This comet also intersects Encke's, and both revolve at short periods. Littrow* has, therefore, justly observed, that 'amid the many perturbations experienced by such small bodies from the attraction of the larger planets, there is a *possibility*—supposing a meeting of these planets to occur in October—that we earth-dwellers may witness the wonderful spectacle of an encounter between the two, and possibly of their amalgamation or destruction.' One feels inclined to say with Cowper, in *John Gilpin*: 'May I be there to see!'

The host of other comets roll far away from our system into the regions of space, appearing only at long intervals of time, and in no dangerous proximity to our planet. The beautiful comet of 1811 requires a period of 3065 years to complete its appointed circuit—the colossal one of 1680 as much as 8800 years, according to Encke's calculation.

In closing this brief notice of comets in general, we cannot forbear to quote Humboldt's concluding remarks concerning them:

'Since scientific knowledge,' he says, 'has been more extensively diffused through wider circles of social life, apprehensions of the possible evils threatened by comets have acquired more weight, as their direction has become more definite. The certainty that there are within the known planetary orbits, comets which revisit our regions of space at short intervals—that great disturbances have been produced by Jupiter and Saturn in their orbits, by which such as were apparently harmless have been converted into dangerous bodies—the intersection of the earth's orbit by Biela's comet—the *cosmical vapour* which, acting as a resisting and impeding medium, tends to contract all orbits—the individual difference of comets, &c., &c. . . . are all considerations more than equivalent both as to number and variety, to the vague fears entertained by early ages of the general conflagration of the world by flaming swords and stars with fiery streaming hair. As the consolatory considerations which may be derived from calculating probabilities address themselves to reason and to meditative understanding only, and not to the imagination or to

a desponding condition of mind, modern science has been accused—and not entirely without reason—of not attempting to allay apprehensions which it has been the very means of exciting. It is an inherent attribute of the human mind to experience fear, and not hope or joy, at the aspect of that which is unexpected and extraordinary. The strange form of a large comet, its faint nebulous light, and its sudden appearance in the vault of heaven, have in all regions been almost invariably regarded by the people at large as some new and formidable agent, inimical to the existing state of things. The sudden occurrence and short duration of the phenomenon, lead to the belief of some equally rapid reflection of its agency in terrestrial matters, whose varied nature renders it easy to find events that may be regarded as the fulfilment of the evil foretold by the appearance of these mysterious cosmical bodies. In our own day, however, the public mind—in Germany—'has taken another and more cheerful, although singular turn, with regard to comets; and in the German vineyards of the beautiful valleys of the Rhine and Moselle, a belief has arisen ascribing to these once ill-omened bodies a beneficial influence on the ripening of the vine.'

We need only add, that the expected comet of 1857 is, we are told, the bright stranger that frightened Charles V. from his throne, and—'it's an ill comet that does nobody good!'—was supposed to be an attendant sign of the Reformation, then about to be established in England through the accession of Elizabeth.

THE ALDBURGH COACH.

ALDBURGH, to which there are now three daily trains in summer, and two in winter, was, about twenty years ago, provided with one stage-coach, carrying four insides and thirteen outsides, besides occasional interlopers. Of this vehicle I was a pretty frequent customer, for the sake of the angling which is to be enjoyed in perfection in the river flowing past Aldburgh. Imagination fondly turns back to those days, when, just returned from a thirteen years' exile in India, I was fain to make periodical visits to a scene of recreation familiarised to me in boyhood, where the pleasures of the rod are to be obtained in perfection. Yet, verily, must I confess that my occasional piscatory enjoyments were purchased at a rather dear rate in the incommodations connected with that coach, by which I used to be conveyed to the place of action.

The starting of the Aldburgh coach was always attended with more or less of excitement. Notwithstanding my practice of engaging a seat the day before, and taking care to be on the ground in good time, I never somehow could be quite sure that all would be right. Generally, on coming up and casting a hurried glance at the interior, I would find the whole space occupied by a number of placid-looking, but determined females, inclusive of one with a nursing-child. My repugnance to outside travelling would make me insist upon my rights; but it was no pleasant thing to see the nurse and her baby descend from the vehicle, casting on me a look of outraged humanity as she passed, and then to take my due place among the indignant sisterhood who remained, not without some apprehension that they would combine with the outsides to toss me in a blanket at the first halting-place. Meanwhile, the driver-cum-guard—for the two were united in one—would bustle about, tearing and swearing, along with a distracted and bareheaded clerk

* *Beobachtende Astron.* 1835. S. 274.

from the office, as they vainly endeavoured to reconcile a discrepancy between the numbers on the coach and the way-bill. In intervals of imprecation, the former official would come every minute to thrust parcels under my seat, obliging me to sit with my knees up to my mouth while he did so; or else would stuff packages into the pockets of the coach, till they amounted to the bulk of a couple of extra passengers, grievously encroaching upon the space assigned to the ladies and me.

When at length we had got every receptacle stuffed, and twenty extra things hung on, and all the insides and outsides fitted, and the three horses put into due order for starting by the assistance of porters and bystanders, off our vehicle rolled, or rather swung, along the crowded street. The fearful crowding on the top was shadowed to the insides on the walls of the houses we passed, and we saw our jeopardy in the countenances of the crowd which we left gazing after us. It usually happened that, before we had advanced two hundred yards, the driver stopped, descended, and, after casting a wistful look at the inside, as if he had not known that it was full, proceeded to make a new adjustment of the luggage on the top, in the hope of giving his vehicle a better centre of gravity. Then would be heard interchanges of civilities between him and certain Irish labourers whom he was disturbing in their seats, or possibly the scoldings of old women who considered themselves as disrespected, or clamours from my friend the nurse-maid, mingled with the screams of her infant charge, and the curses—not loud, but deep—of the old-bachelor gentleman, for his sins placed next her. On renewing our journey, a shoemaker's apprentice would get upon the steps behind, by way of quickening his progress to his work, and set himself to gaze with an alarmed and curious expression at my face, till I begin to think myself something not fit for this world. By and by, the outskirts of the town being reached, my young friend would drop with a farewell shout of defiance. The green fields now beginning to appear, I would turn to contemplate them through the window, but find I could get but the barest glimpses of them through a pair of hobnailed feet, hanging over from the roof. Rather than be reduced to a state of torpid endurance, I would then launch a remark on the long continuance of the east wind to my *vis-à-vis*, in the hope of leading to a conversation; but the curtness of the response would quickly settle that matter, and leave me no resource but to speculate in my own mind on the probable state of the river I was about to visit, and the amount of fish which I should consequently take.

Suddenly the coach stopped, and the driver, with an air of eager business, pushed into a public-house, where, by the favouring shift of a bit of curtain, I could see him in high confidence with the landlady, partaking leisurely of perhaps his second or third 'morning,' while the passengers sat in a state of patient and becoming solemnity. The reins were meanwhile intrusted to the hands of some stripling, who thought himself justified in playing the whip on the ribs of the skittish leader, which immediately would exhibit such vagaries as drew forth the screams of the old ladies. Our driver would come out, and, resuming his duty in no good-humour, revenge himself upon the three horses, and away we would go rushing at a furious pace down a slope terminating in a turn at

a narrow bridge, by far the most critical part of the journey. We pass without accident, and keeping on at the same pace, soon reach the end of the stage, where a sigh of relief breaks from my lady-companions. Their stiffness is now at an end, and I am consulted as to whether there was real danger in the piece of road we had passed. 'Well, ladies,' said I, 'I do not think there was *more* danger in it than one would encounter in a voyage to India.' Then would follow some comments on the evils of drink, which, being of a nature more trite than pointed, I need not repeat.

Willie—for so our charioteer was named—left all the business of changing the horses to a couple of ragged stable-boys. Taking a parcel from one of the pockets of the coach, and surveying it with a knowing look, he would dive into the inn, usually followed by one or two of the outsiders, who looked, or tried to look, as if they felt a little chilly. Then would the frequent passing to and fro of a dirty serving-girl reveal to us remaining passengers what was going on in the house. If we tired of watching these proceedings, we could turn our observation on the couple of hacks now attached to the coach—for the third was here dispensed with—and recall the apt description of Shakspeare:

The poor jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes;
And in their pale dull mouths the gimball bit
Lies foul with chewed grass, still and motionless.

A loud remonstrance from the passengers was necessary to recall the roisterers, when out would come the driver, blown with insolence and whisky, to resume his seat, and revenge himself by a couple of miles of as furious driving as the condition of his cattle admitted of.

In the course of our journey—granting that we overcame the sense of danger—other disagreeables were in store for us. We would feel a trickling sensation about the neck, and discover it to arise from the dripping of wine, beer, or other fluid, from cases of bottles carried on the roof—some one or two of which were sure to be broken in consequence of the driver's rough way of disposing of them. Sometimes we were visited by a sickening odour from a cod or turbot slung on the outside of our open windows, the said fish having perhaps been left two or three days in the coach-office before Willie remembered that he had been commissioned to bring it for a dinner-party. The windows of the coach were seldom whole; and seldom did we fail to get either an ear-ache or a gum-boil from the wind whistling through one of the crannies. It was ludicrous to see invalids going out to Aldburgh in quest of the health to be inhaled with its pure mountain breezes, and frequently commencing their residence there with an addition, incurred by the journey, to their ordinary ailments. I have sometimes been obliged on one of my journeys by this conveyance to sit for half the time holding the door shut by a strap, the ordinary means of closing being out of order. Arrived at length at our destination, our woes could scarcely be said to have ended. Luggage had been left behind or given out at the stopping-places instead of other packages, which had been carefully brought on. Articles of dress belonging to the lady-passengers, and carefully packed by them in handboxes, were found to have been crushed and wetted irremediably. Sad was it to hear the lamentations of the fair proprietor over perhaps a once gay turban in which great triumphs had been expected, as it would be extracted from its frail case, bearing much the appearance of a bunch of sea-weed.

At times, however, there was a mixture of agreeables in the Aldburgh coach; and I cannot reflect without

sorrow at the breaking up of the many associations connected with the old mode of travel. One who, like myself, travelled frequently by the coach, became acquainted with the principal families in the district, and all the characters along the line of road. Your periodical travellers were soon discovered: the farmers on the market-days, taken up at various points; the city-merchant on a Saturday, repairing to his family then living in the country; the clergyman on synod or assembly occasions; and the angler and the sportsman in their various seasons. There, too, you would frequently meet the gentleman who was amiably weak on the beauties of his native town, the place to which the coach was daily destined. How eloquent he was on its amenities, its healthiness—'pleasant the air, and light the soil.' He escaped monthly from the capital to draw an inspiration of the health-restoring atmosphere, and to fish once more the pools which never failed of trout. He was a living advertisement for the town; he could recommend you the proper inn, the comfortable lodgings, and the most respectable dealers. He could inform you on what days such a butcher had beef—scorning the base insinuation of a fellow-passenger that mutton was the only butcher-meat of the district. The awe-struck appearance of the insides would at times admonish you that a squire was squeezed in beside you; and when he was put down at the porter's lodge, and his numerous trunks reverentially deposited by the driver, the conversation became brisker, and the departed gentleman was turned inside out, his virtues and vices magnified or decried, according to the whim of the passengers or the humours of the time. The same awe was not always observed; for even in the rural districts of Scotland there are some unimpressible men who would push a snuff-box into the hands of the most distressingly mighty-looking aristocrat, and compel him to vouchsafe a reply. The various stoppages, also, at particular points, brought out a set of characters with whom we renewed our intercourse at each trip, thus getting, at times, an insight into the doings of the great folks in the neighbourhood. An enormous basket of fish let down at one lodge gave indication of a great dinner at the hall; the deposition of a squeamish lady's-maid, charged with numerous port-manteaus, the arrival of a great family at the castle. The inmates of certain public-houses, where parcels or trunks were left for the neighbourhood, were familiar to us; their raillery with the driver and the outsiders, we anticipated as a periodical treat. And at some villages, which could not boast of a public-house, there was always some active man, who, seemingly for the public good, left his loom or his stool, and charged himself with the reception of messages and parcels for the whole country round. As surely as the buzz of a fly in the web brought out the watchful spider, would the distant rumble of the coach evoke from his employment the expected man of all work, who, having thrown aside his shuttle or his last, stood bareheaded and coatless, ready to scan the inmates of the coach, and carefully receive the communications for the parish. One such as this we were always glad to see at the little village of —, who, while laying aside reverentially a parcel for the manse or hall, was not unmindful of the trunk of the country lass, or the letter for the shepherd in the distant glen. And shall we never again see that benevolent twinkle which recognised every passenger—that intelligent search which shewed that he knew better where the parcels were stowed than the driver—that sedulous care which, while uplifting the females of the place on the coach, did so with the most ingenious and fatherly gathering of their dresses? And have we heard for the last time that pleasant voice which used to bid a good-day to half of the passengers, and sometimes lent a friendly caution to the

excited Jehu himself? All this has passed: no longer will the blast of the guard or the shout of the coachman awake from sleep the alarmed occupants of the train of carts on their way to the distant coal-hill; no longer will the white-headed urchins of the hamlet scream delight or defiance to the long-expected coach, and pursue it with yells to the end of the town; no longer will the stoutest of them pant and labour for a mile in its wake till the expected penny, chucked out by some compassionate philanthropist, sends them back to the village. The old hill-farmer will no longer draw to the side of the road with his battered gig, casting a timid and reverential eye on the towered coach, as it sweeps furiously on. The traffic itself on the road is changed: the carrier's wain has disappeared, and with it the bull-dog which was the terror of all the children on the way; the brewer's van, with its portly horse, is no longer seen at the change-house, where, at the cross-road, were never wanting rows of cart-horses, with exhausted nose-bags, patiently awaiting the close of the protracted revel of their masters. The drove of cattle, urged on by shouting and foaming drivers, no longer trespasses on the slightly protected garden of the villager, but is compressed into the truck, over which they gaze with a look of stupid resignation. The road itself will change: the ruts will become less worn, the sides more verdant; and the breakers of stones, who so frequently gazed from nooks by the way with goggled curiosity and suspended hammer on the passing coach, are few and far between. The anvil is mute in the stithy; the last blast is blown, and the brawny smith with his lusty sons is now in the Far West. The parish school suffers in the change: the children of the farmer and the laird are now wafted daily in the train to some school in the neighbouring town or capital; and the vexed teacher, well versed in classic and mathematic lore, must condescend to the labours of an infant school. The toll-house is a mockery, its receipts not being sufficient to support the old man who has scarcely strength to throw open its portals; and the change-house, with its sanded floor, often a welcome sight to the traveller on foot on a sultry day, is now a private house, uninviting and impervious. The very aspect of the towns and villages is changed: you see them from new points of view, and the unrepresentable is often brought out painfully.

The old associations, the amusement and variety of travel, whether on foot or by coach, have passed away. The divergence of the pedestrian is gone, with all its suggestions and entertainments: the spring by the side of the way, at which you never failed to rest, and from which you rose refreshed, your hat 'moist with water-drops, as if it scooped the stream;' the runlet, where water-cresses were to be had in perfection; the knoll, whose ascent gave a distant view of some place of celebrity; the wood from which you could select your walking-staff—are now places comparatively unknown. This divergence could not be indulged in a stage-coach—but even in its day, there were many stops by the way, when something might be learned of the people through whom you were passing. We might even communicate with the return-coach, or scream out a message hastily as it passed; and when bent in the same direction, we could have kept up a conversation with a friend in his gig as he kept close behind with his horse's nose puffing into the basket; or, provided he could ride well, have him with us at the side of the coach, joking and galloping at the same time. But now, we pass each other in a whiff: the father knows not the features of his son in the crossing train. Even at the stations, where we are detained a second or two, there is an absence of all characters; one formal official twangs out the name of his village, as if trying to impress the passengers with the idea that it was a claim to recognition; but not a sash is drawn down

for the purpose of looking out; a mummy propriety occupies every passenger; the bell rings, the whistle sounds, and away whisks the monotonous and artificial mass of human beings.

MR CROSSE, THE ELECTRICIAN.

MR ANDREW CROSSE was a Somersetshire gentleman, of moderate fortune, who devoted himself with extraordinary zeal to experiments in electricity, and achieved a fame in that department of science. He died in 1855, at the age of seventy-one, and his widow has published a biographical volume regarding him, from which we learn that he was a man of ardent temperament and of singularly upright and truthful nature, with much of that simplicity which so often is seen forming an element of greatness. His old ancestral seat, Fyne Court, and his estate of Broomfield, occupy a retired but beautiful situation on the skirts of the Quantock Hills. He had in the course of time filled his house with electrical apparatus, and even extended it to the trees of his park, securing thereby, as may well be supposed, the alarmed wonder of the country-people, and probably inducing better educated neighbours to regard him as a little mad. In reality, he was a philosopher of the rarest stamp, one disposed to pursue nature into her coyest recesses, and wring from her her most mystic secrets, but all for the good of his kind, and in no observable degree for self-glorification.

In the early part of his career, Mr Crosse's attention was attracted to the crystals on the roof of a cave in his neighbourhood. He pondered on the laws which regulate the growth of crystals, and felt convinced that it was caused by some peculiar attraction. The idea of electric attraction occurred to him, and, taking home some of the water which dropped from the roof of the cave, he exposed it to the action of a voltaic battery, when, in about ten days, he was rewarded by seeing crystals forming on the negative platinum wire, which proved to be composed of carbonate of lime. When he repeated the experiment in the dark, the result was more quickly attained. Thus Mr Crosse simulated in his laboratory one of the hitherto most mysterious of the processes of nature. He pursued this line of research for nearly thirty years, totally unknown to the world, when in 1836 he was in a manner discovered by the British Association. Being induced to attend the meeting of that body at Bristol, he and his researches became known to Dr Buckland, who took an opportunity of speaking of them, introducing Mr Crosse as 'a man unconnected with any scientific body,' who had 'actually made no less than twenty-four minerals and even crystalline quartz.' The audience regarded him with astonishment, and their feelings were wound to a high pitch when they heard himself relate his experiments and their results. He owned to having made crystals of quartz and of arragonite, carbonates of lime, lead, and copper, besides more than twenty other artificial minerals. He considered it possible to make even the diamond, and expressed his belief that every kind of mineral would yet be formed by the ingenuity of man. The meeting got into a state of high excitement about Mr Crosse and his singular electrical operations. Compliments were showered upon him from all quarters; he became the especial 'lion' of the hour. These demonstrations, novel as they were, affected him not, and before the end of the week, he had slipped away, and was once more buried in his Somersetshire solitude.

A visitor at this time described Mr Crosse as a middle-aged man, of light active figure, intellectual cast of countenance, and the voice and movements of a person enjoying constant health and good spirits. His conversation was of a character entirely his own. 'Particularly striking is Mr Crosse's eloquence, when he tells you the wonders of his favourite science of

electricity, of its mysterious agencies in the natural phenomena of the heavens above, of the earth beneath, and of the waters under the earth; how it rules alike the motions of the planets and the arrangement of atoms; how it broods in the air, rides on the mist, travels with the light, wanders through space, attracts in the aurora, terrifies in the thunder-storm, rules the growth of plants, and shapes all substances, from the fragile crystals of ice to the diamond, which it makes by toil continued for ages in the womb of the solid globe. As he describes to you all these wonders, not imaginations of a dreamer, but realities which he has himself seen and proved, by producing, by the same agent and the same process, only in a lesser degree, the same results, his face is lighted up, his eyes are fixed upon the ceiling, present things seem to have disappeared from him, lost in the greater vividness of ideas which his full mind throngs before him; he pours out his words in an unfeeling stream; but though he has a command of epithets, he finds language inadequate to express his conceptions of the might of that mysterious element which, though so very mighty that it could annihilate a world as easily as it lifts a feather, he has summoned from its throne, compelled into his presence, guided with his hand, and made to do his bidding!—thus surpassing the fabled feats of the enchanters of old.'

The visitor entered the philosophical room, which he found sixty feet long, with a lofty arched roof, having been originally built as a music-hall. Here he saw an immense number of jars and gallipots, containing fluids on which electricity was operating for the production of crystals. 'But,' says he, 'you are startled in the midst of your observations by the smart crackling sound that attends the passage of the electrical spark; you hear also the rumbling of distant thunder. The rain is already plashing in great drops against the glass, and the sound of the passing sparks continues to startle your ear. Your host is in high glee, for a battery of electricity is about to come within his reach a thousandfold more powerful than all those in the room strung together. You follow his hasty steps to the organ-gallery, and curiously approach the spot whence the noise proceeds that has attracted your notice. You see at the window a huge brass conductor, with a discharging rod near it passing into the floor, and from the one nob to the other, sparks are leaping with increasing rapidity and noise, rap, rap, rap—bang, bang, bang. You are afraid to approach near this terrible engine, and well you may; for every spark that passes would kill twenty men at one blow, if they were linked together hand in hand, and the spark sent through the circle. Almost trembling, you note that from this conductor wires pass off without the window, and the electric fluid is conducted harmlessly away. On the instrument itself is inscribed, in large letters, the warning words, "Noli me tangere." Nevertheless, your host does not fear. He approaches as boldly as if the flowing stream of fire were a harmless spark. Armed with his insulated rod, he plays with the mighty power; he directs it where he will; he sends it into his batteries: having charged them thus, he shews you how wire is melted, dissipated in a moment, by its passage; how metals—silver, gold, and tin—are inflamed, and burn like paper, only with most brilliant hues. He shews you a mimic aurora, and a falling-star, and so proves to you the cause of those beautiful phenomena; and then he tells you, that the wires you had noticed as passing from tree to tree round the grounds, were connected with the conductor before you; that they collected the electricity of the atmosphere as it floated by, and brought it into the room in the shape of the sparks that you had witnessed with such awe.'

The crystal-producing operations were the subject of nearly unmixed admiration, and for some months

Mr Crosse stood on the pinnacle of fame as a great and original discoverer in science. People spoke of his *making* crystals, without either seeing that he in reality only arranged the conditions under which nature did the work, or imagining that such a creative effort as they attributed to him involved any impiety. It was by and by announced, unauthorisedly, that while Mr Crosse was experimenting with some highly caustic solutions, out of contact with atmospheric air, there had appeared, as if gradually growing from specks, between the poles of the voltaic circuit, certain insects of the *acar*us tribe. Mr Crosse himself made no pretension on the subject; at no time was he ever able to say more than that the insects always appeared under certain conditions, and not otherwise. It was, however, at once assumed that he now set himself forth as having developed animal life from inorganic elements—an idea most odious to both scientific and religious men. Instantly, he was assailed from a thousand quarters. Objections of the nature of pure assumptions were admitted as conclusive that the insects were produced from ova, according to the ordinary rules of nature. Serious, but weak people denounced him as an enemy of religion, though the fact was that Mr Crosse at all times of his life cultivated a pious frame of mind. The lustre that had fallen on his name was dimmed in a moment, and, notwithstanding all his protestations of innocence, it never revived. We have been assured that many honours which would naturally have been bestowed on the discoverer of the crystallising process, were withheld by reason of the unpopularity which arose from the vulgar error regarding the *acar*i.

Little liable to be affected by the praise or blame of man, Mr Crosse continued, for the remaining eighteen years of his life, to pursue his experiments. He simulated the making of metallic *lodes* or veins in clay; he caused the electric fluid to tear pure gold in pieces. He always spoke as feeling life to be too short for what he had to do. 'The real motto of his laboratory,' says Mrs Crosse, 'was, "It is better to follow nature blind-fold, than art with both eyes open." This expression explains the character of his mind, and the manner in which he sought results. When he walked out, he read, not in the book of man, but in the book of God. His acute powers of observation would reveal to him some peculiarity in the organisation of plants or combination of mineral substances, which often proved the first suggestion for a train of interesting experiments. Mr Crosse ever evinced the most wonderful patience in his scientific arrangements; for months, even for years, he would wait for results, and watch the slow induration of what he hoped might be an agate, or the minute aggregation of crystals, whose slowly developed facets he would carefully note down from time to time. At an early period of his experiments on crystalline formations, he was not unfrequently disappointed, from the fact of his having employed too strong an electric action. He used to say: "You cannot hurry nature;" too rapid an action throws down the substance in an amorphous state; atoms seem only to assume a crystalline form when they have time to arrange themselves in a state of polarisation to the surrounding atoms.'

At another time he wrote: 'When misfortune oppresses, and the cares of life thicken around us, how delightful is it to retire into the recesses of one's own mind, and plan with a view to carrying out those scientific arrangements, with a humble hope of benefiting our country, improving our own understandings, and finding unspeakable consolation in the study of the boundless works of our Maker! Often have I, when in perfect solitude, sprung up in a burst of school-boy delight at the instant of a successful termination of a tremblingly anticipated result. Not all the applause of the world could repay the real lover of science for the loss of such a moment as this.'

Though Mrs Crosse only attempts to give detached 'memorials' of her husband, the public owes her large thanks for her task, which certainly preserves for us some conception of a most remarkable man, sure in time to take a high place in the history of science. Her narration is often very animated, and her expressions striking and appropriate. The volume contains many specimens of poetry by her husband. They are far above mediocrity; yet we could have wished that he had never given to the muses any part of that time which might have been so much more worthily bestowed on science.

MUSIC OF THE STREETS AND CELLARS.

It is an April evening, colder than April evenings were wont to be in our childhood, but still bright and lovely as the young spring ever is. The sea is dancing in a fresh breeze from the south, and glittering with snowy crests of foam; the clear blue sky has here and there a mass of downy cloud resting on its deep azure, and from the esplanade there floats up the hill a sound—always the harbinger of spring and summer here—of street-music. How well in accordance are the sounds with those strange stirrings of memory and melancholy which the early season causes in most of us.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought;

Most people who have any sympathy with sounds can respond truly to Jessica's assertion, and say:

I am never merry when I hear sweet music;

but this softening effect of it is peculiarly felt, we believe, when the strain floats unconfin'd upon the air, when, as Shelley says,

A strain of sweetest sound
Wraps itself the wind around,
Until the voiceless wind be music too.

There is nothing more touching, in our opinion, than street-music; we can—as the musicians are frequently unseen—divest ourselves, when listening to it, of a thought of the performers, and imagine the sounds to be the 'airy tongues' of Milton, or the floating, fleecy magic that made Prospero's island

Full of noises,

Sounds and sweet airs that give delight to hurt not;

or, with a more human and less selfish sympathy, we can give a thought and a sigh to those who have perhaps wandered from their own land to gain a scant subsistence beneath the ungenial sky of the strange—the itinerant musicians.

A strange life theirs must be! such a compound of sweetness and sadness, pleasure and misery; for many of these wanderers have great taste for the art and much apparent enjoyment in its exercise. Last summer, an Italian boy, who played the harp charmingly, performed upon our lawn for some half-hour or more, and appeared much more gratified by our admiration and understanding of his skill than by the pecuniary recompense of it. What links they are, too, of the present with the past! Thoughts of troubadours and wandering minstrels, of Welsh bards and 'plaided strangers' with their mournful bagpipes, flit through the mind as we listen, and come as awakened echoes of the past. Dreams of Blondel and Rizzio, of 'le petit Lully,' and of many another wandering minstrel and hand, are brought back by the sounds even now floating on the air. That very melody they play was composed by a plaided stranger of higher grade and of more noble itinerancy; it is the *Annie Laurie* of poor Findlater.

Street-music, like everything else, has made a step forward during the last fifty years. The old-established organ-tunes even are changed; the Hundredth Psalm, *Auld Lang Syne*, and *Jim Crow*, have given place to airs from operas, and even to Beethoven's waltzes; whilst the street-bands and separate itinerants perform, and often in creditable style, music of a very good and even classical description. It would be amusing to trace the history of street-music in England from its earliest days to the present; but the subject thus carried out would require more space than the pages of the *Journal* allow. There would be the romances of real life to which we have already alluded; the famous fight of the fiddlers on the Welsh marches; the inn-music, waits, &c., of Elizabeth's and the preceding reigns; and the itinerant musicians of the Civil War, who were so numerous that the parliament made an ordinance declaring them vagrants. If no very great judges of the art, our ancestors were nevertheless lovers of it: we allude of course to the great body of the nation, the people; for the practice of having music in taverns and inns is constantly alluded to in our old English writers. It was not alone the courtier who might say: 'I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.' The itinerant fiddler, according to Bishop Earle, 'made it his business to get the names of the worshipful who slept at an inn, in order that he might salute them by their names at their rising in the morning;' and indeed at the greater inns, such as we should now call hotels, there were musicians who appear to have been in some sort retainers of the house. Fynes Moryson has given a hint of this in his *Itinerary*, when describing the arrival of a gentleman at an inn: 'While he eates, if he have company especially, he shall be offred musicke, which he may freely take or refuse; and if he be solitary, the musicians will give him the good-day with music in the morning.'

The last of these musicians who made it a regular custom to frequent taverns—'going abusking,' as it was called—was Thomas Eccles, a brother of the song-composer of Queen Anne's reign. The following account of him is given by one who heard this last of the inn-minstrels play in 1735:

'It was about the month of November that I, with some friends, were met to spend the evening at a tavern in the city, when a man, in a mean but decent garb, was introduced to us by the waiter. Immediately upon opening the door, I heard the twang of one of his strings from under his coat, which was accompanied by the question: "Gentlemen, will you please to hear any music?" Our curiosity, and the modesty of the man's deportment, inclined us to say yes; and music he gave us such as I had never heard before, nor shall again under the same circumstances. With as fine and delicate a hand as I ever heard, he played the whole fifth and ninth solo of Corelli, two songs of Mr Handel—"Del minaccian," in *Otho*, and "Spero mio caro bene," in *Admetus*. In short, his performance was such as would command the attention of the nicest ear, and left us, his auditors, much at a loss to guess who he was. He made no secret of his name; he said he was Thomas Eccles, the youngest of three brothers; and that Henry, the middle one, had been his master, and was then in the service of the king of France. We were very little disposed to credit the account he gave us of his brother's situation in France; but the collection of solos that have been published by him at Paris, puts it out of question.'

Unhappily, the moral character of poor Thomas Eccles was far inferior to his artistic one. He was idle, and given to drink; he lodged near Temple Bar, and was well known to the musicians of his time.

Contemporary with this itinerant musician lived the once celebrated small-coal man, Thomas Britton, who established the first concert in London. It may not

be unentertaining—we believe it may even be instructive—to give some account of this man, of whom we are told, that as he walked along the streets in his blue linen frock, and with his sack of small-coals on his back, the passers-by would say: 'There goes the famous small-coal man, who is a lover of learning, a performer in music, and a companion of gentlemen.'

Thomas Britton was born at Higham Ferrers, Northamptonshire. He left his native place while a boy, and bound himself apprentice to a small-coal man in St John Baptist's Street. 'After he had served his full time of seven years, his master gave him a sum of money not to set up business. Upon this, Tom went into Northamptonshire again, and after he had spent his money, he returned again to London, set up the small-coal trade [we are sorry for this breach of promise], and withal took a stable, and turned it into a house, which stood the next door to the little gate of St John's of Jerusalem next Clerkenwell Green. Some time after he had settled here, he became acquainted with Dr Garenners, his near neighbour, by which means he became an excellent chemist; and perhaps he performed such things in that profession as had never been done before, with little cost and charge, by the help of a moving laboratory, that was contrived and built by himself; which was much admired by all of that faculty that happened to see it; inasmuch that a certain gentleman of Wales was so much taken with it, that he was at the expense of carrying him down into that country on purpose to build him such another, which Tom performed to the gentleman's very great satisfaction; and for the same he received from him a very handsome and generous gratuity. Besides his great skill in chemistry, he was as famous for his knowledge of the theory of music, in the practical part of which faculty he was likewise very considerable. He was so much addicted to it, that he pricked with his own hand, very neatly and accurately, and left behind him a valuable collection of music . . . which was sold upon his death for near a hundred pounds.*'

It was his skill in music, however, not in chemistry, which won for Britton the extraordinary place he obtained in society, which he retained, also, without any change of station, habits, or occupation. The stable, transformed into a house, as Hearne informs us, was very old, low built, and mean—fit habitation only for one of the humblest station; yet there assembled the wit, genius, and beauty of England, and there were heard such strains as Her Majesty's Theatre have since scarcely surpassed. On the ground-floor was a repository for coals; over it a long, narrow room, so low, that a tall man could but just stand upright in it. The stairs to this room were on the outside of the house, and could with difficulty be ascended. This chamber was the scene of his concerts, begun with the assistance—not pecuniary aid, for they were free of expense—of Sir Roger l'Estrange, 'a very musical gentleman,' and frequented by all the great geniuses of the age. Here, Dr Pepusch, or the great Handel, played the harpsichord; Bannister or Medler, the first violin; Hughes, a poet, Woolaston the painter, Shuttleworth, &c., on other instruments. Matthew Dubourg was then but a child; but his first solo played in public was performed at Britton's concert, 'standing on a joint-stool;' and we are told the poor child was so awed at the splendid assembly, that he was near falling to the ground.

In addition to his reputation as a musician, Britton was known as an acute collector of rare old books and manuscripts; possessing, it may consequently be inferred, no small portion of literary taste. In these pursuits, his familiar associates were the Earls of Oxford, Pembroke, Sunderland, Winchelsea, and the Duke of Devonshire. These noblemen were in the

* From Hearne's Appendix to his *Hemingi Chartularii Ecclesie Wygorniensis*.

habit of meeting, at their leisure, at the shop of a bookseller called Christopher Bateman, at the corner of Ave Maria Lane, in Paternoster Row. As St Paul's clock struck twelve, Britton, who had then finished his morning rounds, would arrive there also, clad in his blue frock; and pitching his sack of small-coal on the bulk of Mr Bateman's shop-window, would go in and join them; and after a conversation which generally lasted about an hour, they were wont to adjourn to the Mourning Bush,* Aldersgate, where they dined, and spent the remainder of the day.

It was doubtless a happy thing for Britton that none of his noble friends made any attempt to remove him from the station in which it had pleased God to place him. They gave him their sympathy, their esteem, their society; and left him the habits, the associations, the ease, and the independence of his own birth: an example which it would be ever wise to follow. The error since has been the supposing that such tastes and so much cultivation render a man unfit for his station—displace and uproot him, as it were, and impose on him a different way of living. The blunder began when good Queen Charlotte recompensed a witty novelist by imposing on her the duties and habits of a lady's-maid; and it has gone on ever since. Let us learn from Thomas Britton that the arts may enlighten the lowliest dwelling, and cheer the humblest lot, without appearing ungraceful or out of place.

The circumstances of Britton's death were as remarkable as those of his life. Amongst the usual performers at his wonderful concerts was a magistrate for Middlesex, called Justice Robe, a man fond of practical jokes. At that period, the now-well-known trick of ventriloquism had been little heard of—to Britton, it was probably quite unknown—Mr Robe had become acquainted with a blacksmith named Honeyman, who possessed this power, and was called, in consequence, the Talking Smith.

During the time that Dr Sacheverell was under censure, and had a great resort of friends to his house, this fellow got himself admitted, pretending that he came from a couple who wished to be married by the doctor. Dr Sacheverell, one of the stoutest and most athletic men then living, was so terrified by him during the few minutes he was in the room, that he was found almost in fits. Aware of these extraordinary powers of Honeyman, and probably, also, of the fact that poor Britton possessed books on the Rosicrucian philosophy, and had imbibed some fantasies on the subject of spirits, &c., from them, Robe had the folly and wickedness of trying the strength of the coalman's nerves. He invited him and Honeyman together to his house; and during the evening, Honeyman, without moving his lips, or seeming to speak, threw a voice into the air, which announced that Britton had but a few days to live, bidding him at the same time fall on his knees and say the Lord's Prayer, as the only means of avoiding his doom.

The poor terrified musician obeyed; went home, took to his bed, and never rose from it again. His was one of those finely strung natures which respond fatally to any stroke upon the imagination. He believed the warning as Mozart did the mysterious order for a requiem, and his fine organisation yielded to his disordered fancy.

No more of those divine concerts in the poor coalman's hospitable dwelling, no more strange chemical experiments or pleasant chats under the shelter of the Mourning Bush; the lying voice had been an unconscious prophet—Tom Britton died, and was buried;

followed to his grave, in Clerkenwell Churchyard, by a great concourse of people, who, to their honour, had learned to appreciate genius, honesty, and generosity, under the poor coalman's blue linen gown.

There is a picture of him in the Museum, painted by his friend Woolaston, beneath which are the following lines:

Though doomed to small-coal, yet to arts allied—
Rich without wealth, and famous without pride;
Music's best patron, judge of books and men,
Beloved and honoured by Apollo's train.
In Greece or Rome, sure never did appear
So bright a genius in so dark a sphere;
More of the man had artfully been saved,
Had Kneller painted and had Vertue graved.

It is greatly to be desired that a taste for music good as that manifested by these 'sons of the people' should spread abroad amongst them now; and it appears likely to be the case from the improved style of the street-music. Let every sweet strain that floats upon the air hereafter, bring to us the hope and wish that this gentle taste may be, indeed, so stealthy upon the hearts of Englishmen, that it may work greater wonder than it did of yore, in the days of Amphion or Orpheus—that of overcoming the evil of the gin-palace and the beer-shop, and make men meet together, not for the purposes of debasing, but ennobling their nature.

A few such concerts as Britton commenced—humble, unpretending, and elevating—would as much tend to exalt the people as his tastes did to exalt him. Let us trust that we may yet see the day of music amongst the million.

C O B.

THERE are few objects of a peaceful nature more exquisite than the scattered villages of Devonshire, lying concealed amidst their pretty gardens, their fine pastures, and ruddy orchards, or crowning the high upland, and infusing an air of life into the rich and wooded scenery around. But the character of the appearance of the cottages themselves are for the most part little calculated, on a close inspection, to give pleasure to any eye save that of the artist, who rests in the broken and uncertain outline, and in the colour of poverty and decay. Formed out of the earth, which they stand, their exterior is often untidy and dilapidated. The line of wall is seldom true. Dead over at the first, perhaps, with a whitewash of lime or coated with a coarse plastering, damp, frost, and total neglect have done their work. The red, material stands uncovered in all the deformity of nakedness, and the Cob, however dry and comfortable may be the shelter it affords, has ceased, in the language of Mr Loudon, 'to have any beauty, because it has no expression.'

The etymology of cob has long puzzled the lexicographers. Neither Jameson in the Scottish dictionary nor Lye in the Anglo-Saxon, nor Webster in the American, has attempted to account for it. John can only see in it a constituent in the composition of low terms. Nor do the Devonian philologists themselves throw any important light on its derivation. Leaving cob, however, to laugh at the etymologists, we shall proceed to put our readers in possession of the method of constructing it; and if Charles is struck out the most ingenious theory with regard to the former, Mr Loudon has undoubtedly given us the most workmanlike account of the latter. We are therefore, although ourselves 'to the manner born,' little more than abstract from his amusing hints as to the mode of preparing this most

* Our readers are probably aware that a bush was the old sign for a tavern. The owner of this tavern was so affected by the execution of King Charles I., that he put his bush into mourning, by painting it black; hence the house retained, for more than a century, the name of the 'Mourning Bush.'

composition as may be most likely to interest, and, we hope, instruct our readers.*

The cob-walls of the west of England are composed of earth and straw mixed up with water, like mortar, and well beaten and trodden together. The earth nearest at hand is generally used, and the more loamy it is, the better is it adapted for the purpose. The walls, which are generally two feet thick, are raised upon a foundation of stone-work; and the higher the stone-work is carried, the more secure is the cob from the moisture of the ground. When the walls have been raised to a certain height, they are allowed some weeks to settle—the length of time of course depending on the state of the atmosphere. The first layer or *raise*—to use the Devonian expression—never exceeds five feet, and is sometimes restricted to three; the second is not so high; while every succeeding one is diminished in height as the building advances. The solidity of cob-walls depends so much on the process of making, that if the latter be hurried, the former are sure to be crippled, and to swerve from the perpendicular. It is usual to pare down the sides of each successive raise before another is added, the instrument used—which is called the ‘cob-parer’—being like the peel or shovel used by bakers for removing the bread from the oven. As the work advances, the lintels of the doors, windows, cupboards, or other recesses are bedded on cross-pieces, and put in. The walls, however, are carried up solid, and the respective openings are not cut out until the work has well settled. In the process of building, the workmen use common pitchforks; and while one is on the wall arranging and treading down the cob, another stands below, and pitches it up to him. When the walls have reached their proper altitude, and have fairly settled down, the process of roofing commences. The rafters are fixed, and afterwards thatched with wheat-straw, or reed, as it is called in Devonshire, which consists of the stiff, unbruised, unbroken stalks which have been carefully separated by the thrasher from the fodder-straw, and bound up in large sheaves called *niches*. In the following spring, the walls are plastered very smoothly with lime-and-hair mortar, and the plaster covered with a coating of rough-cast, composed of fine gravel, carefully screened and mixed with pure newly slaked lime and water, till the whole becomes of the consistence of a semi-fluid. This coating is forcibly thrown, or slap-dashed, as it is called, upon the wall with a large trowel, after which it is brushed over by the workman with the lime-liquid in the pail, which, like the sprinkling of comfits with frothed sugar, gives the last finishing-touch of beauty to the cob. A cob-house of two stories takes about two years to build; and there are instances of houses so constructed as far back as the reign of Elizabeth being found at this day in a state of perfect preservation. In the words of the Devonshire adage, all that cob wants to insure durability, ‘is a good hat and a good pair of shoes.’

That cob should be so generally adopted in a country abounding, as the west of England does, in stone, marble, and granite, is undoubtedly owing to its cheapness, the facility with which it is wrought, and the dry, healthy, and comfortable dwelling which it forms. As regards cheapness, it will cost, speaking roughly, about a third of stone, and a fifth of brick-work; while, on the score of comfort, the thickness and non-conducting properties of the walls preserve a mean temperature within, as well during the heats of summer as the frosts of winter. But the material is ill adapted for barns and garden-walls; it harbours vermin, and is apt to be undermined by rats and mice.

The antiquity of cob is much less doubtful than its etymology. There can be no doubt that it was

introduced into Cornwall and Devon by the Phœnicians, as it was introduced by them into all their other colonies. Although these princely merchants carried the arts of building and carpentry to the greatest perfection, it is probable that these were only displayed, to any considerable extent, in the temples of their deities, and the palaces of their kings and nobles. The Tyrian and Carthaginian watch-towers which bristled along the African and Iberian shores, we know from Sanchoniatho to have been built of a compound of stubble and mud, kneaded together like dough, and dried in the sun; and so probably were the dwellings of the vast mass of the Phœnician people. Ezekiel, who, of all the Hebrew writers, was the best acquainted with their customs, when speaking of breaking through a wall, invariably makes use of a word which would be utterly inapplicable to one of stone or brick—‘I *digged* through the wall with mine hand.’ And that houses formed of the same material were common in Palestine, is evident from the identical expression of Ezekiel being twice used by our Saviour in the sixth chapter of St Matthew: ‘Lay yourselves up treasures, where thieves do not break through (literally, ‘dig through’) nor steal.’

In like manner, we find abundant traces of cob having been known to the ancient Greeks, and used by them very much in the same way as it is now wrought in Devonshire. Thucydides, in describing, in his second book, the works thrown up by the besiegers at the leaguer of Plataeæ, mentions the confining of the mud in layers of reed, just as it is confined at this day in Devon by what are there called *spires*—a species of rush which grows in great abundance in the neighbourhood of Topham. Xenophon, too, in narrating the ingenious manner in which Agesipolis, king of Sparta, took the city of Mantinea, states that he dammed up the river which flowed round the town, and, by thus softening the walls, caused them to fall in. The Mantineans, he adds, when they rebuilt them, carried up the stone-foundation of the new cob (σκληρόν) many feet, in order to prevent a recurrence of the same stratagem. These foundations are described by Colonel Leake, in his work on the *Morea*, as very perfect, and their intention as quite obvious. The masonry, which is complete as high as it extends, is clearly too low to have formed of itself a defensive wall.

In Egypt, cob was in familiar use at least as far back as the times of the Hyksos, or shepherd-kings. This is evidenced by the task-work assigned to the Jews by Pharaoh, as detailed in the fifth chapter of Exodus: ‘There shall be no straw given, yet shall ye deliver the tale of bricks.’ ‘What the use of straw was,’ says Bishop Patrick, ‘in making bricks is variously conjectured: some think it was mixed with the clay to make the brick more solid’—this being, as we have seen, the precise object for which straw is used in cob. Josephus tells us that the task-work of the captive Jews in Egypt was the building of walls and a pyramid; and many have supposed that the pyramids of Dahshour, which are composed of sun-dried bricks made of mud and cut straw, were the very works which made the lives of the Israelites ‘bitter with hard bondage.’

Ascending to a still more remote antiquity, we find that the tower which the Cainite worshippers of fire erected to their idol Bel on the plains of Babylonia—where stone is comparatively rare, and wood, as Heeren says, is still more scarce than stone—was faced with brickwork, cemented with slime, bitumen, mud, or whatever the *chemar* was; the centre, according to the conjectures of Bryant and Rich, being composed of earth. What this brickwork was probably like, we learn from the latter author, who describes the sun-burnt bricks of the *Birs Nimroud* and the *Mujalibbe* as looking like ‘thick clumsy soda

* For the rest, we can only refer them to Mr Loudon's work, the *Encyclopædia of Architecture*, No. 639.

of earth, in which are seen broken reeds or chopped straw, used for the obvious purpose of binding them'—a description which corresponds very closely with the appearance of decayed weather-beaten cob. The walls which surrounded the city were in like manner, as we learn from Herodotus, built of the earth excavated from the moat which encircled them—a statement fully corroborated by Diodorus Siculus, who gives the most particular account of them. The original walls having perished, or, to adopt the strong expression of the historian, melted into air, they were rebuilt, probably by Nebuchadnezzar, partly of burned and partly of unburned brick. In the fourth century, these renewed walls were just sufficient for the hunting preserves of the Persian king. They, too, have entirely crumbled away,

And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind.

We may not go further in our attempt to trace the antiquity of this favourite compound. Were we to give the reins to conjecture, it might not be impossible to make out a strong circumstantial case for its probable existence in the antediluvian period. We might dwell upon the facts that, until the days of Tubal-Cain, the art of working metals was unknown, and that, therefore, the city which Cain built could not have been constructed of wood; that chemistry being yet unborn, it could not have been of stone, or brick and mortar; that mud was the most obvious material to a tiller of the earth; and that beyond the fingers and the feet, no assistance of tools was in this case needed. But we refrain, content with being able to say of cob, as Byron has said so splendidly of the ocean:

Time writes no wrinkles on thy *muddy* brow;
As *Nimrod* first beheld thee, art thou now!

THE COURT OF CHANCERY AS IT IS.

It has been truly remarked, that the Court of Chancery is an admirable illustration of 'the dog with the bad name.' The expression, 'like being in Chancery,' and others of a similar nature, are often used by people who wish to impress upon their hearers that which is tedious, expensive, and almost endless. If property is 'thrown into Chancery,' to use a popular phrase, all hope of its ever being of any further benefit to the parties interested in it, is abandoned. The Court of Chancery has won for itself an evil reputation which still clings to it, although no longer deserved.

The Court of Chancery has been thoroughly reformed. The changes began in 1850; and in 1852 an entire revolution was effected in its mode of procedure. The various times for taking the necessary proceedings were considerably shortened, printed pleadings were substituted for written ones, and unnecessary offices, such as those of the masters in Chancery, which had long been causes of delay and expense to suitors, were abolished. In many cases, too, relief may now be had by a summary mode of procedure. Also fees are paid by stamps, and officers of the court are remunerated by salaries instead of fees, so that greater fees than those prescribed by the orders of the court can no longer be taken. Thus, and in a great many other particulars, which it is unnecessary here to detail, has the Court of Chancery been reformed and its procedure simplified, with a saving of time and cost to the suitor; yet no one believes it. Works like Mr Dickens's *Bleak House* still continue to gain credence, although written long ago, and before Chancery reform began; novelists and newspaper writers still speak of it as it was years ago; and because they do not know of, or cannot comprehend its vast changes and improvements, will not admit that any have been made. This is most unfortunate; for not only are the people of

England thus misled, but foreigners get these absurd notions into their heads, carry them home to their own countries, and represent our highest court in the realm as a monstrosity of iniquity!

There is also another class who rail against the Court of Chancery, who wish all forms and modes of procedure to be done away with, and would, no doubt, like justice to be administered after the manner of a Turkish pacha; but this is, in England, we are glad to say, an impossibility. Forms are, to a certain extent, actually necessary to prevent injustice being done by the law; for if the process of the law could be used without knowledge, cost, or trouble, by any one who might fancy himself wronged by another then would it become an engine of tyranny and oppression, and not of justice and equity.

Let us hope that the Court of Chancery, which, by reason of its reforms, has, from being the slowest become one of the speediest tribunals in the kingdom, may be regarded in its proper light, and become as popular as it has hitherto been unpopular.

FOUR SEASONS.

*Parvus Deorum cultor, et infrequens,
Insanientis dum sapienter,
Consultus erro; nunc retrorsum
Vela dare, atque iterare cursus
Cogor relictos.—HORACE.*

WHEN Life was Spring our wants were small,
The present hour the future scorning—
A stunning partner at a ball,
A place among her thoughts next morning;
No fears had we that she could lose
The varied charms our fancy lent her,
Terpsichore was then our Muse,
And Mr Thomas Moore our Mentor.

Time passed till, though our wants were few,
Hopes rose, but 'twas not hard to span 'em—
An opera-box, *paille* gloves, a new
Rig out, or ten pounds more per annum;
When deeper aspirations came,
We called in aid—Imagination,
And drew on Fancy for our Fame,
And for our Love—upon Flirtation.

Grown more sagacious, by and by,
The wants and hopes of Life advancing,
We learned to spell Love with an *i*,
And dining took the *pas* of dancing;
We smiled at Fancy; pitied youth;
In Power began Life's aims to centre;
Demurred at Faith; and doubted Truth;
Till self became both Muse and Mentor.

Another Season served to prove
Our false appraisement of Life's treasure,
We found in Trust, and Truth, and Love,
The very corner-stones of Pleasure;
That youth of heart shewed age of head;
That gaining was less sweet than giving;
That we might live, and yet be dead
To all the real joys of living.

Our dreams how shadowy and vain
We've found; and turn back truer hearted,
With humbler quest to seek again
The simple Faith in which we started;
And deeper read in Wisdom's page,
Know now how we have been beguiled, who
Suppose the objects that engage
The hopes of youth—the aims of age
Should find their end in second childhood.

ALFRED WAITE.

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THE VAGARIES OF PHYSIC.

LORD BACON assigned as a reason why the science of medicine had not advanced and kept pace with the other sciences, that 'physicians had reasoned in a circle and not in a line.' Dr Benjamin Rush compared the same science, as practised in his day, to 'an unroofed temple, cracked at the sides, and rotten at the foundation.' An American writer, who runs a tilt against every nostrum not belonging to the vegetable kingdom, hearing that Mr Wakley had recommended all poisons sold in druggists' shops to be placed on high shelves, dryly observed, that 'in that case the lower part of the establishment would generally be to let!' Seeing, then, in what bad odour the disciples of Esculapius are held even by members of their own fraternity, and how each generation, in its turn, 'kicks against the rusty curb of old father antic, the law,' we feel almost disposed to place our medical man under the conservative guardianship of that African doctor whose mode of practice is shrewdly likened by Sir John Forbes to that of the homœopathic school of medicine: the sable physician's remedy was to write his prescription on a board, and then, having carefully washed it off, to *give his patient the water to drink!* Verily, from the days of Hippocrates downwards, so many have been the odd conceits that have sprung, full-armed for mischief, from the prolific brains of the world's physicians, so many and so wonder-working the medicaments propounded, from the 'all-heal of Hercules' to 'Parr's Life Pills,' that, leaving the graver side of the subject to take care of itself, and dealing only with its 'tickled surface,' it seems as if an amusing volume might be written on the Vagaries of Physic. Omitting from our category those who have 'turned diseases to commodity,' and in whom 'there is no more faith than stewed prunes,' it would be worth while to trace the path of some one of those—and their name be legion—who, wise in their generation, have yet been led away by their own chosen and familiar will-o'-the-wisp. How have plain earnest men sometimes plunged headlong into quagmires through following the *ignis fatuus* of some particular traditionary mysticism, till, by the force of that very earnestness, they have succeeded in 'driving the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in spite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason!' How for centuries have our fathers before us given to some old formula a full measure of simple credence heaped up and brimming over; till we, in our later generation, are tempted to cry out indignantly: 'Have we laid our brains in the sun and dried them, that they want matter to prevent such gross e'er-reaching as this?' Where now is our faith

in the 'simples' gathered beneath the moon, or plucked at some witching-hour under the 'fiery trigons?' How far have we wandered from the pastures of old father 'thyme,' lost our relish for 'sauce-alone, or Jack-by-the-hedge-side,' and discarded the safe companionship of 'Gill-go-over-the-ground!' How have we, degenerate, waged war in a crusade against 'Saracen's Confound,' and withheld from our gaping wounds the gentle succour of Teutonic 'stab-wort!' How have we set up new idols for our worship, and, like true iconoclasts, broken down the mysterious image from the inner sanctuary, the holy of holies, of physic! In medical traditionary lore, this same icon, as all searchers into by-gone authorities well know, was the image or likeness of a particular disease, said to be impressed on root, leaf, or flower, suggesting its specific virtue as a curative agent applied to the disease so indicated. It was called the *signature* of the plant. That prince of herbalists, Nicholas Culpeper, says: 'I wonder in my heart how the virtues of herbs came first to be known, if not by their *signatures*.' Now, as thou art a true man, O Nicholas, confide to us wherein it is fitting to put a bound to our credulity. In sober seriousness, if the '*signature*' be all-powerful, may there not be also—in spite of the poet—something in a *name*? May we not hope to 'put money in our purse' by imbibing an infusion of 'money-wort or herb-twopence;' or tame a quarrelsome wife by means of 'loose-strife or grass-polly?' Might not 'ashen-keys' be applied with effect to a locked-jaw; or a habit of early rising induced—under Morpheus—by an admixture of 'pot-herbs, *boiled with an old cock!*'

Have you a mote in your eye, O my brother! search diligently for the 'pearl-trefoil;' it shall more benefit you than the four-leaved shamrock of fairy celebrity: 'it hath a white spot in the leaf like a pearl. It is'—as you might have divined—'under the moon, and its icon shews that it is of a singular virtue against the pearl or pin and web in the eye.' Or, better still, take 'herb-clary;' this, too, is 'under the moon,' and goes right to the mark. 'The seed put into the eyes, clears them from moles. Wild clary is a gallant remedy, to take one of the seeds and put it in the eye, and there let it remain till it drop out of itself (*the pain will be nothing to speak on*).' Thank you, Culpeper—Nicholas, we are obliged to you, but would fain be excused. The human animal is not, it would appear, the only 'unfledged biped' beholden to the ancients: the callow fowls of the air have a wonder-working elixir for destroyed vision in 'celandine or chelidonium, so called from a Greek word signifying swallow.' But mark our oracle's reservation: 'They say, that if you put out the eyes of young swallows when they are in

the nest, the old one will recover their eyes with this herb. 'This I am confident, for I have tried it [the old sinner!], that if we mar the very apple of their eye with a needle, she will recover them again, but whether with this herb or not, I know not.' The eyes, it seems, are 'under the luminaries; the right eye of a man, and the left eye of a woman, the sun claims dominion over.' Let those who attempt to operate for strabismus, look to it, or they may get themselves into trouble. In all matters ophthalmic, the Fates themselves seem to have laboured under an obliquity of vision. Esculapius, because of the marvellous cures he performed with the blood drawn from the right veins of Medusa's head—a lady who boasted but a reversionary interest in one eye, which belonged in common to herself and her lovely sisters the Gorgons—fell under the thunders of Jove; the issue being, that the great 'luminary' Apollo himself, the father of physic, for his just vengeance inflicted on the one-eyed Cyclopes who forged the thunderbolts, was thrust incontinently from heaven, and doomed to consort with the flocks of Admetus. After this, where shall the mortal be found bold enough to undertake so delicate an operation as that for *quinting*, on either the *right eye of a man or the left eye of a woman* 'under the luminaries?' Running through the pages of our author, there is a genuine undercurrent of humour and shrewd common sense. We feel sure that he believes not in one-half he propounds with such solemn gravity. Sundry of his prescriptions savour strongly of the medicant friar's celebrated recipe for the making of flint-soup. In his concoction of simples, he slyly insinuates his 'powdered beet' or his 'cock-chicken.' Certain herbs are shewn to be peculiarly efficacious 'gathered with the dew on them'; others are of remarkable potency 'if the body be exercised after the taking thereof.' In his love of sack and canary, he is the very Falstaff of physicians. He holds forth on the virtue of moderation, but has evidently no mind to treat his friends in private with anything so meagre as 'a last year's pippin with a dish of caraways.'

Perusing some of his inimitable concoctions, we exclaim perforce: 'Why, what an epicurean rascal is this!' It would conjure up the shade of Father Mathew, only to hear him when he is busy in his distillery. In his battle with temperance, he is 'as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth two of Agamemnon.' There is 'a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff in him.' If he admonishes us to repent, truly it is 'not in sackcloth, but in new milk and old sack.' Under the head of *Rosa Solis*, or Sundew [query, mountain-dew?], is a rare specific for 'qualms and spasms of the heart. This herb is good [no doubt of it] made into a drink with aqua-vitæ and spices.' Harkken to Nicholas on the subject of the vine: 'The vine is a most gallant tree of the sun, very sympathetical with the body of man, and that is the reason that the spirit of wine is the greatest cordial among all vegetables.' He who, being sick, covets not a drink with a veritable smack of nectar in it, let him eschew the following: 'The powder of violet leaves, or a sirup of violets taken in some convenient liquor [!], and a little of the juice or sirup of lemons put into it, quenches the thirst, and gives to the drink a claret-wine colour and a fine tart relish pleasing to the taste.' If this is not a draught for Olympian Jove, 'may a cup of sack be our poison.' Here follows another 'convenient liquor': 'Take fifty kernels of peach-stones, and one hundred of the kernels of cherry-stones, a handful of elder-flowers, fresh or dried, and three pints of muscadell. O Falstaff, 'if sack and sugar be in fault, God help the wicked!' Yet he who can gravely advocate the above delectable compounds, comes down with a sly rebuke on Schola Selerni—a gentleman whose name we humbly suppose to be a corruption of

Silenus. 'Schola Selerni advises to take much wine after pears, or else they say they are as bad as poison; nay, and they curse the tree for it, too; but if a poor man find his stomach oppressed by eating pears, it is only working hard, and that will do as well as drinking wine.' Take comfort, ye sons of toil; ye shall eat pears with impunity—ay, in the sweat of your brow! After so much wine, it is not to be wondered at that our friend Nicholas should indorse the following hint against 'sweet basil.' He says: 'Hilarius, a French physician, affirms, upon his own knowledge, that an acquaintance of his, by common smelling of this herb, had a scorpion bred in his brain: something is the matter; basil and rue will not grow together, no, nor near each other, and we know rue is as great an enemy to poison as any that grows.' It was rue, in combination with figs, walnuts, and some few other ingredients, that was said to be taken daily by Michael dates, and which gave the 'Pontic monarch of old days' immunity against the poisonous assaults of his enemies. A simpler physic than this was patronised, we are told, by the grandfather of him of Utica: 'Honest old Cato used no other physic than the coleworts. I know not of what metal his body was made; this I am sure, cabbages are extremely windy, whether you take them as meat or medicine; yea, as windy meat as can be eaten, unless you eat *bagpipes* or *bellows*, and they are but seldom eaten in our days.'

Should the public be desirous of knowing how the celestial personages whose names so frequently figure as presiding over the vegetable kingdom, conducted their ministrations with reference to the animal economy of the human subject—Culpeper is their man. He has walked among the immortals, and knows their ways and their whereabouts. Like us poor mortals of this lower earth, it would appear that they have their likings and their dislikings, their love and their hate. 'Sympathy and antipathy,' be it remembered, 'are hinges upon which the whole of physic turns; and the physician who minds them not, is like a door from the hooks, more like to do a man a mischief than to secure him.' Moreover, 'he who would know the reason of the operations of the herbs, must look up as high as the stars, astrologically.' So he adds: 'To the stars went I.' Having soared thus high, but a step further, and we find him in the presence of good Jupiter himself. 'Up comes Mars to him—'O Brother Jupiter,' he says, 'thou knowest I and a couple of trines to thy house last night, the one for Aries, and the other from Scorpio; give me thy help by sympathy to cure this poor man with drinking draught of wormwood beer every morning.' So now for sympathy; now for antipathy. 'The moon was weak the other day, and she gave a man two terrible mischiefs, a dull brain and a weak sight. Mars kept his sword and comes to her—'Sister Moon,' says he, 'this man hath angered thee; but I beseech thee take no notice—he is but a fool. Prithee, be patient; I will, with my herb wormwood cure him of both mischiefs by antipathy, for thou knowest that thou and I cannot agree.' With that the moon began to quarrel: Mars not delighting much in women's tongues, went away, and did it whether she would or no.' Yet this is the 'gallant Mars!' Worse, however, follows. 'He had no sooner parted with the moon, but he met Venus—and she was as drunk as a hog!'

Enough of the immortals. One step lower, and we come to the pope. If Nicholas has an unkind word in his genial heart, he reserves it for his *bellows*. In his love for his darling simples, with their simple Saxon names, he is 'as true as truth's simplicity,' simpler than the infancy of truth.' He is not displeased to hear misletoe called *lignum sanctum*, and inveighs in no measured terms against the 'blasphemously called an herb of the three colours,' because it has three colours, and *quintessence*.

changel as a term for dead-nettle. Of sea-wormwood says: 'It hath gotten as many names as virtues—*id perhaps one more*. A papist got the toy by the id, and called it holy wormwood; and, in truth, I am opinion their giving so much holiness to herbs is a *ason there remains so little to themselves*.' But he has it done yet. 'St Peter's wort,' he says, 'rises up eater than St John's wort; and good reason, too, Peter being the greater apostle, ask the pope else! or though God would have the saints equal, the pope of another opinion. There is not a straw to choose twixt this and St John's wort, only St Peter must ve it, lest he should want pot-herbs.' Thus does icholas deal the pope a sly poke in the ribs with a rb pronounced by Dioscorides, Pliny, and Galen to be good for sciatica!

For a concluding specimen of the wisdom of our doctors in the discovery of remedies for all the ills at flesh is heir to, let us turn to the art-magic as developed in our hedgerows. We must be pardoned we place amongst our cabalistic observances some w prescribed remedies, the medicinal value of which boasted in sober seriousness: such, for example, as onions to be hung round the neck, wild tansy to be orn in the shoes, so that it be next the skin; divers herbs to be bound round the wrists of the hands—the disease to be cured lying in some distant region of the body; and vervain, as a remedy for scrofula, to be tied to the pit of the stomach by a *white ribbon* round the neck. Lastly—hear it, humanity Martin!—'A good handful of the hot, biting culrage or water-pepper ut under a horse's saddle, will make him travel the stter, although he were half-tired before.' We have the authority of Mizaldus and others for the fact, that either witch nor devil, thunder nor lightning, can arm a man in the presence of a bay-tree. Wood-eony, according to Antonius Musa, the physician o Octavius Cæsar, possesses similar miraculous properties. The power ascribed to the fig-tree is of a somewhat different character. With stories of a cock ad bull, most persons are familiar; but the connection f the latter animal with the fig-tree—a tree under the eminion of great Jove himself—is a fact not sufficiently own. 'If you tie a bull, be he ever so mad, to a fig-tree, he will quickly become tame and gentle.' The nly difficulty in the way of administering the remedy roposed seems to lie in who shall '*tell the cat*.' There ould appear to be also some mysterious connection between the same animal and fig-wort, since we are old that 'Venus owns the plant, and the *celestial bull* ill not deny it!' Again, we cannot help thinking that mouse-ear; though itself under the dominion of the moon, must have felt *tickled* when first it caught the echo of the following announcement: 'Though authors to cry out upon alchemists for attempting to fix quick-silver with this herb and moon-wort, a Roman would ot have judged a thing by the success; if it be to be fixed at-all, it is by lunar influence.'

Of all famous herbs, none is comparable to moon-wort. We would strongly advise all horse-jockeys to give it a wide berth, and Messrs Braham and Chubb especially to keep a sharp eye upon their business, if ever they find themselves in its vicinity. 'It is an herb which, they say, will open locks and unshoe such horses as tread upon it. This, some laugh to scorn, and those no small fools neither; but country people that I know call it unshoe-the-horse.' Besides, I have heard commanders say, that on White Down, in Devonshire, near Tiverton, there were found thirty horses' shoes, pulled off from the feet of the Earl of Essex's horses, being there drawn up in a body, many of them being newly shod, and no reason known, which caused great admiration.' If the Earl of Essex himself took kindly to the view of the subject here broadly hinted at, all we can say is, that we could not recommend him a more appropriate restorative, after the

toils of his campaign, than that contained in the following recipe, under the head of melilot, or king's-claver: 'The head often washed with the distilled flowers of melilot, is effectual for those that suddenly lose their senses!'

KRASINSKI: A TALE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds.—*Hamlet*.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of my late visits to the continent, I became acquainted with a gentleman whom I will call M. de Rosny. He was first pointed out to me on the promenade as 'the gentleman who was said to have seen a ghost'; but on my thereupon expressing a desire to be introduced to him, I was told that he had the greatest aversion to be questioned on the subject, and, in fact, never had been heard to allude to it.

Being aware that people who have seen, or who believe that they have seen apparitions, are generally characterised by a similar shyness, the natural consequence of the ridicule and incredulity they have to encounter, I was not deterred by this announcement; and accordingly, many days had not elapsed before I had so far attained my object, that I was on speaking terms with M. de Rosny.

He was a good-looking dark man, of about five or six and thirty; gentlemanlike in appearance and manner, rather grave, and decidedly clever. He was by birth a Belgian; and was said to have inherited an ample fortune, together with the title of count, from his father, who, though of an ancient and noble race, had embarked in mercantile affairs, to repair the declining fortunes of the family.

Cautious not to risk success by precipitance, I was in no haste to betray my curiosity. But, one evening, when the conversation accidentally turned on the mysteries of life here and hereafter, I ventured to say, that if one single case of appearance after death were well established, the great question of there being a world to come would be irrefragably settled; adding, that I, for my part, believed there was no scarcity of such evidence, if everybody who had any to produce would speak out upon the subject, and if those who had the courage to do so only met with fair-play.

He entirely coincided. 'But,' said he, 'since anybody who is rash enough to make such an avowal is sure to be treated as a fool or a liar, there is no chance of the question ever receiving the consideration it deserves. Indeed, I think the man is a fool who risks being laughed at by telling people what they are predetermined not to believe.'

Notwithstanding this unpromising beginning, M. de Rosny ended by telling me what I wanted to hear. Not then; for it was evening when we held the above conversation, and he said with a shudder: 'I shouldn't sleep if I speak of it now—I should think I saw again'—

There he stopped; but he agreed to meet me the next morning; and all I can say is, that I am thoroughly convinced that he believed the truth of the following story he then told me.

The wealthy De Rosny, having a desire to see the world, set out on his travels at four-and-twenty. His time was his own; he went where he pleased, stayed in a place till he was tired of it, and partook of all the amusements that came in his way. Amongst the acquaintances formed in his travels was Arthur Edmonds, an Englishman, younger than himself, and was travelling to counteract a tendency to consumption, brought on by too close study at Oxford.

They met several times, and finally at Venice, where they put up at the same hotel—Il Leone

Bianco, on the Grand Canal, near the Rialto. Here they became very intimate; and as their pursuits were the same, and they frequented the same society, they engaged a gondola between them, in which they spent much of their time.

One morning, about a fortnight after their arrival, just as they were stepping into their boat, a gentleman came hastily out of the hotel, and called for a gondola. There happened to be none there at the moment; and as he evinced great impatience, the young men offered him a seat in theirs. He accepted the offer with many thanks, saying that he had an appointment of importance, and was already past his time. They rowed him to his destination; and on parting, he expressed a hope that he might be allowed to return them thanks in person the next day, at the same time handing them his card.

'Count Stanislaus Krasinski,' said De Rosny, reading it.

'And an uncommonly nice fellow,' rejoined Edmonds.

And such he appeared to be; he was tall, handsome, well dressed, polished in his manners, and, though a Pole, spoke French like a Frenchman. They were delighted with their new acquaintance, who soon became their companion in all their pleasures. Indeed, they liked his society so much, that they pressed him to join them in a projected tour to the east; but his great desire, he said, was to see England; and Edmonds promised him an introduction to his family, who were residing at the Lakes—'a country you must visit,' he said, 'as it is one of the lions of England. Our place is in Suffolk; but, unfortunately, my mother can't live there; the climate does not agree with her.'

'If you go there,' said De Rosny, 'you will be falling in love with Edmonds's sister. Elle est très belle; et riche aussi, n'est ce pas, mon cher?'

Arthur replied, that he was perhaps not a fair judge, but he thought she was very pretty, and that, moreover, she would have a very good fortune, as, besides her paternal portion, she had L.20,000 left her by an aunt.

'That aunt was a trump,' added he; 'for she left L.60,000 between three of us; and if either of the three die without issue, his or her portion goes to the survivors.'

Both the young foreigners expressed their admiration of English fortunes; and the Pole remarked, that in his country, ladies were seldom so well provided for; that as for himself, being an only son, he had great landed estates—though not much money, he rejoined laughingly; but that if he had had the misfortune to be born a girl, he would have scarcely had a subsistence.

This agreeable intimacy was at length interrupted by a letter summoning De Rosny to Pisa, where his only sister had been residing some time with her husband. He departed with reluctance, promising to be back in a fortnight; and, as he had a great deal of luggage, he retained his room, giving the key to Edmonds to keep till his return; and reminding him that there was a store of good cigars there, from which he was welcome to help himself.

On his return, after being absent a month instead of a fortnight, he learned with surprise that both Edmonds and the Pole had quitted Venice. The landlord handed him a note from the former, in which he said that he was tired of waiting for him; and that as Krasinski was leaving for England, he should leave too, and go on to Rome, where he hoped De Rosny would rejoin him.

De Rosny now bethought himself of the key of his room, which he had intrusted to Edmonds; but the landlord produced it, saying that it had been found in the door.

'In the door?' said the count.

'Oui, monsieur. Two days ago, I happened to be up stairs, and seeing the key in the door, I took possession of it; but your trunks are there, and I hope you'll find everything safe.'

De Rosny, annoyed at the negligence of Edmonds, who was aware of the value of the property left in his charge, now ascended to his chamber. On opening the door, he saw indeed all his trunks and portmanteaus in their places as he had left them; but a very cursory examination shewed that he had been robbed, and that by a very discerning depredator. His clothes were there, except a few very *recherché* articles of the toilet; but his jewels, his rings, his pins, his diamond snuff-boxes, and other things of that description, which he had collected in the course of his travels, were all gone; as also a bag of gold coins and medals of great value, which he had inherited from his father, and which he was carrying to Rome to the Prince B——, who wished to purchase them.

When the landlord was told what had happened, he expressed the greatest surprise and dismay; and condemned the Signore Inglese very much for not having committed the key to his care. Of course, he could not be answerable for the people of all nations that went up and down those stairs. He was confident none of his servants had committed the theft; and he fixed his suspicions on a stranger, in appearance a Russian, who had lodged there a week, and had gone out one morning, promising to be back to dinner, but had never returned, even to pay his bill.

The annoyance was great, and the loss considerable. The police having in vain used every effort to discover the thief, De Rosny left Venice, disgusted with his own folly and Edmonds's carelessness, and entirely cured of his passion for buying baubles.

He determined now to prosecute his journey to the east; and, being too much out of humour with his English friend to desire him for the companion of his travels, instead of going to Rome, he embarked at Trieste for Corfu. After lingering a little amongst the islands of Ionia, he proceeded to Athens, Constantinople, &c.; and about four months after leaving Venice, he arrived at Beyrout, where he lodged and boarded with a Greek called Simonides. Here he fell violently in love with the daughter of his host, who seemed nothing loath to accept his addresses. Her father, however, thinking no good would come of this attachment, was exceedingly annoyed by it, and endeavoured to get him out of his house; but not immediately succeeding in that object, he set his son, a boy of fourteen, to keep watch upon the lovers in the meantime.

This was the position of affairs, when one night De Rosny suddenly awoke out of a sound sleep, and saw a person, as he thought, sitting in a corner of the room. His instant impression was, that it was the boy Alexis; and he sat up for an instant to assure himself it was not a delusion, before he jumped out of bed to chastise the lad for the impertinent intrusion. But as he rose, the figure rose too, and approached the bed; and then he saw that it was Edmonds, pale and anxious, with a countenance expressive of intense melancholy.

When M. de Rosny came to this point of his story, I eagerly asked him how he felt, and if he was frightened. 'But, perhaps,' I said, 'you thought it was Edmonds himself alive?'

'No,' he said, 'I did not think that; indeed, I believe I did not think at all. I was not frightened; I was paralysed. My sensations were such as, I imagine, people feel under the influence of mesmerism.'

He went on to say, that after an interval, he recovered his faculties; and found himself still sitting up in bed, in perfect darkness. He thought that Edmonds had talked to him; had told him that he had been murdered; that his murderer was the same that

had committed the robbery; and that he, the count, must proceed immediately to England, to convey this information to Edmonds's mother and sister, and thereby prevent a great calamity.

'And were you now convinced that you had really seen a ghost?' I asked.

'Why, at first I was,' he replied; 'but after a little consideration, I persuaded myself that I had been dreaming. In the first place, I had never believed in ghosts; and in the next, I found the room perfectly dark; so that, had a figure been there, I could not have seen it at all, much less distinguished its features. Then I thought it might be some trick of old Simonides and his son to frighten me away—though that could hardly be, unless they had a secret entrance into the room, as I had locked the door. Besides, I did not remember that I had ever told them anything about Edmonds.'

Well, De Rosny proceeded to say, that after some time he sunk into sleep, from which he woke satisfied that he had merely had an unusually vivid dream, such as we all of us occasionally experience. He looked at his tongue, and felt his pulse; reviewed his yesterday's bill of fare; thought he must have eaten something that disagreed with him; or, perhaps, have lately indulged too much in the hookah. In short, he settled himself in the belief that it was a dream; and this conviction was strengthened by there being no repetition of the apparition. Had it been the shade of Edmonds that visited him, of course he would have come again to enforce his request. So he dismissed the subject from his mind, and thought no more of it.

Simonides was in the right. There was no good likely to come to the fair Japhira from her intimacy with the count; for when he saw that she was taking his attentions seriously to heart, not being inclined to fetter himself with a wife, he thought it prudent to leave her for a little. So he made an excursion to Mount Carmel, visited Tyre and Sidon, and other interesting localities, and returned to Beyrout only to prepare for a longer absence from her, this short excursion having convinced him that he could live perfectly well without her.

After a brief period of repose, therefore, he again started, and in the course of his wanderings came to Jerusalem, where, owing to the celebration of some grand festival, he had a great difficulty in procuring a lodging. At length, he found a very poor one in the house of a man called Abime, who lived in the Via Dolorosa; but the man had a sinister eye, and there was something suspicious about his family; inasmuch, that De Rosny warned his servant Stephano to be on his guard, and keep his eyes open and his trunks shut.

Tired with his journey, he went early to bed the first night, and fell into a sound sleep, from which he was awakened by—he knew not what—but he fancied somebody had roused him. He cast his eye round his small room—for he had burned a light ever since his unpleasant dream at Beyrout—but could see no one, though he fancied he heard footsteps. Upon this, he jumped out of bed, and opened his door, which he had both locked and barricaded with a heavy portmanteau. He looked out into the passage, but there was nobody there; and all being quiet again, he returned to bed and tried to settle himself to sleep; but in vain—there still were the footsteps. Again he got out of bed, looked under it, and examined the room more particularly; but finding nothing, he suddenly recollected that his room was at the top of the house, and making up his mind that the noise proceeded from the midnight peregrinations of some marauding cat, he contrived to forget it, and go to sleep. He did not think of this disturbance in the morning; but as it was repeated the two following nights, he

mentioned the circumstance to Stephano, who had heard no such noises, and suggested that they might proceed from rats behind the wainscot. The host was appealed to, who said he had never had such a complaint made to him before, though he admitted that there might be rats on the premises. So the matter rested till night, when the count retired to bed, fatigued, as usual, with the day's sight-seeing; but no sooner had he settled himself to rest, than the noises again startled him from his slumbers. With an exclamation of impatience that sounded very like an oath, he caught up his slipper, that lay by the side of the bed, and hurled it resolutely at the invisible visitant; but he succeeded in hitting nothing except the lamp.

'Sacré!' he exclaimed, and vexed and irritated, he turned his face to the wall, determined, in spite of cats or rats, to go to sleep. 'I'll not pass another night in this cursed hole!' thought he. 'I heard Colonel Everest say he intends to leave to-morrow; and I'll go out early and endeavour to secure his lodging.'

'Who's there?' he cried; for his soliloquy was suddenly interrupted by the pressure of a hand on his shoulder; and turning sharply round, he beheld by his bedside the same figure he had seen at Beyrout. There stood Arthur Edmonds, 'in his habit as he lived,' but with a less melancholy expression of countenance than he had exhibited on his former visitation.

I repeated my question, 'How did you feel?' and he confessed that his first sensation was terror; but that gradually the same paralysation of the faculties stole over him. When he passed out of that state into his normal condition, he was sitting up in bed, no figure visible, and the room quite dark.

He rose, felt for his matches, and tried to light his lamp, but found it had been broken by the blow of the slipper, and the oil spilt. He tried his door, which was fast; felt all about the room, but discovered nothing to explain what had happened; and then he got into bed again to reflect on it.

It appeared to him that he had not only been wide awake when he felt the hand on his shoulder, but that he had not been to sleep at all; and he recollected distinctly what he had been saying to himself at the moment. 'But then,' he said, 'did I fall asleep and dream the rest? Surely it must be so,' he added, rebelling against any other interpretation of the circumstance; 'for why should he come to me? Why not go to his brother himself, and tell him what he wants?' Then he summoned to his recollection what the ghost had said; 'that I ought to have complied with the request made to me at Beyrout; however, that was no longer necessary; but what he now enjoined, he conjured me not to neglect. I am to go to Malta, where I shall find his brother, and then we are to proceed together to Naples, where we shall have this mystery unravelled.'

'How obscure! Why not say what we were to do? But ghost-stories always run in this fashion—ghosts go about things in such an absurd roundabout way, that it is impossible to believe in them. I daresay Edmonds is at this moment alive and well as I am; much better, probably, for I think I must be ill; this climate doesn't agree with me, and the sooner I get back to the west the better. I can go by Malta, certainly; indeed, I should naturally do so; and then I'll go to Sicily—I want to see Sicily; and thence to Rome, and I'll inquire if Edmonds has been there,' &c.; and having made up his mind to this course of proceeding, he went to sleep and slept till morning.

On the following day, he was still less inclined to believe in the ghost; and although, for many reasons, he would have been glad to change his lodging, he

resolved now not to do it, lest it should be, unknown to himself, a weak compliance with his fears; for bravely as he talked, and obstinately as he argued, he confessed that he would not have been sorry to be secured from such dreams in future. 'No,' he said, 'I'll stay where I am for the short time I have to be here; perhaps I may discover the trick, if trick there is;' and when he went to bed that night, he determined to be on the alert and keep all his senses about him: in spite of which laudable resolution, he incontinently fell asleep, and when he opened his eyes, his lamp was burned out, and the broad daylight was glaring into his room.

CHAPTER II.

The succeeding nights of De Rosny's stay at Jerusalem being equally undisturbed, and his days very much occupied, the impression made by his ghostly visitant naturally became fainter and fainter; and when he started on his return to the west, with the intention of taking Malta in his way, he persuaded himself that it was by no means in compliance with the request of his late friend, but that he should have done so under any circumstances, as perhaps he might.

He accomplished his journey without meeting with any extraordinary adventure; but when he sailed into the harbour of Valetta, and saw the boat of the medical officer coming from the Lazaretto to ascertain their state of health, he owned to me that he felt a strange quail of anxiety that convinced him he had not entirely succeeded in arguing himself into a disbelief of the apparition.

'I knew,' said he, 'that Edmonds had a brother in the army; but I had never heard in what regiment he was, and still less where he was quartered; therefore, if I found the regiment to which the young man belonged actually here, and he on duty with it, it would give more colour and probability to the ghost's story than I liked to think of. However, I was not left long in doubt, for almost at the same moment that the Lazaretto boat pushed off from the shore, we observed another from the quay making for our vessel; and in it was seated an officer in uniform—red, with blue facings. Of course, there is always a garrison at Malta; I knew that, and yet my heart beat at the sight of that red coat. I felt myself turn pale; and I stood breathlessly watching the boat as it neared us, and, somehow or other, quite prepared for the question that followed:

'Have you a Mr Edmonds on board?—Mr Arthur Edmonds?'

"No," said the captain.

'All the passengers were clustered at the side, looking over at the boat; and the young officer stood up and reviewed us all—perusing our faces, as if in hopes, notwithstanding the denial, of detecting the one he wished to see; then he reseated himself, and desired to be rowed back.

'It was clear, then, that the regiment in question was here, and I had no doubt of this being the brother: there was a strong family resemblance, extending even to the voice, and quite sufficient to satisfy me of that. I was relieved, however, to find that he was expecting Arthur from the east. If he had been dead so many months, the family must surely have known it ere this. Edmonds had no doubt fulfilled his intention of going to the East, but not having taken the same route as myself, we had never met.

'I kept up my spirits with this supposition during our short quarantine; and the morning after we got ashore, I walked up to the barracks, and inquired for Lieutenant Everard Edmonds—for such was his rank, as I had ascertained by reference to the Army List. I sent in my card, and was immediately admitted.

'I had been rehearsing this meeting in my mind, studying how I should account for my visit, and how

I should avoid incurring the young man's ridicule, in case I found it advisable to disclose the real motive of it, which, however, I had resolved not to do, if I ascertained that Arthur was alive. But I was spared all confusion; for the moment I entered, he advanced eagerly towards me with my card in his hand, and said, after the first salutation and giving me a seat: "What can you tell me of my brother?"

"Nothing," answered I. "I have done myself the honour of calling on you for the express purpose of making inquiries about him."

"His countenance fell; he looked blank. "Nothing?" he repeated—"you don't know where he is? Has he not been travelling with you?"

"No," I answered; "I have been travelling alone. He did talk of going with me to the east; but I fancy he altered his intentions; at least"—

"When did you last see him?" asked he.

'I hesitated a little, and then said: "At Venice—we parted at Venice."

"And you have not seen him since?—you did not meet at Rome or Naples?"

"I did not go to Rome or Naples; I went by Trieste. May I ask if you are also without intelligence?"

"Wholly," he said—"entirely without intelligence. We have never heard a word from Arthur since he left Venice. In his last letter, which I think was dated early in April, he said he was starting for Rome and Naples, at one of which places he expected to meet you, with whom, he had previously told us, he was to travel; and that you were to proceed together to the east. He acknowledged the receipt of some money that he had written for, and desired us not to be uneasy if we did not hear from him, as he should be continually on the move: nor were we for some time. Arthur is a sad idle fellow about writing; and a silence that would be alarming with most people, does not alarm us. But circumstances have happened that render this absence of intelligence unusually perplexing and inconvenient. I daresay you may have seen Count Krasinski with my brother?"

"Certainly," said I; "I knew him very well. When I left Venice, he was there with your brother. He talked of going to England."

"He did go," said the lieutenant; "and took a letter of introduction to my family. He said that Arthur and he left Venice together, and that Arthur was gone to Rome to meet you."

"I have no doubt," I said, "that was his intention; we had originally proposed that route; but your brother left Venice during my absence, and circumstances induced me to alter my plans."

"But you wrote my brother to that effect, I suppose?" said Edmonds.

"Why, no," I replied; "to confess the truth, I did not. I ought to have done so, but I was vexed and angry. When I went away, I left the key of my room in your brother's charge. He thoughtlessly took it in the door; and when I came back, I found some inquiring traveller had been investigating the contents of my trunks, and had relieved me of all my valuables."

"Arthur is dreadfully thoughtless," said the lieutenant.

"I had some famous cigars," continued De Rosny, "to which he had leave to help himself, and, I suppose, he went to get some of these, and forgot to bring away the key. The landlord said he had had a scamp of a Russian there, who went away without paying his bill, and he had little doubt but he was the thief."

"Probably," answered Everard. "But it is very extraordinary that we hear nothing of Arthur!"

'I began to feel,' said De Rosny to me, 'that I ought now to say something about my vision or dream, but I did not know how to begin: on the one hand, expecting that he would take me for a fool or a

madman, and fearing, on the other, that if he gave any credit to the story, he would be dreadfully distressed; so I remained silent, reflecting on what I should do, and I suppose looking very grave, for the young man suddenly laid his hand on my arm, and said: "Pardon me, Monsieur de Rosny, but, from your manner and countenance, I cannot help thinking you know more of my brother than you are willing to own"—I felt myself change colour. "Whatever you know, I beseech you to tell me!"

"But I know nothing!" I replied.

"Then you suspect something—you have heard some report—let me hear it, whatever it is! I, too, have some reason to fear—some cause for anxiety; but I had hoped it was mere fancy—mere nervousness!"

"What," said I, interrupting him, "have you seen him too? Has he also visited you?"

"Who?" said he, looking wildly at me. "What, in Heaven's name, do you mean?"

"You spoke of fancy; you seemed to hint at something that might be mere delusion. I also have had a strange experience—a dream it may be!"

"Relating to my brother?" asked he eagerly.

"Relating to your brother," I replied, now relieved from my difficulty; and on his conjuring me to narrate the particulars, I forthwith proceeded to do so, begging him, however, not to attach any serious importance to the circumstance, unless he should find more conclusive reasons for apprehension.

"He listened to my narrative with the greatest interest; and when I had finished, he confessed, that if I had told him such a story a few weeks earlier, it would probably have been received with the ridicule I feared; but," said he, "a circumstance has occurred to my sister, that seems, unhappily, but too confirmatory of your vision or dream, or whatever it was;" and he then proceeded to acquaint De Rosny with the cause of their alarm.

It appeared that Krasinski, whose intention to visit England had been intimated by Arthur to his mother and sister, duly arrived there, bringing with him a very flattering letter of introduction to the family, who were residing at Ambleside. As he wished to see the country, he took a lodging in the village, and being a very agreeable, accomplished man, was soon a welcome visitor in the best houses there, and to none more welcome than to Mrs Edmonds and her daughter, the fair Emma, who, as her brother had justly said, was an exceedingly pretty girl, with the additional charm of a good fortune. Whether it was her beauty or her fortune, Everard said he did not know—perhaps it was both—but Krasinski had fallen violently in love with her, and had made her proposals which were accepted without reluctance. In fact, the passion appeared to be mutual, and the advantages of the match not inconsiderable. Count Stanislaus Krasinski was a name not unknown, and the family stood high in public esteem. Though he spoke of his large estates as comparatively unprofitable, he appeared to be rich, and his personal qualifications and endowments were undeniable. The title of Countess Stanislaus Krasinski was not unattractive to the young lady, and the great friendship Arthur entertained for the gentleman seemed to render the connection everything that was desirable. Mrs Edmonds wrote to Everard to apprise him of the engagement, and Emma appeared at the summit of happiness; the marriage, she said, was to take place soon, and they were to go to Rome, where Arthur and Krasinski had agreed to meet and pass the winter together. "Fancy," she said, "how astonished and delighted Arthur will be when I am introduced to him as Countess Krasinski, for we cannot write and tell him, since we don't know where he is. We have had no letter since he left Venice. Arthur is a bad correspondent—he always was, and I suppose always will be."

Arthur's negligence being habitual, the family appeared to feel no uneasiness on his account, and everything regarding the marriage advanced most prosperously; the young people walked, and boated, and rode together in the mornings, whilst Krasinski's talent for music and bewitching voice formed the charm of their evening society. Emma esteemed herself the most fortunate of mortals. The prospect of leaving her mother was the only drawback to her felicity; but Krasinski declared himself so much pleased with England, that he had no difficulty in promising to spend much of his time there. The ensuing spring, he said, must be spent in Poland; but he assured Mrs Edmonds that scarcely a year should pass without her receiving a visit from her daughter.

This state of things had lasted several weeks, when a cloud suddenly darkened their sunshine, but whence it came, no one knew. Emma's beaming face paled visibly; her bright eyes grew heavy and dim; her step lost its spring; all day she strolled listlessly about the garden, with her head bowed down, and apparently buried in thought. Mrs Edmonds was silent, but looked anxious and perplexed; and Krasinski, who at first hovered about them, solicitous and assiduous, at length became silent also, and exhibited an air of extreme dissatisfaction. Still there was no word of the marriage being broken off or even postponed, and the period fixed for it was fast approaching. Every one remarked the change, but nobody could obtain a clue to the mystery; and, in fact, as it ultimately appeared, the only person who could have furnished one was Emma, and she seemed to be impenetrable on the subject. Mrs Edmonds wrote to Everard that she had questioned her in vain as to the cause of her depression, which appeared to date from a certain day, on which she and her lover, in the course of their morning excursion, had been witnesses to a very distressing accident; though how this circumstance should have produced such a sinister influence, she was at a loss to conceive.

They were walking on the banks of Windermere, when a beautiful little girl, about six years old, was drowned. The agony of her mother, and her entreaties to Krasinski to save the infant, were most distressing, and doubly so to Emma, since, although she too entreated him, he resisted his first impulse, which was evidently to jump into the water, and suffered the child to perish unaided. Although he excused himself by saying, that the last time he was in the water, he had been seized with cramp, and nearly drowned, Emma did not recover her spirits all the afternoon. Mrs Edmonds thought this quite natural; and Krasinski expected to find her as usual on the following day; but when she appeared at breakfast, they were struck with her altered appearance. She said she had a headache, and had not rested well; but from that day, her health declined, and her whole demeanour changed.

Affairs being in this position, Mrs Edmonds wrote to Everard, requesting him to try if he could extract the secret from his sister. 'Some cause,' she said, 'there must be for so remarkable an alteration; and Krasinski's not having saved the child seems to me a wholly inadequate one.'

Upon this, the young man, who really thought it a pity his sister should lose so good a match for a caprice, sent her a letter, urging her to confide in him if she had anything to tell; and if not, entreating her to throw off this mysterious depression, which must be very displeasing to her lover. 'As for the accident that distressed you,' he said, 'you must remember that men are not always masters of their actions, and we may be incapable of doing at one time what we could do easily at another. The bravest are sometimes seized with a panic; and that you should sacrifice your future happiness, and your lover's too, to an exaggerated sentiment on this subject, would be an

absurdity that would render you perfectly ridiculous in the eyes of the world; and, moreover, it would be an act of unpardonable injustice towards him.'

To these representations, Everard received an answer, which he now put into the hands of De Rosny.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

FEMALE HANDICRAFTS.

WHILE planning this paper, I chanced to read, in a late number of the *North British Quarterly*, one headed 'Employment of Women,' which expressed many of my ideas in forms so much clearer and better than any in which I can cast them, that I long hesitated whether it were worth my while to attempt to set them down here at all; but afterwards, seeing that this *Journal* may fall into many hands never laid upon the *Quarterly*, and that these Thoughts aim less at originality than usefulness, I determined in any case to say my say. It matters little when, or how, or by how many, truth is spoken, if only it be truth.

In taking up the question of female handicrafts, in contradistinction to female professions, the first thing that strikes one is the largeness of the subject, and how very little one practically knows about it. Of necessity, the class is a silent class; it lives by its fingers rather than its brains; it cannot put its life into print. Sometimes a poet does this for it, and thrills millions with a *Song of the Shirt*; or a novelist presents us with some imaginary portrait—some *Lettice Arnold*, *Susan Hopley*, or *Ruth*, idealised more or less, it may be, yet sufficiently true to nature to give us a passing interest in our shop-girls, sempstresses, and maid-servants, abstractedly, as a class; but of the individuals, of their modes of existence, feeling, and thought—of their sorrows and pleasures, accomplishments and defects—we 'ladies' of the middle and upper ranks, especially those of us residing in great towns, know essentially nothing.

As I have said, the working-class is the silent class; and this, being a degree above the cottage visitations of Ladies Bountiful, or the legislation of Ten-Hours-Bill Committees in an enlightened British parliament, is the most silent of all. And it includes so many grades—from the West-end milliner, who dresses in silk every day, and is almost (often quite) a 'lady,' down to the wretched lodging-house 'slavey,' who seems to be less a woman than a mere working animal—that, viewing it, one shrinks back in awe of its vastness. What an enormous influence it must unconsciously exercise on society, this dumb multitude, which, behind counters, in work-rooms, garrets, and bazaars, or in service at fashionable, respectable, or barely decent houses, goes toiling, toiling on, from morning till night—often from night till morning—at anything and everything, just for daily bread and honesty!

Now, society recognises this fact—gets up early-closing movements, makes eloquent speeches in lawn sleeves or peers' broadcloth at Hanover Square Rooms, or writes a letter to the *Times*, enlarging on the virtue of ordering court-dresses in time, so that one portion of Queen Victoria's female subjects may not be hurried into disease or death, or worse, in order that another portion may shine out, brilliant and beautiful, at Her Majesty's balls and drawing-rooms. All this is good; but it is only a drop in the bucket—a little oil cast on the top of the stream. The great tide of struggle and suffering flows on just the same; the surface may be slightly troubled, but the undercurrent seems impossible to be changed.

Did I say 'impossible?' No; I do not believe there

is anything under heaven to which we have a right to apply that word.

It seems to me that one of the chief elements of wrong in the class which I have distinguished as handicraftswomen, is the great but invidious distinction drawn between it and that of professional women. Many may repudiate this in theory; yet, practically, I ask lady-mothers, whether they would not rather take for daughters-in-law the poorest governess, the most penniless dependent, than a 'person in business'—milliner, dressmaker, shop-woman, &c.? As for a domestic servant—a cook, or even a lady's-maid—I am afraid a young man's choice of such an one would ruin him for ever in the eyes of respectability.

Respectability—begging her pardon!—is often a great fool. Why should it be less creditable to make good dresses than bad books? In what is it better to be at night a singing servant to an applauding or capriciously contemptuous public, than to wait on the mid public in the daytime from behind the counter of shop or bazaar? I confess, I cannot see the mighty difference; for the question, it must be understood, is not of personal value or endowments, but of external calling.

And here comes in the old warfare, commenced justly in the respect due to mind over matter, head-work over hand-work, but deteriorated by custom into a ridiculous and contemptible tyranny—the battle between professions and trades. I shall not enter into it here. Happily, men are now slowly waking up—women more slowly still—to a perception of the truth, that honour is an intrinsic and not extrinsic possession; that one means of livelihood is not of itself one whit more 'respectable' than another; that credit or discredit can attach in no degree to the work done, but to the manner of doing it, and to the individual who does it.

But, on the other hand, a class that, as a class, lacks honour, has usually, some time or other, fallen short of deserving of it. In the class of handicraftswomen who stand to professional women as ordinary tradesmen to the gentlemen, one often finds great self-assertion and equivalent want of self-respect, painful servility or pitiable impertinence—in short, many of those faults which arise in a transition state of partial education, and uncertain, accidental refinement. Also, since a degree of both refinement and education is necessary to create a standard of moral conscientiousness, I believe this order of women is much more deficient than the one above it in that stern, steady uprightness which constitutes what we call elevation of character. Through the want of pride in their calling, and hence, or a slovenliness of principle in pursuing it, this class is always at war with that above it; which justly complains of the unconquerable faults and deficiencies which make patience the only virtue it can profess towards its inferiors.

How amend this lamentable state of things? How lessen the infinite wrongs, errors, and sufferings of this mass of womanhood, out of which are glared out church-yards, hospitals, prisons, penitentiaries; from which, more than from any other section of society, is taken that pest and anguish of our streets, the

Eighty thousand women in one smile?

Many writers of both sexes are now striving to answer this question; and many others, working more by their lives than their pens, are practically trying to solve the problem. All honour and success attend both workers and writers! Each in their vocation will spur on society to beatify itself, and, by the combination of popular feeling, to achieve in some large form a real, tangible, social good.

But in these Thoughts I would fain address individuals, and stimulate them to action. I want to

speaking, not to society at large, for 'everybody's business' is often 'nobody's business,' as we well know, but to each woman separately, in her personal character as employer or employed.

And, first, to the employer.

I am afraid it is a natural deficiency in the constitution of our sex that we are so hard to be taught justice. It certainly was a mistake to make that admirable virtue a female; and even then the allegorist seems to have found it necessary to bandage her eyes. No; kindness, unselfishness, charity, come to us by nature: but I wish I could see more of my sisters learning and practising what is far more difficult and less attractive—common justice, especially towards one another.

In dealing with men, I think there is little fear that they will take care of themselves. That 'first law of nature,' self-preservation, is—doubtless for wise purposes—imprinted pretty strongly on the mind of the male sex. It is in transactions between women and women that the difficulty lies. Therein—I put the question to the aggregate conscience of us all—is it not, openly or secretly, our chief aim to get the largest possible amount of labour for the smallest possible price?

We do not mean any harm; we are only acting for the best—for our own benefit, and that of those nearest to us; and yet we are committing an act of injustice, the result of which fills slop-sellers' doors with starving sempstresses, and causes unlimited competition among incompetent milliners and dressmakers, while good workers are lamentably scarce and extravagantly dear. Of course! so long as one continually hears ladies say: 'Oh, I got such and such a thing almost for half-price—such a bargain!' or: 'Do you know I have found out such a cheap dressmaker!' I wonder if any of these ever reflected, without a wholesome blush, on the common-sense law of political economy, that neither labour nor material can possibly be got 'cheaply'—that is, below its average acknowledged cost, without *somebody* being cheated. For my part, these devotees to cheapness, when not victims—which they frequently are in the long-run—always seem to me little better than genteel swindlers.

There is another lesser consideration, and yet not small either. Labour, unfairly remunerated, of necessity deteriorates in quality, and thereby lowers the standard of appreciation. Every time I pay a low price for an ill-fitting gown or an ugly tawdry bonnet—cheapness is usually tawdry—I am wronging not merely myself, but my employee, by encouraging careless work and bad taste, and by thus going in direct opposition to a rule from whence springs so much that is eclectic and beautiful in the female character, that 'whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.' If, on the contrary, I knowingly pay below its value for really good work, I am, as aforesaid, neither more nor less than a dishonest appropriator of other people's property—a swindler—a thief.

Humiliating as the confession may be, I believe that, on the whole, men are less prone to this petty vice than women. You rarely find a gentleman beating down his tailor, cheapening his hosier, or haggling with his groom over a few shillings of wages. Either his wider experience has enlarged his mind, or he has less time for bargaining, or he will not take the trouble. It is among us, alas! that you see most instances of 'stinginess'—not the noble economy which can and does lessen its personal wants to the narrowest rational limit, but the mean parsimony which tries to satisfy them below cost-price, and consequently always at somebody's expense, except its own. Against this crying sin—none the less a sin because often masked as a virtue, and even corrupted from an original virtue—it becomes our bounden duty, as women, to protest with all our power. More especially,

because it is a temptation peculiar to ourselves; engendered by many a cruel domestic narrowness, many a grinding struggle to 'make ends meet,' such as men, in their grand picturesque pride and heedless magnificence, can rarely either feel or understand.

I do not here advance the argument, usually enforced by experience, that cheapness always comes dearest in the end, and that only a wealthy person can afford to make 'bargains,' because I wish to open the question—and leave it—on the far higher ground of moral justice. The celebrated sentiment of Benjamin Franklin, 'Honesty is the best policy,' always seemed to me a very unchristian mode of inculcating the said virtue.

Another injustice, less patent, but equally harmful, is constantly committed by ladies—namely, the conducting of business relations in an unbusiness-like manner. Carelessness, irregularity, or delay in giving orders—needless absorption of time, which is money—and, above all, want of explicitness and decision, are faults which no one dare complain of in a customer, but yet which result in the most cruel wrong. Perhaps the first quality in an employer is to know her own mind; the second, to be able to state it clearly, so as to avoid the possibility of mistake; and no blunder or irresolution on her part should ever be visited upon the person employed.

There is one injustice which I hardly need refer to, so nearly does it approach to actual crime. Any lady who wilfully postpones payment beyond a reasonable time, or in any careless way prefers her convenience to her duty, her pleasure to her honesty—who for one single day keeps one single person waiting for a debt which at all lies within her power to discharge—is a creature so below the level of true womanhood, that I would rather not speak of her.

And now, as to the class of the employed. It resolves itself into many branches, and, of late years, has started into many off-shoots of occupations, all valuable in their way, such as glass-painting, wood carving and engraving, watch-making, &c., &c.; but the main trunk—the root of women's manual employments—is undoubtedly the use of the needle.

There are few of us amateurs who have not a great reverence for that little dainty tool; such a wonderful brightener and consolator; our weapon of defence against slothfulness, weariness, and sad thoughts; our thrifty helper in poverty, our pleasant friend at all times. From the first 'cobbled-up' doll's frock—the first neat stitching for mother, or hemming of father's pocket-handkerchief—the first bit of sewing shyly done for some one who is to own the hand and all its duties—most of all, the first strange, delicious fairy work, sewed at diligently, in solemn faith and tender love, for the tiny creature yet unknown and unseen—oh! no one but ourselves can tell what the needle is to us women!

With all due respect for brains, I think women cannot be too early taught to respect likewise their own ten fingers.

It is a grand thing to be a good needlewoman, even in what they call across the border 'plain sewing,' and in Scotland, a 'white seam;' and any one who ever tried to make a dress, knows well enough what skill, patience, and ingenuity, nay, a certain kind of genius, is necessary to achieve any good result. Of all persons, the poor dressmaker is the last who ought to be grudged good payment. Instead of depreciating, we should rather try to put into her a sincere following of her art as an art—nay, a pleasant pride in it.

The labour we delight in physics pain;

and I doubt if any branch of labour can be worthily pursued unless the labourer takes an interest in it beyond the mere hire. I know a dressmaker who evidently feels personally aggrieved when I decline to

one that her future lies, spiritually as well as literally, in her own hands.

Seldom, with the commonest shadow of a chance to start with, will a real good worker fail to find employment; seldom, indeed, with diligence, industry, civility and punctuality, will a person of even moderate skill lack customers. Worth of any kind is rare enough in the world for most people to be thankful to get it and keep it too. In these days, the chief difficulty seems to consist, not in the acknowledgment of merit, but the finding of any merit that is worth acknowledging—above all, any merit that has the sense of consistency to acknowledge and have faith in itself, and to trust in its own power of upholding itself steadily in the very stormiest billows of the tempestuous world assured with worthy old Milton, that

But I am pulled down from this Utopia of fancy handicrafts by the distant half-smothered laughter of my two maid-servants, going cheerily to their work through the silent house; and by the recollection that I myself must be up early, as my new sempstress is coming to-morrow. Well, she shall be kindly treated; have plenty of food and drink, light and fire; and though I shall be stern and remorseless as fate respecting the quality of her work, I shall give her plenty of time to do it in. No more will be expected from her than her capabilities seem to allow and her work promised; still, there will be no hating an inch of it; it would be unfair both to herself and me. Is that the very reason I took her was from her honest and downright sayings. 'Ma'am, if you can't wait, I know anybody better, don't employ me; but, ma'am, when I say I'll come, I always do.'—(P.S. I didn't!!)

Honest woman! If she turns out fairly, so much better for us both, in the future, as to gown and crown-pieces. If she does not, I shall at least have the satisfaction of having done unto her as, in my place, I would like others to do unto me—which axiom expresses and includes all I have been wise on this subject.

AN EARLY WORKER AT THE ROCKS

In 1798, there appeared at Glasgow a respectable looking octavo volume, entitled *The History of Ruglen and East Kilbride*. The title bore that the book was 'published with a view to promote the study of antiquity and natural history.' It is now a scarce volume, and few know anything about it. The district to which it refers is part of that coal and iron field which now pours into the city of Glasgow a stream of wealth. In 1798, no one dreamed of natural richness; iron-smelting was either not practised at all, or only on the most trifling scale; and researches of modern geology were yet wholly in the future. Yet this volume contains correct and valuable accounts of the minerals of the district, as well as of the fossils found in the carboniferous strata. The exact representations in copper-plates of the fossils being, it is believed, the earliest efforts to depict these objects. You may here see the *Seta*, *lepidodendra*, *sigillaria*, and forms of the *Trilobites* as correctly delineated as in any recent geological treatise. The corals, encrinetes, univalves, and other of the formation are presented in great variety, and correctly named according to the nomenclature of the day, which, however, is considerably different from that now in vogue. There are also traces of fishes, all set down as teeth by the author.

'In all labour there is profit'—ay, and honour too, if the toilers could but recognise it; if the large talk now current about 'the dignity of labour' could only be reduced to practice; if, to begin at the beginning, we each could but persuade the handful of young persons immediately around us and under our influence, that to make an elegant dress or pretty bonnet—nay, even to cook a good dinner, or take pride in a neatly kept house, is a right creditable, womanly thing in itself, quite distinct from the profit accruing from it. Also, since hope is the mainspring of excellence, as well as happiness, in any calling, let it be impressed on every

what appears to be a scale of a holoptychius, described in the letter-press as a fragment of a crustaceous animal. Making allowance for a few misapprehensions, unavoidable in the then obscure state of the science, the chapters on the fossils are marvels of intelligence. The author had the sense and the courage to dismiss the old notion as to fossils—namely, that they were stones of a peculiar kind produced as *lusus nature* ('sports of nature'). 'It is evident,' he says, 'on the slightest attention, that these bodies possessed organization and life, in the same manner that shell-fish and other marine productions do at present. It is almost certain, that most of them lived and died in the places where now found; and that these places were once covered with sea.' These views are precisely those of geologists of the present day. Altogether, this *History of Rutherglen and East Kilbride* is a marvel of insight into certain things then considerably out of the way of ordinary mortals.

And who was the author? His name and position in life are given on the title-page—'David Ure, A.M., preacher of the gospel.' We find that this name has no place in any biographical dictionary, and has never been referred to in the history of geological science. Strange—but perhaps to be accounted for by the local nature of the book, and the modesty and early death of its author. When we inquire into Ure's history, we find that he was in various respects a highly interesting person.

He was the son of a working-weaver in Glasgow, and was trained to his father's trade. Left in boyhood with the charge of a widowed mother, he not only worked for her support and his own, but contrived, in intervals of labour, to gratify the insatiable thirst for knowledge with which nature had inspired him. It will appear more of a wonder to an English than a Scottish reader, that this weaver lad every day cast aside his apron to attend the Latin classes in the High School, and afterwards those of the university, in his native city. Dr Moor, a Greek professor of some celebrity, who was somewhat ungracefully addicted to doggerel rhyming, but was a good-hearted and worthy man, regarded his weaver-pupil with the respect due to his extraordinary diligence and manifest abilities. After scolding other youths for negligence, he would make a bow to David, and say:

David Ure,

He sits secure,

He'll ne'er be fined by Dr Moor.

The young man usually worked at his loom for the greater part of the night; but while his hands were throwing the shuttle, his eye would be intent on the pages of Virgil or Homer laid open on the beam by his side. Antiquities and natural curiosities of all kinds early excited an interest in David's mind. On one occasion, while at college, being informed of something worthy of his notice on the top of Ben Lomond, he took advantage of the Christmas holidays to make a pilgrimage thither, notwithstanding that the ground was covered with snow. The fancies that beset the scientific mind at the dawn of philosophy struck a chord in the active brain of David Ure. He thought of discovering the perpetual motion and philosopher's stone. But here the facetious Greek professor gave him a hint, which instantly righted his mind. 'David,' said he, 'we have got a sufficient perpetual motion in you; and industry and perseverance are the true philosopher's stone, because, though they should not produce gold, they will produce what can be exchanged for gold.'

The subsequent career of David Ure was very much like that of the run of Scottish students in humble

life. He advanced from the loom to be assistant to the schoolmaster of Stewarston, in Ayrshire—and from thence to be the master of a 'subscription school' in the neighbourhood of Dumbarton. During this course of exertion, he was pursuing the studies required for a pulpit in the Scotch church. When at length licensed as a preacher, he was appointed assistant to the Rev. Mr Connel, minister of East Kilbride—that is, he undertook the pastoral duties for which that clergyman was unfitted by age or bad health—at a salary of ten pounds a year, besides his maintenance! willing, no doubt, to work at this low rate for some years, in the hope of at last succeeding to the salary of his principal. His frugality in these years may be judged of from the fact, that out of the ten pounds he continued to relieve, if not wholly to support, his aged mother. While performing the whole round of parochial duty, of which the composition of two sermons a week would unavoidably form a part, Mr Ure studied the ancient history and mineralogy of the district, making, it is said, some discoveries from which great practical benefits were afterwards derived; and it was then that he composed the work for which his name deserves to be held in remembrance.

The habits of David as an observer are fully described by one who seems to have known him intimately. 'Whether travelling to gratify his curiosity, or to execute any commission, it was always on foot. Though short of stature, he was of a vigorous structure of body, and blessed with a sound constitution. He often carried bread and cheese in his pocket, and enjoyed his repast beside the cooling spring. When his circumstances would afford it, he would repair to the village alehouse and enjoy his favourite luxury, a glass of ale. His greatcoat was furnished with a large pocket, in which he stowed such minerals or other objects as had attracted his notice. He carried a tin-box for stowing curious plants; a large cudgel armed with steel, so as to serve both as a spade and a pickaxe; a few small chisels and other tools; a blow-pipe with its appurtenances; a small liquid chemical apparatus; optical instruments, &c.; so that his friends used to call him a walking shop or laboratory. In this way he braved all weathers; and heat and cold, wet or dry, seemed equally indifferent to him. He was a patient observer and accurate describer of nature. *His descriptions were always taken down on the spot*, in a species of short-hand invented by himself, and which, it is to be regretted, no one but himself understood.'

It is pleasant to learn of one whose intellect calls for so much respect, that he was simple, sincere, and unworldly, of a cheerful affectionate disposition, and almost incapable of being made angry. His extreme good-nature prompted his friends to lay plots for incensing him, if it were possible, by stories concerning ridiculous mistakes which they alleged he had committed, or laughable situations into which he had been brought. But these little tricks invariably failed. David would laugh as heartily at the fiction as any, or, if it had any foundation in fact, he would affect to correct it; thus in general greatly heightening the merriment of the company.

We fear it was David's fate to spend a good many years in the situation of an assistant-pastor. There is a want of dates for his history; but as Dr Moor ceased to teach the Greek class at Glasgow College in 1774, and Mr Connel died in 1790, we may presume that David was not much less than ten years at work on his ten-pound salary in East Kilbride. The patronage was in the crown, and he had been promised the succession. But when the vacancy took place, some perverse influence—it is said from a female quarter—caused the charge to be given to another, to the great disappointment of the parishioners, most of whom in consequence seceded and joined a dissenting body. David, with his characteristic generosity, no sooner

heard he was to be disappointed, than he left the parish, in order that he might not stand in the way of a 'harmonious settlement' for the presentee. Taking his pronged staff in his hand, he set out on foot for Newcastle, and there undertook the duty of assistant-preacher in a presbyterian chapel.

The publication of his book in 1798 recommended him to the attention of the benevolent patriot, Sir John Sinclair, as one who could give material assistance in the compilation of that remarkable work, the *Statistical Account of Scotland*. He was one of the three talented young men whom Sir John for some time employed as his assistants in this task, each of whom, as we have heard from one of them, received a hundred a year of salary. In the case of certain parishes, where, from the senility of the minister or other causes, an account was not furnished, David Ure supplied the deficiency. He also prepared the indices for the work. While thus toiling under the eye of good Sir John, he became favourably known to the Earl of Buchan, who, with all his childish vanity, was not without some generous impulses. The parish of Uphall, in his lordship's patronage, becoming vacant in 1798, David Ure was selected for the charge, thus at length attaining the summit of his professional ambition, and being placed in comfort for life. Sad, however, to tell, he had not enjoyed his preferment above two years, when he was cut off by dropsy. The first delineator of Scottish fossils lies in Uphall church-yard, under a stone which his friend the Earl of Buchan raised and inscribed as follows: 'D. Ure, A.M., in hac ecclesiâ rite repositus, morbo acerbò Hydrop. diu vexat. animam denique refavit, et Deo reddidit, die Martii xxviii., A.D. MDCCXCviii., et hic sepult. fuit. H.M. David, Buchanæ Comes, in test. amic., I.T. F.C. Pulvis et umbra Sumus.*'

BUSINESS IN EGYPT.

HAVING business to transact with the *nazir* or director of the customs at Alexandria, relative to a ship which had to be cleared out that day, the captain and myself, one hot morning in August, bestrode our respective donkeys, and cantered away towards the sea-side, where the custom-house is situated. Not a breath of air was stirring, whilst the sand and the houses reflected the most intense heat; even donkey-boys had deserted their positions; and rabid-looking, half-starved dogs dug up unseemly smells from dirt-heaps—so abundant in Egypt—in search of some sheltered and cooler retreat.

Galloping through the Turkish street, or main thoroughfare, which leads to the Mahmoudiah Canal, we turned abruptly to the left, and entered a dirty little alley, barely two yards wide. Here, however, we were protected from the sun; but, at best, it was a sad alternative; for other evils existed, which threatened cholera in lieu of a *coup de soleil*. The streets, in fact, were a general sewer, whence arose a pestilential vapour. Children in cool attire puddled by the side of these cesspools, making mud-cakes, and wholly unconscious of any inconvenience from swarms of flies on all parts of the face and body. Imagine, too, an occasional half-putrid cat, the skeleton of a dog or two, scores of rats killed during the night, and thrown out by ancient duennas; some rinds of water-melons, and half-starved poultry earning a filthy liveli-

hood; and, huddling all these together, you shall have a perfect and unexaggerated picture of the by-streets of Alexandria in this present year of grace. Through these streets, the captain and I scampered as fast as our donkeys and the pathway would admit of; now and then we emerged into little open squares, where stood extemporaneous coffee-houses, formed of long poles, stuck in the earth, and covered over with mats and old canvas sails; where, further, the atmosphere was darkened with flies, allured by the fruits and sweetmeats exposed for sale by some half-dozen liberated negroes; and indolent old fellows lolled on wooden benches, smoking, playing at backgammon, and sipping hot coffee or glasses of cold sherbet. Now we came into a narrow tortuous street, full of heavily laden donkeys, water-carriers, and Egyptian damsels doing up each other's hair, and investigating horrible secrets as they proceeded. The last turning was the worst of all; for we had to pass through an ordinary-sized street-door into an equally circumscribed passage—short-cut, and provided with a well besides, which made the crowd the denser. At last we got out, and emerged upon the open beach. Immediately to our left was the cumbrous old building we were in search of; but to get at the entrance-gate without suffering bodily injury, was no easy matter. The whole space from the landing-jetty right up to the walls of the custom-house, was literally crammed with goods, carts, donkeys, porters, boatmen, mules, merchants, horses, and one or two European carriages belonging to the officials. Now and then a long string of gawky camels would come picking their way over bale-goods and bars of iron, and, amidst the babel that reigned around some sudden gust of wind would lift up a cloud of sea-sand, nearly blinding the unwary, and effectually stopping for a while the hooting, screaming, and swearing, of the busy multitude here assembled.

In a hut, about the size of a common turn-up bedstead, sat two officers of excise, black as Egypt's soil could make them, and as open to bribery as any officers of excise in the world. Handing these a piastre or two, and recommending our donkeys to their care, we prepared for the assault. No Bedan ever presented more obstacles than we here found, in bales piled loosely one above the other, with intervening gaps filled up with iron bars, broken hoops, baskets of rice, and all imaginable odds and ends. Sometimes, just as we had scaled a perfect mountain of cotton, the upper bulk would topple over, and send us floundering amongst broken zembils (straw bags) of rice. But it was not only these impediments we had to contend against; boatmen, crouching like spiders on the look-out for unwary prey, would dart out from behind a pile of Manchester goods, and insist upon hurrying us off to vessels in the harbour; donkey-boys were equally desirous of securing our custom; and, besides these, were atlases of porters, tottering under weights sufficient to crush any ordinary beings, and which imparted such momentum to their movements, that it was physically impossible to stop one of them, until he had jerked the burden off his back, or some accidental encounter threw man and weight violently to the ground. There were, moreover, a large class of idlers (*hamals*), who worked exclusively within the building, and who, guessing the purport of our visit, undertook to a man, to see the ship cleared out in something less than the twinkling of an eye, for the usual *buckishish*.

The captain engaged one of these porters to pilot us through the bewildering maze and confusion around; and the first place he took us to was a long narrow room, to the right hand of the chief entrance-gate;

* The principal facts of this memoir are obtained from an article signed J. Hendrick, in the *Scotts Magazine* for December 1808. Mr Hendrick, if we mistake not, was one of the three assistants of Sir John Sinclair, and author of the *Report on the Island of Arran*. Edin., 1807.

on the very threshold of which despair seized upon us at sight of the vast number of applicants and expectants standing about. In the room itself there was nothing to give one an idea of pressing business and excitement. *Staffer Allah!* God forbid! that any one should seem hot and hurried in these burning climes. 'There's a time for everything,' was the motto of the head-clerk in this department; a worthy old Armenian, with a pinched-up face and meagre person—'A time for everything,' as he quietly displaced his huge spectacles from off his very prominent nose, for the better enjoyment of a good pinch of snuff—the only earthly enjoyment he ever indulged in; then, having methodically pulled out and opened an enormous pocket handkerchief, he violently applied it to its use; and folding it up as leisurely, replaced it in a capacious pocket; drawing out thence, the better to make room for it, a tobacco-pouch, half-a-dozen rusty old keys, a dirty bit of dried cream-cheese, which was to serve for his lunch, a rosary and cross, and a pocket tooth-comb—the latter being used exclusively for the dressing of his beard. Sarkies Oynl was more innocent of hair on his head than a newborn babe—of which we had proof, for the heat of the weather induced him to lay even his skull-cap aside. We stated our business in a few words to this functionary, handing him at the same time the requisite certificate from the ship's brokers, as to the precise amount of grain shipped. The Armenian took the paper, and, being ignorant of European characters, sent it by a trusty hand to some learned *turghiman* (interpreter), who lived hard by, requesting that he would translate and write down in Turkish the sum-total of the figures. This done, he begged us to be seated, and opening a musty old desk in front of him, drew out some bread, a couple of cucumbers, a paper of mixed salt and pepper, an onion, and a small piece of garlic. These, with the cheese already alluded to, constituted his mid-day meal; and yet this man was reputed to be worth some thousands of pounds sterling. While waiting the return of the messenger, we had ample opportunity of surveying the apartment and its other inmates. Save the door of entrance, there was not even a pigeon-hole window or other inlet for light and outlet for nauseous gases. A low divan ran round three sides of the room, and on it were seated, at intervals of a yard, some eight or ten minor officials, all of whom had vast heaps of papers and piles of books on their respective desks; all were sitting cross-legged, and not one was paying the slightest attention to the business of the day. Some played at backgammon, others were shuffling dirty packs of cards, while the remainder were either smoking, eating, or relating anecdotes *sotto voce*. Every now and then, some enraged Jew-broker, whose patience was fairly worn out, would jostle his way into the room, and beg to be informed whether his business was to be settled that day or not.

'Shuay, shuay, ya Ebni!' drawled out the Armenian, with his most nasal twang; 'gently, my son. Do you take us for asses, or the sons of cows, that you come here to heap dirt upon our beards? Is not the sun hot to-day, and the want of wind oppressive? Do you suppose we are giants? Mashallah! look here,' taking up an armful of papers—'did Solomon ever have so much difficult reckoning, or Job so many trials of temper to contend against? Mashallah!'—growing more vehement and loud—'one would think the pasha—may Allah widen his shadow!—was your uncle or your grandfather, you make so much noise. Haidey, get out of this, and wait till we send for you, unless you wish an ass to sit on your father's grave;' and then the old fellow would wind up with a tirade of abuse, the minor fry joining in chorus, till the discomfited Jew beat a hasty retreat, and the Armenian, sticking on his spectacles, looked over them at us, as

though for approbation, stroking down his beard the while, and uttering over and over again: 'Adjibee!'—that is, wonderful! incredible! the idea of such a ruffian bearding us in our own den!

After half-an-hour's absence, the messenger returned with the paper in his hand, and the information that the *turghiman* was nowhere to be found; upon which the custom-house clerk coolly informed us that the captain had better call again next day: no, not next day, for that was Sunday, but on Monday morning. The *turghiman* would be warned to attend, and such a trifling delay would give the captain an opportunity of amusing himself by going into the country to *shum il Howah*—that is, literally, smell the wind, or for change of air. Moreover, he suggested that by that time a fair wind would set in, and everything would go on comfortably and pleasantly. Satisfied in his own mind at the result he had arrived at, the Armenian filled his pipe, and was in the very act of lighting it, when he and the rest of the officials were perfectly electrified by what they at first considered a sudden fit of lunacy on the part of the English skipper. No sooner had this bluff, honest-hearted fellow been put in possession of the intentions of the custom-house, than starting up into the middle of the room, and flinging his straw-hat violently on the floor, he approached the terrified officials, one arm akimbo, and shaking the hand of the other in a most alarming manner.

'Look 'ee here,' roared the captain, as though he were hailing a man half a mile away, 'by the pipe that played before Moses, you'll not smoke again in this world until my vessel's cleared out and done with.'

Whereupon he snatched the pipe from the terrified nazir, and flung it to the opposite side of the room. Then ensued a scene that baffles description. The spectators were convulsed with laughter, the officials wavering between wrath and excessive fear.

'What does he say?—what does he mean?' tremblingly inquired the Armenian. After the captain's menace was duly interpreted, an appeal was proposed to the great man of the establishment—the Bey Effendi, whose apartments were at the opposite extremity of the edifice. Thither we litigants accordingly repaired, followed by a clamorous rabble; some of whom sided with the authorities, whilst by far the greater portion, from selfish motives, upheld our cause. On arriving at the bey's room, a servant gave us to understand that his master could not then be disturbed, being engaged in his noonday devotions. The captain was for forcing an entrance, whereat the natives immediately set him down as a decided lunatic. After a short parley, the Armenian was at length convinced that, if we stated the amount of grain shipped, in *Arabic*, and if he found our statement tallied with his own account, there could not be any great danger of his compromising either himself or his employers. Unwillingly, and threatening dire retribution for the insult offered him, he led the way back to his own office; and there, after handing us back our document, produced his own shipping-book, where, in characters strangely resembling the imprints of a spider's feet, he had day by day entered the shippers' names and the amount shipped. We stated our estimate of the sum-total at so many *ardeb*s of wheat. Then was the mathematical genius of the whole posse of clerks called into requisition to accomplish the necessary addition. The vessel had been ten days loading, and had received so many boats, each containing so many *ardeb*s per diem. The boat's notes, and the permits to ship, guaranteed this fact, so that it was next to impossible that an error could exist. Nevertheless, it occupied these learned pundits a full hour of groaning and calculation before the required result was obtained. At last three of them, amidst the murmured plaudits of the Arab idlers hanging about the door, accomplished the feat, and then it

was satisfactorily ascertained that the reckonings tallied to a measure. Then, and only then, did our Armenian friend recover his dignity and composure, when, pulling out a scrap of paper not more than two inches square, he cocked up one knee, which served as a writing-desk, and reed-pen in hand, wrote off leisurely and quietly the few necessary words of the certificate: this done, he sprinkled it carefully with fine sea-sand; and then the certificate was passed from hand to hand, to make sure that no error existed in the ciphering. Satisfied on this point, the nazir divested himself of his *khatem* (ring of office); dipping the forefinger of his right hand into his inkhorn, he smeared the seal over; and then first wetting the paper with his tongue, struck the impression, and handed us the document, without which no consul is justified in clearing out a vessel, and no vessel can, under any pretence, obtain a pilot to guide her out of the harbour.

But our work was not yet finished; the Bey Effendi had to countersign this passport; and although he had long since finished his prayers, he was then indulging in his afternoon siesta—having first threatened to flay his slave alive if he dared permit any one to interrupt the nap. Our friend the captain, however, made noise enough outside the door to awaken even the seven sleepers; so, after much ineffectual resistance, the bey himself came to the door, inkhorn in hand, and there and then affixed the necessary signet, telling the captain, as he handed him back the paper, that he prayed Allah never to let him hear his voice again in that building; so the captain strolled over to the harbour-master's, and, paying the requisite fee, soon got the necessary clearance, and was far out at sea by sundown. Had he not violently resisted, he might have lost a whole week or more, and perhaps have missed the opportunity of making a good passage home. But such thoughts never trouble an oriental; with him, to-day or to-morrow is all one—to go or not to go amounts to the same thing. If it is destined by Allah to happen, it will happen; and if not, it is worse than useless troubling one's self about the matter.

It is the same all over the Turkish possessions—in Syria, Egypt, Asia Minor, or Turkey in Europe; nothing can exceed the annoying and vexatious ignorance and obstinacy of the eastern people.

Sometimes whole cargoes of furniture and crockery were imported for the use of private families residing in the East; and these were at once warehoused in the custom-house until the vessel that brought them had finished discharging the whole cargo. Meanwhile, other ships also were disgorging goods of all descriptions, and as there was no method—no system adopted in the warehouses—the result may be more readily conceived than described. Boxes of fragile goods were recklessly bundled into the most convenient corner, and piled over with heavy iron machinery or equally heavy packages of furniture; so that the hapless proprietors, after weeks of fatiguing and fruitless search, ultimately deciphered their private marks or addresses upon some dust-be smeared portions of deal-board, carefully crushed, and containing the pulverised remains of a once costly set of China.

It was no easy matter to impress upon these Egyptians the size or description of the goods one chanced to be in search of. Like all orientals, after listening to the first few words of explanation, they would jump to immediate conclusions, and disappearing in the chaos, return with some box or parcel as different from that you were in search of as the light of day from the darkness of their own minds. All musical instruments, for instance, are recognised under the term *nobe* (Arabic, music). A lady was once in search of a semi-grand piano which had been swallowed up by the custom-house some three months prior to her arrival from England; as soon as the

Arab hamal heard the word 'nobe,' he paid not the slightest attention to the rest of the description which indicated its great size and exceeding weight, &c.; he at once mentally plunged into the dark recesses of his memory, and fished up these facts, which, in his own opinion, were highly satisfactory—namely, that nobe meant a musical instrument, and must consequently be either a drum or a fiddle, a guitar, fife, or psaltery. These comprised the width and length of his acquaintance with musical instruments; so he at once clambered out of sight, and after a tedious absence, returned in high glee for his expected reward. He had brought with him a traveller's leather hat-box, under the firm conviction that it contained a small drum!

I shall never forget the rage of the customs' people at Beyrout, when one immensely heavy deal-case, the property of a learned German naturalist, fell into their clutches, and was forced open, despite the frantic explanations, promises, threats, and gesticulations of the travelled savant. The more fuss the doctor made, the more the officials were convinced that they were about to have a splendid haul of smuggled silks and other costly goods. A large mob had collected round the place, and the suspense and curiosity were intense. Presently the lid yielded, and the first thing that met their astonished gaze was a lot of saw-dust, with a camel's skull carefully packed in the centre. This, however, was supposed to be a mere blind; empty baskets were produced, and the naturalist, to his great discomfort, saw the packing, which had cost him so much care and labour, shovelled up and thrown into old baskets, with little respect to the fragile contents. No sooner had the skull been removed than they came upon a small stuffed alligator, then a few specimens of fish, some petrified olives and other matter, and lastly, they disinterred a whole row of large well-stoppered glass bottles. This, then, must be the treasure—must contain costly pearls or scammony, or some taxable drug. The head of the custom-house, who had been personally attracted to the spot by the rumour reaching him of the apprehension of a noted smuggler, now took upon himself the duty of investigation, as much from intense curiosity as from a suspicion of his not over-honest confrères, who might slip anything very costly unperceived into their capacious sleeves. The first bottle he hauled out he held up to the light, and very nearly dropped with a combination of emotions difficult to conceive—it contained a large snake in the act of swallowing a frog, carefully preserved in spirits. The next bottle contained a scorpion; the third, some lizards; the fourth, centipedes; the fifth, bats; and so on, until every bottle had been displaced. Then there arose a shout of laughter, mingled with exclamations of unfeigned surprise. The custom-house officers were completely nonplussed; the nazir himself, a very superstitious man, terribly alarmed. He set down the doctor immediately as some evil-disposed person who could wither up the health-springs of one's blood at a single glance. Calling away his people, he hurried off to his office, murmuring verses of the Koran; and not a soul amongst the natives would lend a hand in helping the doctor to repack his much-valued collection. What a human being could want with such abominable things was an unsolvable enigma to the whole town and neighbourhood.

I know of only one parallel incident to the foregoing, which inflicted a terrible shock not only upon the authorities, but upon the whole population of a province in European Turkey. The case was this. An eccentric Polish physician, who had been travelling in the East, was returning into his own country, and undergoing the term of his quarantine at, if I remember right, Orsova. When the authorities came to examine and purify his luggage, they found, amongst other things,

a very small phial, carefully corked and sealed, packed in a small box, and stowed away at the very bottom of his portmanteau. On inquiring what the contents were, judge of the horror and consternation of the officials on being very coolly informed that it was matter from the pustules of a plague-infected patient in Egypt, which the doctor was carrying to his own country to experimentalise with in inoculation. Strange as this may seem, it is nevertheless a fact; and I believe the Turks were for some time undecided as to the propriety of burying the doctor alive in the same deep pit full of quicklime in which his plague-materials were carefully deposited.

A WORD FROM NUMBER THREE.

You see there's myself and two more on us as clubs for takin' in *Chambers's Journal* among us; and we lends it to one another like; and so I see what was wrote the other day about the railway travellin',* and as how low fellers like huz isn't pleasant to be rode along side on in the same vehicle as your second-class gentles. That may be all very true; but if every man as has cause has a right to complain, the gentlman as wrote that there won't have it all his own way.

Why, in coorse, it ain't agreeable for folks as wears fine clothes, and allus goes out dressed slap-up like, when they has a bit of travellin' to do, to ride along with poor fellers like huz, that's maybe agoin' out in a workin' sort of way, or hain't got the toggery all right, even if we had the time to spare for putting it on. And then when we do go out a bit from home, it comes natral that we should make ourselves merry and comfortable-like, more especially if we meets a friend, which it's the occasion of many a feller being the worse for liquor when he's out on sich occasions. And so, as I was sayin', we workin' men don't feel it agreeable nouthar to be forced to ride in those ere second-class vehicles; we're better pleased when we have all our own equals about huz; and if we're not exactly quite the thing for cleanliness—or if we're in stakin' a little, too much refreshment—or if we wants to pass away the time by singin' a stave of a song with chorus all round, or the like of that, why, you see, when we're all together among our own sort, we feels quite at home and sociable, as I may say. We're all uzed to it, you see, and 'abit is a second natur.

Well, I suspects that the gentlman as wrote that article, must be the same as I come upon one night omnin' up from Hexeter to Bridgewater, and I'm jist going to tell you all about it.

There was Bill and his two cousins, as is all Hexeter men, as well as myself; and his two cousins, which had been to sea in Her Majesty's ship, the *Dolking*, come into Plymouth, and got leave to spend a few days with their parients at Hexeter. Well, Bill axes me to go down with him for a day, which his uncle had avited him to do, sayin' I should be welcome; so we went down parliamentary, quite comfortable; which the old man gave us very good eatin' and drinkin', and we spent the day very pleasant altogether. In coorse, we did not choose to go away home before night, we found he company so agreeable; and we was goin' when we got some refreshment at the pubic-house near the station; indeed, to say the truth, Bill, as the sailors said, freshened his nip a little too much; and that's a fact. We was all royal, but Bill was so bad that we had a great tado to get him into the carriage at all. As there

was no third-class by the mail-train, we was forced to get second-class tickets; and, as I was sayin', I thought it lucky there was no one in the same but ourselves. Well, just as the train was movin', a gentlman and lady comes runnin' up post haste, and bundles right on end into the carriage where Bill and me was, which I was not pleased to see it. Well, Bill got himself to sleep very soon; and I hoped all would be quiet—and a sleepin' man generally don't quarrel much—but all of a sudden, he begins choppin' his teeth in his sleep, and snorin' like, and then he kicks out with his hobnailed high-lows most furious; and that's the truth on it; and I can tell you that if he had took a feller on the flat of the shin-bone with one of those there kicks, it wouldn't have been no joke.

Well, I have said that I suspects this here gentlman was the same which made sich a complaint to *Chambers's Journal*; and I know he sat nearly opposite to Bill at the time, and looked frightened out of seven years' growth, for several of Bill's kicks—and they was kicks, and no mistake—passed right and left at each side of his legs, before he could make his escape to the tother side of the carriage, away near where the lady was sittin'; which I must say that same lady looked to me as if she wanted more to laugh nor to cry at that particular moment. Howsaever, it was no use tryin' to wake up Bill; and so he snored, and chopped, and kicked like winkin' all the way to Bridgewater; but as he had it all to himself, he hurt nobody but the carriage. When we come to Bridgewater, the gentlman got out, and made no end of row, and insisted on huz drunken fellers, as he called huz, being put out; which I told him we were quite agreeable, seein' as how we didn't want to go no farther. And now I say, if that the gentlman says was done—that is, that we third-class people should have a carriage for ourselves with every train—we should not be troublesome to people as thinks they be our betters. I suppose, by his writin' so sharp, he is either a lawyer or a member of parliment; and so let him make a law to procure us the haccommodation which we naturally require. It is not fair at all to make us pay a good splice more for goin' at one hour than at another, and only a board to sit on either way, which I'll do the gentlman the justice to say that he has stated the fact in that respect quite correct and proper. He's a little hard on us poor workin' fellers; but what he says is true, we would not come in his way if we could help it; and I hope the directors of railways will take his advice, which it would be better and more agreeable for all parties.

BOB.

TRADITIONARY MEDICINE OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

PENNANT, in his *Tour in Scotland* (1772), gives some details of the popular medical practice of the Highlands before the days of educated physicians. In connection with the article in our present number, entitled 'The Vagaries of Physic,' we have thought it worth while to reproduce these details in a condensed form. It is highly worthy of remark, that the Highland therapeutics are, on the whole, considerably more rational than some medical systems of the learned in past ages.

Fevers and colds were the principal diseases; of the former, ague was of recent introduction. What was done in cases of fever we are not told. 'Common colds were cured by *brochan* or water-gruel, sweetened with honey; or by a dose of butter and honey melted in spirits, and administered as hot as possible. Adult persons freed themselves from colds, in the dead of winter, by plunging into the river—immediately going to bed under a load of clothes, and sweating away the complaint.' This, it may be remarked, comes nearly to the same point as modern hydropathy. 'Warm cow's milk in the morning, or two parts milk and one of water, a little treacle and vinegar made into whey, and drunk warm, freed the

* See article, Poor Number Two! in No. 174.

Highlander from an inveterate cough. The chincough was cured by a decoction of apples and of the mountain-ash, sweetened with brown sugar. Consumptions and all disorders of the liver found a simple remedy in drinking of butter-milk. Stale urine and bran made very hot, and applied to the part, freed the rheumatic from his excruciating pains. Fluxes were cured by the use of meadow sweet or jelly of bilberry, or a poultice of flour and suet; or new-churned butter; or strong cream and fresh suet boiled, and drunk plentifully morning and evening. Formerly the wild carrot boiled, at present the garden carrot, proved a relief in cancerous or ulcerous cases. Even the faculty admit the salutary effect of the carrot poultice in sweetening the intolerable fetor of the cancer, a property till lately neglected or unknown. . . . Persons affected with the *scrofula* imagined they found benefit by exposing the part every day to a stream of cold water. Flowers of daisies, and narrow and broad-leaved plantain, were thought to be remedies for the *ophthalmia*. Scabious root or the bark of ash-tree burnt was administered for the toothache. The water ranunculus is used instead of the cantharides to raise blisters.

A peculiar disorder called *Glacach*, attended by tightness and fulness of the chest, and frequent in the beginning of consumption, was also called the *Macdonalds' Disorder*, from a power supposed to reside for its cure in a family of that name. They touched the part affected in the manner of Valentine Greatrakes, and muttered certain charms. This family of Machaons never would accept any gratuity.

On long journeys, the Highlanders repelled the attacks of hunger by a small quantity of the dried root of *corr* or *cor-meille* (*orobus tuberosus*, or wood-pease). This, Pennant thinks, may have been the Caledonian food described by *Dio*, of which the quantity of a bean prevented both hunger and thirst, and which the people had ready on all occasions. The extraordinary marches of the Highlanders under Montrose and Dundee become more credible when we know of the use of the *cor-meille*.

LOVE OF CHILDREN.

Tell me not of the trim, precisely arranged homes where there are no children—'where,' as the good Germans have it, 'the fly-traps always hang straight on the wall'—tell me not of the never disturbed nights and days, of the tranquil, unanxious hearts where children are not: I care not for these things. God sends children for another purpose than merely to keep up the race—to enlarge our hearts, to make us unselfish, and full of kindly sympathies and affections; to give our souls higher aims, and to call out all our faculties to extended enterprise and exertion; to bring round our fireside bright faces and happy smiles, and loving, tender hearts. My soul blesses the great Father every day, that he has gladdened the earth with little children.—*Mary Howitt*.

HOOPS AND CRINOLINE.

Let it be recorded, as a matter of detail, that at every important performance the advertisement beseeches the ladies to come without their hoops. This fashion seemed even to contemporaries to be as troublesome as it was ridiculous. In *Faulkner's Journal*, from the 31st of January to the 4th of February 1744, the committee of the Charitable Musical Society, in announcing the *Messiah* for the 7th, once more entreates the ladies 'to lay aside their hoops,' representing that if they will abandon that fashion 'for one evening, however ornamental, the hall will contain a hundred persons more, with full ease.' When the Festival of the 1st of May 1790 took place at Westminster, a handbill, signed 'John Ashley, by order of the directors,' containing the regulations for the carriages and other encumbrances, stated also, 'no ladies will be admitted with hats, and they are particularly requested to come without feathers, and very small hoops, if any.' It seems as if these fashionable follies were chronic, for a similar announcement by the Sacred Harmonic Society, *apropos* of crinolines, would not be out of place at the present time.—*Schäfer's Life of Handel*.

THE RURAL LIFE.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Forswear
Contentions wearisome—life's wear and tear,
Town-bred ambitions—thoughts of gain or loss
Of worldly dress;
All wild unreasonable hopes of thine,
Straightway resign;
Satisfied in these meadows to possess,
Like innocent little children, happiness;
All debts of hope deferred, or wealth's increase,
Glad to compound and liquidate for—*PRACTICE!*

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Forbear
To trust implicitly in man-made laws,
Nor urge the justice of the justest cause
Too far.
Thou, rather, loving-kindness ever strive
To keep alive.
Annoyances and trespasses *will* be,
Which 'twere as well thou didst not choose to see;
By gentle bearing prove thy gentle blood—
Shine, thou, the mirror of good neighbourhood.

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Take care,
Whate'er thy duty, be that duty done,
Nor shun it, if thyself thou wouldst not sham.
Easy—Not thee!
At ease, and slothful—indolent and free,
God will not let man be!
Up, and be doing, then—the wilderness
Invites thy hand to conquer and to bless;
Deserts are but the earth at liberty—
'Twas Chaos when the universe was free!

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Declare
Th' eternal truth of nature, and be free
Of old simplicity. With reverence store
Unwritten lore.

Lo! the First Cause, benevolent and great,
In all we contemplate.
Nor let seclusion dull the social mind,
For friends estranged are kin to friends united;
Be sedulous of hospitable cares,
Angels have thus been cherished unaware!

Ye who would serve the rural life,
Despair
Of finding heaven on earth—days void of care,
Exemption from the miseries of life,
And unsought strife.
Thy heaven on earth is but a heaven of clay,
Passing away.
Tenant at will of evanescent hours,
Joys unsubstantial, transitory powers;
Steward of these lands, and of this life of thine,
Commanded to improve, and to resign!

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HINTS OF NATURE.

A MAN who can take a hint well, ought to be held in esteem. He manifests a certain greatness as well as refinement of soul, when he infers neither more nor less than is meant, and acknowledges the courtesy of a friend's intention by prompt respect to his feelings. We feel at ease with such a man; we know that any topic of conversation *mal-à-propos* and unpleasant will be adroitly changed, or, if we are in a mood for solitude, our well-bred and sensible visitor will withdraw, without offence on either side. Intimacy becomes stronger and more congenial when the sin of boredom is judiciously avoided. It is an old story, that the extremes of a virtue are akin to faults. One may sometimes meet with a man of such exquisite, or rather morbid sensibility, as to be continually on the lookout for a veiled meaning, and awkwardly afraid of ruffling the feathers of his acquaintance. On the other hand, there are men so obtuse and spiritually purblind, that verbal intimations must be as plain as a stage-aside, and expression of countenance as unmistakable as a stage-hero's, or they will not be comprehended: in other words, there are some men who put us under the necessity of giving a *broad hint*, to which even the coarse-grained nature of our annoyance does not entirely reconcile us. Now, just as prodigality is not so mean as avarice, I think it is better to be thin-skinned than to wear a rhinoceros's hide.

Possibly, I give too much importance, in my estimation of character, to this capacity of taking a hint, for I judge of power of mind, as well as refinement of feeling, by observing to what extent the faculty is possessed. With a view to this generalisation, however, it becomes expedient to extend our cognizance beyond hints social, to hints intellectual and imaginative. Your one-idea gives the cut direct to any thought, sentiment, or fact not tending to his one idea. He does not love digression, to which the appreciation of hints must needs tend. His remarks may be forcible, and, in the main, just, but they will certainly become prosy and monotonous by virtue of being so rackingly relevant; the nail will be knocked on the head until it is broken off. Even when the one idea is a good one, you find that truth has got into the wrong hands. On the other hand, I apprehend that similes, metaphors, and images arise from the poet's or the orator's delicate perception of hints. Labour'd conceits and figures of speech do not affect us pleasingly, because we see that the poet went in search of them, and did not wait for a hint. It is one thing to pluck flowers by the stalk, and another to go out of your way to pluck

flowers. The latter occupation is perhaps innocent, but rather tiresome.

The foregoing remarks probably make apparent the meaning I attach to the word 'hint;' but it may be as well to employ a few words in stating the meaning concisely. A 'hint,' then, signifies something from without, which diverts the mind from one train of thought, and suggests another. In the perception, the mind is chiefly passive; but it becomes active in the reflective process to which that perception gives rise. It is clearly not enough that thought be interrupted; it must be directed into a channel more or less divergent.

I hardly know how to justify my saying so much of hints in general, since the idea I am bent on expressing relates to hints dropped by nature and taken by philosophers. If I were asked what mental property seemed to me of most service to a natural philosopher, my answer would be, capacity to take a hint; but as it is impolitic to ride a hobby too hard, I pause to make a large admission. Let it be granted, then, that logical acuteness, industrious research, fertility of comparison, ingenious analysis and synthesis, ready perception of consequences and conditions, and as many other such talents and accomplishments as occur to the reader, are essential to the development and enlargement of a science, and, in a subordinate degree, to the discovery of laws. The initial thought forming the basis of elaborate processes, and giving the clue to Baconian experiment, is generally due, I submit, to a hint given by nature herself accidentally, and often without emphasis. The qualities of mind necessary to enable a savant to build up and fortify a theory and systematise phenomena, are frequently found where the rarer power of appreciating a delicate suggestion exists in a much lower degree. By confounding the growth of a science with its beginning or birth, Lord Bacon was led into somewhat extravagant notions as to the effect of his philosophical process of putting nature to the question. He gave out, that in scientific matters, genius would thenceforth be superfluous—that an average intellect, working according to defined method, would be fully adequate to the requirements of human knowledge. Experience has shewn that he was wrong. Indeed, it would be difficult to conceive how a mind so sagacious and comprehensive could fall into a plain error like this, were it not that the highest genius is apt to be overpartial to its own offspring. *Maximus temporis partus*, as the great philosopher styled his work, is certainly not an overmodest title but then his real greatness of soul (in theory, not practice) well carries off a little magniloquence. It is not denied, then, that a great part of the bulk of our

knowledge, the improvement of its arrangement and instruments, and much theoretical and practical advancement, are due to steady and orderly argumentation and experiment. A great deal, too, depends on extending research into those fields where nature is most likely to be suggestive. Any accumulation of observed phenomena will probably contain intimations which genius may lay hold of and utilise. By these means, also, we are more likely to encounter striking suggestions, which, even without the aid of extraordinary mental endowments, will not escape the notice of disciplined intellect.

Practical arts necessarily existed, and have often been considerably developed, long before the corresponding sciences can properly be said to have originated. In several instances, the occasions are recorded on which great accessions and improvements of practical skill came to be made; and it will be observed, that in most of these, nature took the initiative—that is to say, our knowledge was acquired, not by directly questioning nature, but by cross-examining her upon some little information casually given. In fact, mankind are not so much in the position of counsel, endeavouring to extort suspected truth from an examinant, as of counsel cross-questioning upon some point which takes them by surprise, but which they skilfully turn to account. 'Critics,' says Shenstone, 'must excuse me if I compare them to certain animals called asses, which, by gnawing vines, originally taught the great advantage of pruning them.' I do not quote this for the sake of the sentiment, but of the simile, which in some measure illustrates my meaning.

I have made one considerable admission, and now have to make another. No illustration of this theory of hints can be produced that shall not be an illustration of some other truth as well; for no faculty exists by itself and independently of others—all results and all processes of thought are by their nature complex; yet, in some of the examples I shall adduce, the faculty of taking a hint seems sufficiently predominant for my purpose. The doctrine of specific gravity was forced upon the attention of Archimedes on his entering a bath, and finding that the immersion of his body caused the water to overflow—no very remarkable incident, and one doubtless commonly observed, but he took the hint which others overlooked. Some merchants, having lighted a fire on the sea-beach, remarked among the embers a curious crystalline substance, produced by the fusion of sand and the ashes of sea-weed: some practical mind among them seized upon the incident, and gave, or rather restored to modern science and civilisation, one of their most important coadjutors—glass. A chandelier swinging from a church-roof, set Galileo thinking about the theory of oscillation, and as a result, we have the pendulum. The wife of Galvani, being an invalid, was indulged on one occasion with a dish of frogs; Galvani observed a convulsive motion in one of these on being touched by a knife, and making note of the fact, succeeded, on further inquiry, in establishing the science to which we owe the electric telegraph. A boy was employed to work the valves of a steam-engine, and, getting tired of his monotonous occupation, ingeniously connected them with the engine itself, which became self-acting. We, observers after the fact, wonder so simple a contrivance did not occur before to maturer minds. The high-pressure steam-engine was itself probably a result derived from a very commonly observed phenomenon. The fabrication of fire-balloons originally occurred to the brothers Montgolfier in a similarly accidental way. I may mention too—bearing in mind that other faculties besides ability to take a hint combined to produce the result—the story of Newton and the apple. Whoever will take the trouble to look over a history of the arts and sciences, can easily enlarge the list.

In several of the above instances, the *experimentum crucis* seems to have been furnished by nature herself—that is, by a combination of circumstances, humanly speaking, fortuitous. In some cases, the mind of the observer was already engaged on kindred topics, which circumstance no doubt increased its sensitive appreciation of any suggestion from without bearing on the subject of thought. Probably a great many other facts, lying at the foundation of different arts and sciences, were similarly noted, being stumbled over rather than hunted after and found. It is likely, for instance, that the directing power of the magnet was accidentally remarked.

Man, however, is not content to stumble over his information, and make the best of it he can; he peers here and there in search of particular knowledge, and, ten to one, misses it after all; but then he is put in the way of obtaining other knowledge, perhaps no less important, and such as it had not entered into his heart to conceive of.

The amount of scientific acquisition made in this way is surprising. In the middle ages, and since, men sought for the elixir of life and philosopher's stone. They were not more successful in the direct object of their labour than the daughters of Pelias, when, acting on the prescription of Medea, they cut their aged father to pieces, in order to renew his youth by the process of boiling. The alchemists, however, were the founders of chemistry. We owe to them gunpowder (*abritomen*), and many of the most common and useful drugs. It was once as needful for men of high and low degree to have their horoscopes taken, as it is now to sit for photographic likenesses. To that end, the astrologers studied the grammar of the stars, and made sorry progress. Yet, whilst meditating on these things, they rocked the cradle of modern astronomy. It is extremely common for philosophers to light upon one truth while in search of another. Whoever has attempted original investigation, knows how apt the mind is to be led into collateral thought, and how often the more important results of research are due to those digressions.

We easily see that success would be highly improbable if men set about inventing sciences *mero motu*, and depended for the discovery of occult agencies on direct investigation. The connection between light, heat, electricity, and magnetism would never have been discovered by theory or experiment. Through chance coincidences, the existence of such a connection came to be suspected; and thus the prosecution of this branch of inquiry was brought within the province of systematic thought. The researches of Professor Faraday on these subjects are models of experimental skill and sagacity. Who knows but that accidental phenomena may ultimately lead to the discovery of the law governing this connection, and enable us by theory to account for the different manifestations? At present, speaking mathematically, the theories of light, heat, &c., are distinct, and nothing appears from them indicating such a connection as really exists, or, indeed, any connection at all. Again, the theory of gravitation, as it at present stands, does not answer the inquiry whether or not that force and other forces are merely modifications of the same central energy; and to prove the negative or the affirmative, seems beyond human power. Chance may, some time or other, furnish a clue. For what we know, gravitation may be *en rapport* with the imponderable agents. We cannot at present modify the force of gravity. However much we change a body chemically or mechanically, gravity acts as before. Yet there is nothing to shew that it may not be varied just as electricity, heat, &c. may, by some complex and unknown arrangement. There may be, and probably are, other agents—some, perhaps, included in the vague category of chemical forces—susceptible of theoretical and even mathematical

representation, besides those already within man's ken; but an attempt, even by the highest genius, directly to discover whether or not such agencies exist, would fail. When genius has a clue, it may follow it; but nature will not be forced.

Of course, and as I intimated before, all our knowledge is certainly not due to hints from nature. A good many important results have been obtained by fortunate guessing. If I were inclined to stretch a point, I would say that in such cases the hint given is infinitesimal. Thus, the discovery by Franklin of the identity between electricity and lightning, looks very much like a guess; indeed, the principal credit is due to the ingenuity of the means by which that philosopher established the fact. In the history of science, we find many happy guesses, which for long periods remained merely barren speculations, because the guessers could not test their conjectures.

For many discoveries, credit must of course be given to direct inference. Mechanical improvements, especially, are often made by the adaptation of means to ends, and some of them possess much scientific importance. For instance, in the working of voltaic batteries, it was found that the bubbles of gas adhering to the positive metal impeded the chemical action. Mr Smee conceived that if the surface of the metal were rough, the gas would pass off more freely. He accordingly precipitated on the positive metal the black powder of platinum, and the result justified his expectations. The sustaining battery of Daniel is also due to elegant reasoning. I have said that discoveries lying in the direct line of development of a science are often—it may almost be said generally—due to direct logical processes. When once the fundamental laws of action are discovered, it becomes a matter of mathematical analysis to find out related phenomena. The theory of light, perhaps, has been most fruitful in these species of results. Some of the more intricate and beautiful phenomena of polarisation were detected by the interpretation of mathematical formulae deduced from the undulatory theory. I must not omit to mention a great triumph of this kind recently achieved. The discovery of the planet Neptune by Leverrier and Adams was made by purely abstract investigation proceeding on the known law of gravitation and the ascertained motions of other planets. Astronomers were well aware that certain perturbations of Jupiter remained unaccounted for. The inference was natural, that another planetary body occasioned them. That inference was made. Leverrier and Adams, skillfully applying the machinery of modern analysis, or, to speak profanely, 'putting x into a mill,' established the fact, and determined the approximate elements of the disturbing sphere. The degree of scientific tact and learning requisite to grapple successfully with such a problem, is certainly high; at the same time, the amount of *genius* required is perhaps not very extraordinary. It was a matter of development, a working according to known methods and by known instruments. Newton's analysis of the moon's orbit remains unapproached. He invented the instruments by which he worked, and the process in which he used them.

In spite of the great expansion of old knowledge and accession of new, of which the nineteenth century is excessively boastful, it remains a singular fact, that science cannot jump, however we may spur it on. The human mind must come very close to a new truth before it can lay hold of it, and make that truth its own. Even in trivial matters, the same law prevails. Our very fashions grow. Modern costume is the reverse of picturesque or comely, yet we cannot invent a dress to supersede it on any ground of indisputable superiority. Now and then, a preposterous 'mode' or a new philosophical theory comes up, but we shortly find that both are merely revivals of ideas old as the hills;

and we think of the old saying, 'There is nothing new under the sun.' Man pants for knowledge as the hind for the water-brooks. No wonder he sometimes becomes impatient of growth, and longs for some California in the fairy fields of science, where knowledge may be picked up in nuggets. Well, if we cannot know as fast as we wish, we can speculate to our hearts' content; and we do speculate on the 'conservation of forces,' the 'correlation of forces,' and the 'central law.' If coming knowledge casts its shadow before, perhaps that shadow is speculative thought.

KRASINSKI: A TALE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.

MAMMA'S LETTER.

MY DEAR BROTHER—I do not wonder that you blame me; everybody must do so. But what makes me more miserable than I otherwise would be—for I am now intensely wretched—is, that I fear I shall never be able to account rationally for my conduct; for if I were to make known the real cause of the alteration that mamma has told you of, I should subject myself to ridicule as well as blame. You know how I loved Krasinski, and what happiness I anticipated in being his wife; and you can hardly suppose that his not having saved that poor infant—though I own it did surprise and pain me—could be the sole cause for my acting as I have done. I am aware mamma and others think it is; and I do not deceive them, from the fear of ridicule, as I have said, and because mamma, who always frets when Arthur is long silent, would be alarmed by my story, which might make her very ill, and she is by no means strong at present. Even to you, dear Everard, I could not tell my secret, were you here, but writing it is different; and I can't bear that you should think me so weak and capricious as I see by your letter you do. So I am going to tell it to you; and, indeed, it will be a relief to me to tell it to somebody, for I think of it all day. Besides, it may induce you to make inquiries about Arthur. Do write to the consuls and everybody likely to know about him—that is, if you have not heard from him since you last wrote. De Rosny is the name of the gentleman he told us he was going to travel with; and Krasinski says they were to meet at Rome, which agrees with Arthur's last letter. You will wonder what all this means, and why I am unusually anxious about dear Arthur—well, you shall hear.

Mamma has told you about the drowning of that poor, dear, little child. You may imagine how that accident shocked me! The little face and outstretched arms rising from the water, were before my eyes all day—I could not shut them out; and then I was vexed, surprised, and mortified at Krasinski's conduct. But I tried to excuse him, and to think what a dreadful thing it would have been if he had been seized with cramp—as he says he was the last time he went to bathe—and drowned too; though I should have been so proud of him, and loved him a thousand times more if he had tried to save her; and, O Everard! if he had been drowned, I should have adored his memory, and, I am sure, been much happier than I am now with this horrid idea that has taken possession of me, and that I cannot, cannot shake off.

I went to bed that night with my mind oppressed to the greatest degree with what had happened. I generally go to sleep the minute I lie down, but that night I could not. If I did begin to doze, I woke with a start and the horrid recollection of what I had seen till at last, irritated and weary, I began to cry, which you will think very childish; but I believe it did me good, for I fancy I cried myself to sleep.

Now, you know I have often said that I never dream, and Dr D— says it is because I sleep so very sound; and Mrs C— says, that doubtless I do dream, but that when sleep is profound, we do not remember our dreams; and I incline to this opinion; because, sometimes at the moment of waking, it appears to me as if a scene of some sort was slipping away from me, like a dissolving view or a diorama; and I try in vain to catch at it: it is gone like a breath; and this has happened several times lately; and now I think that I had had this dreadful dream before, but did not recollect it.

Well, I at last cried myself to sleep, and dreamed that I was in bed, just as I really was, and that the door opened, and Arthur came in, and walked slowly up to the foot of the bed, and stood looking at me with such a sorrowful face! oh, so sorrowful! so pale too! and his hair looked wet and dripping with water. And I thought I sat up in bed, and asked him if he had saved the child, and he said: 'No; the child is with us.'

And I said: 'Where is that?'

'In the other land,' he answered. Then he shook his head reproachfully, and said: 'She is happy; but if you will not attend to what I tell you, you will keep me in darkness and trouble.'

Then I said I would attend, and asked what he wanted me to do.

'To promise me,' he said, 'that you will not marry Krasinski till I can be present at the wedding, and give you away;' and I said: 'I promise.'

Then he bowed his head, and said, he hoped I would keep my promise, and went away out at the door slowly, as he had entered; and when he turned round, I saw inscribed on his back, 'Drowned at Venice, 9th April 1847.'

Then I awoke, and I was so impressed with the reality of this dream, that I was dreadfully frightened—though I was not frightened at all in my sleep—and I buried my head under the clothes, and lay in terror till I saw a gleam of daylight; and then I ventured to uncover my face and look about; and never was I so glad as when I heard the servants getting up, and I could ring for Bella to come and dress me. I rose directly, and went into the garden, where I walked on the terrace till the bell rang. When I went into the breakfast-room, everybody said how ill I looked, attributing my appearance to what had happened the day before, and I did not contradict them.

No one but myself can judge what the dream of that night was—how like reality. I afterwards dreamed it again and again, with slight variations, and Arthur looked more mournful and reproachful every time, till I felt, let people think what they would, I must do what he told me, and that I never could be happy in my marriage if I did not.

I assure you, my dear brother, that I struggled valiantly against this weakness, as you must think it; but the time fixed for the wedding was at hand, and every day my new things were arriving from London, and my aunt and cousin, and Colonel Gordon, who was to give me away, were coming; so I plucked up courage, and told mamma that I did not feel at all well, and that I should therefore request Krasinski to defer our marriage till the spring, as I was quite unequal to undertake the journey to Rome. This was just after mamma's last letter to you.

I saw very well that she did not believe that this was the whole truth; but you know I durst not tell her of the dream, she would have been so dreadfully frightened about Arthur. However, she said if that was the case, she must send for Dr F—. I begged her not to do so, but she did; and accordingly he came. I am sure she told him that she feared I had something on my mind; for he questioned me so

searchingly, that at last I confessed that I was much troubled with disagreeable dreams. He said he had no doubt that they were caused by some derangement of the stomach; and looked at my tongue, and attributed my depression of spirits and the dreams to what he calls nervous dyspepsia. He may be right. I have certainly lost my appetite entirely, and feel a dreadful languor that I cannot account for. Of course, he ordered me some medicine, which I took for a fortnight; but I got worse instead of better, for I had the dream every night. I thought Arthur looked more mournful than ever, and that he reproached me bitterly for not obeying him, and said I should repent it when too late. I positively dreaded going to bed; and Krasinski's visits, instead of giving me pleasure, actually made me miserable; and if I had not been ashamed, when I saw him coming up the gravel-walk, I should have run away, instead of going joyfully to meet him, as I used to do. So, at last, I grew desperate, and resolved to act for myself without consulting anybody.

Mamma had broken the ice a little, by telling Krasinski that she feared I was falling ill, and that the marriage must be deferred; but he would not hear of it, and urged, on the contrary, that we should be married without further delay, in order that I might get to a better climate. He said he had no doubt that the moist air of this place was killing me, and that he was beginning to feel the effects of it too. This alarmed mamma; and as I saw she was inclined to coincide with Krasinski, there was no time to be lost. So I commenced the conversation by saying, that it was very strange we did not hear from Arthur. I must tell you that this was a subject that always wearied Krasinski; for though, since my dream, I had never mentioned Arthur's name, scarcely a day passed that mamma did not remark on his long silence; so he made no answer, but began singing a favourite song of mine—you know he has a fine voice—and sat down to the pianoforte: but I had screwed up my courage, and was determined to go on.

'Don't play now,' I said; 'I want to speak to you.'

He turned round on the music-stool, still keeping the fingers of his right hand on the keys, and said with a look of impatience:

'Bien; parlez! Qu'est-ce que c'est?'

This manner of his rendered it more difficult for me to go on, but I said: 'I should like to know if Arthur really went to the east with Monsieur de Rosny.'

'Ah!' said he, shrugging his shoulders, and beginning to play again, 'who knows?'

This made me rather angry; and I said drily: 'I am aware this subject is not an agreeable one to you; but this seemed to offend him, and turning sharply round, he said:

'Comment? Que voulez vous dire?'

'I do not mean to say anything to displease you, but I know you are weary of mamma's wonderings and questionings about Arthur; but the truth is, I am getting very anxious myself.' Here he shrugged his shoulders again, and made a gesture with his lips and eyebrows, as much as to say that he could not help my folly.

I thought this unkind, for he might have shewn more sympathy with my feelings, and I continued hastily: 'In short, Krasinski, I am so uneasy, so seriously alarmed indeed, that I cannot think of being married till I hear some satisfactory news of Arthur. I have more cause for alarm than I choose to tell mamma—I have had dreadful dreams about him. You smile'—and he did smile contemptuously, though he looked very pale, and in a manner amazed—'but you would not smile in my case. I see him every night—in my dreams, I mean; but I see him as plain as I see you now; and he tells me'—

'Assez, mademoiselle,' he said, interrupting me; and he rose from his seat and took up his hat.

I rose too, and laid my hand on his arm. 'Listen, Krasinski,' I said. 'I have never believed in dreams—but this seems more than a dream: you can have no idea of it. It is *that* that has made me so ill—so depressed—so changed in everything. I can scarcely help believing that it is Arthur himself that comes nightly to my bedside and tells me'—Krasinski, who could not contain his indignation at my folly, here attempted to leave the room; but I was between him and the door, and held his arm fast, for, now I had begun, I was determined to go through with it. 'He tells me we must not be married till he can be present at the wedding, and give me away, and I have promised to obey him.'

'A votre plaisir, mademoiselle,' said he, bowing, with an attempt at calmness, but evidently fearfully agitated; and he laid his hand on the latch of the door.

'Don't be so hard upon me, Krasinski,' I said, bursting into tears, for I could keep up no longer. 'Heaven knows what I have suffered! I could not tell mamma; I was ashamed to tell you; but this dream speaks to me like a voice from the dead. I fear something dreadful has happened to Arthur; I cannot help believing that he was drowned at Venice—drowned on that 9th of April, the very day that you said you came away together! Was he?—was he? Confess the truth!'

Krasinski evidently thought I had gone out of my senses, for he stood looking wildly at me, with the strongest expression of fear and horror on his countenance whilst I uttered these words; and then exclaiming: 'Grand Dieu! est-il possible!' he rushed frantically out of the house.

Mamma, who happened to be at her bedroom-window, saw him flying down the garden, and suspecting that something had happened, came in search of me, and found me lying on the floor in the drawing-room. I had fainted. The next day I received a letter from Krasinski, saying that he could only explain my extraordinary conduct by supposing that I wished to break off the engagement; that he was the last man in the world to claim the hand of a lady under such circumstances, however strong his attachment and deep his regret; and that since he had remarked for some time that his presence was rather a source of pain than pleasure to me, he should leave Ambleside immediately. It was a calm, gentlemanly letter; but he is evidently very indignant, and I cannot wonder at it; for my behaviour must be utterly incomprehensible to him. I often fear I have destroyed my own happiness and his by yielding to an unpardonable weakness.

I have but one consolation—the dreadful dream has left me. Only once since Krasinski went have I seen Arthur in my sleep, and then I thought he looked cheerful, and bent over my bed, and kissed me, and said: 'Good girl! Good girl!' And now, dear Everard, lose no time in making every inquiry about Arthur, and write without delay to your unhappy but ever affectionate sister,
EMMA EDMONDS.

This letter, which had been looked upon as nothing but the weak effusion of a nervous girl, could hardly fail, when taken in conjunction with De Rosny's strange experience, of making some impression on the young men, unwilling as they were to attach any serious importance to ghostly admonitions. They discussed the subject over and over again, generally concluding, however, that, notwithstanding the singular coincidence of the vision and dream, it would be absurd to attach importance to them, because, if people could come back from the other world to tell their wrongs, 'ghosts would be as plenty as black-

berries,' and the fact of their appearance placed beyond the possibility of doubt.

Still, they heard nothing from Arthur; and, midst the pleasant parties and jovial meetings to which Everard introduced his new acquaintance, he would sometimes exclaim: 'It is certainly strange that we have no news of my brother!'

'Suppose we go to Naples!' said De Rosny one day to Everard, shrugging his shoulders, as if in half contempt of the proposition he was making; 'it will be all in my way; and a little change will do you no harm.'

'Well, things are getting rather slack here,' answered Everard. 'I don't care if I do go so far with you, if I can get leave for a couple of months.'

The leave was applied for and obtained, and with the first opportunity, they took ship for Naples.

AN INTERESTING ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

READER, did you ever read an act of parliament? Perhaps you remember, once upon a time, lighting upon a document which began, 'Whereas it is expedient to . . . Be it enacted by the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons in Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same.' Then you looked at the interpretation-clause, and found that, 'for the purposes of this act,' 'land' shall mean 'houses,' and a church a chapel; that the word 'bishop' shall comprehend and apply to an 'archbishop;' or, as appears by one example of legislative facetiousness, that 'the word coals shall include cinders' (which, by the way, we learn this last every day from our coal-merchants, without the aid of an act of parliament); that man shall mean woman, and many men mean one; and so on. These statutable equivalents you felt disposed to acknowledge as rather amusing preludes to the study; but when you proceeded in your inquiries, and came upon words of unknown meaning and un-English aspect—*estates tail, pur autre vie*, tenants in common, pleas, demurrers, and replications—your glazed eyes passed speedily over the mass of type, till the delightful apparition of the final clause, 'this act shall apply to England only,' almost drew from you the exulting cry of Diogenes, on a similarly dull occasion: 'Courage, lads; I see land!'

Of course the study of acts of parliament, like all other studies, has its difficulties, and a good deal must, we suppose, be left to the lawyers; and you are perhaps very well content to leave *all*, with a parting benediction of 'much good may it do them.' *First*, however, bear a word of remonstrance. *Imprimis*, it is of no use abusing the lawyers, as is often done, for monopolising that of which you give them the monopoly; *Secondly*, You are ignorant at some peril, for the law of England presumes that all Englishmen know the law, and will certainly deal with them as if they knew it; and *Thirdly*, Acts of parliament offer a not uninteresting means of studying the manners, political movements, and predominant thoughts of the various eras in our national history.

Now, it is not our intention to touch the first two points above mentioned, or even to illustrate, at any great length, the third in order; but there happens to be an act of parliament, passed not long since, which has the rare virtue of being not only useful—for we fear there are some acts of parliament which are not entitled even to the praise of utility—but also interesting. Let us look together at this 'interesting' act of parliament.

It is known as the 19 and 20 Vict. c. 64, and is entitled, 'An Act to repeal certain Statutes which are not in Use;' and it enacts in the usual form, that 'the

acts hereinafter mentioned, together with all enactments (if any) confirming, continuing, or perpetuating the same, or any of them, are hereby repealed: provided always, that such repeal shall not affect any legal proceeding commenced under any of the said acts before the passing of this act.' This is the whole act, with a list of statutes repealed, one hundred and eighteen in number, ranging from the 18th year of the reign of King Edward I. to the 17th George III., and comprising, as may be expected, a great variety of subjects. Of course, these are not all the acts which were passed during this period. Great numbers have been from time to time repealed; many still remain in force. What changes have come over English society—its politics, its education, its religion, its language—in the interval! Look in the list at the statute of 7th year of Richard II.'s reign, entitled, 'No man shall ride in harness within the realm, nor with launcegays.' Here is a word now probably known only to one in a thousand of the community. We confess we were more than half inclined to associate the term with some sort of *mauvais sujet*, male or female, and were eagerly on the look-out for some further light, when we discovered evidence that these launcegays were a most inveterate and deeply rooted subject of complaint; for thirteen years afterwards we find in our list:

20 Ric. II. c. 1.—No man shall ride or go armed: launcegays shall be put out.

Certainly, most peremptory! Still we were no nearer to the meaning of launcegays. What an appalling thought, too, that up to the 21st day of last July, one might have been breaking the unrepealed statutes of one's country every day without knowing it! Suppose a launcegay should turn out to mean a dog-cart, a Scotch terrier, or a pretty cousin!

Distraught at the thought, we hurried down to our library of reference. Several dictionaries were searched in vain. At last Nares's Glossary gave us: 'launcegay, a kind of spear.' Camden mentions it in his *Remains*; and Tyrwhitt, in his note on *Canterbury Tales*, says: 'The said Evan then and there, with a launcegay, smote the said William Tresham through the body a foote and more, whereof he died.' Not to be wondered at, under the circumstances, and also accounting for launcegays being forbidden in the troublous time of King Richard II., Bolingbroke, Percy, and old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster.

The fifth next in order has rather an amusing title:

4 Hen. IV. c. 25.—An hostler shall not make horsebread. How much he may take for oats.

Do you remember the scene in *Henry IV.*, at Rochester, in which the carrier, who has a gammon of bacon and two *razes* of ginger to be delivered as far as Charing Cross, complains that the house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died, to which the other replies: 'Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.' Reader, mark the coincidence of date; was it not rather this act of parliament killed him?

Are you an Irishman?—then don't read the next paragraph; it is written only for Englishmen:

1 Hen. VI. c. 8.—What sort of Irishmen only may come to dwell in England.

Here is a problem! Verily our ancestors in Henry VI.'s reign didn't evade difficult subjects of legislation. Let us try our hand at a specification. They should be honest; not repugnant to soap; not combative; have at least one pair of trousers approximately perfect, and a hat with the crown in; not have more than fifteen children; nor be too much given to a 'drop of the craythur.' Half of us, however, in these days of degenerate indolence, to save ourselves trouble,

shelve the difficulty by saying, 'No Irish need apply.' Our fathers boldly looked the difficulty in the face, and, what is more, legislated for it.

Let us look at the act itself, which will shew us something of the Norman-French not yet gone out, and also serve to mark that the Commons were not yet advanced to the dignity of a legislative power; it is, as we shall see expressed, to be enacted by the king, with the assent of the Lords, *at the request* of the Commons. It was not till the reign of Charles II. that the preamble of acts of parliament assumed the shape now in use.

'Item pur tant ge diverses homicides murdres rapes roberies et autres felonies riotes conventicles et male-faits jatarde ount estez faitz en diverses countees d'Engleterre par gentz [the intelligent reader will not mistake this for *gens*] nus en Irlande reparantz a la ville de Oxenford et illoques demurrantz desoutz la jurisdiction del' université d'Oxenford a grande peure de toute manere poeple demeurant la environ come par toute la communalte du roialme assemblez en cest parlement fuist grevousment di ces compleint.' After this recital, the act goes on to say, that the king, with the assent aforesaid (that is, of the Lords), and *at the request of the Commons*, ordained that all persons born in Ireland eject themselves out of the realm (soient voidez hors de roialme) in a month's time, on pain of losing their property and being imprisoned at the king's pleasure. An exception is allowed in favour of graduates, clergymen, and others; and amongst them, merchants and other inhabitants of the cities and boroughs, of good fame, who can give security for their good behaviour. All scholars of Ireland, dwelling in England, are to find security for their good behaviour, and to bring testimonials from the lieutenant shewing that they are del' obeissance du roy; and from the Feast of St John then next, no person born in Ireland is to enter the realm of England without such testimonial, on pain of being treated as a rebel. The phrase del' obeissance du roy reminds us that, notwithstanding the achievements of Henry II. and Strongbow, Ireland was still only partially subdued, a large portion being under the government of native chieftains, which continued to be the case till the reign of Elizabeth.

Welshmen, by the way, seem to have had rather a bad reputation about this time; in proof of which, we find the following statutes:

4 Hen. IV. c. 27.—There shall be no wasters, vagabonds, &c., in Wales.

4 Hen. IV. c. 29.—Welshmen shall not be armed.

2 Hen. VI. c. 4.—Welshmen indicted of treason or felony, that do repair unto Herefordshire, shall be apprehended and imprisoned, or else pursued by hue and cry, and a forfeiture of those which do not pursue them.

It must be remembered, however, that Wales was only even nominally annexed to England in Edward I.'s reign, and was long afterwards greatly disaffected; and in particular, that the fourth year of Henry IV.'s reign was the exact time of the great outbreak in Wales, headed by Owen Glendwyr, in concert with the insurrection under Harry Hotspur, which terminated in the battle of Shrewsbury. With this confluence of powerful and daring spirits against him, we can understand the new king—himself without title derived from might—very readily consenting to an act of parliament enacting (*valent quantum*) that 'Welshmen shall not be armed.'

We may form a tolerably fair estimate of the very primitive state of English society about this time, from an act of the fifth year of Henry IV., long since repealed, and therefore not in this list; but which serves, however, to illustrate those that are. It bears this exhilarating title: 'It shall be felony to cut out the tongue or pull out the eyes of the king's Sings'

people;' and proceeds: 'Item—Because that many offenders do daily beat, wound, imprison, and maim divers of the king's liege people, and often purposely cut out their tongues or put out their eyes, it is ordained and established that in such case the offenders that so cut tongues or put out the eyes of any of the king's liege people, shall incur the pains of felony.'

The 9 Hen. V. stat. 1, c. 10, in our list has an odd title: 'Keels that carry sea-coals to Newcastle shall be measured and marked.' Here the now proverbial improbability seems to be quite a common thing, 'to carry coals to Newcastle.' The act, however, refers to small vessels, called keels, which brought the coals to be shipped on board the colliers at Newcastle.

Some useful acts appear in the list, shewing that our forefathers had, terribly early in English history, some sense of the value of sanitary reform. As early as the reign of Richard II. we have an act entitled, 'The punishment of them which cause corruption near a city or great town, to corrupt the air;' and again, in Henry VII.'s reign, 'An act that no butcher slay any manner of beast within the walls of London.'

Towards the reign of Henry VII., the various trades seem to have begun to attract legislative attention. The first act on the list in his reign is 'an act for finers of gold and silver;' soon after, 'an act concerning upholsterers;' then an act, entitled 'pewterers walking.' Then in Henry VIII.'s reign, 'an act for avoiding deceits in worsteds' (Ah, ladies, how could you allow this to be repealed?); and so on, till we are at last fairly launched into the consciousness that trade is getting brisk, that we are become a nation of shopkeepers, and are legislated for as such. Coining, apprentices, horses, worsted yarn, coverlets, leather, steel, woollen cloth, raw-hides and calf-skins, hats, are all subjects of legislation before the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign. One word, however, as to the pewterers aforesaid. They appear to have been a dreadful torment, for, in the 4 Henry VIII., there is again an act 'pur le pewterers,' and in the twenty-fifth year of the same reign, 'an act concerning pewterers.' Let us see what these pewterers have to say of themselves. The act in Henry VII.'s reign is in the form of a petition, but, be it observed, the *Commons* are included:

'To the King our Sovereign Lord, and to the noble Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, humbly and lamentably shewn and complain unto your most abundant Grace, your humble subjects the pewterers and brasiers of your cities of London and York, and of all other places of this your realm, That whereas many simple and evil-disposed persons, using the said crafts, daily go about from village, from town, and from house to house, as well in woods and forests, to buy pewter and brass, and that knowing thieves and other pickers bring the vessels they have stolen 'to them in such hid places to sell, and sell it for little or nought; and about they bring it into privy places, or into corners of cities and towns, and there sell much part of it to strangers, which carry it over the sea by stealth; also, the said persons so going about, and divers other using the said crafts, use to make new vessels, and mix good metal and bad together, and make it naught [this word deserves notice], and sell them for good stuff, where, indeed, the stuff and metal thereof is not worth the fourth part that it is sold for, to the great hurt, deceit, and loss of your subjects; also, divers persons using the said crafts have deceivable and untrue beams and scales—that one of them would stand even with twelve pounds' weight at one end against one quarter of a pound at the other end—to the singular advantage of themselves, and to the great deceit and loss of your subjects, buyers and sellers with them.' After this exordium, they pray that it be enacted, that pewter and brass ought to be of a certain goodness;

that makers shall set on their marks, searchers be appointed, and so on. You see it looks like little else than an attempt of the great 'pewterers' to crush the little ones, whose descendants we may still recognise going about with their little furnaces of hot coals as 'pewterers walking.'

The next act renders the former perpetual; while the third complains of the apprentices repairing unto strange regions, and teaching foreigners the 'craft and mystery of the pewterers,' to the great impoverishment of the same, 'which before this time has been one of the best handicrafts within this realm.' The pewterers, by the way, don't seem to have had very enlightened notions about free-trade: but how well this marks the increased facilities for travelling, and readiness to travel: we are not all going to stay where we were born, we can tell you! We have here the foreshadowing of the ready locomotion of these modern days.

The acts 'concerning Egyptians' refer, as most of our readers know, to the gipsies. The 1st in Henry VIII.'s reign recites that they use 'great subtil and crafty means to deceive the people, bearing them in hand that they by palmistry could tell men's and women's fortunes, and so many times by craft and subtilty have deceived the people of their money, and also have committed many heinous felonies and robberies;' and enacts that all such persons shall leave the realm within sixteen days, upon pain of imprisonment and forfeiture of goods and chattels. By the act of Philip and Mary, the penalty is death. Certainly, it was time that these statutes were repealed; but it is not very encouraging to remember that amongst us now, three centuries after the passing of these acts, there are still persons, as the newspapers within the past month have shewn, who are the dupes of those who persuade them that they by 'palmistry can tell men's and women's fortunes, and so by craft and subtilty deceive them of their money.'

Our space is now exhausted. Of course, we have been obliged to leave the major part of these acts of parliament untouched. They constitute, if looked into, a quaint and interesting commentary on the history of their age. The legislature have acted wisely in formally repealing them. No act should be allowed to remain on the statute-book that is not enforced. We ought to know under what laws we live, and to what we are amenable; and these one hundred and eighteen acts of parliament must have felt—if an act of parliament can feel—that they had survived their day.

A FORENOON CALL IN ALGIERS.

YESTERDAY, we all started on our promised visit to the family of a cadi who lives in the neighbourhood of Algiers. A cadi, as all readers of the *Arabian Nights* must know full well, is a native justice of the peace, a Worship Shallow after the oriental pattern. Law and religion are here the same ordinance, and the ancient caliphs were at once pontiffs, judges, and doctors of the law, having under them three classes of vicars—the imamas or ministers of religion, the muftis or doctors of the law, and the cadis or judges. Who does not remember the summary punishments inflicted on evildoers in the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid!—the fines and bastinadoes, the imprisonments and bowstrings which served as a gentle *divertissement* to the placid repose and sunny languor of Bagdad; how the wandering prince in disguise, and the scolding wife Fatima, dervishes, Jews, one-eyed calendars and water-carriers, and all the other *dramatis personæ* of the fascinating eastern romances, were invariably summoned once in the course of their adventures before the cadi, who usually ended his inquiry by a decree equivalent to 'your money or your life.' Dear, old, bearded dignitaries of our childish days!

The cadis are still retained under the French military government of Algiers, but with a greatly modified jurisdiction. Under the decree of the 26th of September 1842, the whole colony, including native or imported populations, of whom there are in Algeria no lack, are placed under the French law and tribunals. But there still remain some special Mussulman offences, which are brought before the native cadis as of old. The commonest cases of a penal nature referred to their judgment are those of drunkenness—by far the most numerous—breaking of the fasts, blasphemy, and improper behaviour in religious edifices. The questions relative to native divorce and heritage are also still under their jurisdiction.

The cadi to whose wife we were about to pay our respects, must have been a man of some substance, as he dwelt in a large house about a mile out of town, and under the same roof with various other members of his family. In fact, the establishment was somewhat patriarchal in size. The Moors have rarely more than one wife apiece, and the six ladies who received us were each married to a brother, a nephew, or a cousin of the cadi. The introduction was effected for us by some French ladies; and an English lady married in Algiers, who spoke the Moorish language perfectly, kindly accompanied to serve as an interpreter. We made altogether a party of ten, including three children, two of whom were little boys, under the age that excludes males from admittance into the sacred precincts of a harem. Leaving the main road, we plunged down a steep path, whose condition, nearly impassable from mud—this being the rainy season—plainly shewed that the female inhabitants of the domain were wholly unaccustomed to walk abroad. An English lady in a provincial town would have thoroughly scolded gardener and errand-boy, or laid down a cart-load of gravel with her own fair hands, rather than have been obliged to wade through such slush every time she went to the church, or the school, or the shop, or to see Mrs John Smith in the High Street. With some difficulty, and by dint of our goloshes, we got over the road, carrying the children with us, and passed through two ill-kept fields to the massive white house. The Moorish dwellings have much the look of a feudal border fort: the rooms open into interior courts, and present nothing to view from the outside save tiny slits like Gothic loopholes. The total absence of chimneys makes them still more devoid of life; but they are wonderfully picturesque amidst their cypresses and vine trellises, especially when, from their walls, as white as driven snow, they reflect back every colour of sunset!

We were received on the threshold by a fine-looking Moor, who was saluted as 'Monsieur Omar,' and who most courteously invited us in. He was in full costume, with a shaven head and a red fez. He ushered us into a small hall at the foot of the stair, down which, to meet us, came one of the ladies, a lively-looking woman about forty years old, with dark hair and eyes, and dressed in a variety of light silk and cotton garments, including of course the full trousers, of a pale-pink and white check. She shook hands with us all round very energetically, ejaculating 'Slama, Slama,' with every shake, which, we suppose, was 'How do ye do?' and then took us up a low flight of steps into a court surrounded by pillars and arches—a sort of domestic cloister, open to the blue heaven; then up a second flight of stairs to the second story of the same, round which clothes were hung out to dry, and into a large airy room, matted and carpeted, rejoicing in two exterior windows looking over the country and beautiful blue bay, in a four-post bed of light construction, a sort of cushioned divan in the recess of the centre window, a large old chest richly ornamented in colours and gilding, and a couple of recesses with

shelves, on one of which was the invariable set of coffee-cups. Hither flocked, one by one, the feminine members of the household, all attired in gay party-coloured garments and woollen stockings, with dark hair cut short, and hanging down by the side of their rouged cheeks quite straight; smart handkerchiefs twisted round their heads, and earrings. One or two had their eyebrows painted to meet between the eyes, and their nails tipped with henna. They had rather handsome faces, good eyes and hair; but there was only one of them that could be called beautiful, and even her face was devoid of all ennobling expression. They looked good-natured and lively, and extremely glad to see us, though we feared we had taken them by surprise, as they were not arrayed in regular Moorish *grande parure*, though their dresses were very fine and gay. One of them brought a beautiful baby with curling hair of a deep gold colour; and another presented to us a merry little girl about five years old, bagged up like her seniors in full trousers, and with her hair dyed of a peculiar auburn. They pressed us to be seated, some on the divan, some on the carpeted floor; and then tucking their trousered and stockinged legs under them, in a most adroit and convenient manner, they formed, with us, a large social circle, across which they chattered like so many magpies, the English interpreter rendering the questions and answers as fast as she could.

We had brought for them some little presents, consisting of artificial flowers, bonbons, and a pair of English scissors. Those who received the flowers stuck them into their head-dresses, and seemed to be greatly satisfied with them. The scissors were given to an old woman, the mother of one of the husbands, for all relationships seemed represented in this family group. The wife of the cadi was a tall woman, dressed in mourning on account of the death of her mother. She was not so handsome in colouring as the others, but had a more intelligent expression than any one of them. She ordered coffee to be brought, which was served up on a tray, each cup being set in a sort of filigree frame, that served as a saucer. The beverage was most excellent. Our party of thirteen, seated in a circle on the floor drinking it, would have been a sufficiently ludicrous spectacle to a looker-on.

They were highly delighted with our ornaments, and felt the silk of my dress between their fingers. One lady shewed them a Roman brooch with a head of Dante cut in lava; they asked if it was the portrait of her husband!—probably taking the fillet and bay-leaves for some ornamental variety of an Englishman's costume. A little magnifying-glass hanging at a girdle also delighted them extremely. We asked about their education, and were told they could none of them read or write; so that when members of a family are separated by marriage, and live in different towns, they are wholly dependent on chance opportunities of communication through word of mouth of friends. Neither do they know their own ages, usually referring to some public date in order to indicate the limits of their recollection, as 'we remember the coming of the French,' &c.

The life led by these unfortunate creatures is forlorn in its utter absence of moral and intellectual action. They have not only no education, in which they are not wholly singular, but no religion on which to fall back; they have no concern with the ordinances of Mohammedanism; they never enter a mosque except about three times a year; to the graves of the dead they pay occasional visits of reverence; but from all the duties enjoined on Christian women of all ranks, in all persuasions, they are cut off. They can neither teach their children religious truths, for in these they are themselves but half instructed; nor can they take part in charities, for that true religion which visits the widow and

the fatherless can be but ill followed where every movement is fettered by a cruel conventionality.

The Moorish women, however, who are seen in the streets of Algiers, are not of a respectable class. Moorish ladies live in a profound retirement. The houses of the town being built up a very steep ascent, the flat terraces ascend like so many steps; and we read that, until the arrival of the French, it was strictly forbidden any man, under pain of death, to go on to these terraces, lest he should see from thence the women of neighbouring families. The muezzins who ascended the minarets of the mosques several times a day to announce the hours of prayer, had alone the privilege of overlooking the roofs and courts of Algiers; and we are further informed, that pretty good care was taken that these muezzins should be chosen from among the blind! From the terrace of the Casbah, or ancient palace of the deys, we ourselves saw a Moresque come unto her roof, 'hanging out the clothes,' and then a second emerge from another house, and clamber over to the top of an adjoining one, from which she was separated by a low wall, and disappear by a staircase, to pay her respects to her gossip. We were told that the part of the Casbah in which we were, had been appropriated to the women of the dey's family, so that in ancient times no sacrilegious inspection of Algerine privacy could have been perpetrated, though the Casbah is the highest point of the whole town, and looks down from roof to roof, till the eye of the gazer rests on the broad bosom of the blue Mediterranean.

But we are leaving our particular friends, who rejoiced in the sonorous names of Ayesha, Ouria, Toma, Mouna, Gossa, and Haniffa. After an hour of vehement conversation, neither party understanding a word of what the other said, except by help of the good-natured interpreter, and gestures extremely *à propos*, we rose to go, shook hands with each of our entertainers in succession, making altogether a sum of sixty shakes of the hand got through in five minutes, exchanged sixty ejaculations of 'Slama,' and were ushered down stairs, and through the court to the outer hall, passing, as we went, the open door of a saloon, where sat a handsome moustached Moor on his divan, cross-legged, and lazily reading a book. He looked up as we passed, and slightly bowed with a whimsical expression of indolent wonder at the sudden irruption of a bevy of foreign ladies upon the womenkind of his establishment. Such a picture he made in his fez, seen through the arch of the open door, that I could not resist scanning him in what he probably considered an audacious English manner. And so we were bowed and shaken out of the establishment, heartily thankful that we were not born Mussulwomen, nor under the marital or summary penal jurisdiction of a Moorish cad.

THE HEDGEHOG.

The hedgehog is the only representative of the *Erinaceæ* to be found in our latitudes, and his appearance and habits are so entirely different to those of the rest of our Fauna, that he has become surrounded with quite a little group of myths and wonderful stories. Among the ancient Egyptians, and in the Greek and Roman fabulists, we find him the emblem of craft and subtlety. Ælian has much to tell us about his warfare with the foxes, and Aldrorandus devotes many pages to the proverbs and symbolism connected with him. In the rural districts of our own country, he is the subject of many curious superstitions, which cause him to be remorselessly killed wherever he shews himself. His old English name, urchin, was also one of the popular names of

the elves, many of whose attributes were believed to resemble his. The fairies sucked cows as they slept, and so did the hedgehog, and, like them also, he took especial delight in pillaging orchards. Pliny indeed informs us that he climbs up the trees, and after shaking off the choicest apples and pears, tumbles himself down upon them, and runs away with his booty sticking upon his back! but this is either one of Pliny's long-shots, or the idiosyncrasy of some individual Tuscan, for at anyrate it is not the custom of the English species. To hear his cry when one is starting on a journey, is reckoned very unlucky. 'The hedgepig thrice hath whined,' is one of the dismal omens which herald in the caldron-scene in *Macbeth*; and Prospero's spirits, it will be remembered, turned into hedgehogs to annoy Caliban. A little animal possessing such very negative means of defence, would seem to be harmless and pitiable; but, according to our rustics, he is the most astute creature in all creation, not excepting even the fox. The peasantry of Berkshire have a legend about him, in which Reynard plays but a poor figure. A fox and a hedgehog, they say, once disputed which of them was the swifter animal, and agreed to run a race of three heats between two ditches in a large field. The hedgehog, like a cunning old knave as he was, hid his wife in the ditch which was to form the goal, so that when he had made a pretence of starting, she might jump out, and pretend to be himself just arrived. No sooner had the fox cried 'Off!' than Mrs Hedgehog cried 'In!' and directly she had in her turn made a false start back, old Thorny-sides leaped out and said 'In again!' So after three desperate runs, the broken-winded fox, which never perceived the ruse, was compelled to yield, and ever since that day the hedgehog has been his master.

The hedgehog usually takes up his residence in woods or wide double hedgerows, where he can hide away beneath the underwood; but he is perhaps fondest of a little thicket of fern and bracken near a running stream. The best time to meet with him is on a summer evening soon after sunset, for he is then just roused from his day-sleep, and walks out to look after food. You may often see him stealthily creeping along a hedge-bottom, rooting with his long snout among the herbage, and every now and then stopping to crunch, with extra gusto, some delicious *bonne bouche* in the shape of a savoury cockroach or plump earthworm. The moment he sees you, he begins to run; but his awkward legs are not meant for fleetness; and directly he sees there is no chance of escape, he tumbles upon his side, bows his head under his breast, draws in his legs and tail, and in half a second lies at your mercy, a ball of prickles. While in this position, it would be as easy to tear him to pieces, as to pull him open; he resists every effort, and possesses, moreover, a power of elevating and depressing his spines at will, which makes the attempt far from pleasant. So great is the strength and toughness of this covering, that Mr Bell states he has seen a hedgehog in his possession run towards the precipitous wall of an area, and without a moment's hesitation, throw itself off, contracting at the same instant into a ball, in which condition it reached the ground from a height of twelve or fourteen feet, and after a short interval, it would unfold itself, and run off unhurt. The writer has seen them *thrown* from nearly three times this height, without any apparent injury.

For his size, the hedgehog is immensely fierce. He is a great gourmand, and will face almost any danger to please his palate. They are often known to enter poultry-houses, and after driving away the hens, devour the eggs. The young of birds which build their nests near the ground, are eaten by them, and they even attack the snake. This latter fact was often doubted, till Professor Buckland put it to the test by shutting up the two animals together in a

large box. When first introduced, it was not apparent whether the snake recognised his enemy. It did not dart away, but kept creeping gently round the box while the hedgehog lay rolled up, and did not appear to see the intruder. The professor then laid the hedgehog on the snake, with that part of the ball where the head and tail meet, downwards, and touching it. The snake proceeded to crawl; the hedgehog started, opened slightly, and seeing what was under, gave the snake a hard bite, and instantly rolled itself up again. After lying a minute, it opened a second, and again a third time, repeating the bite; and by the third bite, the back of the snake was broken. This done, the hedgehog stood by the snake's side, and passed its whole body successively through its jaws, cracking and breaking it at intervals of half an inch or more, by which operation the snake was quite finished. The hedgehog then placed itself at the tip of his fallen enemy's tail, and began to eat upwards—as one would eat a radish—slowly, but without intermission, till half of him was devoured, and next morning he ate the remainder. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* gives another instance of their voracity. He tells us that he once enclosed, in three separate hamper, a hedgehog, two starlings, and a wood-pigeon; the lids of each were securely fastened, and they were left in a garden-house all night. Next morning, the strings of all the hampers were severed, and only a few feathers were left of the birds, the hedgehog being found in the wood-pigeon's hamper. With all his hankering after flesh, however, it is pretty clear, from the make of his mouth and teeth, that nature intended him for a vegetarian. 'The manner in which they eat the plantain-roots in my garden,' says White of Selborne, 'is very curious. With their upper mandible, which is much longer than the lower, they bore under the plant, and so eat the root off upwards, leaving the tuft of leaves untouched.' The popular idea, that they suck the cows as they sleep, has been commonly denied by all scientific men; but it still remains an article of the farmers' creed, and they have certainly been found early in the morning in very suspicious vicinity to their udders. In all probability, the notion originated in the fact, that they are attracted to the animal by the smell, and sometimes come in for a share of the milk which may have been squeezed out during sleep.

There is another peculiarity about the hedgehog which is very little known, but, if properly investigated, seems likely to lead to valuable discoveries. No poison of any kind will act upon its system. Pallas gave one a hundred cantharides, which the animal appeared to relish amazingly; while half of one of these acrid insects given to a dog or cat, would cause the most horrible torment. M. Leny caused one to be bitten several times in the throat and tongue by a viper, but without having the slightest effect; and Mr Cuthbert Johnson, the well-known agricultural writer, states that prussic acid, arsenic, opium, and corrosive sublimate, have each been tried upon it without producing the slightest indisposition.

The home of a hedgehog is a curious little structure of moss and dried leaves, and is generally constructed with greater skill than that of any other of the nest-making mammalia. Sometimes he builds it under the shade of a thick furze-bush, or oftener still in the little caves hollowed out by the rain—

Under an oak whose antique root peeps out;

and this perhaps is his favourite den, as it affords him the most protection from the foxes and dogs. The care he takes in rendering his dwelling wind-and-rain proof, has given rise to a popular notion that he is able to foresee changes in the weather, and alters the situation of his house accordingly; hence, in many parts of England, a hedgehog's nest is looked upon as a kind of Murphy's *Almanac*, altogether infallible.

Bodenham, in his *Garden of the Muses*, published in 1600, alludes to this idea in the simile:

As hedgehogs doe foresee ensuing stormes,
So wise men are for fortune still prepared.

Into this hibernaculum, when the nights become chilly, and his food scarce, he betakes himself for his long winter's sleep; first, however, taking care to roll himself up in such a prodigious quantity of moss and dried leaves, that the severest snows will leave him warm and dry. Unlike the rest of the sleepers, he accumulates no provisions. The only store he takes with him is a goodly layer of fat about the viscera and under the skin, which is slowly absorbed, as the waste of his inactive life requires. With the first warm beams of spring he wakes up lean and hungry; and it is said that in this voracious condition he will attack almost anything, and has even been known to break his fast upon a hen.

The disposition of the hedgehog may be very considerably modified by taming. James Douce, the celebrated Dutch scholar, had a pet one which followed him about, and evinced the greatest attachment for his person. When it died, Lipsius immortalised its memory in some Latin verses, almost as rough and unpoetical as the subject. In London, they are much used to destroy the black beetles which abound in the underground kitchens; and many instances are recorded of their becoming familiar with those who treat them kindly. The writer formerly had one who used to know his name 'Spot' very well, and would directly uncoil himself at the sound of his master's voice. He had so far overcome his natural timidity, as to lie before the fire in company with a cat and dog. With the latter, he was on very friendly terms; but the cat and he always regarded each other with mutual aversion. Every now and then, without the slightest provocation, he would suddenly open and bite her leg or tail, and then instantaneously contract himself again with a *Touch-me-if-you-dare* kind of air, which was vastly amusing. This may have been the mere exuberance of hedgehog spirit, but it was a great deal too much like earnest to make it pleasant for pussy, who, however, never ventured to retaliate, for she had probably found that his prickles were more than a match for her claws. She contrived to kitten upon a table, in order that her young should be out of his reach; but one day, during her absence, he climbed up by the leg, and pushed one of them off, and then rolling himself down after it, was proceeding to drag it away by the neck to his hole under the fireplace, when the mother happened to return. Then ensued a battle-royal. Utterly unmindful of her usual caution, the infuriated parent dashed herself three separate times against the enemy, and was each time received with fixed bayonets. Never, probably, was there such an expenditure of spitting and fuming; but all to no purpose, for the hedgehog clung to his prey like a ferret. Had not the writer interfered, and caused the hedgehog to drop the kitten, it would probably have been rent in two between the combatants. The cat was much pricked all over her face and shoulders, and the hedgehog had some ugly scratches under his throat. After this affair, they never lay together on the hearth.

The uses to which the hedgehog has been put are numerous. Among the peasantry on the continent, and in many parts of England, it is used as food to a considerable extent. Hedgehog-dumpling is by no means an uncommon cottage-dinner in Buckinghamshire. The flesh of the young animal is very white, and not unlike rabbit. Among the Romans, the spines were extensively used in carding wool, and several decrees of the senate are extant against the rich wool-staplers, who were in the habit of buying them all up, and thus forestalling the market. In medicine, he was

formerly much used. According to Albertus Magnus, the right eye of a hedgehog fried in oil, and kept in a brass vessel, imparts a virtue to the oil, so that when used as an ointment to the eye, it imparts such a wonderful clearness of vision, as to enable a person to see as well by night as by day! The fat is still believed by our country-folks to be very efficacious in deafness, and many a hedgehog falls a martyr to the delusion.

We were about taking leave of our hero without saying a word about his domestic relations. He chooses his mate early in the spring, and it is said remains constant to her during the season; but they must be very knowing people who can speak positively upon such a delicate subject. She usually produces from two to four at a time. When first born, they are very pretty little animals, with soft white spines and hanging ears. As they approach maturity, the thorns become harder and darker, and the ears become erect.

THE MISER OF MARSEILLE.

MARSEILLE is a city of fountains, and has a fine aqueduct, almost entirely subterranean, by which pure water is brought from the little rivers Huveaume and Juvet. But this was not always the case. Look back with me many, many years, and I will shew you how ill it used to be supplied with water, and how in the fulness of time it came to be otherwise.

Once upon a time—I know not the exact date—there dwelt at Marseille a man named Guyot, with his wife and one son. They were but humble people; and at the time my narrative begins, the child lay sick of a fever, his tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth, and his little hot hand pressed to his still hotter forehead, while he ceased not to cry in a plaintive tone for a draught of water.

'Alas, my child,' said Madame Guyot, in reply to his moaning, 'you know I have told you already the cistern is empty. Not a drop of water have I in the house, and I fear all our neighbours are as badly off as ourselves. See, take a draught of milk; I have nought else to give you.'

'But, mother, it is not like water,' replied the boy: 'it makes me only the more thirsty, and almost chokes me, it seems so thick; while water is so cold, and refreshes me for a long time. But, alas! you have none to give me. If it would but rain, for I am burning! Oh, if I were rich, I would care little for the finest wines, if I had but plenty of fresh, pure, cold water.'

Madame Guyot, with true maternal love, strove to pacify the young sufferer; and having succeeded in partially relieving his cravings by means of a draught of water, which a kind neighbour, scarcely better off than herself, sent by the hand of her little daughter, he at length slept. Even in his dreams, however, the memory of his feverish longings haunted him; and his plaintive cry for water at oft-recurring intervals brought tears to the mother's eyes; and she trod softly, dreading to awaken the boy, lest by so doing she should also awaken his desires to greater activity, when she knew she was without the means of satisfying them.

Seven years later, and the fever-stricken boy has grown into a fine thoughtful youth of sixteen. No longer dependent on his parents, the young Jacques Guyot cheerfully performed his part in gaining a living. One evening, after his return from work, as Madame Guyot was busily engaged in placing the evening meal on the table, she said to her son: 'Jacques, you must be content with less than your usual quantity of water to-night, for again the cistern is nearly dry.'

'I am sorry for that, mother,' replied Jacques; 'but though we have often since been very scarce of water,

at least we have never wanted it so badly as when I had the fever.'

'O Jacques, can you ever forget that?'

'Never, mother. No day passes, but the torture I suffered then for a draught of water comes into my mind; and I envy no man his wealth in anything save his more abundant supply of that one good gift. Is there no way of relieving this want by which the poor of Marseille suffer so much, and so often?'

'It is just because the poor are those who suffer that they must continue to do so: wealth might remedy the evil,' answered his father.

'How so?' asked Jacques.

'Easily enough. Only let an aqueduct be constructed to bring pure water from a distant river.'

'And what would that cost, think you, father?'

'More money than you could count, my son,' replied the elder Guyot; 'so let us to our supper before it is as cold as the water you are always dreaming about.'

The meal over, Jacques wandered in the garden thoughtful and silent, but not unnoticed by his parents. They conversed together in an undertone about the extraordinary manner in which his mind dwelt on the one night of suffering from thirst so long gone by.

'It is strange,' said Madame Guyot, 'how the lad is always thinking of it. I quite feared to tell him how little water we have left to-night, for it seems to grieve and trouble him so much; not for ourselves alone, but lest some unfortunate should have to bear sufferings like those he experienced seven years ago.'

'Well,' replied the father, 'even that is not the chief object of his anxiety.'

'Why, surely he does not fancy himself in love yet!'

said Madame Guyot in an accent of alarm. 'Our neighbour's daughter, Madeline, casts sheep's eyes at him, I know, young as he is; and Jacques often tells her how like a little angel she seemed to him when her mother made her the bearer of that draught of water. But it is doubtless only nonsense, for he is still a boy, and she a full year younger.'

'I was not thinking of Madeline, wife,' replied Monsieur Guyot: 'in my opinion, Jacques loves something else better than all the little damsels in the world—I mean money. He is always hoarding every sou he can collect, and trying, by all sorts of extra services, to earn more than his daily wages; and I almost fear our son will turn miser, since he spends nothing he can avoid.'

'Oh, if that be the case, he is doubtless thinking of some girl, and trying to save against the time when he is old enough to marry; but he is a good youth,' added Madame Guyot, brushing a tear from her eye at the thought of having a rival in the love of her only child.

'Ah, wife,' said her husband, 'you are almost jealous of little Madeline; but remember, you cannot expect to keep this one lamb of yours always by your side; and I say, that if the thought of having some day to provide for a wife makes the lad so saving, I for one am well content.'

The return of Jacques here stopped the conversation. Hours after his parents were at rest, the youth sat by the lattice in his little chamber. A luxuriant vine hung over the casement, and, waving backwards and forwards in the moonlight, cast fantastic shadows on the wall. Little knew the parents of Jacques by what strong feelings he was actuated, though both were in part right, the father when speaking of his almost miserly habits, the mother in believing that her son loved Madeline.

The youth possessed one of those thoughtful natures which become old too soon; and those who wonder at love in a boy of sixteen, must remember that in southern France the blood runs warmer than in our

foggy island. It was indeed wonderful how he always thought of Madeline in connection with that night of feverish agony—how like a ministering angel the child had seemed in his eyes, when she tripped lightly in with the cooling draught to satisfy his longing. The cup of cold water had worked with a marvellous charm, and the youth regarded the girl with a feeling akin to worship. In the eyes of others, she was just a bright-eyed laughing thing, somewhat wilful and capricious at times, as girls are apt to be; but to poor Jacques she was a being of heavenly beauty.

The recent scarcity of water had again brought the old scene most vividly to his mind, and you might have seen by the moonlight how pale and agitated was his face. After a long vigil, he rose, and taking from a secret repository a sum of money—large for him to possess—he slowly counted it, and then gazing earnestly on his treasure, said softly: 'It might be done in a long lifetime; but, O Madeline, Madeline!' then with tears streaming down his cheeks, he flung himself on his knees to pray. Poor Jacques! he prayed with such earnest simple faith, that he rose tranquil, and seeking his couch, soon fell into a sound sleep.

Three more years went by, and still Jacques continually added to his store. So scrupulous was he in denying himself every superfluity, that the neighbours whispered how the young Guyot had become a miser. Some did more than whisper, they spoke openly to his mother respecting this peculiarity in her son. Madame Guyot looked very sagacious, and gave mysterious hints about the virtue of sparing on one's self to spend on another, glancing as she spoke at Jacques and Madeline, who were just visible to the group of gossips.

Let love be the presumed cause of a man's actions, a woman will hardly ever deem him in the wrong, however extravagant they may be. Even vice in her sight assumes the dignity of virtue, if she can ascribe its committal to the power of love. So it was with the gossips at whose self-constituted tribunal Jacques was tried, and from that time many a sly joke was levelled at Madeline, till the little damsel's head was almost turned by thinking of the—of course much magnified—riches which were hoarded by her admirer for her to spend some day. She felt she was beloved, for it is not hard to divine when one is the dearest of all earthly objects to a pure and honest heart; but in spite of her convictions in this respect, the conduct of Jacques was a sad puzzle to her.

'He is never so happy as when by my side,' she would often say to her mother; 'that any one may see; but I do not think he cares to gain me for a wife.' The mother would bid her be patient, and all would in time turn out well; but Madeline thought there should be some limit to the expected patience, so she would pout her cherry lips, and give Jacques short answers. Still, though she evidently succeeded in giving him pain, he seemed as far from declaring his sentiments as ever.

The crisis, however, came at last. Madeline had a cousin Marie, who was not only a near neighbour, but also a sort of rival beauty. There had been no slight jealousy between the girls on the subjects of love and marriage; but Marie had at last triumphed, and the day for her own wedding being fixed, she openly twitted Madeline about her laggard lover. This was a sad blow to the vanity of the young girl. Marie's fiancé came from what was in those days thought a great distance, and neither grudged spending time nor money in visits to his betrothed; while Madeline, with her lover almost at the door, seemed likely enough to remain single. Oh, it was too much for any maiden's patience.

The wedding-day came, and she of course was one of the guests, together with Jacques; and the girl, bent on punishing her tardy admirer, coquetted with others by his very side. But she did not stop at coquetry

only. The brother of the bridegroom, a gay and handsome fellow, now at Marseille for the first time, was smitten with her charms, and after the wedding, food, or made, many excuses for visiting the town which contained Madeline. Jacques, it seemed, would not be piqued into submission, and she was not inclined either for a spinster's life or a longer silent wooing; so, after some hesitation on the part of her parents, who still leaned to their young neighbour, partly from old association, and still more because of his repeated wealth, Madeline was betrothed to the stranger.

Madame Guyot often sighed, and said in her son's hearing that it was a pity two of the prettiest maidens in Marseille should be carried off by strangers: for she had long since made up her mind, that since Jacques would needs marry soon or late, it would be well to have a daughter-in-law whom she had known from babyhood. All her hints might have been unheard, for any outward effect they produced on her son; but when the marriage-day came, he remained shut up in his little chamber. Neither food nor drink passed his lips; but could he have been seen by any one, a mighty mental conflict would have been revealed to the watcher—it was the last great struggle with human passion. The last bar to his devoting himself to one great object was removed.

The gossips who had aforetime interested themselves so liberally in the affairs of Jacques and Madeline, once more twitted Madame Guyot, saying, it plainly was not love that made her son such a miser in his habits; but she answered them more proudly than ever, that Jacques would now look higher for a wife.

So, first one great lady and then another was said to be the fair object for whom our hero cherished a secret passion, and whom he was trying to equal in wealth. But though Madame Guyot fostered the idea, she, poor soul, knew better; for only a few days after the marriage of his one love, Jacques had begged her, in a broken voice, to find out whether the little vessel in which Madeline had borne the precious draught of water to his bedside, a dozen long years ago, were still in existence.

'O my son,' said Madame Guyot, 'since you did so love Madeline, why did you let her go? She would not now be the wife of a stranger, if you had asked her for thyself.'

'Better as it is, mother,' replied Jacques, though his lip quivered while he spoke, and again begged his mother to procure what he had mentioned, at any cost.

Madame Guyot's mission proved successful, though the mother of Madeline marvelled greatly at the request; and both the worthy matrons agreed that the conduct of Jacques was a problem beyond their power to solve. Eagerly was the little vessel seized by him, and after bestowing many grateful thanks on his mother, he conveyed it to his own little room. Could the thing of clay have spoken, it might have told how, when others slept, Jacques spent many an hour in sighs, and even tears. Ay, for every drop of water it had once held, the strong man paid in tears a thousandfold.

Years sped on, and the father and mother of Jacques passed from the earth. The young man had been called a miser, even during their lifetime, but now, indeed, he merited the title. Ever craving for money, he added to his store by the strictest parsimony. His clothes were patched by himself again and again, till no traces of the original stuff remained. Generally his feet were bare, and even when he wore any covering on them, it consisted of old shoes which had been cast away as worthless, and picked up by him in his solitary wanderings through the town. His food was of the coarsest description, and taken simply to sustain life. He no longer occupied the dwelling in which his early days had been

spent; his present home was an old and roomy house, built with a degree of strength which defied any attempt at entrance, unsanctioned by the will of its occupant; at least without a degree of force being used, which must inevitably have led to discovery. Here, then, dwelt Jacques Guyot quite alone. But far worse than alone was he when absent from his house, for the evil repute in which he was held was such, that as he walked, the little children ran shouting after him: 'There goes Guyot. See the wretched miser, how thin he is! He grudges himself food to make himself fat, and clothes to cover his lean old body.' Then the mischievous urchins would cast stones at Jacques, and load him with insults, unchecked by their parents. But even this was not the worst. One day he met a friend, or at least he had been such in youth, and whom he had not seen for many a long year. For the moment, Jacques forgot his rage and his isolation—it was so long since a kindly word had been bestowed on him, and oh! how he yearned to win it. Eagerly he advanced, with an indescribable gleam of joy lighting his pinched features; but his former comrade shrank back, holding up his hands, as if to forbid his nearer approach, saying, as he did so: 'I will not hold communion with a thing like you. Did you not love thy money better than her who ought to be your wife? but you suffered a stranger to carry her away, and now the accursed thing is dearer to you than yourself, though you have neither child nor kin to whom to leave it. Away! touch me not!'

Another trial came still later, and it was the hardest of all. A portly dame, elderly, but still fresh and comely-looking, and with a fair daughter by her side, passed leisurely along the streets of Marseille. They seemed to be new arrivals; but the elder one was evidently no stranger, for she pointed out to her daughter various changes which had been made of late. Jacques Guyot looked earnestly at the girl, for her features brought vividly to his mind those of the object of his one love-dream, and as he came near, he heard her mother call her Madeline. Another glance, and he recognised the elder female as the Madeline of his youth. Though so many years had gone over his head, his pale face was in a moment flushed. Again he forgot the curses and the stones daily showered around him; the vision of the bright-eyed child, with the little treasured pitcher in her hand was before him, and he too was for an instant young; but for how brief an instant! Madeline, even in her distant home, had heard of the miser Guyot, who heaped up wealth, though with none to share it, and denied even the smallest aid to the miserable, though surrounded with gold. Even at that moment, too, she heard the taunts of the passers-by; so, gathering her skirts closely around her, as though the very touch would poison, she swept by with such a look of scorn as rooted the miser to the spot, and brought back the sense of his loneliness more terribly than ever.

Though no inhabitant of Marseille ever entered the miser's dwelling during his life, yet I am able to tell how he spent his time there. I know he never entered his silent, comfortless home without feeling that his heart would leap with joy to hear a friendly voice, or if he might be permitted to clasp a child to his bosom. I know that, in spite of insults, reproaches, and taunts, his heart teemed with loving-kindness to his fellow-creatures, and often when suffering from them, he would even smile, and murmur: 'It is because they know me not; for one day these curses will be turned to blessings.' Ay, and that, when seated on his hard bench, to take the food needful to prolong his life until the object should be accomplished for which he had given up all that could tend to its enjoyment, he prayed for a blessing on his coarse fare; and I know, too, that after each more biting proof of scorn

from those around him, he asked from the same Almighty source strength to 'endure to the end.'

A very old man was Jacques Guyot when the end came, but he met it with joy and hope, for he had lived long enough to finish his self-imposed task. Stretched upon his wretched pallet, he smiled and talked to himself. 'Ah, Jacques,' said he, 'they will never more call thee accursed. The last stone has been cast at thy worthless carcass, for worthless it may well be called, since even the worms will scarcely be able to banquet on the scanty covering of thy old bones. But, oh, what joy to think the miser has not lived in vain! And thou, too,' said he, taking in his hand Madeline's little pitcher, 'well hast thou performed thy part. Though but a thing of clay, the sight of thee has reminded me each day and hour that, having given up her to whom thou didst once belong, no greater sacrifice could be demanded from me; and more than that—it ever brought before me the memory of the one pressing want which inspired the resolution God has in his goodness given me strength to fulfil. I will indulge just one weakness, and having taken my last draught from thee, no other lip shall touch thee.' So saying, he drank the water it contained, and gathering all his remaining strength, shivered it to atoms. One hour after, and the miser lay dead. Only lifeless clay, senseless as that shivered by his last act, now remained of Jacques Guyot.

As soon as he was missed from his daily haunts, the propriety of examining his dwelling suggested itself to the towns-people, for there were many who would not touch him while living, who would gladly have acted as his executors. Fancy, then, the crowd around the door—the forcible entrance—the curious ransacking each room till they at last stood beside all that remained of the object of their bitter loathing. The authorities of the town, who led the way, took possession of a sealed paper, which Jacques, ere he lay down to die, had placed in a conspicuous position. It was his will, duly executed, and contained these words: 'Having observed from my youth that the poor of Marseille are ill supplied with water, which can be procured for them only at a great cost, I have cheerfully laboured all my life to gain them this great blessing, and I bequeath all I possess to be spent in building an aqueduct for their use.'

Jacques had told the truth. The curses turned into blessings, and his death made a city full of self-reproaching mourners. Many a man has won the name of hero by one gallant deed; but he who made a conquest of a city by the continued heroism of a long life, methinks deserves the name indeed. And thus I have told you to whom the inhabitants of Marseille owe their aqueduct.

SEDENTARY OCCUPATIONS.

HEALTH is the greatest of earthly blessings: with health a peasant may be rich, for he may be content; and without it, a Cæsar may be miserable in the midst of his gold. And yet this inestimable gift is daily and hourly flung away, as if, like money, it was of use only when spent; or as if its preservation was not worth the cost of a little reflection and self-denial. It is our purpose hereafter to bring before the readers of this *Journal* some plain and simple observations relating to the preservation of health; but we would now attempt to explain, in a popular way, why sedentary employments are so generally injurious, and to offer some suggestions, by attending to which, our sedentary brethren may avoid in a great degree the mischievous consequences now too often found attending their pursuits.

Health depends mainly on three essential conditions—sufficient nutriment, pure air, and a uniform flow and circulation of the blood throughout the entire

system. Experience amply proves that vegetable food will sustain the human frame in strength and vigour. Beyond a certain point, it is not so much *what* we eat, as our power of digesting and assimilating it, on which our physical strength depends. As regards food and air, we are, most of us, dependent on circumstances; and we shall presume that those for whom we write eat such wholesome food as they can procure, breathe the air such as they find it, and can exercise no great power of choice in either of these particulars. It is, then, to the *third* condition of health—namely, a regular and equable flow of blood to every part of the system—that we shall chiefly confine ourselves, because sedentary occupations interfere directly with this condition; and much may be done, by a little care and forethought, to counteract their injurious tendency.

Man is naturally calculated to sustain, when in health, severe and continuous labour. This, his natural condition, provides for the uniform circulation of which we speak; but when he spends the greater part of his time in bodily inaction, and more especially when at the same time his *mind* is at work, then, in two different ways, the great rule of health is violated.

It is an ascertained fact, that when any portion of the animal economy is called into action, it is subjected to immediate *waste*, and requires an immediate succour in the form of an increased supply of the vital fluid. Thus, the engagement of the eyes and brain in sedentary pursuits, tends directly to that state of fulness in the blood-vessels of the head, which, when in excess, is called *congestion*, and becomes a most dangerous, and too often fatal malady. We say 'in excess,' because, upon the principles just now laid down, an extra flow of blood to those parts is necessary at certain times, and it rests with ourselves to keep it within proper bounds.

Now, if we take a healthy man, after half an hour's moderate exercise in the open air, as a type of the human frame in its best state, we shall find that the large muscular lower limbs are receiving—are, in fact, at any given moment in possession of—a very large proportion of his blood. Such is by no means the case when the same person has been sitting a couple of hours at a table or desk, especially if exposed to a low temperature. This blood must flow somewhere; and a good deal of it goes to the head—not only what is necessary, as we have supposed—but more than that, and thus a tendency to congestion is established.

If all which is withdrawn from the lower limbs crowded at once to the head, the consequences would be immediately fatal, as apoplexy or paralysis would be thereby induced. But nature takes means to prevent this, and the internal organs have their share of the superfluity. They are thus 'engorged' and oppressed, and a tendency to disease is engendered in them also. Such are the effects of those conditions of body in which the equable flow of the circulation through every part alike is compromised.

The great object, then, should be the maintenance of the desirable state of *equilibrium* which we have supposed above; and failing that, we should aim at as near an approach to it as it is possible to attain. For these ends, it will be well to attend to the following simple rules:

Avoid study as much as you can during the first periods of digestion. The eyes and stomach are both supplied with nerves from the same branch, and the employment of the eyes in reading or writing soon after eating deranges digestion, and throws the whole system out of gear. All who transgress this law, will have a reckoning to pay sooner or later. Avoid the sitting posture as much as possible. This may be done by using a standing-desk for reading and writing, and transferring your work to it now and then. If this cannot be done, get up occasionally, and take a few turns up and down the room; or even stand up and sit down again. If your feet are cold, let your walk

be on the toes—*springing* on them, as is done in dancing—a most excellent winter exercise for the sedentary. If need be, wrap your feet and legs in some warm garment when you resume your seat: an old cloak or dressing-gown will do. It is far better to use a hot-water footstool—anything rather than *submit* to cold feet. You may as well expect to live without air or food, as to enjoy health unless you can contrive to counteract a tendency to cold feet, if you are unfortunate enough to suffer from it.

Never imagine that you are doing yourself justice, if you do not walk as much each day as can be done without absolute fatigue. What this may be, will vary according to age, state of health, &c.; but, as a rule, it may be laid down, that a slight feeling of lassitude is about the best measure you can have. The healthy will only increase their debility by attempting long 'constitutional walks' beyond their power, and without proper training. Great mistakes are made here by young men in their summer excursions, from which they often return with the seeds of jaundice and fever lurking in their constitutions, in consequence of overheating, chilling, and over-exertion.

Sedentary persons should feed moderately, and avoid fermented liquors as much as possible, especially if of a naturally sanguineous temperament. Those who are naturally pallid and dyspeptic should use a more generous diet, eating a moderate quantity at each repast, and above all things, avoiding that disturbance of the digestive process which is the result of application to study soon after eating. An excellent drink for such persons is bitter beer with a dash of soda-water into it, in the proportion of about 'half-and-half.'

This is by no means a complete system; but it contains nothing which may not be profitably put in practice by the sedentary. They should also avoid small print in reading, small hand in writing, and insufficient or too glaring light at all times.

ARTIFICER-SOLDIERS.

THE Royal Sappers and Miners have now merged into the corps of Royal Engineers. When this useful and distinguished branch of the service was first formed, it consisted of only sixty-eight men, under the designation of the Soldier-artificer Company. In 1812, when the name of the corps was changed to that of the Royal Sappers and Miners, it numbered about 8000 men; and in 1856, when the Sappers ceased to be distinguished from the Engineers, their total force was over 4000. Up to the latter date, the corps was officered by the Engineers, and was, latterly, divided into thirty-two companies, of which twenty-eight were devoted to general service, four being set aside for the national surveys. There was also a small troop of drivers attached to the corps. About two years ago, we drew attention to the remarkable history of these military artificers, written by one of themselves—Mr Connolly, now quarter-master of the Engineers. Mr Connolly's work was *sui generis*—a picturesque biographical history, setting forth the leading incidents in the lives of the different members of the corps, with singular impartiality, privates coming in for mention equally with their superiors. The work seems to have proved the success which its merits entitled its writer to expect; and we have it now before us in a second edition, with considerable additions, including minute details of the various operations in which the Sappers were engaged in the Crimea, as well as some fresh notes on the achievements of the survey-companies.

In the Crimea the corps had constantly to work under the fire of the enemy. Read this account of the formation of the double sap between the two

foremost parallels on the left attack: 'Not without great toil and watching was it completed. In aspect, it bore a wild crenated outline, as if the miners, in struggling to make a direct approach, were so oppressed with difficulties, that, defying the energy and capacity of art, they were forced to make progress by running into sidings and notches. The last gabion to connect the sap with the parallel was fixed by Corporal Lendrim. The whole way was broken up by mining, and the planting of every gabion was attended with imminent risk. Stones blown from the rock were built into the parapets and compacted with earth and clay thrown among the blocks from sacks and bread-bags. So fierce at times was the firing, and so clear the moon, that the extension of the trench throughout an anxious night was confined to the placement of only four gabions. Some nights the sap was pushed ahead as much as ten yards, which was regarded as an exemplary effort. "For every three gabions fixed during the night, two were knocked down at daylight by round shot;" and not unfrequently one has been struck from the hands of the sapper essaying to stake it. Such gaps and such violence sufficiently mark the trials of the undertaking, and account for its slow and wearying progress. Up to the close of the siege, the sap demanded the labour and vigilance of small parties to patch up the broken revetments and replace the shattered gabions.' It fared no better with them in the sap near the Cemetery: 'One night, at this sap, Corporal Henry T. Stredwick had with him a half brigade of Sappers who were tasked to lodge and fill eighteen gabions; but the moment they began to work, a galling array of heavy projectiles opposed every foot of progress. Repeatedly the gabions were capized: full ones on two or three occasions were blown from the trace, and the Sappers knocked over and buried under them. Even resolute men would have had ample excuse for abandoning so murderous a spot; but, regarding nothing as insuperable or too hot, the Sappers held obstinately to the work, and succeeded in lengthening the trench by twelve gabions.'

The Quarries was a fatal spot to the Sappers; it was there that Sergeant Wilson, a man of no common merit, lost his life. 'Two old acquaintances who had not met for years, chanced in the early night, as the darkness was falling, to recognise each other in the Quarries. Each grasped the other's hand, and while engaged in an animated greeting, with the warm smile of welcome on their lips, a round-shot struck off both their heads! The friends were Sergeants William Wilson of the corps and Morrison of the Royal Artillery. A genuine Scotchman was Wilson, with an accent as provincial as a Highlander. Thick-set, well knit, and athletic, he was formed for the hardships of labour. His composure under fire was remarkable; of danger, he knew nothing. Among detachments of the corps, he was the spirit of the trench, and moved about the lines and batteries with the same air of tranquillity as in a workshop. As a sapper, few were more excellent, few more apt and bold in situations of difficulty, peril, and surprise than he. Throughout the siege, he scarcely ever missed his turn in the front. If counted up, it would be found there were not many in the corps who had passed as many months in the trenches as Wilson. Safe and reliable, he was greatly in requisition by his officers. When new approaches were to be opened or new batteries constructed, Wilson, if not more importantly employed, was mostly deputed to start them. Indeed, of the execution of many he had the charge, and the tact he exercised in the arrangement of his working-parties was something extraordinary. For many weeks of the concluding operations, he was rarely away from the trenches; and had he lived, his brilliant services would have put him in the possession of the highest honours it belonged to his class to wear.'

"I regret much," wrote Lieutenant-colonel Chapman to Sir Harry Jones, on the 6th, "to have to report that Sergeant Wilson, of the first company Royal Sappers and Miners, was killed in the Quarries by a round-shot yesterday evening. Frequently commended, and not long ago promoted for his distinguished conduct during the progress of the siege, this excellent sergeant of Sappers has earned the esteem, not only of three successive directors of the right attack, but also of every officer under whom he has done duty. Always ready for whatever he might be called upon in the severe weather of last winter; ever foremost at the point of danger, he has left to the young soldiers of the corps an example of devotion to the service which they may do well to emulate."

Corporal John Ross would appear to be one of the most distinguished of the corps. He was several times during the siege specially singled out for reward by the commander-in-chief, and it was he who discovered and was the first to announce the abandonment of the Redan by the Russians. These pages contain many instances of his kindness, skill, and valour.

It is impossible to make our quotations reflect in any degree faithfully the quality of Mr Connolly's book; but before closing it, we must draw attention to the services of the survey-companies. 'The four survey-companies,' says Mr Connolly, 'are engaged in completing the secondary and minor triangulation of Great Britain; the detail-survey and contouring of Scotland and the four northern counties of England, and the revision and contouring of the northern counties of Ireland. Occasionally, they carry on special surveys for the government; execute similar work for sanitary purposes for local boards of health, and make surveys of particular towns, parishes, and manorial estates—for municipal service or proprietary record and reference—at the expense of local corporations or of private noblemen and gentlemen. Small parties have at times been employed in making tidal observations for investigating the theory of the tides and for other scientific uses, and also in gleanings much subsidiary information, to be embodied in the Ordnance Memoir of the Survey, should it at a future day be published. In Ireland, the companies did excellent service in collecting various statistical details, and gathering minerals, fossils, and objects of natural history, to assist in developing the investigations of those interesting subjects. In conducting the survey of Great Britain, however, that branch of the duty has been abandoned.'

One cannot read of these companies without surprise at the superior accomplishments of their sergeants. Here is a short notice of Sergeant-major Steel: 'As a mathematician, he holds a fair reputation for proficiency and accuracy; but it is chiefly with the work of the triangulation and astronomy he has most distinguished himself. His early service was passed on severe hill-duty. Ben Anler and Creach Ben were his first mountain-stations. . . . At Creach Ben he learned the use of the instrument, and succeeded Lieutenant Hamley, R.E., in its charge in 1841. He is the first non-commissioned officer of the corps who used one of the larger instruments. In prosecuting his new trust, his travels embraced all parts of the British isles. Now, he would have his station on the mountain-top—now on some craggy peak, and anon staged on the tower of some majestic castle or cathedral. This, again, he would leave for service on some stormy coast, or to perch his observatory on the slender weather-worn spire of some quiet village or city church. At Norwich Cathedral, his observatory rested on a scaffolding 315 feet from the floor of the building—nearly the height of St Paul's—but without the advantage of a dome at the base, to diminish the apparent distance of the observer from the ground. Here he used to creep into

the nest through a hole in its floor. Some of the men were weeks before they could reach the top, while it was the duty of Sergeant Steel and others to ascend it, and carry on the work in the most tempestuous weather and in the darkest nights. The oscillations of the structure were frequently very violent; but the observer, cool and fearless, continued to complete his arcs, and to record the movements of the stars. In one of the storms which broke over Norwich, an architect paid the sergeant a visit; but the vibration of the nest appeared so alarming to him, that, through his representation, a peremptory order was given to abandon the station, by removing the instrument and scaffolding from the spire. At Beachy Head, the sergeant spent a winter season, where he was exposed to cold the bitterest he had ever experienced. This was in March 1845; and at midnight, when the temperature was 25 degrees below freezing-point, he did not forsake his work, but continued to observe the elongations of the pole-star, protected only by the canvas sides of his frail observatory. In moving from place to place, he acquired much skill and facility in the construction of scaffolding and stages; and some of these fabrics, from his own designs, have only, perhaps, been excelled by the interesting works of Sergeant Beaton. Soon after this, Sergeant Steel was employed during periods of five years in carrying on a series of astronomical observations with Airy's zenith sector for the determination of the latitude of various trigonometrical stations used in the Ordnance survey of the British isles. Out of the twenty-six sector stations, he visited seventeen, at fifteen of which he took the whole of the observations, with the exception of a few at Balta, and about one-half at Southampton, which were made by Corporal William Jenkins. The record of his observations, comprising about 700 quarto pages of closely printed matter, attests both his industry under difficulties and his talents. In this honourable service, he displayed a quickness of perception, an accuracy in the manipulation of his instrument, and a skill and dexterity in the taking and registration of his observations, that place him in an enviable light even among scientific men. The most important work with which the name of Sergeant Steel is popularly associated, is the triangulation of London for the Sewers' Commissioners. He it was who designed the beautiful scaffolding around and above the ball-and-cross of St Paul's, and who for four months carried on his duties in the observatory, cradled above the cross, with so much spirit and zeal, notwithstanding at times its alarming oscillations. In that period, he made between 8000 and 10,000 observations, and, on the completion of the service, superintended the removal of the scaffolding, which was found to be an operation even more difficult and hazardous than its erection. Another important work superintended by him, was the re-measurement of the base-line on Salisbury Plain by means of the compensation-apparatus, which he conducted with his accustomed fidelity. This is the Mr Steel who, in 1855, furnished the British Association with 850 determinations of latitudes and theodolite observations from Arthur's Seat, with the view of determining the attraction of that mountain.

Quarter-master William Young is also a man of marked ability. For fifteen years, he superintended a large force of computers and others, employed in carrying out the various calculations for the principal, secondary, and minor triangulation, the preparation of diagrams, the calculations of latitudes, longitudes, and meridional bearings, also the computation of distances and positions for the hydrographical office, to enable the Admiralty to project the nautical surveys of the coast of the United Kingdom. With these scientific duties was connected the computation of trigonometrical and meridional and parallel distances for the surveys and large plans of towns. . . . For some years

Mr Young superintended, under an officer of engineers, the compilation and calculations for the publication of the grand triangulation of the United Kingdom, and the arcs of the meridian connected with it. In addition to these scientific duties, he had charge of an official correspondence, and the management of large public accounts, the magnitude of which may be judged by the fact, that in four years alone more than L.100,000 passed through his hands—L.50,000 at least in personal payments, and the remainder in issues through him, to other persons rendering their accounts to him for examination. This brief abstract affords sufficient evidence of the extent and responsibility of his duties, which, Colonel Hall reported, "could only have been performed, in the highly efficient manner in which they had been, by the possession on his part of great mathematical knowledge and aptitude for applied sciences." In some respects to compensate him for his services, he had, when a non-commissioned officer, been awarded the highest military rewards and allowances that the regulations permitted—namely, 4s. a day and an annuity of L.10 a year and a silver medal. These, with his sergeant-major's pay, made his annual allowances reach about L.170 a year, exclusive of his regimental advantages of excellent quarters, fuel, and clothing. Even this, the ultimate stretch of military reward, was wholly incommensurate with his acquisitions and deserts; and to retain his services in the department, it became necessary that a special commission should be taken to better his station in the corps. This was successful; and by the cordial and generous advocacy of Sir John Burgoyne, a commission was obtained for him to the rank of quarter-master, by which he is placed, in a pecuniary view, in a position above the chief civil gentlemen on the survey, and on a par nearly with the lieutenants of engineers employed on it.

Who would think of romance in connection with the subject of triangulation? And yet, what between living upon mountain-tops and on high scaffolding-airy perches, difficult of erection, and never visited without the sense of insecurity—the surveying engineer is constantly in the way of adventures. Mr Combes says, in writing of Sergeant James Beaton: 'Throughout his survey-career of more than twenty-three years his adventures and vicissitudes on mountain-tops, observing, in scaffold-building, in travels by land and sea, exposed in camp to frost and snow, to violent winds, storms, and deluging tempests, belong almost to the romance of science. This is true not only with respect to the arduous and trying services of Sergeant Beaton, but to many others who, like him, have been allotted to the laborious duty of the great triangulation.'

UNDER THE LIMES.

BY THE LATE MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL

As there I stood beneath the flowering limes,
Whose golden blossoms waved above my head—
A fragrant orchestra, where hymns were said
In musical intonements and rich chimes
By myriad bees—I saw, as distant climes
Are visible in dreams, a lady laid
Upon the opposite bank, where black yews made
A darkness that benighted sun and air—
Strange contrast with the brightness round me cast!
But oh! the beauty of that face divine,
Where rose and lily did such tints combine
As my tree-odour and sunshine surpassed!
So brightly shone her clouds of golden hair.
That—spite of all the shade—there was no shadow there.

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TRAVELLING COMPANIONS.

CERTAINLY do meet with odd people on my travels, though these are neither numerous nor extensive. I have never passed the bounds of—speaking Hibernicé—my three native countries; yet within England, Scotland, and Ireland I have met with characters enough to set up a modern Sentimental Journey; and read little bits of histories, full of nature, feeling, or humour, that would furnish studies for the greatest novel-writer of the day. Most of these I have lighted upon in railway-carriages—places fruitful in episodes to one who generally travels second-class and lone.

Yes, in this slowly deteriorating world, we may well begin to fear that clothes and purses do not confer that unquestionable respectability which it is generally supposed they do; else why, in spite of silk gowns, unexceptionable broadcloth, and no lunch in a basket, is an ingenious avoidance of Wolverton, Swindon, &c., can first-class never trust itself to itself, it must stare in mute investigation of its own merits and position till within a county or so of its terminus, when repentance and satisfied gentility come quite too late? Now, second-class, whose only passport is its face, and only safe-conduct its civil behaviour, has no such qualms, but plunges at once *medias res*, settles itself to the evident duties of humanity *in transitu*, and reaps corresponding benefits. Nature certainly meant me for a second-class passenger. I cannot help taking a vivid interest in everything and everybody around me. Convinced that

The proper study of mankind is man,

as woman, as it happens, I suffer no little impediments to daunt me, and succumb to none of those slight annoyances, which are grave evils to persons of sensitive organisation. To be sure, it was an inconvenience to be thrust into the carriage with those two young couples, married that morning, and bound for Australia next day, especially when the one husband, half-sea-sick, would balance sleepily between the corner and his wife's shoulder, and the other wife chattered the most coquettish nonsense to the other husband. Still, each of the opposite partners, I could trace a quiet sturdy seriousness, which led me to moralise on the future fate of all four, and even to see a wise meaning in the dispensation of matrimony, morally as well as physically, coupling opposite faults and opposite virtues. Also, on that terrible incursion of the Goths, the shape of six big labourers, accompanied by the unmistakable fustian odour, all brutish and stupid, and only one fierce with his wrong in having the

next carriage closed in his face by a 'gentleman'; how the man kept looking at his crushed bleeding finger, and muttering savagely: 'He'd none ha' done it, if I'd had a good coat on my back!' Even among these it was interesting to watch the care with which three or four of them guarded each a branch of white sloe-blossom, to brighten some wretched London attic—the train was going to London; and it was more than interesting—even touching, if it had not been so lamentable in its indications—to see the blank gaze of sullen wonder with which the man with the hurt finger stared at me when I asked the simple civil question, in the commonly civil tone which we English are apt to think it lowers our dignity to use to any but our equals, 'if he disliked having the window open?' He made not the smallest reply—he only stared. Poor fellow! I wonder whether, in lavishing abuse on the boorishness of the British peasant, it ever crosses the superior British mind to try the novel system of teaching inferiors politeness *by example*?

But I am wandering from the companions who amused and occupied me during a day's journey last week, and who unconsciously suggested this article. Honest folk! I daresay it never struck their simple imaginations that they were decided 'characters,' or that 'a chiel' in the corner was 'takin' notes' of their various peculiarities.

It was a double carriage, meant for sixteen, and nearly full. Various comings and goings took place the first hour, which I scarcely observed, till finally waking up out of thought, and feeling that one must take an interest in something, my mind centered itself in the other compartment on a row of black curls, slightly marked with gray, under a sailor-like sort of cap, and above a very nautical pair of shoulders. Shortly, an unmistakably nautical voice, seasoned with a slight foreign, or, as I afterwards discovered, Jersey accent, made itself heard through the clatter of tongues at their end of the carriage and the quiet silence of ours.—We were three women in black, myself, and a gentleman, who looked like a clergyman.

The black curls shook, and the brawny hands gesticulated more and more, in the enthusiasm of description to some passenger opposite. Shortly I saw that the whole compartment, and even those in our own who could hear, were absorbed in attending to our maritime friend.

'When I was becalmed off the Isle of France'—'When I commanded the So-and-so, trading with the West Indies'—'When we ran ashore off the coast of Guinea'—these and similar phrases reached us—small fragments of conversation, and casual allusions to

stray corners in every quarter of the globe, which at once arrest the attention and admiration of us islanders. Truly, if we have a weakness, it is for those who traffic upon the deep waters. The sea-captain was, I saw, fast becoming the hero of the carriage.

I could only see his black curls; but I was amused by the face opposite to him—fat, fair, and forty—thoroughly English, and set off in thoroughly English taste by yellow flowers inside a bright-red bonnet: bourgeoisie to the core. She might have never trod beyond the safe pavement of some snug provincial town, save when once—for she wore a bracelet that I felt sure was bought at the Crystal Palace—dragged up to London to bring down to admiring neighbours her report of its wonders. A comfortable, jolly, impassive face, which listened with a sort of patronising smile, I thought, to the wonders of the deep, as detailed by the sailor. I never was more astonished in my life than when, in a pause of the anecdote—it was some attack at sea—Mrs Red-bonnet observed in the quietest drawl:

'Yes, they thought the bursting o' that cannon would ha' killed him; but I just laid him down on a table in the cabin, and I plastered his face all over with wadding, and cut two holes for his eyes, and he got well somehow. There beant no particular scar left—eh? You see?' Appealing to the carriage generally, as a mild recognition of her personal property in the aforesaid black curls and broad shoulders, which nodded acquiescence.

'Ay, ay—they'd have finished me, more than once, but for her there.'

'Her' smiled; and in the aforesaid meek drawl continued: 'Yes, we'd some bad business in that nigger trade. Do you remember the blackie that was nigh killing you asleep in the cabin?—only I happened to come in, and stuck a sword into him. I helped to throw the other three black rascals overboard; I was a strong woman then.'

And the lazy blue eyes drooped, and the fat cheeks smiled, in amiable deprecation; while the whole carriage looked with amazed curiosity at this middle-aged matronly Thalestris that we had got among us.

'Ay, ay—my wife's right,' said the sea-captain, who thereupon subsided a little, and left his better-half to give tongue, which she did pretty freely, telling in that languid dolorous voice the most unaccountable stories of niggers running away—'So I just thought I'd put a musket to his back'—of niggers trying to assassinate her, when her husband lay sick—'but I just had a horsewhip in my hand, and I gave it him till he howled for mercy: you must get the upper hand of these blackies, or they'll get the upper hand of you.' Or else tales of shipwrecks, disasters, illnesses of the captain—'But oh, bless you, the crew always minded me; they knew I could command the ship almost as well as him.' All of which the captain lazily confirmed with his gruff 'Ay, ay;' he evidently had long ceased to consider his wife as at all a remarkable personage.

Not so her present audience. More than one smile arose of amused incredulity—but always, I noticed, behind the black head and its curls. And fat and rosy as the face was, I could trace a certain cold hardness in the blue eyes, a squareness of jaw, and merciless rigidity of mouth, which made me feel that—comfortable as she looked—on the whole I had rather not have been one of the 'rascally niggers' who offended Mrs Red-bonnet.

Various turns her conversation took, from these 'raw-head-and-bloody-bones' anecdotes—some of which I really, for the sake of womanhood, had rather not put down—to little episodes in the domestic history of 'a poll-parrot, whom I took out of the nest, and now he speaks three languages—I declare

he does; and for sense and fondness he's just as good as a child.' Then, in answer to a question—with a momentary shadow over the round face—'No, sir; we have got no children.' Poor Red-bonnet! perhaps otherwise she would not have 'put a musket into the back' of an unlucky blackamoor, who must once have been mother's son to somebody.

Human nature is weak, especially female nature. It can resist an attack of pirates much easier than the petty vanity of telling the story afterwards, with every addition possible, for the entertainment of a railway-carriage. In ours, the masculine tongue stopped entirely—reposed on the glory of adventures passed through—or only now and then dropped a gruff word in true man-fashion, as if when a thing was once done, it was a great 'bother' afterwards to be obliged to talk about it.

Not so the better-half. The captain's wife chattered on, at the rate of nine knots an hour; till the three decent bodies in black, who sat by me, cast doubtful looks at one another, and up to the carriage roof, in that mild pharisaical style of thankful self-gratulation; all even the pale young clergyman turned his quiet head half over the compartment, listening with an air half shocked, half-compassionate, to these apocryphal tales of slave-stealing off the African coast, and accidental butcheries on the Chinese seas, told with as much coolness as if the offending Malays had been Codd's China fowls.

I had noticed the parson's head before. It was one of those that you will frequently find in English country pulpits—pale, fair-haired, with features so delicately cut, and woman-like, in short, that you instinctively think, 'That man must be very like his mother.' There was great firmness in it—the sort of firmness you never see but in fair people—mild, and not aggressive, yet capable of resistance to the death. The head square and high, and made higher still by a slight baldness, seemed to occupy two-thirds of the head. Intellect, power of work, patience, perseverance—on a certain sweet kindliness, were all there—and something else, which, alas! you too often see in English country clergymen: a narrowness, a placid assurance of infallible right—the only possible right being that which the assessor held—a still, cold, unimpassioned satisfied air, to which belief had only one phase, and that was the particular phase in which its devotee saw it. The Thirty-nine Articles were written in his face—everything beside them or beyond them being heretical or impossible.

At least, this was the impression he gave me; a false one, and the reverend unknown should send me his paper, I here humbly demand his pardon. For it was true to his profession, which was more than I was; for I confess to an involuntary smile when shooting her arrow abroad, it might be at random, it might not, Mrs Red-bonnet thus broke out:

'Yes, it's all very fine to talk about savages; but my part, I should like to tell the people at home of what I know about the missionaries that turn to Lor' bless ye! I wouldn't give a penny to a missionary box! I've seen 'em abroad. They're all a lot. They just learn a few little black boys their letters, and then they go up country and enjy themselves. I knows their ways! Of all the humbugs on earth there's not a bigger humbug than a missionary.'

More than one pair of eyes glanced towards the clergyman. He sat motionless, his thin lips almost into a straight line; a pale red complexion, cheek, and faded away again; but he never moved word.

'Ay,' added the Jersey captain, with a half-laugh, innocent enough, for his back was to the clergyman, whom, I do not suppose, he had even seen—but the poor fellows mean no harm in the way of business. One of them did, however.

when I asked of him what he went out for: "Captain," says he, "what do you sail your ship for?" "Money," says I. "That's it," says he; "so do I." And, by George, it's the same with all them poor missionary fellows; they only do it for the money.'

The clergyman started—his brow was knitted, his thin hollow hands tightened on one another; yet still he kept silence. His soul evidently writhed within him at these slanders cast on his cloth; but he did not speak a word. He was not born for a Martin Luther, a Benwick, a John Knox—he could 'keep the faith,' but he could not fight for it. He could sit still, with those blue eyes flashing indignant fire, those delicate lips curled with scornful disgust at the coarseness of the attacks levelled at his creed—nay, at any creed, in the presence of one of its vowed professors; but it never occurred to him to turn and say a quiet word—not in defence of the Faith, for it needed none, but in protestation against the blind, ignorant injustice which could condemn a whole brotherhood for the folly or wickedness of one. It never seemed to cross his mind to say to these poor people—of whom I heard my neighbour whispering, horrified, 'What heathens!'—that the shortcomings of a thousand priests are as powerless to desecrate real Christianity, as the poor fool who burrows away from daylight in a cave, to annihilate the light of the sun.

But passive as he was, there was something in his earnest ascetic face which gave a tacit condemnation to Mrs Red-bonnet. Gradually her onslaughts ceased, for nobody seconded them; and after the first, nobody even smiled. Something of that involuntary 'respect for the clergy,' which lies firm and safe at the bottom of the Saxon heart—especially in the provinces—imposed general silence; and the woman, who was not a bad sort of woman after all, I think, turned her course of conversation, and went on a more legitimate tack.

I did not listen to it; my mind was pondering over the pale young priest, and how strange it is that Truth, of itself so pure and strong, the very strongest thing in the whole world, should often be treated by its professors as if it were too brittle to bear handling, too tender to let the least breath of air blow upon it, too frail to stand the smallest contamination from without. Good God! I thought, if people would only believe enough in their own faith to trust it to itself—and to Thee!

We reached the terminus; and, as usual, all the fellow-passengers, like Macbeth's witches, 'made themselves air.' Mrs Red-bonnet, the captain, the clergyman, myself, and the three meek dummies in black—severally parted; in all human probability, never to meet again in this world. Peace go with them! I am their debtor for a few harmless meditations; and if they see themselves in this article, it will do them no harm—perhaps a little good.

I stopped at the terminus—one of the principal English ports—our great southern sea-gate, as it were. The salt smell blew across me, and the dim tops of far-away masts rose over the houses; indicating the quay, which is the grand rendezvous of partings and meetings between England and her colonies—England and half the known world.

Having to stay two hours, I went into the waiting-room. There—starting up as I entered—was a lady: I never shall forget her face!

Young, though not in first youth; sweet, so inexpressibly sweet, that you forgot to notice whether it was beautiful; nay, it shamed you from looking at it at all; for there were the red swollen eyelids—the hot spots, one on each cheek, while the rest of the face, though composed, was dead white. Yes, this is, as I said, the great sea-gate, the place of meetings and partings—memorable, year by year, to hundreds and thousands. She was sitting at the table—on one side

of her lay a pocket-book, and two or three letters; on the other, open, the waiting-room Bible, in which she seemed to have been reading. Hastily she shut it, and started up.

No, there was no need for that. I did the only thing possible under the circumstances—quitted the room as quickly as I came into it. Whether I ever saw the lady again—how much I felt, or pondered, or guessed of the pang which only those who have endured can understand—I do not intend to say; let it remain between her and me: I shall not 'put her in print.' If she chance to take up this paper, perhaps she will remember. I will only chronicle this one fact, which was to me a curious comment on the 'odd people' of my journey—on the 'heathen' captain and his wife, the silent, wrathful clergyman, the 'humbug' missionary and all—how I found her, with her unknown story betrayed in every line of her poor face, sitting quiet in the solitary waiting-room, with her hand on the open Bible.

THE NOBLE SCIENCE OF BLAZON.

THAT 'the noble science of blazon' should still maintain itself in spite of the utilitarians, is a strong example of the tenacity of associations once generally established. The bearing of heraldic arms, when the arms they represent were really borne by knight and squire, was the distinctive mark of gentility; none being permitted to assume them who was not entitled to them by his rank. And so enduring is a notion which has once rooted itself in the mind of a people, that even now, though centuries have elapsed since the armour of chivalry was consigned to the museums of the curious, no one who lays claim to gentility would like to be supposed deficient in his due attributes of helmet, crest, shield, and motto.

How we ourselves view this question, we shall not at present say. The wealthy cotton-spinner may still aspire, as it likes him, 'to write himself down *armigero*,' and sue out his liveries and arms at the Herald's College: our business is with the heraldic devices of the past, and not with those ingenious imitations which the multiplication of persons desirous of bearing arms has kept the invention of heralds on the stretch to supply for emblazonment on the panels of carriages and the covers of side-dishes.

It has been long a matter of dispute amongst antiquaries from what period the adoption of armorial bearings is to be dated. Some of the more zealous illustrators of the *Arts of Armory* would carry it back to the heroic ages, because Achilles and Æneas are represented to have borne some device upon their shields. By more than one writer the hieroglyphs of the heralds are deduced from those of ancient Egypt; while others, more rationally, see their origin in the symbols borne by commanders of all ages on their banners, or impressed by sovereigns and states upon their coins. Our own Sir George Mackenzie attributes their invention to the patriarch Jacob; Professor Robison, and after him Gwillim, to Alexander the Great. But the *Treatise on Armoury*, of the learned prioress of Sopewell, the Lady Juliana Berners, in the *Boke of St Albans*, as it is our most ancient, is also perhaps the most curious disquisition on the subject. It discusses the questions of 'how gentylmen began, and how the law of armys was first ordaynt,' and, in the fashion of the old chronicles, commencing with the fall of the angels, and proceeding through that of man and the deluge, it makes out our Saviour to be 'a gentylman on his morder's side;' and goes on to shew, 'by the lynage of coote armuris, how gentylmen are to be known from ungentylmen.' Mixed up with all this mass of pedantry and absurdity in the books on heraldry, there are, as usual, a few grains of truth and reason. No doubt, in the earliest ages, kings and

military chieftains bore distinguishing devices on their standards and their coins—sometimes, perhaps, on their shields and helmets. But the general use of such devices, and their hereditary transmission, are practices that unquestionably arose only in the age of feudalism and chivalry; and it is not difficult to account for their adoption. The essence of the feudal system was the obligation to military suit and service of those who held lands under the lord or suzerain. Each knight was bound for his 'fee' to bring into the field, when called on by his lord, a certain number of men-at-arms. An army, therefore, was necessarily composed of a great number of separate companies, each obeying the orders only of its knightly leader, and fighting under his banner or pennon. It became expedient, consequently, to vary to a very great extent the symbols displayed on these standards; and it is obvious how equally necessary it was that the person of the leader himself, who often fought with the visor of his helmet down, so that his features could not be recognised, should be distinguished by the blazoning of conspicuous colours on his shield, and some well-known badge on his helm. The symbols or 'bearings' thus introduced on banner, shield, crest, or surcoat, as rallying-points in the battle-field, became permanently associated with the noble deeds that were performed under their cognizance. The sons of those who had 'won bright honour' on such occasions, would therefore naturally wish to bear the badges which their fathers' prowess had distinguished; and the inheritance of arms was thus an unavoidable consequence of their general assumption.

The practice having in this manner introduced itself almost as a matter of necessity, the sovereigns in chief must have soon found it desirable to regulate it on some fixed principles. It is very doubtful, however, by whom this was first attempted. The statement of Menestrier, a French writer of considerable eminence in the fifteenth century, is most probably correct. He traces the institution to Henry the Falconer, who was raised to the imperial throne of the west in 920, and is said to have applied himself diligently to the regulation and encouragement of tournaments. But the earliest well-authenticated instances of the adoption of armorial bearings on shields belong to the twelfth century, as those of Richard Fitzhugh, Earl of Chester, and Geoffrey Magnaville, Earl of Essex. The shields on the Bayeux tapestry—the work, as our readers know, of the wife of William the Conqueror—exhibit not only crosses of different shapes and colours, but a sort of dragon. At the period of the first Crusade, it was certainly customary to ornament shields very highly. Robert of Aix, who was himself present, describes the shields of the European knights as 'resplendent with gold, gems, and colours;' and it has been plausibly suggested that the vast concourse of warriors from all countries on this occasion must have necessitated the use of a great variety of distinctive blazonings, and probably introduced what became subsequently a general practice.

Many heraldic badges and devices were no doubt originally assumed as distinctive decorations at tournaments; but the greater number took their rise from incidents on the field of battle—such as the bloody heads and hands, the battle-axes and swords, gauntlets, arrows, turrets, and so forth, with which so many shields are charged. The 'simple ordinaries,' as they are called—the bar, the bend, the cross, &c.—were probably, at their origin, but stripes of blood or paint struck on the field of victory across a plain shield by its bearer or his approving leader, as a memento of the action in which he had distinguished himself. Some bearings are celebrated by tradition as having been granted in this manner; others are known to have been assumed by the choice of their wearers. We may instance, as an early example of the first

kind, the insignia of the Hays; the first of which name, it is said, obtained his arms when, with his two sons, having rallied the Scottish army to the defeat of a horde of Danes at the battle of Luncarty in 943, they were brought to the king with their shields all covered with blood. The legend says the father was a ploughman, and fought with the yoke of his plough; whence the crest of the Hays has remained to this day a rustic bearing a plough-yoke in his hand.

The scallop-shells, bezants, Saracen's heads, crests, and crosses in all their varieties, smack strongly of the Crusades, in which they were doubtless first adopted. The animals with which so many coats are charged, were probably assumed as emblematical of the possession of their respective qualities. The 'magnanimous lion, king of beasts,' was of course a general favourite; and every device that ingenuity could suggest, was soon adopted to vary his mode of appearance, so that the same bearing should not be repeated in any two instances. He is 'tricked' of all colours, and in every attitude—rampant, passant, statant, seyant, combatant, guardant, regardant; and again, by duplication, statant-guardant, passant-guardant, &c. He is cut up into demi-lions, or reduced to a lioncel. He is 'collared,' 'crowned,' 'fettered,' or 'armed' with every known implement of violence; his head and limbs, and even his tail, are severed and displayed in every imaginable position; and, lastly, the unlucky beast is *debruisé*, *dehaché*, or, 'couped in all parts' to adorn the coat of the Maitlands.

Next to the lion, in general esteem, ranks, perhaps, the leopard, two of which are supposed to have been borne on the shield of William the Conqueror. The stag, the boar, the eagle, the falcon, the greyhound, the bull, and the horse, run very close in the rivalry of favour. The choice of beasts of chase is probably derived from the predilection of their first bearers for the sport; indeed, there always seems to have existed a close connection between heraldry and the chase. The *Boke of St Albans*, already mentioned, treats of 'hawkyng, huntynge, and armoureye;' and Henry the Falconer has been noticed as the probable founder of the science of blazon itself. The technical description by heralds of some of these bearings, sounds not a little whimsical to the uninitiated; as when mention is made of 'two greyhounds respecting each other,' a 'peacock affronté,' a 'buck's head attired proper,' &c.

Some charges are evidently chosen as a sort of hieroglyph of the family name; such are the rose borne by Roche, primroses by Primrose, the crow by Corbet, three whales by Whalley, pikes by Long, arrows by Archer, bows by Bowes, the elephant by Oliphant, three right arms mailed and gauntleted by Armstrong, bulls' heads by Gore, with many other instances. Not only have the earth, seas, and air been ransacked for heraldic figures, but the heavens themselves and the regions of fable. Chalonier bears the cherubim; suns, crescents, and stars shine on many shields; griffins, cockatrices, wiverns, dragons, harpies, mermaids, phoenixes, and unicorns, display their portentous attributes, and were probably assumed, like the Gorgon's head of old, for the purpose of petrifying the antagonist. Stephen of Blois bore a centaur on his coat. The arms of the Duchy of Milan are a crowned serpent swallowing an infant, which is said to have been adopted by Otho, first Count of Milan, when on his way to the Holy Land with Godfrey of Bouillon, he slew the 'great giant Volux,' who wore the same crest upon his helmet. Bishops, on the other hand, appropriately inscribe keys, crosiers, mitres, and lambs, and angels on their coats. The bearing of the Bishop of Chichester is odd enough—namely, Presbyter John sitting on a tombstone; in his left hand a mound, his right extended; a *hennin* (a woman's head, in his mouth a sword.' The common motto of

of fortresses naturally suggested the towers, battlements, keys, portcullises, and battering-rams seen on many escutcheons. One of the most singular bearings in existence is that of the ancient Scottish family of Dalziel—namely, a naked man hanging from a gallows with his arms extended—a bearing of honour, though so liable to be taken for the reverse, since, if 'hoar antiquity may be believed,' it was granted to perpetuate the memory of a brave and hazardous exploit performed by an ancestor of the Earl of Carnwath, in taking down from a gallows the body of a favourite kinsman of Kenneth II., who had been hung up by the Picts. A reward having been offered by the monarch to any one who would rescue the corpse, none were inclined to venture, till a gentleman of the family of Menteath came to the king and said 'Dal-zel' (Gaelic for 'I dare'), and having performed the task, assumed the above arms and the surname of Dalziel. Such at least is the legend.

The 'differences' borne to distinguish the younger branches of a family are said to have a hidden moral in them. The crescent of the second son indicates that there is room for the increase of his fortune; the mullet, or spur, of the third, hints that he must up and ride if he means to get anything; the martlet, or swallow without feet, of the fourth, reminds him that he must keep upon the wing, having no land to stand upon. These allusions are probably imaginary.

The origin of 'supporters' is much disputed by heralds, some maintaining them to be derived from the custom of an individual about to be invested with some dignity being led to his sovereign between two nobles, in remembrance of which he chooses two noble animals or figures to support his arms. Menestrier, the French heraldic writer already referred to, traces the practice to that of ancient tournaments, 'in which the knights caused their shields to be carried by pages in the disguise of lions, bears, griffins, blackamoors, and the like, who also held and guarded the escutcheons exposed to public view some time before the lists were opened.' The probability, however, rather is, that supporters were introduced as a sort of ornamental garnish to the shield, and originated in the taste or caprice of the seal-engravers. Their use is at present confined, in England, to the nobility and Knights of the Garter, with the addition of a few entitled families who have received a royal grant for some special service. In Scotland, the chiefs of clans and baronets of the Nova Scotia creation are also entitled to them.

Formerly, abbeys and religious houses bore arms; trades, guilds, and corporations bore them, and fought gallantly under them too; towns and cities likewise had their escutcheons, as well as the universities, and their several colleges, schools, and public hospitals. They are, in most cases, still jealously preserved, and employed on the seals of these bodies, on their badges of office, and for other purposes. Every bishopric, as already mentioned, has its shield and armorial bearings, in this country as well as throughout the continent.

Blazoning was not confined to the shield, but, at the time when arms were really worn, was likewise displayed on the surcoat, the mantle, and the *just-aux-yeux* or bodice. On these, the charge was usually embossed in beaten gold, or embroidered in resplendent tissue. Richard II. carried this magnificence of decoration to its highest pitch; but long before his reign, the knights and nobles of France and England were accustomed to plunge into the dust and blood of battle arrayed in the most costly and splendid attire. Sir John Chandos lost his life at the affair of Pont de Cassene owing to the rich and long robe he had on over his cuirass, which Froissart describes as 'blazoned with his arms on white saracenet, argent a pile gules, the charge on his breast, the other on his back.' A curious document, entitled *The Apparel of the Field of*

a Baron in his Sovereign's Company, contributed by Sir Frederick Madden to the twentieth volume of the *Archæologia*, gives an inventory of the equipments for a foreign campaign of Henry, the fifth earl of Northumberland, the same whose *Household Book* is so well known. It describes, in the earl's wardrobe, his 'harness and cote-armure beaten with his arms quarterly,' with a large number of coats, standards, banners, and hundreds of pennons, all 'beaten' or 'powdered with my lord's arms.'

'Badges of cognizance' were sometimes called 'signs of company,' a phrase explanatory of their use. Retainers of every description bore the badge of their lord, and the minstrel of a noble house wore it suspended to his neck by a silver chain. The 'bear and ragged staff' of the earls of Warwick, the 'buckle' of the Pelhams, and the 'annulet' of the Cliffords, are well-known badges of ancient baronial families. The badges of the House of Lancaster were the antelope and the red rose, and a swan 'gorged and chained.'

Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby

were the first and last of these embroidered on green and blue velvet when he entered the lists near Coventry against 'the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray.' And in that age of factious broils and civil warfare, badges were thought of sufficient importance as party symbols to be forbidden by statute—particularly Richard's white hart, which was so frequent an annoyance to Henry IV. In our own days, we have seen the violet and the fleur-de-lis proscribed in turn for a similar cause. The Scottish clans commonly employed as badges a sprig or branch from some tree or bush: Chisholm, the alder; Menzies, the ash; Buchanan, the birch; Maclean, the blackberry; Buccleuch, the heather; and so on.

The charge and cognizance were, moreover, profusely embroidered on the trappings of the war-horse and the draperies of the tent; but above all, they were blazoned conspicuously on the standard and banner of the sovereign, noble, and banneret, and the pennon of the knight. These were borne before them in all warlike expeditions, often planted on the field by their side, hung out at their temporary lodgings, suspended from the roofs of their halls, and finally reared to droop in sympathetic decay over their graves.

The architect made a liberal use of arms, as well as of crest and badge, in the adornment of both the exterior and interior of his buildings, ecclesiastical, civil, or domestic. They were sculptured on the walls and over doorways and windows, enriched the gables, drips, corbels, and pinnacles, were painted and embossed on ceilings, and introduced, above all, in stained windows. On every piece of furniture they were carved in profusion, embossed on plate, embroidered in the richest manner in gold and silver upon silk or velvet, on canopies, arras, the coverlets and draperies of beds, cloths, and vestures of numerous kinds. The heralds wore them on their tabards, which were and are literally 'coats of arms.' But one of their most ancient and solemn uses was on seals, the seal of a knight or noble affixed to a deed being a convenient substitute for his signature, when, as was usually the case, he could not write—a desirable confirmation of it when, by miracle, he could.

On sepulchral monuments, arms were splendidly and profusely sculptured and blazoned; none, however, appear on the most ancient monumental effigies preserved in our churches and cathedrals. One of the earliest on which they occur is that of Geoffrey Mandeville, Earl of Essex, in the Temple Church. He died in 1148, in the very infancy of heraldry. The general use subsequently made of heraldic escutcheons as an ornament to tombs and a memorial of the family alliances of the deceased, is observable in all our cathedrals and churches; in which also the hatchment,

or funeral achievement, of the departed was usually preserved as long as its more perishable materials permitted, together with, in many cases, the real arms in which he had fought. Over the tomb of Edward the Black Prince, in Canterbury Cathedral, there still hang his shield and surcoat, embossed and embroidered with the arms of England and France, with his gauntlets and the scabbard of his sword. The sword itself is said to have been taken away by Oliver Cromwell. Of the genuineness of these remains, we believe no doubt is entertained.

But without exhausting our subject, we are afraid we have fully exhausted the reader's patience; we therefore bring our lucubrations to a close, although we are thereby necessitated to leave many strange charges entirely unnoticed.

KRASINSKI: A TALE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. IV.

It was a bright day in spring when they sailed into the beautiful bay of Naples.

'What a place to come to on such an errand!' exclaimed Edmonds.

'A very good place to come to—never mind the errand,' said De Rosny, smiling.

They employed themselves as people usually do on their first arrival at that fascinating capital; and they had a very good excuse in doing so, since they had no directions how else to proceed—a circumstance which eased their consciences when they thought of the ghost, which was not very often amid so many amusements. Moreover, not long after they arrived, they received a letter from the host of the Leone Bianco, to whom, at the instigation of Emma, they had written to make inquiries on the subject, saying that, on reference to his books, he found that it was not on the 9th, but on the 10th of April that Arthur and Krasinski had quitted Venice. Naturally, this discrepancy discredited the ghost considerably, if ghost there was, though Everard was by no means free from anxiety about his brother.

However, his uneasiness was shortly still further lightened, by a letter from Emma, conveying the pleasant intelligence that they had at last heard from Arthur.

'But you will wonder at his carelessness, well as you know him,' she said, 'when I tell you that the letter was written at Venice in April, though we have only just received it! He writes to acknowledge the receipt of the money he had sent for; and says that he is about to quit Venice, and try to rejoin M. de Rosny at Rome—M. de Rosny having been called away several weeks ago—and that he is tired of waiting for him, especially as his friend Count Krasinski is leaving for England, and that he shall go on with M. de Rosny to the east. He says he has given Krasinski an introduction to mamma, and advises me to take care of my heart, as he is a "handsome nice fellow, and sings like a nightingale;" and so he certainly does. He concludes with begging us not to be uneasy if we get no letters, as he shall be constantly on the move, and have no time to write. Of course, a letter written so long ago would have gone for nothing, and mamma was in a dreadful way when she read it; but, on turning the leaf, we found a postscript dated Aleppo, begging a thousand pardons for his having forgotten to post the letter, which, to his horror, he had just found in his desk. He adds: "I am all right; but I've sprained my wrist by a fall from a camel, and am obliged to scrawl this with my left hand; so no more from your affectionate brother."

'How lucky that I never told mamma of my dream!

What needless misery it would have cost her! This letter is almost the duplicate of the one we received from Venice, and I think he must have mislaid this and written a second, which he has since forgotten. It appears to have been wet; it is not very legible; and we have just made out that the post-mark is *Milan*, which is odd, when the postscript is dated *Aleppo*. Can he be on his way back?

'But, O Everard, how ill I have behaved to Krasinski! Will he ever return to me, or think of me again? Perhaps, when he can bring Arthur with him, he may, if he really loved me as he said he did; but he has never written, nor did I expect he would, for he is very, very proud.'

'So much for the ghost!' exclaimed Everard; and he wrote to his sister, saying that he hoped this affair would be a warning to her not to indulge in absurd superstitions; above all, not to act upon them. 'Things will come to a pretty pass if young ladies take counsel of their dreams in the conduct of life. I am afraid, Emma, you will never see any more of Krasinski; and I suspect you have lost a good husband by your folly.'

All anxiety regarding Arthur being thus removed, De Rosny, feeling that his mission was at an end, announced his intention of leaving Naples. He invited Everard to accompany him northward; but the latter declined, alleging that he liked the place, and, his leave being nearly expired, it was not worth his while to move.

'Confess,' said De Rosny, 'you don't like to leave the beautiful Russian? When I am gone, who knows but she may pay you another visit.'

'I have no such hope,' answered Everard; 'she will scarcely return my bow when I meet her on the stairs, though I take off my hat with an admirable grace, and endeavour to look as killing as I can.'

'Well, you will have the consolation of listening to her delicious voice, at all events,' said De Rosny.

'That's a dangerous pleasure, so I mean to relinquish it,' answered Everard. 'These apartments are too expensive for me when I am alone, and I shall remove to the *Hôtel d'Italia*.'

The beautiful Russian alluded to was the Countess Stephanie Menchikoff, and Everard's acquaintance with her had originated in a singular incident.

On their first arrival at Naples, or, at least, after they had been there a few days, but before the intelligence from Venice and London had destroyed all faith in the apparition, De Rosny, who, sceptical as he was, did not like the idea of another interview with his midnight visitor, observed, that it was very perplexing, if anything was required of him, that he was not told what it was.

'Here we are at Naples, but what are we to do? Unbeliever as I am, I complied so far as to go to Malta—where, however, I probably should have gone in any case, though not quite so soon—and I have accompanied you here; but what next? How are we to proceed? It would be much more to the purpose if the ghost had directed us what to do.'

'But that's always the way in ghost-stories,' replied Everard. 'There is always something that renders their proceedings incomprehensible and abortive. He ought to pay you another visit, and explain his intentions.'

'Well, to confess the truth, I had rather be excused—unless, indeed, we were together. I should have no objection to that sort of thing if I had company; indeed, I should rather like it. A man, when he is alone, under such circumstances, is not master of his mind; his recollection afterwards is confused, and he does not know whether he is asleep or awake. Suppose we invoke the spirit some night when we are together!'

'With all my heart!' said Everard. 'Why not this

very night? With a bottle of *Lacrimachristi*, and some good cigars, we may get through the night; and if nothing comes of it, we shall, at anyrate, have the satisfaction of feeling that we have done all we could in the business.'

Accordingly, having spent their evening very agreeably in hearing an opera of Rossini's, they established themselves in their salon, when the other inhabitants of the hotel went to bed; and with their wine and their cigars, prepared to pass the night.

They chatted for some time about the music and the singers they had heard, till all seemed perfectly quiet in the hotel; and then Everard proposed that they should collect themselves, and solemnly invoke the spirit—it must be admitted, however, without the smallest expectation that their invocation would have any effect.

'You had better pronounce the invocation,' said De Rosny; 'but I believe we should put out the light first: here are the matches to light it again.'

The candles being extinguished, Everard, in a low, earnest voice, called upon his brother, if he were dead, to appear to them, and instruct them how they should proceed to effect whatever purpose he designed in sending them to Naples.

A short silence ensued, and then, to their amazement, they heard the handle of the door turn. De Rosny, who, from his own experience, was naturally less incredulous than Everard, pressed his companion's arm:—the door opened, and they saw by the gleam of light that entered from the staircase, where a lamp burnt all night, a ghostly figure glide in, and, with noiseless step, cross the room towards the window, where it paused, waiting, as Everard—who now really believed it to be his brother—supposed, to be spoken to. Overcome with awe, he rose from his chair, prepared to address the apparition; but at the first motion he made, before he had time to utter a sound, the figure fled with such precipitation, that Everard, who pursued it, only reached the door in time to see the tail of a white petticoat disappearing on the stairs above. However, he heard a door close on the second floor, and De Rosny, who was following, exclaimed: 'Quel dommage! Voilà un revenant avec qui je ferais volontiers connaissance!'

'Whether she is pretty, I can't say,' rejoined Everard, 'for I only saw her petticoat-tail, but she is young to a certainty. I never beheld such activity. She was up the stairs like a bird! Her feet scarcely touched the ground! What could have brought her here at that identical moment? One would think she knew of our design, and was playing us a trick.'

'Impossible,' returned De Rosny; 'nobody knew of it. Probablement, elle s'est trompée de chambre.'

This was the most feasible explanation: they enjoyed a hearty laugh at their own expense; and, the solemnity of their vigil being utterly dispelled, they went to bed. The next day, they asked the waiter, without telling the motive of the inquiry, who lodged over their heads, and they were informed it was the Countess Stephanie Menchikoff, and that she had previously occupied the lower floor, but had moved, the day the young men arrived, to one less expensive. The waiter added, that she was *très belle*, and a very fine singer; 'elle a une voix charmante,' he said. Whether she was married, he could not say; nobody visited her but her brother.

After this, the young men made several efforts to become acquainted with the fair stranger; but she resolutely discouraged all their advances, in spite of a good deal of perseverance on the part of Everard, who was considerably *époué*; which was not to be wondered at, for she was really a beautiful woman, and her voice, as the waiter said, was *charmante*. He often spent half the evening, when De Rosny was otherwise engaged, at her door, listening to her enchanting strains. Some-

times her brother was with her, and they sang together, with exquisite taste and skill.

One evening, as he was ascending the stairs, he met this brother—a tall, fine-looking, dark man, bearded and mustached, who started back with apparent surprise, and evinced so much annoyance, that Everard relinquished the indulgence of listening to the music, lest he should get into a quarrel that would end in making him ridiculous, since the lady certainly gave him no encouragement.

His ill success diminished his regret at removing to his new apartments, which he did the day of De Rosny's departure. As he had formed acquaintance with two or three young compatriots, he got on pleasantly enough, till his leave had nearly expired, when he wrote to De Rosny, who was at Rome, to announce his approaching departure, and to mention also, that when he was packing up at their old hotel, he had found a valuable ring of De Rosny's in one of the drawers of the *chiffonier* in the salon.

'I should have sent it before,' he added, 'but I could not find a safe vehicle. Yesterday, however, I chanced to meet that little fig-merchant that was on board the packet with us, and as he said he was starting for Rome, I have ventured to intrust it to him—I mean the fellow that had that comical souse in the water. Heaven knows whether he is honest; but I have not told him the value of the parcel. Pray, write immediately, and say if you have received it, as I shall not feel happy till I know it is safe.'

Two days after this letter was forwarded, Everard discovered that he had been robbed of the money that had been remitted to him from England to pay his bills and his passage-money to Malta, and also of a set of diamond studs and some other articles of value. How or when this robbery had been committed, was as difficult to discover as the thief. It might have been done in the night, or while Everard was out the preceding evening. People of all countries and languages were incessantly coming and going; several had quitted the hotel that morning, and no suspicion attached to any one in particular. Of course, this delayed his departure; he wrote to his commanding-officer to account for his absence, and to De Rosny to acquaint him with his misfortune; but instead of an answer by letter—indeed, before he could have received one—De Rosny arrived himself.

Everard, supposing he had come to relieve him of his difficulties, eagerly welcomed him.

'How kind this is of you!' he exclaimed; 'you may imagine what an awkward fix I'm in!'

'Why?' said De Rosny, looking astonished. 'What has happened?'

'Haven't you received my letter?' said the other.

'Yes, and the ring also.'

'But my subsequent letter?'

'No; I started almost immediately—at least, the day after the Greek brought me the ring. But what's the matter?'

Everard thereupon related what had occurred.

'Very vexatious!' said the other; 'but console yourself with the reflection that your loss is nothing to mine at Venice.'

'It's as much to me,' replied the lieutenant, 'because you're a rich fellow, and the loss of your jewellery and other little matters is nothing to you. But if you have not had my letter, what has brought you back to Naples?'

'You shall hear,' replied De Rosny. 'That ring you sent me by the Greek is part of the plunder of the rogue who robbed me at the *Leone Bianco*.'

'Is it possible?' said Everard.

'Quite true, I assure you,' answered De Rosny.

'Good heavens!' exclaimed Everard, turning pale.

'Then probably the rascal who committed the robbery is actually here—and my brother'—

'That is the point,' returned De Rosny.

Everard sank into a chair, and covered his face with his hands—'My poor brother!' he exclaimed. 'Poor Arthur!'

'We are certain of nothing yet: the man that stole it may have parted with it—it may have passed through many hands since; but, to say the least of it, it is a curious coincidence, that here, where we have come in compliance with the directions of the ghost or dream, whichever it was, we should stumble upon the first trace of the thief.'

'And murderers!' murmured Everard, without raising his head.

'The first thing to be done,' suggested De Rosny, 'is to find out who inhabited those rooms.'

'The Russian countess left them the day we went in; but she can have nothing to do with it; besides, it may have lain for some time where I found it. It was quite at the back of the drawer of the chiffonier—the drawer I used to keep locked, where I put my money; and I should not have seen it, but that, in my haste, as I was coming away, I pulled the drawer quite out.'

'Well, we must get what information we can,' replied De Rosny; but the difficulty was, how to get any that was available. The master of the hotel said that the Countess Stephanie had lodged there some weeks; before her, the rooms were inhabited by an English family; who were preceded by some Turks of distinction; and so forth; and as they were very expensive apartments, all the occupants had been of the higher class. All he could say was, that nobody had ever complained of the loss of such a ring; and that it was quite uncertain how long it might have been in the drawer. They spoke to the inspector of police, who shrugged his shoulders, without making any remark.

This affair occupied them a good deal for some time. They were unwilling to believe that the clue, so unexpectedly found, was to lead to nothing; besides, Everard had begun to be seriously alarmed about his brother, and the letters of his mother and sister expressed considerable uneasiness.

'How should that letter of Arthur's,' said Emma, 'have been posted at Milan? If he was then on his way back, which he surely must be by this time, if he has not long ago returned, why does he not write again? His conduct is inexplicable, if he is alive and well. How came that letter wet, too? Does it not seem as if that had some connection with the drowning? But then the landlord of the hotel says he left on the 10th of April. Altogether, it is very perplexing, and keeps mamma in dreadful suspense. What would her case be, if she knew all?'

Notwithstanding these reasons for anxiety, they were obliged to resign themselves to inaction, since they knew not how to take advantage of the hint afforded by the ring; and as Everard had procured an extension of leave, he resolved to accompany De Rosny to Rome. After spending a fortnight there in sight-seeing, he took his place in the public conveyance to return to Naples, and found himself seated beside the Greek fig-merchant, whom he saluted, and thanked for having safely delivered the parcel he had intrusted to him.

'It was very lucky I met you that day,' said he, 'for the parcel contained a very valuable diamond ring belonging to Monsieur de Rosny, which otherwise never would have reached its owner; for I was robbed that night of all my little valuables, and my money too. A rascal got into my room at the hotel, and plundered me of everything of value, except my clothes.'

'Ah, no—that would not suit; they are not portable enough. So you were one of the victims. You know he is taken?'

'Who? The thief?'

'You have not heard of it?'

'Not a word! Where? At Naples?'

'At Naples. A trap was laid for him, and he was caught robbing somebody at the Hôtel d'Italia; and since he is found to be an escaped *forçat* with the mark of the *bagne* on his shoulder, he is condemned to death, and I am going to see the execution; for, to say the truth, he is an old friend of mine.'

'I compliment you on your acquaintance.'

'Well, he was the most plausible fellow in the world. I think he would have deceived the devil himself. When I first knew him, he was a teacher of music, and lodged with my sister at Milan. He was the cleverest fellow, too, I ever met! He spoke French and Italian like a native, and, indeed, generally passed for an Italian, though he was in reality a Russian. I should think he would have made his fortune in your country if he could have been honest. He was connected with the Carbonari, too, and was at one time employed as a spy, which, I suspect, is the real reason why they take his life.'

'Did you ever hear if he had a sister?' asked Everard, struck with a sudden thought.

'No,' replied the other, 'I never heard of his having a sister; but he fell desperately in love with a danseuse: a beautiful woman she was; and she had a sweet voice, too, though not of sufficient power for the theatre. I believe it was a real attachment, for he took her from the stage, had her voice cultivated, and married her; and for some time they made an excellent thing of it. They went to Paris, and had great success as chamber-singers; but wherever he went, somehow, something unpleasant happened, and I lost sight of him for a long time. I had a strong suspicion, lately, that he was on some new course of action. He was very shy of his former acquaintance, and seemed very flush of money. He used to pretend not to see me when we met; but a few months since I was taking a cup of coffee in the Corso, when he happened to pass, and saluted me quite in a friendly manner. I thought he wanted something of me; and when he sat down beside me, and called for some *caraças* and *cigars*, I felt sure of it, and buttoned my breeches pocket. However, it was not money he wanted, but only that I should put a letter for him into the post at Smyrna or Aleppo.'

'But how did he know you were going there?'

'Oh, he knew that my business carried me there frequently. I forgot the letter, however, and never thought of it till I got back to Milan.'

'To Milan? And did you post it at Milan?'

'Yes, I did.'

'Have you any recollection of the address of that letter?' inquired Everard.

'None, except that it was addressed to somebody in England,' answered the Greek.

'May I ask you if that letter ever got wet while it was in your possession?'

'To be sure it did; don't you remember my falling overboard? I had it in my pocket-book then. Why do you ask?'

Overcome by surprise and emotion, Everard could scarcely answer; but as soon as he could speak, he gave his communicative companion a sketch of past events; adding, that the finding of the ring, and this remarkable disclosure about the letter, led him to suppose that the thief under condemnation was also the murderer of his brother, and that the revelations of the ghost were but too correct.

The Greek, to whom such beliefs were not strange, had no difficulty in accepting the evidence, and confirmed at once Everard's suspicion in regard to the Countess Stephanie.

'It seems that he has been carrying on this system of plunder some time,' said he: 'his wife always had apartments in a first-rate hotel; he never took

anything bulky, and he deposited his spoil with her. It was a capital scheme! In his own apartments, nothing could be found; and who would have thought of searching a great lady's rooms at a hotel? He had several disguises; and they say his make-up, and his familiarity with different languages, rendered it almost impossible to detect him; besides, the fellow is half a comedian.'

Furnished with this information, Everard's first care was to send back a messenger to De Rosny, which he did from Velletri, urging his following him to Naples immediately; and he accordingly arrived almost as soon as himself.

'But what is this fellow's name?' inquired De Rosny.

'Caldesi is the name he went by at Milan; but the Greek says he has several *aliases*, and that to his knowledge he sometimes passes for an Italian or a Frenchman. I have already applied for an order to see him, and was most anxious for your arrival; to-morrow he is to be executed.'

But although the English ambassador was appealed to, the order was not to be obtained. 'The criminal has confessed and made his peace with Heaven,' said the priest; 'his last moments must not be disturbed; and all their exertions could not procure a reversal of his decree.'

They were inexpressibly disappointed; but anxious at least to see the man whom Everard now feared might be the murderer of his brother, they were early at the place of execution. The scaffold was erected at the Piazza Cavalcotojo; and the ambassador, though he could not obtain permission for them to visit the prison, provided them with an order that secured them in advantageous situation from which to view the last moments of the culprit. But early as they were, soldiers, who have their part in all such ceremonies on the continent, lined the square, and crowds of lazzaroni and other curious spectators, eager to see how a blow-creature died, were already assembled.

With difficulty the two friends reached their places; and they were not long seated, before a murmur and movement among the crowd announced that the procession was at hand. A group of people approached; uniforms glittered in the sun, contrasting with the black and gray robes of ecclesiastics; and, surrounded by the Bianchi, carrying crosses covered with black, they could just discern an uncovered head. De Rosny was silent; Everard could scarcely preserve the semblance of composure; he felt as if the next few moments would reveal a terrible secret.

The procession stopped behind the scaffold; and some minutes elapsed before the chief figure in this awful scene ascended the steps, and appeared accompanied by one of the *padri assistenti*, to whose assiduous ministrations, to judge by his attitude, he was attentively listening. After a few words spoken, the confessor appeared to give him his blessing, and then the unhappy man raised his head to take his last look at he would he was leaving.

'Ciel!' cried De Rosny, starting from his seat; and he did so, the eye of the criminal met his. A glance of recognition and indomitable resolution acknowledged the acquaintance.

'Krasinski!' murmured De Rosny, in a voice stifled by agitation.

Everard seized his arm, and, livid with emotion, rose so; then the eye turned on him, and quailed—Arthur and Everard Edmonds might have been taken for twins, they resembled each other so remarkably.

'I read my brother's murder in his face!' he gasped out.

De Rosny significantly bowed his head.

A moment more, and the signal was given; the tragedy of death was over; and the possessor of all those rare endowments was gone to account for the

use he had made of them, carrying with him the secret that was never to be disclosed.

A piercing scream, and a movement among the crowd near a woman who had fainted, testified to there being one heart amidst the thousand that beat for Michel Lowstoft.

All efforts to discover Stephanie failed. Arthur Edmonds was no more heard of; and the only thing ever ascertained was, that he and Krasinski had quitted Venice on the 9th of April. On being personally interrogated, the landlord of the Leone Bianco called to mind that the bill had been ordered and made up for the 10th; but that on the morning of the 9th, for some reason unknown to him, they had altered their minds, and suddenly departed.

SUICIDE IN FRANCE.

ONE of the many popular errors prevalent in France concerning England is, that there are more suicides here than there; and the reason given is the one which Montesquieu enunciated years ago, and which men, parrot-like, repeat after him without examination, that our execrable climate is so miserable we are glad to escape its perpetual fogs even by self-murder. As every *milord*, according to Gallic ethnography, has an insane love of boxing and betting, so has he the 'spleen' and a suicidal monomania. You may argue with a Frenchman on this point to the end of time without effect; you may prove by the eternal truths of Cocker that he is wrong, and that the balance is most heavily weighted on his own side; he will only laugh at your credulity, and ridicule your national pertinacity. The thing is undeniable, according to him. 'Have we not got fogs, and rain, and miasma, and swamps enough to infuse that profound disgust of life which is our national characteristic: ergo, must we not necessarily have the largest number of suicides?' So the argument ends with a smile and a shrug; perhaps with an epigram in addition; and the Frenchman leaves you saying to himself: 'Que ces Anglais sont bêtes!'

But a recently published work, 'crowned by the Imperial Academy of Medicine,' and written by M. Lisle, ought to set the question of proportion at rest, for this generation at all events. No man who carefully masters the facts and reasonings of this work, can doubt for a moment where lies the suicidal preponderance in Europe; and where—adopting the Frenchman's argument against himself—it must lie by the very nature of things: granting M. Lisle's causes and figures to be correct.

The book opens with the avowed intention of combating the doctrine that suicide is *always* a sign of mental alienation. Sometimes, and often, of course, it is; even giving a distinctive name to a certain species of monomania; but it is not always and necessarily so. Suicide, like every human fact, obeys fixed laws as exactly as the course of the planets or the crystallisation of salts; and year by year it can be confidently predicted how many out of a certain population will commit suicide; in what proportion between the sexes, and in what proportion between the inhabitants of the towns and the country; the means which will be used, and, to an extent, what will be the moral or social causes of suicide being resorted to.

The result of the writer's investigations, so far as England is concerned, is very far from corroboratory of the opinion of Montesquieu and the national Gallic belief touching our mortal ennui and our suicidal monomania. In France, from 1836 to 1852 inclusive, there were 52,126 suicides, or a mean of 3066 a year; the numbers rising steadily from 2340 in 1836, to 3674 in 1852. From 1827 to 1830, the mean number had been only 1800 a year. Before 1836, the proportion was one suicide for every 17,693 inhabitants; in 1836, it was

one for 14,207; and in 1852, it had risen to one for 9840. In 1838 and 1839, England had one suicide for every 15,900 inhabitants; France, one for every 12,489. Between London and Paris, for the same years, the difference is yet more remarkable, the figures being, for London, one in 8250; and for Paris, one in 2221. This is surely a sufficiently distinct contradiction to the generally received opinion!

The north of France is the most prolific in suicides; nearly half of the whole number belongs to the north, which has increased its own ratio by one-third. The north has one in 6488; the east, one in 13,855; the south, one in 20,457. The department of the Seine, which includes Paris, has risen with frightful rapidity; but Paris and Marseille, and all large centres, are the foci of suicides to a very striking extent. Russia stands the lowest of European states in the scale—her suicides being only one in 49,182; while Prussia has one in 14,404; Austria, one in 20,900; New York, one in 7797; Boston, one in 12,500; Baltimore, one in 13,650; and Philadelphia, one in 11,873.

Climate has not much to do with the matter. In latitude from 42° to 54°, the proportion is one in 38,882; from 54° to 64°, one in 56,577. Yet the last figures include Moscow and St Petersburg, and represent a much more rigorous, damp, uncertain, and joyless climate than the first. Certainly, the low condition of civilisation between these latitudes influences the statistics to the full as much as any other assigned or assignable cause; but that mere temperature and climate have little to do with the question, is proved by the average number of suicides occurring in the different months of the year in France; which are highest in the sunniest, brightest, and most enjoyable seasons. We cannot refrain from giving the table entire; it opens a view so very different from the one popularly received. The list is the average of seventeen years' computation.

For January, the mean number of these seventeen years gives 3761; for February, 3529; for March, 4428; for April, 4872; May, 5486; June, 5722; July, 5517; August, 4652; September, 3959; October, 3845; November, 3282; December, 3227. With this list in his hand, what will the Frenchman say now to the irrefutable influence of our fogs and miasmas?

In age, the rate increases gradually from under sixteen up to forty, when it slowly decreases to eighty and upwards. The mass occurs in middle age; but there has been recently a noticeable increase of suicides by children—which are now sevenfold what they were thirty years ago for children under sixteen years of age, twelve times as many for youths from sixteen to twenty.

'One youth,' says Esquirol, 'leaves a writing before killing himself, in which he bitterly blames his parents for the education they have given him; another blasphemes God and society; a third kills himself "because he has not enough air to breathe with ease;" two young men of letters, at the age of twenty-one each, suffocate themselves with charcoal, because a theatrical piece which they had composed together has not succeeded; a child of thirteen hangs himself, and leaves a document beginning: "I bequeath my soul to Rousseau, and my body to the earth;" one of twelve hangs himself for rage at being only the twelfth in a school exercise, where he expected a better place; and another, of thirteen, hangs himself in a cell where he was unjustly confined.' What a painful mass of ill-regulated passion, and misdirected life, lies in those few sad lines!

In sex, the general proportion is 1 woman to 3.35 men in towns, and 1 to 4.35 in the country; and the most fatal times of life to the female sex are from fourteen to twenty, and from forty to fifty. Women-servants are more in relative proportion than men-servants; the absolute numbers being almost the same; but

taking into account the proportion of the two sexes in domestic service, that particular ratio is singularly elevated. There are very few suicides among the unfortunates, though these largely people both the prisons and the madhouses. At the Salpêtrière Asylum, out of 264 women confined there in one year, 83 were of this class; while in a period of seventeen years, only 53 had committed suicide. There are also very few among life-convicts—only 6* in twenty-one years out of the large population of the *bagnes*; but several among short-time prisoners and the simply 'accused.' On the whole, sad as it is to confess, and anomalous as it seems at first sight, suicide increases with education and civilisation. The savage rarely, if ever, takes his own life; the sensitive, highly organised, and highly educated man of literature and science ends his days by the pistol or the cord.

The means employed for suicide are generally hanging in youth, firearms and poison in maturity, hanging in old age. Women rarely use firearms: they prefer hanging, drowning, poison, and—in France—asphyxiation by charcoal. But it is strange to read the statistical tables, and to see how every year the same proportion is maintained between the methods—how many, out of a given number, are sure to use hanging, how many drowning, how many poison, firearms, and so on—all calculated with as much certainty as the height of the tides or algebraic quantities.

The causes assigned by M. Lisle are singular: mental alienation stands first in number; physical suffering next; then domestic troubles, debt, poverty, habitual intoxication—a cause which, we fear, holds a higher rank than the sixth in England—misconduct, disgust at life, love-disappointment. These come in their order, and have by far the largest influence of any ascribed. But other causes are given. Thus, eight suicides are ascribed to 'rivalry in trade,' seventy-seven, to 'disgust at a certain social position,' twenty-six (all men), to 'sorrow at exile,' the same number, of whom nineteen are men, to 'jealousy between brothers and sisters,' eighty, to idleness, four only of these being women; seventy-seven, to sorrow at leaving a certain place or master; with others as subtle and as strange. But the two most prominent causes are mental alienation and disease.

In the chapter on mental hallucinations are quoted the following striking instances of involuntary suicide: A man, thinking to open the door of his apartment, opens the window, and flings himself into the street, believing that he is descending the staircase. Another thinks himself on the ground-floor, and jumps out of his window on the fifth story. A third, attempting a rudeness to a woman who escapes him, flings himself into the hall from the third story, leaping over the banisters of the well staircase, in order to intercept the woman rushing down the stairs. A fourth hears a heavenly voice whisper to him: 'My son, come with thyself by my side,' and straightway throws himself out of his window, breaking his leg; when raised, he expresses the greatest astonishment at his fall, and above all, at his fracture. A youth, haunted by a mysterious dread of punishment for certain imaginary crimes, resolves to starve himself to death. Taken to the hospital, and there treated as a sick man—which, in fact, he soon becomes—fed by mechanical means, and carefully watched, he recovers sufficiently to be allowed to travel. But he scarcely arrives at home when his sufferings return, and, in spite of all that is done for his relief, he dies of starvation, self-imposed, at the end of a few days. A boot-maker of Venice, Mattéo Lovat, after having horribly mutilated, and even killed himself, 'in obedience to the will of God, which had been revealed to him.' Taken to the madhouse.

* Writers on criminal statistics in France give a higher number.

San Servolo, he starved himself to death. Not that religious mania or suicides are so frequent in France as with us; our comparative list of causes would show very different results in other particulars, but more especially in this.

On the 11th of December 1847, a poorly dressed man was taken out of the river, near the bridge of St Cloud. In his pocket was the following letter: 'Hunger and want of a home force me to commit suicide. For the last four years and a half I have lodged at the Rue Guérin-Boisseau, 32, with my wife and my little daughter, who is nearly nine years old. Being behind-hand in my rent, they have refused me my key.—Philippe Toussaint.' This poor fellow was a public scribe, noted in his neighbourhood for his honesty, industry, punctuality, and resignation to his hard lot.

A few years ago, a poor boy in the hospital of Bicêtre, confined among the lunatics, had been arrested at the moment when about to throw himself into the Seine. Though perfectly sane, he was in such extreme poverty as to be grateful and glad for an asylum, even in a madhouse and under strict restraint. Left an orphan at a very early age, he was given into the care of a friend of his father, who so ill-treated him, that, unable to support his cruelties, he ran away to Paris. In a few days, he was penniless; and being without resources, was taken up as a vagabond, and condemned to six months' imprisonment. Overwhelmed with grief and shame, he fell dangerously ill, his illness being so long and severe that, when the time of his release came, he had earned only six francs. (French prisoners are allowed to amass a reserve fund, to be given them on their release.) As this sum only lasted a few days, P—— was again brought before the police magistrates for vagabondage; but this time, the magistrate, pitying his sad fate, gave him only one month of imprisonment. There at La Force, he met with the temptations usually besetting the young and uncorrupted from the old and hardened jail-birds; but though unfortunate, he was honest, and refused to be tempted into evil ways. As there was no separation, either by night or day, and no discipline of any kind in French prisons a few years ago—little enough of either even now!—the unhappy lad had an awful probation to go through. The scorn, and the scoff, and the butt of the whole reckless set all day, he was not left in peace even at night; so that a month or two longer of that pandemonium must either have killed or broken him. When released, seeing himself again without resources, help, or prospects, having nothing but crime or the prison again between him and starvation, he resolved on suicide, as the only way out of his miseries. Again he was arrested, just in time to prevent that self-murder; and this time was locked up as a madman, on the plea that suicide must include mental alienation.

A physician of high standing, good fortune, apparently good health, and domestic happiness, one day was found self-murdered in his own room. All his preparations had been made with the utmost calmness and deliberation; he had himself written out his will a short time before, had regulated his affairs, and provided for his only son, to whom he was tenderly attached. There was no sign of mania or of unreflecting haste in his act; it was a quiet, deliberate, self-possessed, and self-conscious deed, which no one could call madness or imbecility; but for which no one could assign a reason, till an intimate friend of his, a physician whom he had consulted, told how he had been tormented by an ocular hallucination, which never left him, and which destroyed his happiness and peace of mind. Wherever he went—in the street, in the drawing-room, by the bedside of his patients, before the altar—wherever he might be, he always saw a huge black cow threatening him with her horns. He was quite aware of the nature of the deception, and treated

himself as he would have treated an ordinary patient. His friend, too, prescribed for him; but the black cow with her threatening horns still remained by his side. Unable to bear the distress of her presence any longer, he committed suicide, to the utter amazement of all who knew only his quiet, useful, intellectual, and noble life. A like case was that of a lawyer, a man of singular perception and justness of observation; eminently a lawyer, with all the logical acumen and critical sharpness of his class. He was haunted by an immense black cat which never left him; after a time, the cat changed into a sheriff's officer, in full official costume, who always preceded him, especially up stairs when going to any ball or fête, making as though about to announce him to the company. This went on for some years, when came a period of total cessation. The poor lawyer was in the seventh heaven; he believed that he had conquered his enemy; when one day opening his eyes, he saw a loathsome hideous skeleton standing where the sheriff's officer had been. From this last and worst visitation there was no escape, and the poor wretch died, incapable of supporting such a weight of misery in his life.

Suicide is fatally hereditary. Gall knew a family of which the grandmother, sister, and mother all killed themselves; and the son and daughter of the last followed in the same terrible track. Another family of seven brothers, all well off and in good positions, committed suicide one after the other in the space of forty years. Two brothers, twins, both in the army, and both happy and prosperous, committed suicide within a few days of each other; and two of their sisters were only prevented by force from doing the same thing.

A rich merchant, passionate and tyrannical, had six children, whom he sent away from home, well provided for, as soon as their education was completed. The youngest son, when twenty-six years old, threw himself from the roof of the house; the second brother died of obstinate abstinence the year following; the year following that, another brother had a fit of madness, in which, however, he was prevented from accomplishing the suicide he attempted; a fourth brother, a physician, who foresaw and felt powerless against his fate, killed himself; two or three years after, a sister became mad, and attempted suicide; and some years after that, the last brother, who was at the head of a large business, and who had been kept from the same horrible fate only by his wife's cares and tenderness, finished, like the rest, by self-murder. Thus, of the whole family, only two escaped suicide, and those two were confessedly mad, and therefore protected against themselves.

But what is called 'hereditary tendency' is often a mere matter of imitation, or of fancied hereditary necessity; indeed, imitation is the cause of more crimes, suicides, and even madness, than any other one faculty of human nature. The following is an instance:

A lady, aged thirty-five, was taken to the hospital in a state of melancholy mania. She was married, and the mother of children; but she was afflicted with the constant feeling of a necessity to commit suicide; this feeling having been induced by the fact, that her father and uncle had both done the same, and that she was therefore doomed by 'hereditary predisposition.' With this feeling, she wrote a letter to her mother announcing her intention, and then rushed into the river hard by. She was immediately rescued, and from that night became melancholy and monomaniacal, with the incessant impulse to self-destruction. At last her mother decided on the revelation of her lifelong secret; her daughter was not the child of her husband, but of a man in whose family was not the shadow of suicidal tendency. The lady had an interview with her real father, and from that hour recovered both her sanity and her health, never again

to be tormented with the desire of self-destruction, on the plea of a false hereditary predisposition. So much for imitation and fancy.

A priest, opening a letter, swallowed the wafer, without thinking of what he was doing. 'Take care,' said a friend, laughing; 'you have sealed up your inside!' The poor man took the jest seriously, went home, and killed himself by starvation; believing that he had positively sealed up his intestines, and that it was superfluous, and would be painful to eat.

We conclude this paper by a summary of results which it will be well worth the reader's while to remember: 1. That suicides are on the increase generally, but specially in France; 2. That the suicides in France greatly outnumber those of any other country in the world; 3. That they are not always attributable to mental affections, nor yet to physical sufferings, though suicides from these causes constitute a special branch of medical science; 4. That they are in ratio with the increase of civilisation and the diffusion of a certain kind of education—that kind which taxes the intellect too heavily while leaving the physical nature uncared for; 5. That they spring from moral and social causes chiefly—of course always excepting special disease—and are therefore to be dealt with and destroyed by a healthier system of public education and sounder views of social life. The extreme development of the nervous system, to the loss of muscular power and physical harmony generally, has tended to the increase of suicides; the over-cultivation, too, of the intellectual faculties in the young has been another fertile source of the same evil. The best and truest checks, therefore, to be given to this sad practice are—the returning to a more natural and more healthful system in the nursery, the school-room, and the forum, so that children and youths may no longer die from over-excited intellects, nor men cut short their days from social weariness or artificially induced disease.

THE FIRST AÉRIAL VOYAGE IN ENGLAND.

DURING the whole of the year 1784, the good people of London were greatly agitated upon the novel subject of balloons. Reports of Montgolfier's doings across the channel had raised the curiosity of our wonder-loving grandfathers to the highest pitch; and amid all the din of the great Westminster election, and the rest of the political turmoil of that eventful year, we find the popular mind constantly recurring to the topic with an excitement which is scarcely intelligible to a generation familiar with the mightier glories of steam and the telegraph. The new-born science of aërostation had not then achieved its barren honours, and become the costly pastime of our day. No invention, perhaps, in the history of man had opened to the imagination so many brilliant promises. The papers were filled with curious speculations upon the uses to which the newly applied principle might be put. Bishop Wilkins's favourite theory of a voyage to the moon was seriously revived by more than one enthusiast. Others, less sanguine, were content to congratulate themselves upon the great discoveries in astronomy which must necessarily result from a nearer view of the planets; while the more practical anticipated a time when aërial navigation would supersede the commerce of the seas, and drive the flying wagons from the Great North Road. Ballooning became quite a fashionable mania. Little balloons of painted silk, in all kinds of gay and quaint devices, floated about in boudoirs; and questions concerning the varieties of 'inflammable airs' and the 'elasticity of vapours' formed subjects of drawing-room discussion. Experiments with fire-balloons upon Montgolfier's principle were so common, and caused so many fires, that the

City authorities were compelled to prohibit the practice. Rumours of approaching ascents were always in circulation. Intrepid 'air-voyagers' were constantly about to ascend, first at Kensington, then at Greenwich, and afterwards from Whitehall Gardens; but somehow or other, either the gas or the courage of the artist was sure to ooze out at the last moment, and the event never came off.

Among those who were greatly interested in the experiments at Paris was Vincent Lunardi, a young Italian attached to the Neapolitan embassy. He had dabbled a little in aërostatics with Zambeccari, and had conceived an ardent ambition to be 'the first navigator of the English atmosphere.' His scientific acquirements do not appear to have been very extensive, and his variations from the track of the French discoverers were few and questionable. It was said by his enemies, that he was 'more of the showman than the savant,' and it is probable that notoriety rather than science was the object of his courtship; but at anyrate, we cannot refuse him the credit of being the pioneer in an enterprise requiring skill and courage in no small degree. Sir Joseph Banks, the president of the Royal Society, and Dr Fordyce, the eminent chemist, were among those who interested themselves in his work, and to them he was indebted in a great measure for its successful issue. Early in July, Lunardi informed the public that he was constructing a balloon in which he intended to ascend from the gardens of Chelsea Hospital. 'The gallery, oars, and wings,' said the advertisement, 'are already made, and to be seen at the Lyceum in Exeter Change, Strand, where the balloon is now making, and will be finished in about a fortnight.' At the same time, in order to defray his expenses, which had been heavy, he issued tickets of admission to the ascent at a guinea and half-a-guinea each. Before the end of the month, however, he had the mortification of seeing a rival candidate enter the field. A Frenchman, named Moret, had also completed a balloon, and fixed the trial for the 12th of August, the day before Lunardi's. His announcements drew together a vast concourse of people, who patiently watched the preparations from one till four o'clock; and when every effort was seen to fail, and the balloon at last sunk into the fire which ought to have expanded it, the mob, conceiving the whole affair an imposture, broke into the enclosure, tore up the apparatus, and destroyed a great amount of property in the neighbourhood. Lunardi chuckled finely over this catastrophe; but his triumph was short, for the governor of Chelsea Hospital, fearing a repetition of the riot on the morrow, immediately wrote to countermand his permission for the use of the gardens; and so his ascent had to be indefinitely postponed. It was in vain that he solicited private proprietors: the risk of a failure—and in that case, the certainty of the mob—prevented all negotiation. At length, after many wearisome delays, he obtained leave from the Artillery Company to ascend from their ground in Moorfields; but he was compelled to find sureties for any damage that might happen to the property; and even with these precautions, so great was the prejudice against him, that the permission was only carried in the council by the casting-vote of Sir Watkin Lewis, the colonel. The day was fixed for the 15th of September; but at the last moment another difficulty arose. The unpaid proprietor of the Lyceum, who had made a profit of the exhibition, was unwilling to lose his chance of present, and all future advantages to be derived from it. Such monstrous extortion was of course refused. Sir Sampson Wright, the presiding magistrate of Bow Street, ordered it to be forcibly removed.

possession; and after a desperate struggle between the police and the employes of the Lyceum, it was safely lodged in the artillery-ground the day before the ascent.

Next morning, all London was on the move towards Moorfields. By twelve o'clock, the large square, or rather parallelogram, which formed the fashionable promenade of old London, and is now occupied by Finsbury Circus and the adjacent streets, was one mass of human beings. Every roof and window from which a view could be obtained, was thronged with eager gazers. Along the front, and towering high above the whole scene, were the gloomy buildings of the old Bedlam, the wretched inmates of which were allowed to be spectators, and exchange coarse ribaldry with the mob beneath. The fact of this vicinage, and the resemblance between Lunardi and lunatic, had been the themes of innumerable puns and witticisms for days past; and the populace, appreciating the joke, with rough humour, were continually roaring out to him to 'go inside.' The enclosure is occupied by the Artillery Company, under arms, and the subscribers who have paid for admission; but the prevailing fears have prevented many from attending. In the centre of the ground, warded on every side by strong barriers, is the balloon, which differs in many respects from the 'Great Nassau' and 'Royal Alberts' of our time. It is about 32 feet in height, and 102 in circumference, and is composed of alternate strips of blue and red silk, strongly incased in net-work. The gallery, or car, is a thick wooden box, suspended from the balloon by forty-five ropes, and decorated on either side with two large leathern wings—a pet invention of Lunardi's—which he imagines will enable him to steer his course through the new regions he is about to visit. Almost all the men of mark in politics or literature then in town were grouped around it, including among others the Prince of Wales, Fox, Sheridan, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir Joseph Banks. Rogers the poet was also there; and his recently published *Table-talk* records an incident of the scene. Fox, growing impatient at the delay, put his hand to his watch and found another hand upon it, which he immediately seized. 'My friend,' said he to the owner of the strange hand, 'you have chosen an occupation which will some day be your ruin.' 'Oh, Mr Fox,' was the reply, 'pray forgive me, and let me go; I have a wife and six children starving at home.' Fox, always tender-hearted, slipped a guinea into his hand, and then released it. At the conclusion of the show, Fox was proceeding to look what time it was. 'Good God!' said he, 'my watch is gone.' 'Yes,' said his brother, General Fox, 'I know it is. I saw your friend take it.' 'Saw him take it, and made no attempt to stop him!' was the indignant response. 'Really,' said General Fox, 'you and he appeared to be on such good terms, that I did not choose to interfere.'

It is now half-past one, and Dr Fordyce is still engaged in filling the balloon with 'inflammable air,' through a complicated arrangement of leathern nooses. The gas itself is hydrogen, manufactured from an infusion of zinc in vitriolic acid, the properties of common coal-gas being then unknown. Lunardi and Mr Biggin, the gentleman who is to accompany him, are busily engaged in completing their preparations; and the visitors around them, with true English love of betting, are giving and taking the odds about the probability of their return alive. The hour fixed for the ascent is passed; and the mob outside, pent up in narrow quarters since an early hour in the morning, are beginning to get clamorous. Dr Fordyce thinks the balloon is not sufficiently inflated to take up its freight, for at present it is only pear-shaped; but with the horrid populace in prospect, it is not considered advisable to wait any longer. Lunardi and his friend jump into the car; there is an anxious pause,

and after a moment's vibration, the cumbrous machine reclines heavily to mother-earth. A murmur of dissatisfaction runs through the assembly, and each man begins to feel himself duped. Already the sensitive aeronaut hears his ascent pronounced an imposition, and himself branded as a swindler. All is confusion and uproar, for the hoarse roar of the living sea without threatens havoc, and the courtiers are entreating the prince to leave the ground. 'The displeasure hanging over us,' says Lunardi, 'would have been fatal, if in one moment Mr Biggin had not had the heroism to relinquish, and I the resolution to go alone.' A smaller car is hastily substituted, and, half-dead with his many anxieties, he rushes into it. There is a warm farewell from his personal friends, for every one looks upon his return as very problematical. The prince and all the company with one accord take off their hats; the ropes are cut, and with the boom of the signal-gun, the first English balloon rises buoyantly into the air amid the frantic acclamations of nearly 200,000 spectators, who only a moment before had been indulging in the loudest shouts of menace. 'Insensible,' said the *Morning Post* of the next day, 'must that heart be which did not feel itself anxious and interested at that moment for the fate of him who intrepidly stepped into his seat, and, Phaeton-like, seized the reins which were to guide the chariot of the sun.'

At the distance of about twenty yards, it descended towards the ground; but, continues the reporter in the same style, 'roused by ambition and spirit of philosophical researches, Mr Lunardi rebuked its fear, and gave swiftness to its airy flight.' In the account of his trip, which Lunardi published soon after, he enters at length into his sensations. 'I saw,' he says, 'all London beneath me like an enormous beehive, but the industry of it was suspended. All the moving mass seemed to have no object but myself; and the transition from the suspicion and contempt of the preceding hour, to the affectionate transport, admiration, and glory of the present, was not without its effect on my mind.'

He tells us that the critics are wrong in holding terror to be an ingredient in every sublime sensation, for he was never freer from apprehension in his life, and speaks in ecstasies of the motion, compared with which 'the broom-sticks of the witches, Ariosto's flying-horse, and even Milton's sunbeam conveying the angel to the earth, have all an idea of effort, difficulty, and restraint.' At half-past three he descended in a cornfield near South Mimms in Hertfordshire, where he landed a cat that he had brought with him, and again reascended. He contrived to bring himself down by working with his oars, and had therefore expended none of his gas. After an hour's further journey, during which he wrote and threw down several letters to his friends, he finally lowered himself over a meadow in the parish of Standon, near Ware. Some labourers were at work underneath him, and Lunardi begged their assistance to secure the balloon, but they all appeared horror-struck, and refused to move. One excused himself because he was too short; another said he did not like the look of it; and a third honestly declared he would have nothing to do with one who came on the 'devil's horse.' Upon his nearer approach, they fairly took to their heels; and the disembarkation would have been attended with great danger, had it not been for the spirit of a young girl who grasped a rope which Lunardi threw her, and held it till General Smith and other gentlemen who had followed him from London on horseback came up. The new-comers aided in securing the machine, and bore off Lunardi in triumph to the Bull Inn at Ware, and afterwards to Bayford Bury, the seat of Mr Baker, the member for Hertford.

Such was the prosperous ending of the first aerial

excursion in England. Lunardi, of course, became the lion of the town. The journals were filled with odes in praise of his daring; the king sent for him to court, and the lord-mayor feasted him in the City. In the curious little brochure published on the occasion, he recounts with great gravity many incidents connected with his journey. While he hovered over London, George III. was holding a cabinet council. On being told the balloon was passing, his majesty said: 'We may resume our deliberations at pleasure, but we may never see poor Lunardi again.' The conference immediately broke up, and the king and Mr Pitt took to their telescopes. One young lady mistook one of the oars which he accidentally dropped from the balloon for the aeronaut himself, and was so affected with the circumstance, that she took to her bed and died soon after. A judge to whom he mentioned this circumstance at the Mansion-house dinner, told him not to be concerned at the loss he had occasioned, for he had undoubtedly saved the life of a notorious house-breaker, whose jury were so amazed at the novel sight over the Old Bailey, that they incontinently returned a verdict of acquittal.

The success of his first attempt induced Lunardi to make several other trials in various parts of the kingdom. The year following, he went to Edinburgh, where he made two ascents from the gardens of Heriot's Hospital, the last of which considerably cooled his passion for aeronautics, as the winds being unpropitious, he fell into the sea near the Isle of May, and after a bath of many hours, was picked up by some fishermen, half-dead with cold and hunger.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ONE of the chief scientific incidents of the past month was the 'Greenwich visitation,' as it is called—that is, the annual inspection of the Greenwich Observatory by the Board of Visitors, most of whom go down, a comfortable party, in the Admiralty barge, and dine together after their official business is over. The Astronomer Royal in his Report on what has been done since the visit in 1856, tells them that the work of the observatory is progressing satisfactorily—that the new dome for a new class of equatorial observations will be completed this summer—that suspending the quicksilver trough of the reflex zenith tube by straps of vulcanised caoutchouc 'has been perfectly successful; the tremors are absolutely destroyed, and the star has been observed at all hours of the night and day.' And as regards the transmission of time by telegraph, he says: 'Five clocks are in sympathetic movement in the observatory—one at the Hospital Schools, and one in the North Kent Station at London Bridge. That for signals has received this slight alteration, that the pull of the Time-ball Detent now alters the connections of four triplets of springs. Of these, one controls the communications with the Electric Telegraph Company's office at Lothbury, by which hourly signals are sent on various railways; the time-balls at the Strand, Cornhill, and Liverpool are dropped; and the Post-office clock in Lombard Street is regulated. A second affects the communications with the South-eastern Railway station, by which hourly signals are sent on various lines in Kent, and the time-ball at Deal is dropped, and returns its signal to acquaint us with its successful drop. The third and fourth are reserved for the prospective wants of the royal dockyards; they communicate with the Admiralty wire of the British

Telegraph.' It is probable that a time-ball will be erected at Devonport, the possibility of dropping such a ball by a flash from Greenwich having already been demonstrated. The Astronomer Royal still, as last year, refers to certain mysterious changes of level and direction of one of the instruments, one occurring with changes of temperature, the other at the equinoxes, and he still imagines some movement of the earth itself to be the cause of these remarkable phenomena.

There is to be a better education for officers in the army. No more getting commissions by favour; no more scandals about silly enigmas; but real practical ability, and thorough knowledge of military science, are to be the rule. Above all, we want competent officers in India. As regards art-education, the South Kensington Museum is open, and whosoever will may now inspect its valuable contents at pleasure. It is about three-quarters of an hour distant from Trafalgar Square, so that working-men could hardly resort to it without giving up half a day. But the view of the buildings and the grounds, well repays the time and labour. Comprised in that museum, are the Department of Science and Art from Marlborough House; an educational department, exhibiting all the appliances of teaching, and a good library, well arranged; the collections made by the commissioners of patents, all sorts of models and machinery; a trade collection; an Economical Museum; and the Sheepshanks collection of pictures, 234 in number. The effect of the whole is admirable, so good is the general arrangement. It will look yet richer when the articles lent to the Manchester Exhibition shall be returned. On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, and on Monday and Thursday evenings, the museum is open to the public; on the other three days of the week—students' days—there is a charge of sixpence for admission; and the catalogue costs only a penny. A comfortable kind of inauguration took place; Dr Lyon Playfair, president of the Chemical Society, gave his soirée in the museum, to the fellows of the Society, and a troop of savans besides, and for once, everybody had room enough.—May we not complete this paragraph on education by a specially noteworthy fact: eight bills have been brought into the House of Lords as a beginning in the long-talked-of and much-wanted work of codifying our laws. Should it please our legislators to pass them, the fifty volumes of statutes will be reduced to two or three.

The Architectural Museum lately kept at Cannon Row, Westminster, is also removed to South Kensington.—The Horticultural Society, after a lapse of two years, have again given one of their attractive flower shows at Chiswick.—Thirty-two thousand persons visited the Zoological Gardens during three days of Whitsuntide; more than ever before.—The visitors last year to the British Museum numbered 361,714; in 1854, the number was 459,262. Visits to the reading-room were less numerous than in former years.—The local committee of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Montreal, have sent invitations to certain savans in this country to attend their meeting in August, accompanied by an offer of a free passage there and back. We hear that an eminent geologist and some of his friends have accepted the invitation.

A new magnetic survey of the British Islands is being made, whereby to discover and determine what changes have taken place in the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism since the former survey by General Sabine in 1827. Mr Welsh, of the Kew Observatory,

conducts the observations in Scotland, Sir James Ross in England, and Rev. Dr Lloyd in Ireland; names which are a sufficient guarantee that the work will be well done. When done, there will be valuable data at hand for Professor Hansteen of Christiania, who, as our readers are aware, has been for some time engaged on a theory of terrestrial magnetism derived from actual observation. About a year ago, he wrote to the Astronomer Royal, stating that the dip, as recorded at Greenwich, was much more in amount than, according to theory, it ought to be. The Greenwich dipping-needle was thereupon examined, and found to be extremely defective, depriving observations made with it of their value. It was at once rectified, with the effect of shewing the dip to be the same as inferred by Professor Hansteen. The publication by General Sabine of his third volume of *Toronto Observations* is opportune, as it contains a comprehensive review of all the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism.

Specimens of sheet-iron have been laid before the Franklin Institute at Philadelphia, described as 'gum elastic coated and impregnated iron,' which is said to be better for roofing purposes than any other kind hitherto invented. No galvanic action takes place between the iron and the coating; hence disturbing influences of that kind are avoided. Sir Benjamin Hall has confessed before the House of Commons that the galvanised iron roof of the great Westminster Palace is beginning to shew signs of rust. It might be worth inquiring whether the gum elastic coating and impregnation would afford the desired protection. —We hear that the iron trade is so good in Wales, that new furnaces are being built at Dowlais, by which the manufacture will be doubled, hundreds of tons of bars rolled every week, and additional employment afforded.

Many a visitor has gone down to the Isle of Dogs to look at the *Great Eastern*, without at the same time noticing thirty 'hopper barges,' built of iron, dredging the Danube, in accordance with the terms of the treaty recently made with discomfited Russia. They are constructed with trap-doors in the bottom, for the discharge in deep water of the sand and gravel raised from the shoals.—And this reminds us that the Netherlands Land Company have just reclaimed seventeen hundred acres of land, which with the former reclamation makes a total of nearly three thousand. Their operations are carried on in the shallow channel which separates South Beveland from the mainland in the estuary of the Scheldt. And there is talk of reclamation at the mouth of the Mersey, as may be seen in a Report just published by Mr George Rennie, the engineer. The project is, to build a breakwater out from Rock Point, on the Cheshire shore, across the shoals to a distance of three miles, the end to finish with a light-house. By the protection of this breakwater, it is estimated that from 80,000 to 40,000 acres of land will be won from the sea. Then, on the Lancashire side, a sea-wall is to be built of the same length, and behind that there will be a saving of 2000 acres: hence the value of the land is no unimportant item in calculating the work. The form of the wall and of the breakwater will be such as to make a trumpet-mouth to the river, whereby the navigation will be greatly facilitated, and ample protection will be given to the North Docks at Liverpool, which now are scarcely accessible in blowing weather. And besides, wrecks will be prevented, and the cost of steam-tugs saved, which is also no unimportant item in a port entered every year by 40,000 ships, amounting in gross burden to 4,000,000 tons. What has been done, and is still being done at Portland and Holyhead, shews how easy it is to build a breakwater far out to sea; and we should like to see the project carried out. Liverpool so completely outshines London in all that belongs to her river,

that it is about time the metropolis should be shamed into doing something to remove the reproach from the Thames.

Among proceedings in geology, we find something interesting in the researches of Baron de Beust, chief director of the mining department in Saxony, who has been led to the conclusion that minerals are diffused throughout his native country, and Europe generally, according to certain simple laws. He shews that the porphyry veins of Saxony run in lines corresponding to the direction of the mountain-ranges; and wherever porphyry is found, it is an indication of the presence of useful minerals. Taking Europe at large, he finds three principal metalliferous zones; the first, commencing in Bessarabia, runs through Hungary, Saxony, the Hartz, and across the Channel, to the lead-districts of Derbyshire and Cumberland; the second begins near Lisbon, and ends in Transylvania; the third, 400 miles in width, begins in the north-west of Spain, traverses the continent to Brittany, from thence to the smaller Channel Islands, touches South Belgium, and intersects the first zone. The tin of Saxony lies in the same line, as produced on the map, and runs from north-west Spain to Limoges; and 'a line drawn through the quicksilver deposits of Spain and Tuscany, if lengthened, will pass through Idria, and end in the veins of mercurial gray copper in Upper Hungary.'

Instructive facts these for mineralogists! Endeavours have already been made to turn them to account. Mines long neglected in Bohemia are to be reworked, for, with improved knowledge, geologists believe them to contain much undiscovered mineral wealth. That certain deposits take certain lines through the earth, has been for some time known. Haidinger shewed in 1849, that whenever boracic acid is found either free or combined with the rock, all the places lie on a line running north and south—from the Lipari Isles to Arendal in Norway. From the latter place, a branch shoots off to the west, and terminates in Salisbury Crag, Edinburgh. Other lines, which have been partially traced, favour the belief that extraordinary mineral deposits will one day be discovered in the Caucasus. It is a remarkable instance of commercial enterprise, that auriferous quartz is now brought from Virginia to Frodsham, in Cheshire, where it is calcined and crushed, and the gold is extracted at a profit, even should the yield be not more than an ounce and a half of gold to the ton of quartz.

In Paris, two ingenious Frenchmen have made a successful attempt to improve water-lenses. They have overcome the difficulties which have hitherto caused failure, and produce lenses, as we are told, which 'have the purity and perfection, nearly, without the cost of lenses of solid glass.' This success is likely to prove beneficial in more ways than one; for a water-lens properly illuminated will send its light to a distance of ten or twelve miles—the very thing, as it would seem, for railway signals, and for ships navigating the Channel.

A desideratum long sought for has now been achieved—that is, a means of perfectly cleaning articles of silver without injury to the metal. It is the discovery of Professor Böttger, a German. Take a glass or glazed vessel sufficiently large for the purpose; fill it with a strong solution of borax or of caustic potash; drop into it an inner vessel made of zinc, and pierced with holes as a sieve. Then take your silver, plunge it into the liquid, moving it up and down, being careful that at each plunge it comes into contact with the zinc. The effect is magical; for under the combined action of the solution and of the electricity evolved by the contact of the two metals, the silver loses all its dirt and discolorations, and becomes as bright as when first manufactured. Should it not be convenient to use the inner vessel of zinc, the cleansing may be accomplished by sinking

the silver in the solution, and stirring it about with a small rod of zinc. It is essential to success that the two metals touch each other frequently.

ADVICE TO YOUNG WORKING-MEN.

Join a benefit club; you will not miss the periodical contribution you have to pay. Do not defer doing so because you are healthy now; there is no knowing how soon disease may prostrate your energy and strength. Never join a club the sole recommendation of which is the smallness of its contributions. Avoid a club held at a public-house; you will find it cheaper in the end. Have nothing to do with a society the contributions of which are all alike. The existence of such societies depends on the introduction of young and healthy members. See that the society is properly enrolled, and the affairs conducted by a committee of business-like and sober men. Do not throw yourself upon the funds every time you cut your finger, or wish for a week's holiday. Do not be content with providing against sickness alone; but provide a sufficient sum to be payable at your death, so that the wife you cherish may not have to find a home by marrying again when you are dead, or your children become chargeable to the parish, or dependent on the bounty of friends, simply because in life you have cared more for your own little comforts than for their future welfare. Do this, and when the last hour comes, and you have to wrestle with the angel of death, the pang will be lessened by the knowledge that those you have loved and are leaving are provided for by your own forethought; and the memory of your kindness and your love will continue as green as the grass which waves above your pallid head.—*Benefit and Sick Clubs: their Ruinous Condition and Causes of Failure.* By Charles Hamilton, Sheffield.

THE LATEST NEW THING.

A spider-tank is the last novelty, and likely to be the most popular one introduced. It should be furnished with a perforated glazed top, and be not less than ten or twelve inches high, formed upon a square base of some six or more inches. The one we have, says a correspondent of a contemporary, contains three dozen spiders, acting, like a body of ants, or like a hive of bees, under a chosen ruler, and the arrangement of the nest and the formation of the web have been the work of the most perfect subdivision of labour, each individual spider performing its allotted task, without interfering with that of its neighbour. The *Argyroneta Aquatica*, the diving water-spider, when isolated from its companions, builds a cup-like nest close to the top of the water, and the membrane which surrounds the body being transparent, when inflated with air, assumes the appearance of a glittering metallic substance. So charged, the spider descends to the bottom in search of prey, but frequently is itself devoured by fish before it reaches its destination. To guard against this, nature has taught it that unity is strength, and when acting together in a body, the web is so strong, and of such dimensions, that fish themselves are entrapped, and become food for the colony. The immense activity of the spider, continually ascending and descending, glittering and bright in its airy dress, makes it one of the most amusing additions to the vivarium, and the spider-tank guards it from the danger to which it is subject if placed within the general aquarium.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

A NEW KIND OF DIAMOND.

That diamond is nothing but the substance of charcoal, or carbon in a crystallised state, is a fact pretty generally known; but that there is another elementary substance, called *boron*, which bears a strong analogy to carbon, is less so, perhaps, because boron has hitherto been obtained in such small quantities, that it is still a curiosity even in the laboratory of the chemist. MM. Wohler and Deville have lately made most interesting experiments upon this body, from which it appears that it can exist in three states, exactly corresponding to those of carbon—namely, the amorphous, the graphitic, and the crystallised state. In order to obtain the latter, 100 grammes ($3\frac{1}{4}$ ounces)

of boric acid and 80 of aluminum are exposed, during hours, to a violent fire in a black crucible coated with charcoal-powder. The mass is then left to cool; and breaking the crucible, two distinct strata come to light—one consisting of vitrified boric acid, or boracic acid, containing some alumina; and the other of aluminum in a metallic state, mixed up with crystals of boron. To separate the latter, this metallic mass is treated with strong caustic soda, to dissolve the metal; then with hydrochloric acid, to carry off the iron which may have been separated from the plumbago of the crucible; lastly, with a mixture of nitric and hydrofluoric acid, to dissolve the silicium left by the soda. After this, the boron is obtained pure in three varieties of crystals—namely, Black and opaque laminae, which will cut diamond, the not so well as diamond-powder: 2. Long prismatic crystals, perfectly transparent, and as brilliant as diamonds, not so hard as the former variety; if without flaws, they might be used for jewellery: 3. Very minute but distinct crystals of a red chocolate colour, and quite as hard as diamond. They may be used as diamond-powder, and give a fine polish.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF VIOLETS IN WAX.

WHERE, oh where do the violets dwell?
Sweet April breeze, I pray thee, tell!
Thou hast wandered far over vale and glen,
Ere thou hast entered the haunts of men;
Thou hast breathed on the wealth of the spring
young green,
Through sunlit valleys thy path has been,
Through copses where last year's leaves lie still,
Where the brambles dip in the wandering rill,
O'er wide green meadows, o'er bleak hillsides—
Tell me, sweet breeze, where do violets hide?

Down some quiet glen where the moss is deep;
At a gray rock's foot where the lichens creep;
Under branches gemmed with the morning dew;
In a bower of leaves which the sun glints through;
'Mong the thick gnarled roots of an old oak-tree,
Unvisited save by some wandering bee;
'Mid the deep wood-silence, unbroken all day,
Save by babbling brook or rustling spray;
Like a gem in the shade of its deep leaves set,
You may find the coy sweet violet!

Alas, for me! I may not go
Where the wild fern bends to the waters' flow,
Chained are the steps that would gladly roam
In the track of the breeze to the violet's home.
I dwell 'mid the tide of eddying life!
The very air with its sound is rife!
I may not leave these streets and walls
For lone wood-dells and water-falls;
So deep in its own sweet verdurous gloom,
Unseen by me, must the violet bloom!

Yet have I violets! See my prize!
Purple and white, with their golden eyes!
Violets vying with Nature's best,
Tenderly set in a mossy nest!
Better in this, that these dainty flowers
Fade not away with the fleeting hours;
But their beauty will last with the fancies they inspire,
Through rain, and tempest, and wintry days.
Then thanks, warm thanks, to the skilful hand,
And tenfold thanks to the heart that planned
This graceful gift! So these flowers shall be
Ever a source of sweet thoughts to me,
And though storms blow wildly, and skies are dim,
Shall bring dreams of spring-time through all the year!

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KIRKE WEBBE, THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER I.

I AM about to transcribe an episode in my youthful experience, which, though comparatively brief, if measured by time only, has so impressed and shaped my life—now past its sixth decade—that it stands out in the light of memory as a towering mind-mark, to which all subsequent events appear subordinate, and to which chiefly owe their form and colour, their shadows and their sunshine.

In that episode, Kirke Webbe, captain of the *Scout* privateer, was a prominent actor, and his character and history, as developed by the scenes in which I happened to be associated with him, possess, I think, an interest and value—especially now, when the species to which he belonged may be said to be extinct—apart from his influence upon my own individual fortunes. If, however, the ordinary sketches of his class which one meets with are to be deemed authentic portraiture, Captain Webbe, who was neither a vulgar ruffian nor a melodramatic hero, cannot be presented to the reader as an average specimen of the privateer. He boasted of having been a scholar of Christ's Hospital; was certainly well read in English literature; and his seamanship was acquired by six years' service in the royal navy as midshipman. Further than this, those of his deeds to which I am about in these pages to bear witness must speak for him; though, if proof of their verity is required, I can only refer to the internal evidence supplied by the narrative itself: if that suffice not, I have no other to offer, as I do not choose to publish my own real name.

All that I positively knew of myself, of my antecedents and belongings up to the second week in February 1814, may be shortly set forth. My name, we will say, was William Linwood. I was unquestionably a strapping fellow of my age—then a trifle over twenty years; and not absolutely frightful in features, or it could scarcely be an article of faith with me that Isle of Wight lasses, especially in and near Ryde, were, and doubtless still are, unless the presence of all-shadowing royalty has frozen the genial current of their souls, some of the sweetest-tempered damsels in creation. For the last ten or eleven of those twenty years, I had been domiciled at Oak Villa, near Ryde, on the road to Newport, with my grandmother, Mrs Margaret Linwood, one of the oddest, worthiest, and most absolute of womankind. My earlier years had also been chiefly passed with Mrs Linwood, though

not in the Isle of Wight, whither she removed some twelve months previously to the departure of my father and mother for the United States of America, in 1804, a destination they never reached; the vessel in which they sailed having been captured in the Channel by a French letter of marque, and carried into the port of Havre de Grace, in or near which commercial capital of maritime Normandy my parents had since been detained as prisoners of war, on parole.

This was pretty nearly all of our family history that my inexorable grandame had decided, in her peremptory have-done-talking-of-it sort of way, should be confided to me till I attained my legal majority; or the advent of peace permitted my parents to continue their voyage to America, and me to join them there—a return to England not being, it would seem, contemplated as a possible eventuality.

Meagre as was this information upon matters of such paramount interest for a son, I should have been happier, less irritable, captious, when the subject was incidentally alluded to, had not certain fragmentary images or impressions looming through the mists of memory, suggested an affrighting solution; the more affrighting because vague, dark, undefined—of the mystery before which the kindest hands in the world had drawn, and persisted in keeping drawn, an impervious veil.

I remembered that, in the far-off time, I had been the petted favourite of a tall, portly gentleman, living in a fine house; that I had frequently ridden with him in a glittering carriage, drawn by prancing horses, and usually accompanied by my mother, whose pale, pensive face, and soft, low, tearful voice, seemed ever as vividly present to me as on the night I was awakened to receive her farewell blessing previous to her departure with my father for America. The tall portly gentleman was, I knew, my mother's father, and for a time we were his only companions; but after a while, another lady and another child dwelt in the fine house, and rode in the glittering carriage with us; and I was finally carried off by Dame Linwood to her comparatively humble abode in South Wales, and never, that I could remember, had I seen the tall, portly gentleman again.

My mother came frequently to Llanberis, sometimes, not often, accompanied by her husband, whose image dwelt faintly in my memory. On one occasion, and the last time I saw him, he came alone. Evening was falling when he arrived, and I, then about six years old, was hurried to bed, but not so hastily as to prevent me noticing that he was strangely hurried, and that a few whispered words communicated his agitation to my grandmamma. His face, too, was

deathly pale, and, as I felt when he kissed me, cold as stone, like his hands.

Nancy Dow, my grandmother's confidential servant, looked as scared as they; and as she undressed, put me to bed, and kept guard over me, poured forth a torrent of talk, to drown, if possible, the sounds of weeping and lamentation, fitfully surging up from below.

She succeeded to a certain extent for a while; but ere yet—spite of her repeated entreaties that I would, like the good boy that I was, go to sleep—the slightest feeling of drowsiness had come over me, a loud, fierce knocking at the front door startled her into silence, as it did my relatives below, for the house was hush as death when the knocking ceased for a few moments, to be again and again renewed with increasing violence. Rude voices, too, made themselves heard from without, imperiously demanding admittance; and presently there was a crash of glass, as if the window had been broken through, followed by an explosion of discordant cries and exclamations. Nancy Dow flew down stairs, and I, not daring to get up, lay sobbing with terror, till the gradual subsidence of the incomprehensible tumult permitted slumber to weigh down my aching eyelids, and I sank into the dreamless sleep of childhood.

I was early awakened by poor Nancy, who had evidently not taken her clothes off, and whose very decided features were swollen by weeping into exaggerated unloveliness. She told me that my father and grandmamma were gone to London, and would not, perhaps, return for some little time; and I was emphatically cautioned not to speak of what had occurred the previous evening to the outdoor servants and helpers, when they came to their work—Mrs Linwood managed, and successfully, a very large dairy-farm of her own—nor express surprise at my relative's absence.

The memories of children, however precocious, and mine was remarkably so, rarely take note of periods of time; and I could not say how long—reckoned by days and weeks—Mrs Linwood, as I call her from habit—she having always greatly disliked to be 'grandmothered'—remained absent; but measured by my pining inquietude, a long, long interval of dreary time elapsed before she returned. And then how changed, even to my childish appreciation! It seemed that a sudden, untimely frost had frozen over the genial current of her nature. True, it still flowed with as kindly and generous a warmth as ever beneath the cold, stern surface; but she had, as it were, placed a barrier of ice between herself and a world in which she had no longer faith or hope.

What could have been the nature of the calamity that had so suddenly darkened good Mrs Linwood's clear noon of life?—for though a grandmother, she was considerably on the sunny side of fifty—was the question which, as the years grew on, and threw the light of their experience back on the scene enacted at Llanberris Farm on the evening of my father's last visit, incessantly pursued and harassed me.

I could not doubt that he had upon that occasion been subjected to legal arrest—for debt, mayhap! Strive as I might, it was impossible to hold to that precious suggestion. Many circumstances concurred to convince me that pecuniary difficulties had not been felt in our family. My father, who had never been in business, was neither a gambler nor a spendthrift. Mr Waller, the portly gentleman of my childhood, was

for many years invested upon an average £500 annually; she would have grudged nothing to her only son. No; they were not the agents of a grasping creditor, that had broken into our peaceful Welsh home in unscrupulous pursuit of their quarry!

He must, then, have been seized by officers of criminal justice. Yet had Mrs Linwood, when vehemently pressed by me to give some slight explanation of the occurrences of that memorable evening, declared that my father had never been arraigned for any offence whatever; and she was incapable of falsehood. Never arraigned for any offence! Those were her guarded words. The offence had perhaps been compromised—hushed up. Not a very serious one, then, or such a course would have been impossible.

No serious offence! A rotten cable that to hold by. Dame Linwood's inexorable silence—the expatriation of both my parents—the careful avoidance of my allusion to Mr Waller and his second wife, extinguished that hope as soon as it was formed.

An incident which occurred about six months previous to the before-mentioned second week in February 1814, threw a ghastly light over the mystery.

It was my father's birthday, and I was sitting with Mrs Margaret Linwood in the miniature drawing-room of Oak Villa, of which the French windows opened upon our finely cultivated pleasure-garden, and beyond commanded a splendid view of the silvery Solent. It was a cloudless autumnal evening; and the faint sea-breeze, which barely sufficed to dilate the white sails of the numerous sailing-craft afloat upon the glancing waters, was subdued by the time it reached us, laden with the rich perfume of flowers, to a fragrant caressing sigh, in unison with the serene—and to us, absorbed by the painful thoughts suggested by that particular day of the year—solemn silence that reigned around. My venerable relative, to whom those anniversaries were bitterly afflictive, seeming to tear open afresh the hidden wound that was slowly, but surely eating her life away, was more than usually sad and thoughtful, and for the last half-hour or so, not a word had passed between us.

She was sitting with her back towards me, according to her wont, when unwilling that I should observe the emotions that swept over the tablet of her face, which was, however, clearly revealed to me in a tall mirror opposite; and swift tears, I saw, were trickling through her thin white fingers.

Gently I ventured to approach the subject even, of late, uppermost in my thoughts.

'My grandfather, Waller, still resides, I presume at the house in Cavendish Square?' said I, my gaze the while intently fixed upon the mirror. There was a slight start, and the partially concealing hand was half withdrawn from the face. The emotion was but momentary.

'Your grandfather, Waller, still resides at the house in Cavendish Square,' was the quiet reply.

'With his second wife, Mrs Waller, of course!'

'With Mrs Waller, his second wife, of course! Captain Webbs met them, not long ago, in one of the parks.'

'Strange, was it not, that, having a grown-up daughter of his own, Mr Waller should have married again?'

'Not strange at all. He was not more than five or six and forty years of age; and Mrs Hamilton was a widow, not far off, I should think, of thirty. Time had dealt so gently with her, that she looked nothing like so old. A singularly beautiful woman,' added Mrs Linwood with a sigh, 'and beautiful in mind as person. The marriage was in all respects unexceptionable one.'

'You once shewed me her portrait: the expression it struck me, was a peculiar one—sweet, but sad.'

'True—a boy's fancy.'

'And the beautiful child, I so well remember, that— Good Heaven, what have I said—done?'

Lightning seemed with my words to have smitten my venerable relative. A sharp cry of anguish escaped her, and her face, no longer masked by her hands, which tightly grasped her bosom, was convulsed with horror.

I leaped to my feet in terrible dismay; but before, my confusion and affright, I could think of what could be done, or summon others to do it, straggled Mrs Linwood had, by a supreme effort, mastered her betraying outward self.

'Sit down!' she exclaimed with peremptory sternness. 'It was a passing spasm—nothing more. I must consult Mr Beale, for these attacks grow in frequency and violence of late. You may fetch me a glass of wine from the dining-room.'

'You were speaking, William,' said Mrs Linwood, she replaced the emptied glass upon the table, and with her face still carefully averted from me—you were speaking, William, of—of Lucy Hamblin—Mrs Waller's beautiful little girl. She died young—early in her fourth year.'

'Ha!'

'Yes: the sweet child was—was drowned in the tides, near Gravesend.'

'Drowned! By accident?'

'There are various opinions; I have mine—a decided one, but, unsustained by legal evidence, worthless of course. And now, my dear boy, go and send Nancy home: I do not feel quite well.'

This, as I believed, partial unveiling of the terrible secret, rendered further suspense insupportable. My heart was embittered, poisoned by it; and I passionately strove to know the worst. Mrs Linwood was deaf to my, unyielding as adamant to my supplications, and I was still, at the beginning of 1814, moodily meditating the probable motives for her obduracy—leaving, as usual, the cud of dark and bitter fancies—when my listless glance was arrested by an advertisement in the *Hampshire Telegraph* newspaper, stating that Mr Harrison of Portsmouth, the printer of that journal, had a complete file of the *London Times* from 1780 to 1802, to dispose of. Might I not, it instantly flashed across my mind—might I not find in the columns of that paper all that I longed to discover? I knew in what year, and at about what period in that year, my father's arrest had taken place. How was it that so obvious an expedient for ending the doubts and fears by which I was beset had not occurred to me before? At all events, it should not be neglected now; and an hour had not passed when I took boat at the old Ryde pier for Portsmouth.

The bargain with Mr Harrison was readily struck; and the coarsely bound broadsheets having been conveyed to the Blue Posts Inn, I was speedily glancing through the leaves with feverish impatience. The work was, I found, far from perfect; many numbers were missing of the most promising dates; and I was half inclined—partly from despair, partly from dread of finding what I sought—to give up the search, when my eye lit upon the following paragraph:

THE GRAVESEND TRAGEDY.—Mr William Linwood, who has been so long in custody, charged with the murder, by drowning, of the child Lucy Hamblin, was yesterday set at liberty, with the consent of the law-officers of the county, who have most reluctantly arrived at the conclusion, that in the absence of Mademoiselle Féron, who can nowhere be found or heard of, there is no legal evidence to sustain his detention. No moral doubt appears to be entertained by those who have investigated the circumstances, of Linwood's guilt; yet it is right to add, that he avowed himself asserts his perfect innocence with an earnestness which, combined with his previous excellent character, might weigh considerably in his favour, but for

the facts disclosed by Louise Féron during the tumult and agitation consequent upon the discovery of the dreadful crime—facts not the less morally conclusive that they were not declared, and have not since been confirmed upon oath. Mrs Waller, the bereaved mother, is, we are rejoiced to hear, recovering from the effects of the attack of brain fever, which it was at one time feared would have resulted in confirmed insanity.'

A vertigo seized me as I read; the dreadful lines swam, flashed as if written with fire, before my shrinking, blinded eyes. I had barely strength to close the terrible volume, stagger towards and ring the bell, and then dizzy, sick—sick, as if unto death, I fell senseless on the floor.

Upon recovering consciousness, I found myself lying upon a couch near an open window, and sedulously ministered to by the landlady of the Blue Posts and one of her sympathising handmaidens. The vertigo and sickness had passed away, and, thanking them for their kindness, I asked to be left to myself—a request which, after I had given proof of the repossession of my faculties by swallowing the greatest part of a glass of spirits and water, was complied with.

Well, I had thoroughly succeeded in plucking out the heart of the mystery! I knew now, as well as Dame Linwood herself, that my father was adjudged by public opinion to be a cruel murderer! Accursed knowledge! compared with which the carking anxiety I had previously suffered was happiness—felicity! By public opinion so condemned! True; but assuredly, also—and the blessed thought flashed like sunlight upon my troubled soul—assuredly justly judging, clear-headed Mrs Linwood did not believe him guilty! O no!—a thousand times no! And my own mother, the pure light of whose mild eyes sank so deep into my child's heart, that it still glowed there in undimmed, perennial brightness—she—I eagerly recalling to mind passages of her letters that I had been permitted to read—she, I knew, felt for her husband not love, compassion only, but respect, esteem, reverence.

Of what weight was rashly formed public opinion opposed to such testimonies? Not the slightest—of not a feather's weight; and, passing with boyish impetuosity from despair to exultation, I laughed, shouted, wept with the inexpressible joy springing from a devout, unshakable conviction of my persecuted, maligned father's innocence!

Innocence which it would be my duty, my high privilege to vindicate in the face of day before a misjudging world. I would hunt up the woman Féron—trace the atrocious calumny to its vile source! Success I could not doubt of, for I had faith in God and my own courage. But enough of these ebullitions of an undisciplined, puerile enthusiasm—an enthusiasm with which I was shocked to find Dame Linwood could not be persuaded to in the slightest degree participate. The discovery I had made through the newspaper pained, annoyed her, and she would add nothing to the information which I had, according to her, surreptitiously obtained. She knew nothing, could guess nothing of the whereabouts of the Frenchwoman Louise Féron; and any stir in the unhappy business by a rash, inexperienced boy could, she was quite satisfied, lead to no useful result. Her son's vindication would, she nothing doubted, be brought about in God's own good time; and for that time she, I, all of us must humbly wait.

The worthy dame's obstinate fatalism, as I deemed it, made me terribly wroth; but all the indignation and eloquence in the world would have been utterly thrown away upon her, but for an occurrence which startled her into a belief that the good time she prayed and waited for might be near at hand. That occurrence, launching me into a sea of perils, the shadows whereof, ever so faintly cast before, would, for all my

vapouring self-conceit, have given me serious pause, fell out thus oddly: it is not often that Fate knocks at one's door with so seemingly ludicrous a summons.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

FEMALE SERVANTS.

THOUGH female servants come under the category of handicraftswomen, yet they form a distinct class, very important in itself, and essential to the welfare of the community.

A faithful servant—next best blessing, and next rarest, after a faithful friend!—who among us has not had, or wanted, such a one? Some inestimable follower of the family, who has known all the family changes, sorrows, and joys, is always at hand to look after the petty necessities and indescribably small nothings which, in the aggregate, make up the sum of one's daily comfort; whom one can trust in sight and out of sight—call upon for help in season and out of season; rely on in absence, or sickness, or trouble, to 'keep the house going,' safe and right; and at all times, and under all circumstances, depend upon for that conscientious fidelity of service which money can never purchase, nor repay.

And this, what domestic servants ought to be, might be, they are—alas, how seldom!

Looking round on the various households we know, I fear we shall find that this relation of master (or mistress) and servant—a relation so necessary, as to have been instituted from the foundation of the world, and since so hallowed by both biblical and secular chronicles, as to be, next to ties of blood and friendship, the most sacred bond that can exist between man and man—is, on the whole, the worst fulfilled of any under the sun.

Whose fault is this?—the superior's, who, in the march of intellect and education around him, losing somewhat the distinction of mere rank, yet tries to enforce it by instituting external distinctions impossible to be maintained between himself and his dependents?—or the inferior's, who, sufficiently advanced to detect the weaknesses of the class above him, though not to cure his own, abjures the blind reverence and obedience of ancient times, without attaining to the higher spirit of this our day—when the law of servitude has been remodelled, elevated, and consecrated by Christianity itself, in the person of its Divine Founder. '*He that is greatest among you, let him be your servant.*'

This recognition of the sanctity of service, through the total and sublime equality on which, in one sense, are thus placed the server and the served, seems the point whereon all minor points ought to turn, and which, in the awful responsibility it imposes on both parties, ought never to be absent from the mind of either; yet it is usually one of the very last things likely to enter there.

To tell Mrs Jones—who yesterday engaged her cook Betty for fourteen pounds a year, having beaten her down from fourteen guineas by a compromise about the beer; and who, after various squabbles, finally turned out pretty Susan, the housemaid, into the ghastly Vanity-fair of London, for gossiping on area steps with divers 'followers'—or the honourable Mrs Browne Browne, who keeps Victorine sitting up till daylight just to undo her mistress's gown, and last week threatened, though she did not dare, to dismiss the fine upper-nurse, because, during the brief minute or two after dessert, when Master Baby appeared, mamma, who rarely sees him at any other time, and never meddles with his education, physical or moral, was shocked to hear from his rosy lips a 'naughty word'—to say to these 'ladies' that the 'women' they employ are of the same feminine flesh and blood, would of course meet nominal assent. But to attempt

to get them to carry that truth out practically—to own that they and their servants are of like passions and feelings, capable of equal elevation or deterioration of character, and amenable to the same moral laws—in fact, all 'sisters' together, accountable both to themselves and to the opposite sex for the influence they mutually exercise over one another, would, I fear, be held simply ridiculous. 'Sisters' indeed! Certainly not, under any circumstances—except when Death, the great Leveller, having permanently interposed, we may safely, over a few spadefuls of earth, venture to acknowledge 'our dear sister here departed.'

I have gone up and down the world a good deal, yet I have scarcely found one household, rich or poor, hard or benevolent, Christian or worldly, aristocratic or democratic, which, however good in outward practice, could be brought to own as a guiding principle, this, which is apparently the New Testament principle with regard to service and servants.

I neither seek to preach nor act equality; of all shams, there is none so vain as the assertion of that which does not, and cannot exist in this world, and which the highest religious and social legislation never supposes possible.

For instance, my cook prepares and sends up dinner. From long practice, she does it a hundred times better than I could do; nay, even takes a pleasure and pride in it, for which I am truly thankful, and sincerely indebted to her too; for a good cook is a household blessing, and no small contributor to health, temper, and enjoyment. Accordingly, I treat her with consideration, and even enter her domains with a certain respectful awe. But I do not invite her to eat her own dinner, or mingle in the society which to me is its most piquant sauce. She was not born to it, nor brought up for it. Good old soul! she would gape at the finest bon-mot, and doze over the most intellectual conversation. She is better left in peace by her kitchen-fire.

Also, though it is a real pleasure to me to watch my neat parlour-maid in and out of the drawing-room, to see by her bright intelligent face that she understands much of whatever talk is going on, and may learn something by it too sometimes; still, I should never think of asking her to take a seat among the guests. Poor little lass! she would be as unhappy and out of place here, as I should be in the noisy Christmas party below stairs, of which she is the very centre of attraction, getting more compliments and misletoe-kisses than I ever got, or wished for, in my whole lifetime. And, by the same rule, though I like to see her prettily dressed, and never scruple to tell her when she sets my teeth on edge by a blue bow on a green-cottee gown, I do not hold it necessary, when she helps me on with my silk one, to condole with her over the mild cotton, or to offer her the use of my toilet and my chaperonage at the conversazione to which I am going, where, in the scores I meet, there may be scarcely my face more pleasant, more kindly, or more necessary to me than her own.

Nevertheless, each is in her station. *Problems* fixed both where they are; and while they thus remain, and, unless either individual is qualified to change, neither has the smallest right to crossing the barrier between them—recognised, perhaps, *being* tacitly than openly by either—but never by any ridiculous assumption of equality denied or set aside. Yet one meeting-point there is—far below, at *least*, all external barriers—the common womanhood in which all share. If anything were to happen to my little maid—if I caught her crying over *father's* letter, or running in, laughing and rosy, after shutting the back gate on—somebody—I am *sure* my heart would warm to her just as much as *mine* never left my name at Buckingham Palace, or to do to a certain Lady there, who *talked*

and goes rides with her little children—apparently a better woman, wife, and mother than nine-tenths of her subjects. Yes; it is here, I think, the only true equality lies—in this recognition of a common nature; to the divinely appointed law of which all external practice is to be referred. Would that both mistresses and servants could be brought to recognise this equality—not as a mere sentimental theory, but as a tangible fact, the foundation and starting-point of all relations between them.

It concerns maids just as much as mistresses; and to them I wish to speak, more especially as among them this Journal circulates largely—at least, I have often found it, hid in table-drawers, and ‘steeling’ about dressers, or pored over of odd evenings when the kitchen was tidy and work was done. All the better: no mental improvement that is compatible with the duties of his or her calling, ought to be forbidden any human being.

I should like, first, to impress upon all women-servants how very much society depends upon them for its wellbeing, physical and moral. I am not afraid of thereby increasing their self-conceit: it is not responsibility, but the want or loss of it, which degrades character. To feel that you can be something, or might be, is often the first step towards becoming it; and I hold it safest, on the whole, to treat people as better than they are, if, perchance, conscience may shame them into being what they are believed, than to check all hope, paralyse all aspiration, and irritate them, by the slow pressure of contemptuous incredulity, into becoming actually as bad as they are supposed to be. Thus, if the young women to whom has fallen the lot of domestic service, of making homes comfortable, and especially of taking care of children, could once be made to feel their own importance as a class—their infinite means of usefulness—I think it would stimulate them into a far higher feeling of self-respect and true respectability, and make them of double value to the community at large.

What do you ‘go to service’ for?—wages of course: all you care for is how much money you can earn, and how easy a place you get for it. Character is likewise indispensable to you; so you seek out good families, and keep in them for a certain length of time. Meanwhile, the most energetic and sensible among you try to learn as much as lies in your way—but only as a means of bettering yourselves. ‘To better yourself’ is usually held a satisfactory reason for quitting the most satisfactory place and the kindest of mistresses.

On the whole, the bond between you and ‘missis’ is a mere bargain—a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence; you do just as much as she exacts, or as you consider your wages justify her in expecting from you—not a particle more. As to rights, privileges, and perquisites, it is not unfrequently either a daily battle or a sort of armed treaty between kitchen and parlour. The latter takes no interest in the former, except to see that you do your work and keep your place; while you on your part, except for gossip or curiosity, are comfortably indifferent to ‘the family.’ You leave or stay just as it suits them, or yourself, get through a prescribed round of work, are tolerably well-behaved, civil, honest—at least in great matters—and tell no lies, or only as many white ones as will answer your purposes. And so you go on, passing from ‘place’ to ‘place,’ resting nowhere, responsible nowhere; sometimes marrying, and dropping into a totally different sphere, but oftener still continuing in the same course from year to year, laying by little enough, either in wages or attachment; yet doing very well, in your own sense, till sickness or old age overtakes you, and then—where are you?

I have read somewhere that in our hospitals and lunatic asylums there is, next to governesses, no class so numerous as that of female domestic servants.

Remember, I am referring not to the lower degrees, but to the respectable among you—those who can always command decent wages and good situations, so long as they are capable of taking them. Of the meaner class, ignorant, stupid, drifted from household to household, from pure incapacity to do or to learn anything, or expelled disgracefully thence for want of (poor wretches, were they ever taught?) a sense of the common moral necessities of society, which objects to the open breach of at least the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth commandments—of these unhappy dregs of your sisterhood, I cannot now venture to speak. I speak of those, born of respectable parents, starting in service with good prospects, able, generally, to read and write, and gifted with sufficient education and intelligence to make them a blessing to themselves and all about them, if their intelligence were not so often degraded into mere ‘sharpness,’ for want of that quality—rare in all classes, but rarest in yours—moral conscientiousness.

Why is it that, especially in large towns, a ‘clever’ servant is almost sure to turn out badly? Why do mistresses complain that, while one can get a decent servant, a good-natured servant, a servant who ‘does her work pretty well, with plenty of looking after,’ a conscientious servant is with difficulty, if at all, to be found?

By conscientious, I mean one who does her duty—that is, the general business of her calling—not merely for wages or a character, or even for the higher motive of ‘pleasing missis,’ but for the highest of all motives—because it is her duty. Because, to cook a dinner, with care and without waste; to keep a house clean and orderly in every corner, seen or not seen; to be scrupulously honest and truthful, in the smallest as in the greatest things; to abstain from pert answers in the parlour, squabbles in the kitchen, and ill-natured tittle-tattle about her fellow-servants or the family—concern not merely her position as a servant, but her conduct and character as a human being, accountable to God as much as the greatest woman that ever was born.

‘Oh, that’s fine talking!’ you may say; ‘but what can I do? what can be expected of me—only a poor servant?’

Only a poor servant! Only a person whom a whole household is obliged to trust, more or less, with its comfort, order, property, respectability, peace, health—I was going to add life; who, in times of sickness or trouble, knows more of its secrets than nearest acquaintance; who is aware of all its domestic weaknesses, faults, and vexations; to whom the ‘skeleton’ said to be in every house must necessarily be a thing guessed at, if not only too familiar; on whom master, mistress, children, and friend must be daily dependent for numerous small comforts and attentions, scarcely known, perhaps, until they are missed. Only a poor servant! Why, no living creature has more opportunity of doing good or evil, and becoming to others either a blessing or a curse, than a ‘poor servant!’

Not if she is a mere bird of passage, flitting from roof to roof, indifferent to everything save what she may pick up to feather her nest with by the way. Not if she starts with the notion that ‘missis’ and she are to be always at war, or on the alert against mutual encroachments, anxious only which can get the most out of the other. Not if she takes to fawning and flattering, humouring her mistress’s weak points, and laughing at her behind her back, betraying the follies or misfortunes of one household into another; carrying on a regular system of double-faced hypocrisy, and fancying she is getting her revenge, and degrading her injurers, when, in fact, she more, much more, degrades herself.

These are the things which make servants despised; not because they are servants, but because the most

of them, if they assume any moral standard at all, hold one so far below that of the class above them, that this class learns to regard and treat them as an inferior order of beings.

'What can you expect from a servant?' said to me a lady with whom I often used to argue the matter—a good and noble-minded woman, too, among whose few prejudices was this, fixed and immutable, against the whole race of domestics.

What do I expect from a servant? Why, precisely what I exact from myself—the same honesty of word and act, the same chastity and decency of behaviour, self-government in temper and speech, and propriety of dress and manner according to our respective stations.

Therefore, in any disputed point, I, as being probably the more educated, older, if not wiser of the two, feel bound as much as possible to put myself in her place, to try and understand her feelings and character, before I judge her, or legislate for her. I try in all things to set her an example to follow, rather than abuse her for faults and failings, which she has sense enough to see I am just as liable to as she. I would rather help her in the right way, than drive her into it, whip in hand, and take another road myself. Reprove, I ought, and will, as often as she requires it; but reproof is one thing, scolding another: she should never see that I find fault merely from bad temper, or for the pleasure (?) of scolding. Authority I must have: it is for her good as well as mine that there should be only one mistress in the house, to whom obedience must be implicitly rendered, and whose domestic regulations will admit of no idleness, carelessness, or irregularity; but I would scorn to use my authority unjustly, or wantonly, or unkindly, simply for the sake of asserting it. If it is worth anything in itself, she will soon learn that it is not to be disputed.

And generally, rule, order, and even fair reproof, are among the last things that servants complain of. Selfishness, stinginess, want of consideration for others, are much oftener the fruitful source of all kinds of domestic rebellion, or the distrust which is worse than any open fight—the sense of gnawing injustice which destroys all respect and attachment between 'upstairs' and 'downstairs.'

And yet the servant is often very unjust too. Cook, who has only to dress the dinner, and neither to work for it nor pay for it, turns up her nose at missis's 'meanness' and displeasure at waste or extravagance—cook, who, if any crash came, has only to look out for another place; while missis has her five children, whose little mouths must be filled, and little bodies must be clothed, and 'master,' whom it breaks her heart to see coming in from the City, haggard, tired, and cross—a crossness he cannot help, poor man!—or sitting down with a pitiful patience, sick and sad, almost wishing, save for her and the children, that he could lay his head on her shoulder and die! What does cook in the kitchen, fat and comfortable, know of all these things—of the agonised struggle for position and character—nay, mere bread—which makes the days and nights of thousands of the professional classes one long battle for life?

Also, the pretty housemaid, who has her regular work and periodical holiday, with her 'young man' coming faithfully on Sundays, about whom, should he turn out false, she rarely makes a fuss, but quickly takes up with another; she being essentially practical, and mental suffering being happily out of her line. Little she guesses of all the conflicts, torments, and endurance which fall to the lot of natures whom a different cultivation, if not a finer organisation, has rendered more alive to another sort of trouble—that anguish of spirit which is worse than any bodily pain. Little she knows, when she comes in singing to dust

the parlour, of many a cruel scene transacted there; or of many an hour of mortal agony, bitter as death, yet sharpened by the full consciousness of youth and life, spent in the pretty room, outside which she grumbles so, because 'miss will keep her door locked, and it'll be dinner-time afore ever a body can get the beds made!'

Servants should make allowance for these things, and many more which they neither know nor understand. They should respect, not out of blind subservience, but mere common sense, the great difference which their narrower education and mode of thought often places between them and 'the family,' in its pleasures, tastes, and necessities, and, above all, in its sufferings. This difference must exist: in the happy homes, cares and anxieties must be for ever arising like sea-waves, to be breasted or avoided, or dashed against and broken, as may be; and against these the servant must bear her part as well as the mistress. But it is, and ought to be, something to know how often a word or look of respectful sympathy, a quick little attention, an unofficial observance of one's comfort in trifles, will, in times of trouble, go direct to the mistress's heart, with a soothing influence of which the servant has not the slightest idea, and which is never afterwards forgotten. 'Better is a friend that is near than a brother afar off'; and better, many a time, is the silent kindness of some domestic who, from long familiarity, understands one's peculiarities, than the sympathy of many an outside friend who only rubs against one's angles, sharpened by sickness or pain, and often, unintentionally, hurts more by futile comforting than by total neglect.

A word on one branch of female service, undervalued the most important of all—the care and management of children.

I have always, from fond experience, held that child to be the happiest who never had a nursery-maid—only a mother. But this lot is too felicitous to fall to many, and perhaps, after all, would not be in reality so Utopian as in idea—particularly to the mother. So let us grant hired nurses to be a natural necessity of civilisation.

Poor things—they certainly need consideration, for they have much to bear. Children are charming in the abstract; but one sometimes sees the pretty cherubs of the drawing-room the little fiends of the nursery, exhibiting, almost before they can speak, passions which would tempt one to believe in original sin, did not education commence with existence. And whatever the mysterious law of sin may be that Adam made us liable for, it is possible to bring even babes under the dominion of that law of love—given by the Second Adam—to Whom little children come. And how? By practising it ourselves.

Ay; making allowance for the necessary shortcomings of all young things, just entered on the experience of life, from kittens to boys, the fault being much the least troublesome of the two, never once knew or heard of a case of irreformation. 'Naughty' children, in regard to whom parents, nurses, or both, were not originally and principally to blame. I never saw a fretful, sullen girl, who had not been made so by selfishness and ill-treatment the part of others, or by tantalising restrictions which compelled submission, hard enough at any time, especially in childhood; or a passionate, mischievous boy, who had not first had the Cain-like spark kindled into him by some taunting voice or unjust rebuke—not a baby-hand; teaching him that what he did he might do, and that the blow he meant to give was exactly the same sort of pain, and of the same spirit, as that he delighted to inflict on his brother, feeling out of his fierce little heart that this was the sole consolation left him for his half-sister's but intolerable wrongs.

Does ever any man or woman remember the feeling of being 'whipped'—as a child—the fierce anger, the insupportable ignominy, the longing for revenge, which blotted out all thought of contrition for the fault in rebellion against the punishment? With this recollection on their own parts, I can hardly suppose any parents venturing to inflict it—certainly not allowing its infliction by another under any circumstances whatever. A nurse-maid or domestic of any sort, once discovered to have lifted up her hand against a child, ought to meet instant severe rebuke, and, on a repetition of the offence, instant dismissal.

A firm will the nurse must have—which the child will obey, knowing it must be obeyed; but it should be with her no less than with the parents, a loving will always. I will not suppose any young woman so mean and cowardly as to wreak her whims and tempers, or those of her mistress, on the helpless little sinner, who, however annoying, is after all such a very small sinner. I cannot believe she will find it so very hard to love the said sinner, who clings about her helplessly night and day, in the total dependence that of itself produces love. And surely, remembering her own childhood and its events—such nothings now, of such vast moment then, its unjust punishments, unremedied wrongs, and harshly exacted sacrifices—things which in their results may have affected her temper for years, and even yet are forgotten—she will strive as much as possible to put herself in her nursing's place, to look at the world from his point of view, and never, as people often do, to expect from him a degree of perfection which one rarely finds even in a grown person; above all, never to expect from him anything that she does not practise herself.

It will be seen that I hold this law of kindness as the Alpha and Omega of education. I once asked one—in his own house a father in everything but the name, his authority unquestioned, his least word held in reverence, his smallest wish obeyed—'How did you ever manage to bring up these children?' He said: 'By love.'

That is the question. It is because people have so little love in them, so little purity and truth, self-control and self-denial, that they make such frightful errors in the bringing up of children. When I go from home to home of the middle classes, and see the sort of rule or misrule there, the countless evil influences, physical and spiritual, against which children have to struggle, I declare I often wonder that in the rising generation there are half-a-dozen good men and women. And when I glance down the Times column of 'Want Places,' and speculate how few of these 'nurses,' upper and under 'girls,' and 'nursery-maids,' have the smallest knowledge of their responsibility, or care about fulfilling it, my wonder is that the new generation should grow up to manhood and womanhood at all.

This responsibility—if the nurse ever reflects on it—how awful it is! To think that whatever the man may become, learned and great, worldly or wicked, he is at present only the child, courting her smile and coming to her for kisses, or hiding from her frown and sobbing on her neck, 'I will be good, I will be good!' That be she old or young, clever or ignorant, ugly or pretty, she has, next to the mother—sometimes before the mother, though that is a sad thing to see—this all-powerful influence over him, stronger than any he will afterwards allow or own. That it rests with herself how she uses it, whether wisely and tenderly, for the guidance and softening of his nature, or harshly and capriciously, after a fashion which may harden and brutalise him, and make him virtually disbelieve in love and goodness for the remainder of his existence.

Truly, in this hard world, which they must only too soon be thrust into, it is more essential even for boys than girls that, in the dawn of life, while women solely have the management of them, they should be accus-

tomed to this law of love—love paramount and never ceasing, clearly discernible in the midst of restraint, reproof, and even punishment—love that tries to be always as just as it is tender, and never exercises one of its rights for its own pleasure and good, but for the child's. To the nurse, unto whom it does not come by instinct, as it does to parents, the practice of it may be difficult—very difficult—but God forbid it should be impossible.

And what a reward there is in this, beyond any form of service—to a woman. Respect and gratitude of parents; consideration from all in the house; affection, fresh, full, and free, and sweet as only a child's love can be. Trying as the nurse-maid's life is, countless as are her vexations and pains, how many a childless wife or solitary old-maid has envied her, playing at romps for kisses, deafened with ever-sounding rills of delicious laughter all day, and lying down at night with a soft sleepy thing breathing at her side, or wakened of a morning with two little arms tight round her neck, smotheringly expressing a wealth of love that kingdoms could not buy.

And when she grows an old woman, if, as often happens to domestic servants, she does not marry, but remains in service all her life, it must be her own fault if nurse's position is not an exceedingly happy and honoured one. Not perhaps, in our modern times, after the fashion of her order in novels and plays—from *Juliet's* nurse downwards—but still abounding in comfort and respect. Most likely, she still lives in the family—anyhow, it will be strange if her grown-up 'children' do not now and then come and see her, to gossip over those old times which, the further we leave them behind, grow the more precious. In time these children's children—with their other parent, who knew not nurse, and whom nurse still views with rather suspicious curiosity—come and chatter to her, eager to hear all about 'pa' or 'ma'; how 'ma' looked when she was a little baby; whether 'pa' was a good boy or a naughty boy, some thirty odd years ago. And—a remarkable moral fact!—the chances are that 'pa' will gravely confess to the latter; while old nurse, seeing all things through the softening glass of time, will protest that neither he nor any of the children ever gave her the least trouble since they were born!

I have said a good deal, and yet it seems as if I had almost left the subject where I found it, it is so wide. Let me end it in words, which, coming into my mind now, transcend all mine, and yet, I trust, have been made the foundation of them, in which case I need not fear. Words, open alike to master and servant—studied by how few, yet in which lies the only law of life for all:

'Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God: And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the REWARD.'

BURLINGTON HOUSE—THE NEW HOME OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

IN 1780 the government allotted certain apartments in Somerset House for the use of the Royal Society. The architect, Sir William Chambers, had just completed his task; and the Society, entering into occupation of rooms with bare unplastered walls, fitted them up with suitable book-cases for their valuable library, and arranged the largest as a meeting-room. It was their sixth remove: twice the number which, according to the proverb, suffices for utter ruin. They, however, remained in occupation for seventy-six years, and flourished withal. Many a student, many a savant and philosopher, remembers with something like affection, that third door on the left, under the gateway leading from the Strand. It has opened to admit men

whose names stand foremost in the scientific annals of the present century. Heavy Sir Joseph Banks, carried in a chair by four strong men to preside at meetings of the Society; Davy, flushed with pride at having been elected to succeed the heavy baronet as president; Wollaston, among distinguished men perhaps the cleverest; and Herschel, Faraday, and many others living and dead. That memorable door no longer opens to science; she has migrated with her votaries a mile further away from the city.

Some persons have thought that the Society was too highly favoured by a grant of free quarters in the palatial edifice. But though the rooms were free, the windows were not, and window-tax was always exacted and paid. Moreover, the Society have always been the scientific advisers of the government: whenever an opinion has been asked, committees have been appointed, who spared no pains to make their reply worthy of the Society's reputation, and thereby of the nation's—drawing up reports or giving the very best advice gratuitously. At present, besides giving gratuitous opinions, the Society undertake the administration of £1000 voted by parliament every year for the promotion of science.

The impulse given of late towards improvements in the civil service, and an outcry for more room from the registrar-general, the Inland Revenue, and some other departments, set the authorities thinking that it would be desirable to take possession of all the rooms occupied by scientific societies in Somerset House, and convert them into offices. The Royal Society had long been straitened for room for their increasing library; hence, when my lords of the Treasury offered more spacious quarters in Burlington House, the offer was, after due consideration, accepted. Three other societies refused the offer, and are now 'sorry for it.' We have, however, heard a rumour that the house will be wanted some day for Prince Alfred: if it be true, the societies will have to undergo another removal.

We may here take the opportunity of correcting a misapprehension that prevails in some quarters—even in the House of Commons—as to the case of the scientific societies and the government. The Royal Society, from their origin in the reign of Charles II., have always been self-supporting: government has never done more for them than to find house-room, and that only since 1780. The Society have neither been fostered nor enfeebled by votes of money from the public purse for their own uses; they have always paid their way like honest savans, which is one of the reasons why the significant F.R.S. has become the first scientific distinction in the world. Of the annual grant of £1000, which was first voted seven years ago, when Lord John Russell was minister, not one penny has been applied by the Society to their own purposes. They act but as stewards of the sums, apportioning them in such ways as will best advance the ends of science—helping earnest inquirers whose circumstances are inadequate to the cost of experiments; at times, printing valuable observations, which, but for this aid, would have remained unpublished.

But to come to the subject expressed in the title of the present paper. If you have ever sauntered westward along Piccadilly, you will not have failed to notice a high sullen wall abutting on that pretentious lounge—Burlington Arcade. It is relieved by three gateways—two for show, one for use—which, up to within the past three years, were opened as seldom as a miser's strong box. But times have changed; the middle gate now stands open—that is, from ten to four on six days of the week—the three acres behind the wall, and the buildings thereupon, have become public property, and the public, taking advantage of the open gate, step in from time to time to see what has been bought with their money.

On entering, you see a spacious court-yard, not very well paved; at one end, a mansion built of stone, with two wings; at the other, a crescent-formed colonnade, cut in two by the main gateway. The principal front has a rustic basement, projecting ends, pilastered columns in the centre, all finished above by an entablature and balustrade. As for the wings, they are about as picturesque as bits of Gower Street would be planted on the same spot; and if you are perfectly sane on matters of art, you will not find cause for any very rapturous emotion, look to whatever side of the court-yard you may.

The east wing is occupied by the London University; the west wing—formerly the kitchen—has been converted into a hall of noble proportions, in which the Royal Society hold their evening meetings, and the university their examinations and annual gatherings, to confer degrees, and so forth. Government, too, have just had a fortnight's use of it, for examinations under the War Department. The main building is the new home of three scientific societies: the Royal and Linnean on the first floor, which comprises the state apartments; the Chemical on the ground-floor. The Linneans have also a room—for their museum—on the ground-floor; other parts of the building are tenanted by the assistant-secretaries. All the expense of removal, of furnishing and fitting up the rooms, and laying on gas, has been borne by the several societies; house-room and water only being given by the government.

The library and collections of the Linnean Society make a better show than in their late quarters, the gloomy old house in Soho Square. The shabby-looking books which belonged to Linnæus himself, and the ungraceful cases in which he kept his herbarium, are now preserved in a handsome glass-case in the Society's principal room—what was formerly the great ball-room—along with their library and some other collections. To the Linneans, the removal is a great benefit; for the heavy sum which they have hitherto had to pay as rent, will now become available for the printing of *Transactions*, and the promotion of their special science generally.

The same may be said of the Chemical Society; instead of paying rent, as they had to do in Cavendish Square, they will now have a fund to defray the cost of patient researches and astonishing experiments. They have fitted up their meeting-room with the seats from the Royal Society's meeting-room at Somerset House; and talking of these seats, we are reminded of a little matter of testimony in their history. On removing them from the place where they had been fixed for so many years, there was seen chalked on the floor underneath: *Billy Wilson, Richd. Sides, Silly Thos. Tool, and Robt. Thompson laid these seats in the year of our Lord 1780.* Henceforth, the three societies will meet on the same evening, Thursday, so that when business is concluded, they may all come together in the Royal Society's Lower Library for their cup of tea and friendly gossip, and so establish a series of *conversazioni* from November to June.

Besides the Lower Library above mentioned, the Royal Society have rearranged the chief portion of their library in six rooms on the first floor. You approach by a broad stair, in a well-lighted hall, of which the walls and ceiling are decorated by pictures from the pencil of Sebastian Ricci. In the paintings on the walls, the figures are life-size: a goddess, *Venus*, drawn in a car by wonderful swimming *Attendants* by gleesome maidens and flying *boys* on the side; on the other, *Diana* and her nymphs. The latter, which is painted with considerable *skill*, inspired a *mot* worthy of preservation. A *happening* to remark that he thought the *scene* loose, a learned professor who stood by, *admired* for his ready wit and mastery of science, *replied*

don't know about the canvas, but we see the subject is loose.'

The four front rooms occupied by the Royal Society are all built with coved ceilings, set off by mouldings and cornices richly carved and gilt. The saloon, the first room entered from the stair, is panelled in high relief, with carved figures over the door-heads, and shews on its ceiling a large picture, painted by Sir James Thornhill. The pictures on the other three ceilings are by Ricci, though whether Sebastian or his nephew Marco had the greater share in their execution is not easy to decide. It was Sebastian Ricci who painted the *Ascension* in the cupola of Chelsea Hospital, and the pictures on the staircase of Montague House—late the British Museum; and it is said of him that he left England in a pet because Sir James Thornhill was employed to paint the dome of St Paul's.

In the rear of the main building lies a large plot of ground enclosed by the walls of the Albany, Burlington Arcade, and of the street known as Burlington Gardens. A terrace, bordered by a double row of stately elms, stretches along three sides; the fourth is shut in by the very sombre back-front of the house itself. Broad grass-plots, divided by a gravelled walk, cover the area between the terraces; and what with the ample foliage of the trees, and the spread of verdure, the place is refreshing to the eye of a Londoner. The bachelors of the Albany wanted to enjoy it; and when government bought Burlington House, one or two of them knocked down the brick screens which shut out from their windows everything except a little daylight. But their enjoyment was cut short by a peremptory order from the Board of Works for the replacing of the envious screens within twenty-four hours. On the Burlington Arcade side, not a window, not a crevice permits curious folk to peep. Only from the street at the end can any view of the grounds be obtained by outsiders. Uxbridge House—now the Western Branch of the Bank of England—is one among those privileged to look down on the philosophers and savans as they saunter up and down under the shade of the trees. It is already classic ground hereabouts, and no detriment will accrue from the new associations. There, in the rear, lived Gay under Queensberry's ducal roof; Akenside resided in Old Burlington Street; there, in Cork Street, is the house which the old Earl of Burlington built for General Wade—a house of which some one said: 'It was too small to live in, and too big to hang to a watch-chain.' And had we space, we might record other reminiscences.

But now for a few words concerning the house itself. Pepys, the ever-memorable, says in his *Diary*, under date September 1668: 'To my Lord Burlington's house; the first time I ever was there, it being the house built by Sir J. Denham next to Clarendon House.' The Sir John Denham here alluded to holds a place among English poets as the author of *Cooper's Hill* and some other poems; he was surveyor of royal palaces and buildings; and it is supposed that he built the house for the earl, and not for himself. Be this as it may, it can hardly be true that the earl said 'he built on this spot, as no one would ever build beyond him; for other houses, noble and plebeian, were then actually built to the west, or in course of erection. However, Richard Boyle, the next Earl of Burlington, was an architect, who had, as Walpole says, 'every quality of a genius and artist except envy,' and he befriended architects, and aided liberally in the publication of architectural designs. He built a new front to the house mentioned by Pepys, in 1717, and in the following year the colonnade, gateway, and screen-wall. Walpole goes into raptures over this colonnade. The earl had invited him to a ball, and arriving at night, he saw nothing while crossing the court-yard; but 'at daybreak,' as he writes, 'looking out of the

windows to see the sun rise, I was surprised with the vision of the colonnade that fronted me. It seemed one of those edifices in fairy tales that are raised by genii in a night-time.' Walpole could hardly have slept off the effects of the ball, or else he wished to flatter his noble friend.

Sir William Chambers, again, remarking on the way in which the aristocracy of London hid their palaces behind dead-walls, as nuns and friars did their convents, says, referring to the wall of Burlington House: 'Few in this vast city suspect, I believe, that behind an old brick wall in Piccadilly, there is one of the finest pieces of architecture in Europe.'

And we find Gay repeating similar opinions. In a passage of his *Trivia*, he writes:

Burlington's fair palace still remains,
Beauty within—without proportion reigns;
Beneath his eye declining art revives,
The wall with animated pictures lives.
There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein:
There oft I enter—but with cleaner shoes,
For Burlington's beloved by every Muse.

An unsophisticated spectator would come to a different conclusion, and lament that second-rate effects should have been produced on a site possessed of first-rate capabilities.

Gay's allusion to Handel arises from the fact of the great musician having lived three years in the house: it was, moreover, the residence of the Duke of Portland while he was minister; and the place is connected with political history by yet another incident—Sir Samuel Romilly once addressed the electors of Westminster in the court-yard.

One of Hogarth's prints, the *Man of Taste*, contains a view of Burlington House, concerning which Mr Peter Cunningham remarks, that 'it represents Kent (the architect) on the summit in his threefold capacity of painter, sculptor, and architect, flourishing his pallet and pencils over the heads of his astonished supporters, Michael Angelo and Raphael. On a scaffold, a little lower down, Pope stands, whitewashing the front; and while he makes the pilasters of the gateway clean, his wet brush bespatters the Duke of Chandos, who is passing by; Lord Burlington serves the poet in the capacity of a labourer; and the date of the print is 1731.'

That same 'old brick wall' has borne many a shot of late from paper artillery and from parliamentary artillery too. Sundry energetic individuals have demanded its demolition in the *Times*, to say nothing of other papers; and not longer ago than the 19th of June last, certain members of the House of Commons talked 'Bunkum' with like purport. The wall ought to come down, and forthwith! If it did come down, we venture to say that nobody would be gratified, not even the members aforesaid; for the scene to be revealed would be an uninteresting view of the back of the colonnade, of an old coach-house and stables, of the hinder appurtenances of the porter's lodge, and of some other places resorted to by students when up for their examination.

The earl died, and the title with him, in 1735, and Burlington House became the property of the Duke of Devonshire. There was talk of pulling it down about fifty years ago; but Lord George Cavendish bought it, and made considerable alterations, employing Samuel Ware as architect. He 'took down,' says Britton, 'and rebuilt the whole house, except the front elevation and some rooms connected with it.' He restored the terraces and steps in the grounds behind, and converted the east wing, which had been a riding-house and stables, into a dwelling for a portion of the household. In 1819, he built Burlington Arcade, and got a rental of £4000 a year for that double row of

badly ventilated shops. This amount, as we have heard, is increased by sub-letting to L.8000. Among the tenants there is one who pays L.176 a year, and another L.195 each for his one little shop.

One thing Lord George did not do—build wholesome habitations for his servants; for anything more dismal than the underground apartments cannot well be imagined. That any domestics should ever have consented to pass their days therein, is a marvel; but now there is a change. The Board of Works, by a small outlay, have turned the dungeons into habitable rooms.

The Cavendish family retained possession till about three years ago, when they sold the Burlington House estate to government for L.140,000. The house stood empty for a few months; then an exhibition of drawings and paintings, and another of designs for cavalry-barracks were held in it; then, to make room for the registrar-general, the university was transferred from Somerset House to Burlington House. In 1856, the Royal Society, as already stated, accepted the offer of a home further west; preparations for their reception were commenced; the university was shifted once more into the east wing; and in May of this year the Royals held their first meeting in the new hall; and there we leave them in occupation of their new home, with our best wishes for harmonious action with their fellow-lodgers, and that they may continue to advance science, and advocate her claims as worthily and as independently as heretofore.

It was during the long vacation of 1856, while repairs were going on, and before the societies entered into occupation, that an incident occurred, with which it seems to us good to close our article on Burlington House. The reader must be good enough to imagine a certain porter who was on duty at the time, giving an account of it to a certain professor.

'Sir,' says the porter, 'there came in a briek-looking oldish gentleman, with a sprig in his mouth; and seeing him look about, I made bold to go up to him and ask his name.

"My name is Lord Palmerston. Who are you?"

"The porter of the —, my lord;" and I made his lordship a bow.

"The very man I want to see. Come and shew me over the house."

"So," continues the porter to the professor, "I went, sir, as his lordship asked, and shewed him the house, and told him which rooms was for the Royal Society, which for the Linnean Society, and which for the Chemical Society. And his lordship asked a good many questions, and seemed to want to know all about the societies, and I answered him as well as I was able. And so, after we had been all over the house, his lordship wanted to go out into the grounds behind, and I unlocked the door, and his lordship walked about and asked more questions; and then he talked about the societies again, and he said: "What is the Linnean Society? What do they do?"

"And his lordship didn't know, sir, nor I didn't know!"

VERY LIKE A WHALE.

ONE of the greatest luxuries we possess in these luxurious days, is the power of enjoying the startling novelty, exciting adventure, and magnificent scenery of foreign climes, without stirring from the comfortable arm-chair in our library, or, at all events, without greater exertion than is necessary to obtain possession of the well-padded stall of some exhibition-room in Piccadilly or Leicester Square. In this way, with the assistance of Mr Burford, we witnessed the capture of the Malakoff, and were present at the Moscow coronation. In this way, we have ascended Mont Blanc with the facetious Albert Smith, and slain lions and hippopotami in company with the adventurous Gordon Cumming. With Dr Livingstone, we

have explored the interior of Africa; and, disguised as true and mahogany-coloured followers of the Prophet, we have penetrated with Captain Burton to Mecca and Medina. Through the instrumentality of the Abbe Huc, we have made the acquaintance of those ridiculous Chinese; we have got very near the North Pole with Dr Armstrong; we have journeyed round the world with Madame Pfeiffer—in fact, there is not a spot on the face of the globe that has been described by book, lecture, or panorama, that we have not visited, and do not know almost as much about as the authors, lecturers, and artists themselves.

In the course of these sedentary wanderings, there are certain favourite scenes and incidents that we have seen with our mind's eye on so many occasions, that they have become as familiar to us as if we had actually witnessed them. They appear to be standard subjects that age cannot wither, and whose infinite variety custom cannot stale. For instance, how often, as we have been sitting before our fire with our legs up on a chair, have we felt awestruck and insignificant as we gazed upon the glories of Niagara. How many times on a cold December night, with the curtains comfortably drawn, and the kettle singing cheerily on the hob, have we, panting with heat and blinded by the glare of the desert sun, been assisted by semi-nude Arabs up the steps of the Great Pyramid, and drank imaginary bottled beer when we got to the top; and, to come to the subject more particularly in hand, how often, as we indolently lounged in our dressing-gown and slippers, on our favourite sofa, have we thoroughly enjoyed all the dangers and excitements of whale-fishing.

It is related of Colonel W——, the historian of British India, that when he was told that the author of *Lalla Rookh* had never been in the East, he said: 'Well, that shews me that reading D'Herbelot is as good as riding on a camel.' On the same principle, there are few readers who, by studying Herman Melville's volumes, and other works of the same oleaginous nature, are not as well acquainted with the *modus operandi* of capturing a whale, from the cry of 'There she spouts!' of the man in the cross-tree, to the stripping off the blubber at the ship's side, and boiling it down in the ship's coppers, as if they had spent the greater part of their lives cruising about the Arctic Ocean with harpoons in their hands. Supposing the reader, therefore, to be theoretically a first-rate whale-fisher, I shall not waste time and paper by dilating on the perils of icebergs, of boats set fire to by the friction of the rope, or stove in by the monster's tail, or any other of the moving accidents and hair-breadth 'escapes incidental to this most exciting of pursuits, but shall come at once to what I consider its antithesis—namely, duck-hunting.

No reader of this Journal, it is to be hoped, has ever been present at a duck-hunt. It is a barbarous exhibition, although not a bit more cruel than fox-hunting, or any other sport in which a poor defenceless animal struggles gallantly for its life, till from sheer exhaustion it falls an easy victim to its relentless persecutors. The only difference between them is, that the fox has the honour of being chased to death by well-bred hounds with sleek dappled coats, and well-mounted gentlemen in red ones, while the instrument of the duck's destruction are generally ragged dogs and a scrubby terrier. The first, therefore, is a stately and noble sport, belauded by poets and followed by all the high and mighty in the land; and the latter is, equally as a matter of course, a low and disgusting pursuit, for which the young rascals engaged in it ought to be well whipped, and their ears boxed.

The essentials for duck-hunting are—a good old pond, a tough old maltard, an accomplished dog, and boys ad libitum. If the duck is clumsy enough to dive when the dog makes a snap at him, he is caught;

if not, he is caught. Generally, though for a few minutes he may avoid the terrier, his sojourns under water get short by degrees and ominously less, till at last he falls a victim to what may be literally called the dogged determination of his canine pursuer. There is but one chance in his favour, namely, the apparition of that modern *rara avis in terra*, a policeman, or of some individual with humane feelings and a thick stick. Occasionally, also, a duck owes his life to his own powers of endurance, shewing such good sport, that, like the hunted stag, he is saved for another time.

As a sport, duck-hunting in many points bears a strong resemblance to coursing. In each, the dogs hunt by sight, the human—or, as some would say, the inhuman—owners being only spectators, assisting their animals in the one case by finding the game; in the other, by preventing its escape by flight from the pond. The conduct of the hare and the duck under pursuit are also very similar. The hare lies like a stone till she is almost kicked up; and the duck does not dive till the nose of the terrier almost touches his tail. The instinct of self-preservation teaches both to place themselves under circumstances most favourable to their peculiar conformation: the hare takes to the hills, where her long hind-legs give her a better chance of escape; and the duck dives under water, where, for a certain time, he is perfectly in his element, and safe from pursuit. The astonishment of the great bounding greyhound when he finds himself unable to pull up, and going several yards beyond the point where the hare has doubled, is only equalled by the puzzled look of the terrier when the duck disappears from out of his very jaws, and he gazes helplessly round in doubt as to where his prey will make its reappearance. To finish the parallel—both hare and duck eventually arrive at the same destination, each being only rescued from the jaws of the dog, that he may, at a later period, find employment for the jaws of his master.

The analogy between duck-hunting and whale-fishing is, however, even more striking. The same mode of escape—the same necessity for occasional respiration on the part of the victim—the same exciting uncertainty as to where the next appearance will be, form the characteristics of each pursuit. In fact, as popping at sparrows and slaughtering elephants may be considered as the two extremes of terra-firma shooting, so hunting a duck and chasing a whale may be termed the alpha and omega of aquatic sport. There is an amusement, however, common on the Lake of Geneva, called *la chasse du grêbe*, that partakes of the qualities of each, and forms a connecting-link between them: it is the comparative, of which they are the positive and superlative. I shall therefore conclude this paper with a short account of grebe-shooting, which was indeed the principal object with which I commenced it: its having degenerated into a dissertation on duck-hunting was purely accidental; and accidents, as every one knows, will happen in the best regulated articles.

The grebe is a handsome swimming bird with a fine crest, that gives him the appearance of having had his own head cut off, and one belonging to a much larger individual substituted. He seldom flies, and his pedestrian powers are so inconsiderable as to be hardly worth mentioning, negative qualities in which he resembles the duck, and which render him peculiarly applicable for the sport I am about to describe. He is not prized for his flesh, which is coarse and fishy, but, like the whale, he contributes in another way to the wants of man, or rather woman, as his skin, which fetches from six to ten francs, is made into muffs, tip-pats, and other articles of feminine attire. No particular day is mentioned in the Swiss almanacs as that on which 'grebe-shooting commences;' but autumn is

the season when the largest bags are made. Four is the golden number for the shooting-party, from which no deviation must be allowed; and to give some sort of *vraisemblance* to our description, let us suppose the expedition planned, and the party to consist of those well-known continental travellers, Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson. They have been stopping at Lausanne, and, with the love of sport inherent in Englishmen, determine to have a day's grebe-shooting. In pursuance of this laudable resolution, they hire a boat for the day; and in illustration of another pleasing trait in the English character, lay in a stock of provisions sufficient to last them a week.

Everything being ready, they shove off with a full determination of bringing back a large bag of grebes. They could not have a better day. The lake is without a ripple; the sky as blue as London milk; and the air as clear as Thames water, after it has been filtered. The southerly wind and cloudy sky so prized by fox-hunters, would prove totally destructive to the hopes of the grebe-shooter. A frost could not be more annoying to the former, than any mist or thickness of the atmosphere to the latter. By the direction of the rowers, who are accustomed to the sport, our heroes—each, as a matter of course, with a cigar in his mouth—distribute themselves *en règle* thus: Robinson, being rather stout, establishes himself in the stern; Jones occupies the bow; and Smith and Brown take their stations on the quarters; so that on whichever side the unfortunate bird may appear, he will be sure to hear a shower of No. 1 shot pattering round him. The necessity of first catching your hare is enforced by the sagacious Mrs Glasse, as an essential preliminary to cooking him; and in the same way, 'first find your grebe' is a rule that must invariably be observed previous to shooting him. For this purpose, the surface of the lake is eagerly scanned in all directions, through pocket-telescopes and double-barrelled opera-glasses. Brown is the first to catch sight of game; and Robinson, after staring intently for some minutes through his ivory *lorgnette*, confirms the discovery. The boatmen are directed to row in the direction of the supposed grebe.

'What a magnificent fellow!' exclaims Robinson, whose face glows like a peony with heat and excitement. 'He's as black as a coal.'

'But he dothn't seem to move,' says Smith, who lips and drops his r's. 'I thought gebes dived.'

'He'll dive fast enough presently,' replies Robinson, who is standing up in the stern with his gun ready, although the quarry is a mile off.

'I say, mind how you shoot,' says Jones, in the bow, as he looks nervously round at his friends' guns, which are pointing so, that were they to go off, Robinson's would deposit a charge in the small of his back, and Smith's and Brown's shave off his whiskers. 'Keep your muzzles up, can't you?'

'Do you know,' said Smith, looking intently through his glass—'I don't think it's a gebe, after all. It hathn't got any head.'

'It's asleep, perhaps,' replied Robinson, getting ready for a sitting shot.

'Why, it's an old hat!' cried Jones in disgust, when they had got near enough to a black object floating motionless in the water, to distinguish its real nature.

Brown, the original discoverer of the hat, is of course well abused for having led them such a wild-geese chase; and the quartette, to make up for their disappointment, have recourse to that potent consolation to the youthful Briton, pale ale. Presently a real Simon Pure is sighted, with his brown coat and white under-garments shining in the sun like satin, and a bright chestnut-coloured crest hanging down his neck like the back-hair of a lady with auburn locks when it is undergoing the operation of being brushed. This time the sportsmen place themselves under the

direction of the head-boatman, whose advice, in the excitement of the hat-chase, they had previously scorned. Silence is enjoined, and an agreement entered into between the shooters that, for fear of accidents, only one shot shall be fired at a time, and that one is to be by the individual nearest the bird. This rule is, of course, broken on the very first opportunity, when all four blaze away at the game, in utter recklessness of consequences. This does not happen, however, for some time. At first, on being approached, the grebe is wild, and dives a long way out of distance. The boatmen, judging from the direction he takes, row to the spot where they expect he will reappear. He is too cunning for them, however, and comes to the surface some hundred yards from where they had calculated to see him. Away they go in pursuit; but long before the eager gunners can get within shot, down goes his head, up goes his tail, and away he paddles on his subaqueous expedition, to come up again to breathe in a more unexpected quarter than ever. Perseverance is at length rewarded, and the rowers make a lucky cast. The grebe ascends within twenty yards of the boat, but finding his mistake, hey, presto! he is down again like lightning; and the only result, caused by the contents of four barrels fired recklessly in his direction, is a very near approach to the capsize of the boat, and a few bubbles floating on the surface of the water. Unfortunately for the poor bird, his respiratory organs are so constituted that an occasional mouthful of fresh air is one of the necessities of his existence, and his late summary proceeding obliges him to expose himself again before he can get out of range. A severe peppering is the consequence; but he is still so active, that a white tail in the act of disappearing is the only mark he presents to the random shots of the excited sportsmen. The contest, however, is too unequal to last. Tired and wounded, the grebe's attempts to escape become more and more feeble, till, after repeated volleys, a lucky shot administers the *coup de grâce*, and the party in the boat sit down to luncheon.

Having seen them bag one bird, it is not necessary to follow them any further on their aquatic expedition. Their subsequent achievements may be briefly expressed by the musical term *da capo*, a phrase which I have been given to understand is synonymous with the English one of 'ditto repeated.'

My object is gained if I have made good my title, and proved to everybody's satisfaction, that the Lake of Geneva and the Arctic Ocean are in some respects similar; and that the grebe—to say nothing of the duck—is, as far as the manner of his capture is concerned, extremely like a whale.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES IN ITALY.

SOME impressions of a winter I spent on the shores of the Adriatic have been already offered to the readers of this *Journal*. Nor would any further delineations of an Italian interior have suggested themselves to my mind, had not the great events of the present moment given a fresh interest to the countries most likely eventually to be affected by them, and awakened a desire to learn, more thoroughly, what is their actual condition, and determine how far Central and Southern Italy, retaining their former mode of government and institutions, can challenge a comparison with that northern state of the peninsula where progress and reform are the order of the day.

It is the prevailing impression on the continent that no part of Europe will be sooner subjected to some violent convulsion and up-rooting of all existing things than the kingdom of Naples and the papal dominions. To the reader of Italian journals, the attentive listener in Italian political circles, the evidence is unmistakable that the tide of popular feeling is setting in anew in

favour of a constitutional government; and the hope of rationally and peacefully realising the dream of 1848, of a united Italy, with Piedmont as its head, is daily gaining ground. Even among conscientious Catholics, the project of a speedy separation of the temporal from the spiritual authority of the pope, is openly discussed, and by many considered as their only safeguard from the torrent of anarchy and revolt to which the oppressions and corruptions of its rulers are hastening the country.

But of these questions, in their wide political bearings, abler pens are treating; my task is simply to complete the picture of the customs, the amusements, the domestic life, the religious ceremonies, the environs of one city in the Roman States, which I have enjoyed better opportunities of studying than are generally accorded to an English traveller; and from which, depicted with the most conscientious veracity, the unprejudiced reader can form his own deductions.

Though the austerities of Lent have ceased to be observed, even in the faithful diocese of Ancona, to any very mortifying extent, the ancient rites of the church are still kept up, and towards the close of the Holy Week, the whole population becomes compulsorily devout. The parochial clergy go round to every house in their jurisdiction, taking down the names and ages of the inhabitants, and delivering to all a ticket filled up with their name, requiring them to repair, within a given period, to the parish church, for confession and communion. Any freewill-offering, any spontaneous act of grace in these religious duties, is thus lost; and with the young men especially, *prende Pasqua*, as it is termed, becomes a most irksome task, which they endeavour to shuffle over, or resort to every expedient and deception to evade altogether. The government, however, is very strict in enforcing this ordinance, with the political view of maintaining its fast-waning influence through the confessional, going even the length of refusing pontifical subjects their passports, if they require to travel, when it can be proved that they have neglected their Easter duties; but this is an odious abuse of authority, tending to bring religion into contempt.

I remember hearing of the astonishment and indignation of some members of the V— family—Poles by birth, but French by education—with whom we were intimate, the first year they passed in Ancona, when the priest, having taken the statistics of the household, and ascertained that they professed the Roman Catholic faith, handed to each of them in succession a printed ticket, requiring them to conform to this law. In France, they declared, they had never heard of such a measure; and they could not, even before us, resist from expressing their disgust. It required all their mother's persuasions, and the example of her unquestioning submission to whatever emanated from papal authority, to stifle the murmurs of the young ladies, and enforce their obedience.

On Holy Thursday, after mid-day, an unusual silence seemed to fall upon the town, unbroken till the same hour on Saturday. No bells were tolling, no matins or vespers rung, no mass celebrated in the churches; while the streets were filled with people hastening to the *sepolcri*, or sepulchres, of which every one must be visited by the faithful. Each church has its *sepolcro*, varying in the details, but agreeing as to the general characteristics of the representation. The altar is divested of its usual ornaments, is in mourning; and on the platform immediately before it, surrounded by all the emblems of the passion, is a figure in wax of life-size of the Saviour, as if removed from the cross. All around, and on the steps leading up, are a profusion of natural flowers, tapers; and sentinels with arms reversed are stationed at intervals to keep back the crowd.

In some churches more figures are introduced.

as Joseph of Arimathea, the beloved apostle, the three Marys; others have a greater display of flowers and wax-lights, but the pervading effect in all is invariably the same. The complete stillness; the ceaseless, voiceless swaying of the crowd, as those who occupy the foremost places, after a few minutes' admiring inspection, and a few muttered prayers, quietly give room in their turn to fresh comers; the indiscriminate blending of rich and poor, as the lady in her silken robes kneels on the pavement beside the tattered beggar; the motionless forms of the Austrian soldiers in all the glittering panoply of war, surrounding the barred and blood-stained effigy of the Prince of Peace; the saturnine matter-of-fact faces of the attendant priests and sacristans, who hover about, relighting any taper that is accidentally extinguished, or adjusting any of the arrangements that may be displaced; the air heavy with the scent of flowers mingling with the exhalations of the vaults beneath, where moulder the remains of those who in their day have gazed upon his spectacle, for centuries repeated, for centuries unchanged: all this has struck each stranger in his turn, and is but a feeble transcript of the varied impressions it produces.

On Good Friday, there is always a procession through the principal streets of the town, which, without any of the devotional accessories of the sepulchre—the time-worn churches, the subdued light, the hushed voices—cannot fail painfully to impress the English spectator who has not been inured to sights of this description.

By the people it was eagerly looked forward to as a pleasant variety in the monotony of their lives, an opportunity of sauntering about, of looking out of the windows, of nodding to their acquaintances, and of witnessing some flirtation or intrigue. Any idea of investing the pageant with a religious significance seemed foreign to the minds of the great majority of the assembled throng.

When the muffled drums were heard announcing that the procession was approaching, and a detachment of troops began to line the street under our windows, I marked a thrill of excitement, but certainly not of awe, as every head was impatiently turned in the direction from whence the torches and banners of the confraternity of the *Passionisti* first came in view. Men of all classes belonged to this *compagnia*, all similarly dressed in loose robes and cowls of gray linen, which concealed the features, a crown of thorns round the head, and a girdle of knotted cords; the difference of rank being discernible only by the whiter feet of some amongst them, and the evident pain with which they trod the sharp uneven pavement. I must, however, pause to observe here, that a bent head and hoarse air would be the general accompaniments to these marks of gentle birth, were the drapery in which they were enshrouded to be suddenly thrown aside.

Next came friars and priests, all walking according to established rule and precedence—Capuchins, Franciscans, Carmelites, Dominicans, Augustinians, carrying ghastly tapers and chanting litanies. Following these were more Capuchins, to whom was especially delegated the office of carrying all the objects belonging to the crucifixion; and thus they passed on, white-headed tottering old men, bearing successively an emblem of this day's great sacrifice, profaned by being treated, like some mummery of old, before the idle crowd, who gazed, and sneered, and talked, indifferent to the awful event thus commemorated. The crown of thorns, the purple robe, the scourge, the nails, the cross with which the soldiers had cast lots, the spear, were all carried slowly along; the sacred form itself, the utter prostration of death, stretched upon a bier, coming next in view. A few knelt here, not one in twenty though; the rest all listless, unthinking, or unbelieving.

Some paces behind, upon a sort of platform, appeared a huge image of the Madonna, considerably above the size of life, dressed in violet robes, with long brown ringlets, and pierced through with seven daggers—all the spiritualised beauty with which the 'blessed among women' should be invested, lost in the vulgarity of this most material representation. This, with the dignitaries and magistrates of the town walking two and two, closed the procession; after which marched more soldiers, those who had been stationed along the streets falling into the ranks, and the band performing a funeral-march—the same the Austrians always play after the interment of any of their comrades.

I have not exaggerated this description. To some enthusiastic poetic minds, to whom such things seem beautiful in the abstract, I know my account will prove distasteful. But thus it always is: a close insight into the countries where these time-honoured traditional ceremonies are still maintained, strips them of the mysterious charm with which, to a foreigner, they might seem to be invested, and accounts for the levity with which they are witnessed by those familiarised to them since their earliest childhood.

As another instance: there was the custom of blessing the houses on Easter Saturday, which I had heard of long before visiting Italy, and imagined must prove equally edifying and impressive. But when I saw a very dirty priest in his *alb*—I think that is the name—a sort of linen ephod worn over the black gown, attended by a still more dirty little boy carrying holy-water, walk hastily through the house, muttering a few unintelligible words on the threshold of each room, only pausing a little longer in the kitchen to crack a few jokes with the servants, without the least semblance of devotion on his side or of reverence on theirs—and gratefully accepting a few *pauls* sent out to him by the family—why, I fell from the clouds, and my cherished illusions were dispelled. It seemed almost as hollow as blessing the horses on the 17th of January, the festival of St Anthony, the patron of animals, which had previously greatly astonished me.

All the post and *vetturino* horses, all those belonging to private families, were taken on that day, gaily decked out with ribbons, to a square in front of one of the principal churches, where priests, standing on the steps of the portico, sprinkled them with holy-water, and pronounced a formula of benediction. A small gratuity was given for each horse, and in return the donors were presented with a little wax-taper and a small loaf of bread, by which the grooms, rather than the poor quadrupeds, were the gainers. There was a favourite cat in my uncle's establishment—a cat of great size and beauty, and of doglike sagacity—which the servants were in vain desirous he would send to be blessed, though prompted by no other motive than the pleasure of dressing it up, and of joining in the crowd of idlers before the church.

Generally, however, it would appear as if some vague idea of averting ill-luck, of deprecating some sinister influence, must linger in the hearts of the coachmen and postilions who still adhere to this custom; which is practised by the priests—so Young Italy will tell you—solely to maintain their hold upon the superstitious fears of the lowest ranks of the populace.

But stay—I am wandering from my more immediate subject, although all the church-bells let loose, and ringing their merry peals, proclaim it is noon on Holy Saturday, and that Lent is over! There is something very heart-stirring in this rejoicing: I wish we had the same custom in England to usher in the triumphant glories of the Easter morn. Why it should be anticipated here by twelve hours, and the bells give forth their jubilee, and salvos of artillery be fired, at mid-day, instead of mid-night, I do not exactly know: I think I have somewhere read an

explanation of this usage, of which I retain no clear remembrance, save that it is of very remote antiquity. Be this as it may, a few hours sooner or later are of little import; it is the pleasing impression on which I dwell, and it is one of the customs that, even with my hard matter-of-fact notions about the 'good old times,' I should gladly see revived amongst us.

On Easter Sunday, every one who has scraped the wherewithal together, puts on new clothes, and dines on roast lamb; baskets of stained eggs are sent about as presents, and children feast on cakes embellished with the figure of the Paschal Lamb. In the week following, many marriages take place, as, except under particular circumstances, weddings are never solemnised in Lent.

Dinner-parties are also frequently given at this season amongst intimate friends; more formal ones sometimes on Easter Monday or Tuesday, by the principal families, to some great personage, the delegate or the bishop, for instance. But throughout all, whether on a social or more ceremonious footing, the same kindly feeling, the same absence of ostentation, invariably prevail. Would that we resembled the Italians in this respect! They literally follow the evangelical precept of asking to their banquets those by whom they cannot be bidden in return. At every dinner-party there are always to be met three or four old gentlemen, friends of the family, neither useful nor ornamental accessories, not distinguished by sprightliness, riches, or good looks. They would be classed as insufferable bores by us, and if asked at all, only grudgingly, to fill up a vacant place; but here, on the contrary, their age and infirmities constitute their title to admission; and unfailingly, whenever a *trattamento* is given—as any gathering for the purpose of making good cheer is denominated—are these old friends seen in their accustomed seats at the table, not the least tinge of patronage being mingled with the cordiality of their reception.

The celebration of the festivals of the Madonna, to whom the month of May is especially consecrated, and of San Ciriaco, the patron saint of Ancona, followed quickly upon those I have been just now describing; and a concourse of peasants, daily flocking in, by their bright-looking costumes, and picturesque handsome appearance, enlivened the town to a very unusual extent.

Indeed, the weather was so lovely, the air so balmy, the atmosphere so gauze-like and softening to the objects it surrounded, that an irresistible charm seemed resting upon the land; and it became easy to comprehend how a colony of Dorians, establishing themselves upon its shores, crowned its lofty promontory with a temple where Venus was invoked.

A cathedral, dedicated to San Ciriaco, one of the oldest in Europe, now occupies the site of the heathen shrine, nobly situated on the very summit of the hill, overlooking the town, which rises for some distance along its sides, but terminating about half-way, leaves the *duomo* undisturbed in its hoary majesty and impressive solitude. We used to delight in walking up here, and sitting on the steps of the portico, of which the columns were supported on two colossal lions of red granite, gaze forth on the grand prospect which this position displays. At our feet, sloping downwards in a semicircle, lay the town, the mole with Trajan's celebrated arch, the harbour and shipping, commanded by the citadel, and background of mountains stretching far along the curve of the coast, with higher ranges more dimly seen, forming part of the great chain of Apennines by which Italy is intersected. Turning away from this, you seem transported to a different region, for on three sides of this bold headland, a broad expanse of waters alone meets the view. The walls of the cathedral are not six paces removed from where the cliff abruptly ends, presenting a rugged face

of rock, which towers some two or three hundred feet perpendicularly above the sea. The wild music of the waves, on a stormy day, as they surge against its base, is borne upward by the wind, and distinguishable amid the strains of the organ and the voices of the choir, produce an effect not easily forgotten. Unfortunately, the existence of this venerable pile is threatened by the inroads of the sea, which slowly, but perceptibly, is undermining the cliff; and in a hundred years, it is calculated, the *duomo* will be in ruins. The votaries of San Ciriaco say, however, that he will not fail to protect his church, and defy the ravages of the elements.

The body of the saint, clad in his episcopal robes, for he was bishop of Ancona, is preserved in a subterranean chapel, and is annually exposed, for the first eight days of the month of May, to the veneration of the people.

The legend runs, that after undergoing in the east the martyrdom of boiling lead being poured down his throat, his remains floated in a stone coffin back to the scene of his former labours.

In the *duomo* is also kept the famous picture of the Madonna, attested to have opened her eyes in 1736, at a moment of great peril to the state, which was overrun by the armies of the French Republic. Fifty years after, in 1845, this miracle received the confirmation of the papal authority; and the petitions from the *gonfaloniere* (mayor) and magistrates, the clergy and the nobility, imploring that, 'as an acknowledgment of being thus privileged, they might be permitted to place Ancona under the immediate protection of the Madonna, who, by opening the eyes of her venerated image, had signally shewn her favour towards it'—received a gracious response. Fireworks, processions, a general illumination, and nine days of religious ceremonies at the *duomo*, inaugurated this event, which at every succeeding anniversary is still commemorated with great solemnity.

It was my good-fortune to hear a course of sermons delivered in honour of the holy image by a Barnabite friar, Padre G—— of Bologna, one of the most celebrated preachers of the day; and the scene presented by the illuminated church, the enthroned picture—meek and lowly face, shaded by a dark-blue mantle, but resplendent with a star and rose of brilliant, white which it had been adorned by Pius VII.—the eagle upturned countenances of the crowd, as their kindling glances wandered from the impassioned orator to the half-closed eyes of the motionless effigy he was apostrophising, as if seeking to discern some miraculous manifestation in their favour; the enthusiastic approval the fervent action of the priest as his lofty form towered in the pulpit, and his powerful voice swelled like an organ through the aisles—all rise vividly before me, resembling some dream of enchantment, with that strange fascination that such pageants in Italy possess.

Not less remarkable than his startling eloquence was the ingenuity with which the preacher directed nine consecutive days of discourses upon the same topic. One day he surprised his auditors by allusion to the invention of gunpowder, the destructive missiles employed in modern warfare, the disastrous sieges and the fearful loss of life, all attributable to this discovery. Then depicting the horrors of three well-known bombardments and picturing the thrilling power, he asked triumphantly whence that Ancona, often surrounded by hostile armies, invested by foes as watchful as relocations, had been preserved from a similar fate? Was it not by the miraculous presence of that heavenly image, whose modest eyelids had been raised, in answer to the greatest peril to the church, to give succour to the dejected, and faith to the wavering?

On another occasion, he commenced

description of the early youth, the education, the first exploits of Napoleon. He led you on step by step in his career; he successively brought him before you as the sullen sensitive boy at Brienne, the aspiring lieutenant of artillery, the young general of twenty-six, making Italy ring with his fame. On he went, gathering fresh ardour, more striking similes, more startling ebullience, as he dwelt on the resistless might which hurled down thrones and swept away kingdoms in a reath, till he brought him, flushed with conquest, to Ancona. 'And here,' he continued—'here, beneath his venerable dome, standing before the sacred picture, prepared to scoff and ridicule its divine powers—that man, with eagle eyes and folded arms, gives one hurried glance, and trembles. . . . Yes! The haughty row which the fabled thunders of Jove might have scintilled, is bent before that benign though reproachful gaze. His sallow cheek grows ashy pale as thoseavenly orbs unclothe upon him! His limbs totter; the sacrilegious hand which was stretched forth to hold on the venerated image is withdrawn, and he hastens away, sternly forbidding its removal or inspection!'

As a last specimen of this attractive, but certainly secular style of pulpit oratory, I ought to quote from magnificent delineation, with which he opened another of his discourses, of the terror that marks the progress of the Destroying Angel, scattering pestilence from its sable wings, with desolation and mourning in his wake. But my limits forbid anything beyond a mere tetch of the subjects on which he enlarged, with a graphic power, a scenic effect—if I may use the term—which it is impossible to convey any just conception. He dread judgment on the first-born of Egypt, the plagues sent on the murmuring Israelites—the dire torments of the dark ages, when cities were made desolate, all whole populations swept away by similar awful visitations—all were detailed with harrowing power. Passing on from these to modern times, he addressed himself more particularly to the feelings of his auditors, recalling the ravages which the cholera had made in a few years previous in Ancona, when, out of its population of 25,000, 1000 were swept away; and finally bade them ascribe their own preservation—the final disappearance of the scourge—to the wondrous cure having been borne, amid the tears and supplications of the inhabitants, in solemn procession through the streets. 'Give me, O Maria! he here cried with transport, striking himself upon the breast—'give me a wing-tide of roses and hyacinths to weave in garlands for thy shrine; give me the laurel-wreath of genius, the monarch's crown of gems; give me all that earth holds beautiful or rare, to cast in tribute at thy feet. Give me eloquence to inspire, fervour to incite, persuasion to reclaim—give all to me, who yet am nothing, but consecrated to thy service. Let me gaze on those vestal eyes, which so benignly opened upon Ancona, and gather there undying ardour and unconquerable love, our only hope, our only refuge!'

After an address of this description, an approving murmur used to be discernible among the crowd, while he and then an irrepressible 'bravo,' or a patronising 'well, bene,' would be heard. But apart from the monks—who, as I have said, flocked in large numbers to these ceremonies—and the poor old women, whose thithered lips and palsied fingers were ever busy in giving their rosary and counting its beads, I should be sorry to have to estimate how much real devotion felt in the hearts of the multitude which daily congregated at the duomo, as soon, at least, as the excitement which such fiery appeals would naturally reduce upon the susceptible temperaments of the north, had worn away.

As for the young men, of whom there were numbers every present, I heard from various sources that they had no more thought of anything religious in what

they heard or witnessed, than if they were in a theatre or a forum: they were there solely to enjoy Padre G——'s eloquent descriptions, to look about them, and to kill time.

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MUCH valuable literary matter is lost for want of binding; for many persons will go to the expense of the one, who grudge, or cannot afford, the other. We strongly recommend our friends to make all possible efforts and sacrifices with a view to getting their music, magazines, &c. bound for them; but if they cannot, or will not do this, we offer them a few suggestions on the subject of binding at home.

We know amateurs who take much pleasure in the art of bookbinding, and follow it with great success; but, to do this, there must be a workshop and the regular apparatus. Our object is to show how books may be bound without such apparatus, and at a small expense.

Some little preparation must, however, be made; and we shall describe what is indispensable. Take two flat pieces of plank of some hard wood, about 1½ inch thick, and somewhat larger than any book you may have to bind—say, 20 by 18 inches. Lay these planks together, and bore through them both three holes at either end, about an inch from the edge, and with an inch auger. Make six pegs of hard wood, six inches long, and fit them tightly into one plank on one side of it—that is, so that the pegs may all stand out at one side. Reduce the size of the pegs, so that they will pass freely through the holes in the other board, that by their means the boards may be separated or brought near to each other at pleasure. The board in which the holes are should be fitted with a backstay or two, so that it may support itself edgewise on a table, and the two together will thus form a sort of vice or press. For tightening this, arrange four large iron 'wood screws.' Holes must be bored in the outer plank, large enough to let the screws pass loosely through, but in the other plank, they should bite. When a book is in the press, the screws must be tightened so as to hold it firmly. This cheap and simple contrivance is susceptible of many improvements, as of screws with winged heads, specially made, &c.; but it will be found sufficient in its simplest form.

In addition to this, you must have a heavy hammer, twelve or fourteen pounds' weight, and round at the ends, to beat and compress the books. If near a foundry, you should make a model in wood or clay, and have it cast; but, in any case, the hammer is not very expensive. The glue-pot may be any little pot of crockery; but should never be put on the fire—melt the glue by placing the pot in a sauce-pan with water, and boiling that. Besides the glue-pot and press, you must have some scissors and cutting tools; and now for the mode in which you must proceed.

Suppose you had a year's monthly parts of this Journal to bind—first remove the covers and all papers not belonging to the text; lay the parts carefully together in order, striking the backs gently on the table to get them quite even. Then beat them on a block with the hammer, so as to compress and flatten them. Next put them carefully into your press, and tighten the screws, so as to hold them steady. Let about an inch of the back appear above the edge, and, with a common saw, cut four slots in the back at regular intervals, not deeper than the teeth of the saw. In each of these slots insert a cord, and to these cords secure with packthread all the little quires forming the book. This completes the first stage of the binding.

To aid in the sewing process, a square frame of light wood is necessary. The cords must be tied to

this above and below, and the lower portion of the frame should be so flat and broad that the book can lie on it. The cords being passed into their respective nicks, the binder must open the leaves regularly to find the middles of the little quires, and then pass, with the needle, the packthread along the inside, but twisting it round each cord in succession as he goes; making it fast at the end with a knot or hitch. When this is done, he must cut away the cords, except an inch and a half or so on each side, which should be left to form the attachment to the cover. He must now replace the book in the press, and give its back a good coat of glue, melted as described above. Leave it in the press till the glue is dry.

In the meantime, the binder can see and measure the breadth of back for which he will have to provide the cover, according to the following directions:

Cut two pieces of thin pasteboard a little larger than your book. Cut out also a piece of calico or linen, so much larger than both these every way, as to allow for the back and the 'turning in.' Paste, down the middle of this, three or four slips of the same calico, to strengthen the back; carefully measure its breadth and length, and lay on your covers, leaving the space of the back between them; turn in your calico round the edges of the covers, avoiding creasing, and the cover is made, and must be allowed to dry. Then take your book, unravel and soften the ends of cord, and wet them with strong glue. Lay the book carefully on its back into the cover, and glue down the cords to the sides. Support the book in this position by some simple contrivance, and glue down a slip of linen or calico to hold the cords steady. Afterwards paste, over all this, a sheet of white or fancy paper to line each cover, and the work is done when dry. We say nothing about cutting the edges artistically, as it requires a particular arrangement not contemplated here; but if you are ingenious enough to cut them clean and straight with a sharp knife, so much the better.

However simple or rough such binding may be, it is far better to bind thus than to let books go to ruin. As regards the edges, it may be added, that, previous to putting the book into its cover, it may be put in the press, bringing up each edge of the three exposed ones successively, and, while held thus tightly, should be cut with a sharp knife or shoemaker's cutting-tool. Any little inequalities may be smoothened down with fine glass-paper. The edges, when cut, may be dabbled with any colour desired, by using a big hair-brush and water-colours.

In speaking of the linen or calico for the covers, we, of course, intended something of the sort used by bookbinders, as it may be had of almost any colour.

We should strongly advise the amateur to make his own pasteboard. It may be done with old newspapers, at 3d. per pound, if none others can be had. If only done flat, and without creases or wrinkles, it is far stronger and better than that which is sold in the shops, and costs only a fraction of the price. The secret of making it good and even is, to wet the paper, independently of the paste to be employed, laying the sheets quite flat on each other, and, when nearly dry, placing them on a table or other flat surface, on which they should be secured with books or such things laid upon them, so as to force them to dry out flat. The last thing of all to be done is, to put the book as tightly as possible into the press, and leave it there for some hours.

We hope none of our readers whom it may concern will be discouraged from attempting bookbinding by the apparent complexity of the operations necessary for it. It is an amusing work enough; and the comfort of having books bound, and standing orderly on their shelves, will amply repay the trifling cost and trouble. Perhaps what we have written may be the means of

suggesting to more than one reader who can afford the proper apparatus, an amusing and useful mode of filling up a few leisure hours now and then. It should not be forgotten, that the art admits of the exercise of high artistic powers, and that it is allied to the fabrication of such little elegances as card-cases, work-boxes, *papeteries*, &c., on which taste and a decorative talent may be displayed to any extent. Supposing home-made pasteboard to be used, it is a good plan to press the covers, before using, as strongly as possible between the planks, as described above, leaving them for a night, or longer, if possible, under the pressure.

A BUTTERFLY.

Thou incarnation of the light,
Coquetting with the flitting sight,
Looking as if thou'd ta'en a flight,
Like winged flower,
Down from the sun's effulgent bright
And burning bower—

The flashes of thy filmy wing,
Like gaudy pennon's fluttering,
That o'er the seas of sunlight spring,
A bark of light,
And with the wavy breezes bring
Us beauty bright.

Thou star of day, I see thee shine,
Against the azure depths divine;
And where the twinkling tints combine
A flow'ry cell,
Thou feed'st on beauty rich as thine,
And loved as well.

The earth secreteth rubies red,
The sounding sea, its coral bed,
The lucid air creates instead
A living gem,
To wreath in circles round my head
Light's diadem.

W.S.

COPPER IN THE SEA.

Experiments are now in progress to shew that the sea is constantly charged with a solution of copper. M. Septimus Piesse caused a bag of iron nails to be kept from the sides of steamers passing between Marseilles and Nice, and obtained a precipitation of copper upon the bag. He finds the same metal in the substance of animals inhabiting the sea, and recommends the popular experiment of putting an oyster—a *bad one*, if possible—under the blade of a knife, and leaving it there for twenty-four hours, when, on the removal of the oyster, the copper will be found on the knife. In Mr Piesse's opinion, the beautiful blue colour of some portions of the Mediterranean is due to an ammoniacal salt of copper, while the greenish other seas is owing to the chloride of copper.

CURIOUS PARALLELISM OF CUSTOMS.

It is a custom in Berwickshire among women and children in the field, when their backs become much tired, to bowing low down while singling turnips with sharp-pointed hoes, to lie down upon their faces to the ground, and others to step across the lower part of their bodies over the lumbar region, with one foot, several times, until the sense of fatigue is removed. Burton, in his *First Footing in East Africa*, narrates a very similar custom in the East, who lead the camels, on feeling fatigued, and before they are full length, prone, stand upon each other's backs, and by rolling and kneading with their toes, and shaking, are refreshed.—*Notes and Queries*, June 20, 1864.

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A POPULAR PREACHER.

I AM not a successful person, and I don't like a person that is so. When I am told of people who have caught the public ear or eye—an actor who draws full houses, a barrister who affects juries to tears, a poet who reaches a second edition, anybody, in short, who has done more than I have done—I feel a very natural antipathy for him, and adopt one of two courses: I deny that the thing is true; I have been to the theatre, and was the only creature in the stalls; I have been to the Old Bailey, and was convulsed with merriment at the pathos of the learned gentleman; I happened to know the publisher, and he confessed to putting 'second edition' upon all after the first fifty copies. Or else, admitting the success, I deny that it is deserved: the actor is a stick, the counsel is a pump, the poet is a fool. I find this practice, as a general rule, to be soothing to myself, as well as pleasing to my friends: the majority of whom also have been unfortunate in life, having merits that have never been appreciated, genius that has been ignored, and yearnings that have never come to anything.

Picture, then, our indignant sentiments when we heard of a certain reverend gentleman—one Boanerges—getting fifteen thousand people to listen to him in the open air. This, of course, was a frightful exaggeration; but then if there were only ten thousand? or even five thousand? Some of us were clergymen ourselves, and were, reasonably enough, excessively outraged. Well, we did what we could: we heard it from the best authority that there were barely five hundred in his chapel, and that each of those received a sixpenny-piece for going there; that after the first day's preaching, the novelty of the thing went off, and so did the congregation; that poor Boanerges was a seventh-day wonder which only lasted a week. The report then spreading that a gigantic place of worship, such as had not been heard of since Solomon's Temple, had been actually projected for the express purpose of accommodating Boanerges's hearers, followed by the certain news that one of the finest music-halls in London had been found insufficient for his audience. In the meanwhile, and that the very largest of all had been engaged instead—then, I say, we altered our tactics. Boanerges was (then) a Mormon, a Shaker, a Jumper, a Latter-day Saint. He belonged to the Agapemone, denied the rotundity of the earth, was in favour of a plurality of wives, habitually preached standing upon one leg, emphasising with the other upon the reading-cushion, and held dramatic dialogues with Adam, with Moses, and with Nebuchadnezzar. We were confirmed in this line of proceeding by

the religious newspapers, who, upon the occasion of a frightful accident occurring in his crowded congregation, asserted roundly that it served them, the sufferers, right. 'No man,' said one of them, 'is justified in collecting large assemblies who has not the power of controlling them'—upon an alarm of fire, for instance; after which it went on to describe what its Archdeacon Stratocote would have done in a similar emergency. Anti-Boanerges tracts also were published with strange interrogatory titles: 'Who is Boanerges?' 'Why is Boanerges popular?' 'Who is the Chief Heretic of To-day?' Not, of course, that we, or the newspapers, or the tracts cared sixpence what Boanerges was or was not, but on account of the fifteen thousand persons, more or less, who still kept going to hear him. People one meets at dinner-parties began to go; some of whom—Wilkins, for instance, a young man without a proper sense of respect for his superiors—thought fit to oppose my sentiments.

'Any man,' I had observed, 'who degrades himself to act the buffoon, will get thousands to come and see him do it.'

'There are more buffoons in the world than spectators,' retorted Wilkins.

'Sir,' said I, in a manner which is considered to be like that of the great lexicographer's, 'there are not. I maintain that if a man choose to play the actor in his pulpit upon the Sabbath-day, he will fill his house.'

'Nay; but we know not a few of those also,' persisted Wilkins, 'who have still several pews to let. I don't want to exalt my man unduly, but he shall not be sat upon.'

'Sir,' said I, 'did not this person address a man from his pulpit who happened to come into his chapel out of the rain, and stigmatise him as "an umbrella Christian?" Did he not on one occasion imitate a Baelge? Did he not, on another, run down his pulpit stairs, to illustrate the swiftness of a fall from grace; and toil up the same slowly, to picture the difficulty of repentance? Did he not call the established clergy "dumb dogs?" Did he not?'

'Perhaps he did, and perhaps he did not,' said Wilkins; 'I have heard you say he did, often enough; now, do you come with me next Sunday to hear him, and judge for yourself.'

I agreed to go. Horshair, who has been thirty years at the bar without stooping to any transaction with an attorney, and Humbleby, one of the most respectable of modern divines, offered to accompany us on the ensuing evening. We left all the arrangements to Wilkins. He said we must dine at four o'clock, in order to be at the music-hall before the

service commenced. This was very disagreeable to people of our years and position, and particularly as we could get nothing at the club till after six. We arranged, then, to meet at 'the Wellington' at fifty-nine minutes past three; and Humbleby and I were there, punctual to the minute. There was some printed statements upon one side of the door, setting forth that upon Sundays no table could be served till after five o'clock; we rang the bell, and found that even this hope was illusory, and that the earliest time of hope was half-past five.

Horshair and Wilkins kept us waiting in the east wind for near a quarter of an hour, during which my friend continuously observed that it served us both right, and that it was nothing more than he had expected. We then adjourned to a neighbouring chop-house, strongly recommended by our young companion, and partook of the very worst dinner that I have had since I was a school-boy: much as wine was to be desired on such an occasion, and particularly for the stale fish, there was no wine to be got until six o'clock. During this melancholy entertainment, Wilkins observed that he hoped we were all right about Boanerges, for he was advertised to preach at so many different places that one could never be quite sure. Humbleby was speechless with indignation; but Horshair and I gave the young man so much of our minds as to induce him to confess he was only joking. Immediately after cheese, we drove away in two hansoms to the music-hall: an hour's indigestion, turnpike-paying, and suffocation (for Wilkins would smoke) ensued before we reached our bourn, which seemed to be a long blank wall in a perfectly empty street. An official person with his back against it informed us that Boanerges only preached there in the mornings; and that in the evenings he preached at his own chapel, a mile or two off, in Southwark. Humbleby, who had quarrelled with Horshair coming along, immediately began to walk back again without any remark, and, as we afterwards discovered, had the misfortune to be garroted near to the South-western Railway Station.

We three drove on to the chapel, the street in front of which was filled with masses of people. Horshair, not knowing that Humbleby had previously paid the cabman, discharged the entire account over again, from which circumstance much dispute arose between the two friends; but there was no time to lose in inquiries, if we were to hear Boanerges that evening. Though we formed ourselves into a solid square of three, we had much ado to keep our position in the crowd, and could not advance one step. The great iron gates in front of the chapel were closed; but two strong currents of people were flowing in, by ticket, at the side-doors; 'a thoroughly Calvinistic notion,' as Horshair observed, whose forte, when disgusted, is sarcasm. Presently, the police let three great waves of outside folk through the main entrance, and then the inexorable iron closed for good: we were in the fourth wave next the bars. A deacon—one of those of whom Boanerges is reported to have said: 'Resist the devil, and he will fly from you; but resist a deacon, and he will fly at you'—here addressed us, and implored us to go away. 'Mr Boanerges himself has said that his chapel holds but twelve hundred to hear, and two thousand to suffocate; the two thousand are now in. Three streets off, there is good doctrine and a most

respectable minister—Ebenezer Chapel, first turn on the left hand.' This announcement was greeted by a general groan, the sentiment of which was 'Boanerges aut nullus;' and not till the opening hymn—it sounded like a song of triumph—was raised by the fortunate inmates of the wished-for place, did we in the street begin to melt away in twos and threes. In those unknown, ill-paved, unlighted, cableless regions, I claim credit for myself and Horshair that we did not do for Wilkins, who appeased us, however, in some slight measure by standing dinner—for we had had no dinner, in any high sense of the term—at the club.

On the ensuing Sunday, Wilkins called upon me at breakfast-time with two tickets: 'Admission for Lord's-day mornings' to the temple of Boanerges. I glared at him for a moment or two, and then consented to go. It was a beautifully clear day; the gardens in which the music-hall was built were crisp with frost, and their ornamental waters sparkled in the sun; the scene was more like one in Paris than in London; and the vast throngs of ticket-holders among the statues and the arbours, and in front of the great model of the Russian stronghold, seemed pleasure-takers rather than church-goers. The music-hall itself, with its hundred windows and long gilded galleries, with its printed announcements of 'Cloak-room,' 'Refreshment-room,' 'This Way to the Stalls,' and so on, which were suffered to remain in all their native profanity, contrasted strangely with the usual habitations of religion amongst us; two private boxes on either side the orchestra alone reminding one, by a sort of impious parody, of the grand old British pew. Upon the orchestra seats and fronting the vast assemblage, Boanerges's own particular flock were accommodated; and where the conductor's box was wont to be, was reared an enormous pen, by way of pulpit. How the folk kept flocking in!—for the most part, well-dressed—there were scarcely any poor among them—and quite as many males as females; the majority, like ourselves, with curious, half-smiling faces; but a large minority, too, with very demure ones, in whose, chiefly feminine, hands were a Bible and a ticket neatly wrapped up in a pocket handkerchief. These tickets, by the by, cost but twelve stamps for a course of four sermons, and, it is fair to state, go a very little way towards paying the hire of so vast a place, which is expected to be defrayed by the voluntary contributions of the congregation at the doors. The body of the hall and also the best seats in the galleries, were filled before the gates were opened to the general public, and the unticketed religious world rolled in upon us like a flood. In ten minutes, when the gates were closed again, there was not an empty seat to be seen. The whisper that threaded this great crowd dropped in an instant, and every man's head was bared, as if by magic, for we had come together, some of us at least, to worship, and lo! there was the preacher.

A middle-sized, unhandsome person, not above twenty-five years old at most, heavy-featured, rather flat-faced, straight-haired—but with what a voice! Without effort, without perceptible lift even, it filled that mighty temple with a volume of sound. A short opening prayer, somewhat remarkable for monotony, was followed by a hymn, which a man with a tuning-fork gave out from the orchestra seats, and the select few thereon began to sing; one not well-known to us, or in which most of the congregation could join, being

selected from some dissenting psalm-book; but, even as it was, the aggregate of voices made up a most impressive harmony. The preacher subsequently referred to this when speaking of 'the voice of many waters, and the voice of a great thunder, and the voice of harpers harping with their harps,' as also to his own sensations at different times when under such influences; and indeed he seemed to well understand what modern divines have mostly yet to learn, that an example from their own experience, or drawn from the present circumstances of their audience, is worth a thousand metaphors from earth, and sea, and sky. Boanerges never missed an illustration because of its homeliness, and, leaving abstract virtues and vices to abstract men and women, addressed himself to folks of flesh and blood. 'When I say *mammon*, I don't mean idle dukes or greedy merchant-princes; my small adulterating shopkeeper, I mean you.' And again, upon the importance of seeming trifles: 'There is many a man who will lose a thousand pounds without a murmur, and yet blaspheme about a shirt-button.' In the prayer before the sermon, he touched upon the subjects at present interesting the national mind, expressing in a brief, rough manner, too, the healthy popular opinion upon most things. For the country, for the Queen, he prayed; for the confounding of despots, for the extinction of slavery, and for peace; and for the high court of parliament, 'that it may do this coming session something, and not nothing, and that it may be vouchsafed, if it be but a little, wisdom.' Before this prayer, he gave a short exposition of the hundred and third psalm, more remarkable for eloquence than learning, in which he rejected, somewhat violently, the eagle's renewal of its youth as a wicked fable, and limited the parallel to the ordinary process of moulting; then followed more singing, and then the sermon, which was taken from the Revelations. It is not of course my purpose to repeat it in this *Journal*, or in any way to deprive the *Penny Pulpit* of its lawful prey; my only intention has been, and is, to give a brief impartial account of the public preaching of a very remarkable man. Now that I have been to hear him, and since scarcely any of my acquaintance have had the same opportunity, I feel that there is something to be said for Boanerges as well as against him. He seems to me to be thoroughly in earnest, to have great command of language, and to know his way to the feelings of his congregation; at all events, he knows their weaknesses, and attacks them boldly, face to face, without any masked batteries whatever; while that great voice of his is rolling over their heads, there is not a sound to interrupt or weaken it; and when he pauses to refresh himself at his glass of water, a tempest of coughing and nose-blowing proclaims at once the willing patience and real attention of his hearers. I know many wittier men than Boanerges, and I know one or two as eloquent, but I know none who could have preached such passages as this man did without a trace of flippant profanity, and with all appearance of religious earnestness: 'The name that was written upon the foreheads of the saints—what was it? B for Baptist, do you imagine, my friend Bigot yonder? W for Wesleyan? C for Calvinist? E, perhaps, for the establishment? *It does not say so here.* If you asked of the angel who keeps the gates of paradise whether there are any Baptists withinside, he'd shake his head. Any Calvinists?—he would not so much as look at you. Any of the establishment?—he'd answer: "*Nothing of the sort.*" They would all be there indeed, perhaps, my friends, but not in miserable sects and parties: they would be all Christians—saints.' There were many such—I was almost going to write 'hits'—striking illustrations during this sermon, the whole of which was upon that 'very disagreeable but true doctrine, my friends

—although indeed I am none of your strait-gate and narrow-way people—election.'

Finally, if I had to answer that before-mentioned tract called 'Why is Boanerges Popular?' I should answer, that he is so mainly because he combines real eloquence with what Luther possessed, and Latimer possessed, and which no modern preacher, except Boanerges, perhaps *does* possess—earnest religious humour.

PICTURE-WRITING OF EGYPT.

To commemorate events by tracing a representation of them on wood or stone is a natural expedient among rude people, such as the North-American Indians, who still practise it. This seems to have been the origin of the famous hieroglyphics of Egypt, which, in their first form, were simply a kind of picture-writing, and of general application, notwithstanding that the name—literally, *sacred sculpture*—implies an exclusively religious character. We can readily imagine, however, that to carve out the whole particulars of an event would be found troublesome, and that a short-hand process would be early called for. Apparently the first step would be to come to conventional signs. For example, instead of representing a battle by a combination of the pictures of men, horses, and warlike instruments, men found that they might depict it by two swords crossed; or they might indicate a victory by the head of the conquered laid at the feet of the conqueror. And besides these visible objects, men would soon desire to represent invisible things: they might, for example, in reckoning time, use the figure of the moon to designate a month. By and by, also, they would proceed to express *abstract* ideas; in which department they might, for instance, represent strength or power by the head and neck of a bull. This mode of conveying ideas, either by direct pictures, or by obvious conventional signs, is plainly suited for a people in the first stages of civilisation; but, as they advance, it becomes necessary to extend still further their writing, or communication of ideas by signs. The qualities of objects, and the passions and sentiments of living creatures, having no visible archetypes in nature, would, in the progress of time, be expressed by arbitrary marks or characters, which, being applied to the spoken language, would become the representatives of words, or portions of words, as among the Chinese; and, finally, some of these known characters would be appropriated to represent the elementary sounds of the spoken language—that is, an alphabet would be invented and introduced. The Egyptians, who were the most ancient of civilised nations, early arrived at this point—so early as the days of Moses, indeed, they seem to have attained that maximum of learning at which nations generally remain stationary for a longer or shorter period.

The true meaning of hieroglyphic writing was first unfolded by the ingenious labours of our own countryman, Dr Thomas Young, and the distinguished French archæologist, Champollion, near the beginning of the present century. But before proceeding to give a sketch of the art, as elucidated by them in modern times, it will be interesting to inquire what light was thrown on the subject by ancient writers. On this point, we might have expected to find in the *Father of History* some valuable information; yet, while the writings of Herodotus furnish us with ample details of the laws, manners, and customs, topography and buildings of ancient Egypt, it is to be regretted that he has given only a few scanty notices of the literature and language, and, as included in this, the method of writing among the Egyptians. He says nothing of their *picture-writing*, but merely mentions that they had two kinds of characters—*sacred* and *popular*—without leading us to suppose that these had any near connection.

Diodorus Siculus is the first in whose writings we find anything of the kind of any consequence. He lived in the first century before the Christian era; and informs us that the hieroglyphic art was confined to the priests, and that they communicated it only to their own children; but he makes no allusion to that *phonetic* character which recent investigation has shewn to be one of its essential principles. He tells us that all kinds of animals, and of instruments, especially those of the carpenter, were used to express ideas; but modern discovery has shewn that he is wrong in many of the examples he has given. An ancient father of the church, Clemens of Alexandria, who lived at the end of the second century, has given us, in his *Stromata*, or book of miscellanies, a description of the system in the following words: 'Those who are educated among the Egyptians, learn first of all the method of Egyptian writing called *epistolographic*; secondly, the *hieratic*, which the sacred scribes employ; and, lastly, the most complete kind, the *hieroglyphic*. Of these, one sort is the common way of writing, and another is symbolic.' Of the symbolic he describes three kinds: 'One,' says he, 'represents objects by imitation; another expresses them tropically; the third suggests them by certain allegorical enigmas.' This account of the Alexandrian presbyter has been shewn by modern discovery to be wonderfully accurate. Apuleius, a contemporary author, has also written on this subject; but his descriptions are confused and unsatisfactory. Porphyry, a writer of the third century, has been more successful, and has given an account of hieroglyphics somewhat similar to that of Clemens; but the fullest notice on the subject by any ancient author is that of Horapollon, a Greek grammarian of the fifth century, born in Egypt. His work, originally composed in the Egyptian language, has come down to us in a Greek translation. It is written specially on hieroglyphics, but is full of errors, and therefore, like the statements of Diodorus, calculated to mislead the student. Egyptian hieroglyphics seem to have attracted little or no notice from writers of the middle and later ages; and the first attempt to decipher them in modern times was by De Guignes, who, in the *Memoirs of the Academy*, 1759, declared that he 'thought he had perceived *alphabetic characters* among them'—a guess, however, which led to nothing. The discovery of the Rosetta stone at the beginning of the present century, was, as will be afterwards explained, the means of unravelling that mysterious kind of writing, the signification of which had lain concealed from mankind for thousands of years.

M. Champollion, who devoted upwards of twenty years to the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics, to prosecute which he went with an expedition of learned men to Egypt in 1828, at the expense of the French king, has shewn that, when reduced to a system, they consist of three kinds of characters or signs: 1. *Figurative* signs, or direct images of the things indicated; 2. *Symbolic* signs; and 3. *Phonetic*, or those expressive of sound. As all visible objects naturally come within the scope of hieroglyphic characters, it might be supposed there would be almost no end of them; but they appear to have been limited, for the whole number observed by Champollion, after the most diligent and minute investigation, was about 800 real figures of natural objects, and about sixty more of geometric figures and fantastic forms.

I. *Figurative*.—This class is also sometimes called *pure hieroglyphics*, and is subdivided by Champollion into 1. *Figurative proper*; 2. *Figurative conventional*; and 3. *Figurative abridged*. All direct images of things signified, as *sun*, *moon*, *star*, are examples of the first kind. As an instance of the second kind, may be mentioned a *section of a ceiling*, to represent the *sky* or *firmament*—a very obvious symbol, though not a direct one. An example of the third kind is when only a part

of the object intended to be represented was given, as the *plan of a house* for the house itself.

II. *Symbolical*.—Abstract ideas, having no visible objects by which they can be directly represented, were expressed by images used symbolically. Thus, two arms stretched up towards heaven, expressed the word *offering*; the *wind* is signified by a hawk on the wing; *writing*, by a reed and an inkstand, &c. It is to these symbolical figures that ancient writers, when speaking of hieroglyphics, have generally alluded. They are naturally more difficult of interpretation than direct images; and as a mistaken notion prevailed that all the figures in Egyptian monuments were symbolical, this error occasioned for ages among the learned the most extravagant and contradictory interpretations, which were not got rid of till the researches of Young and Champollion cleared away the difficulty. It may be noticed, in passing, that hieroglyphics of the symbolical kind are also used among Christians: for instance, a triangle in a circle is employed to represent the Trinity in unity; and sometimes an eye is introduced in the centre, in allusion to the divine omniscience. Again, an anchor is used as emblematical of a Christian's hope and constancy; and the figure of a cock for Christian vigilance.

III. *Phonetic*.—The two kinds of hieroglyphic signs already described were not sufficient to express the various ideas of so highly civilised a people as the Egyptians, and this no doubt led to the invention of the third class, called *phonetic*, or those expressive of sounds, the principle of whose construction is as follows: The figures of certain objects were used to represent the initial sounds or letters of the words standing for those objects in the Egyptian or Coptic. For instance, in that language *ahom* is an eagle, and the figure of an eagle is therefore made to stand for the initial letter *a*; *berbe* is a censer, and so the figure of a censer stands for *b*; *jai* is a swallow, and the figure of that bird stands for *j*; and so on of other words, till an alphabet is formed. But as the figure of every object which began with *a* in the Coptic might stand for that letter, it might be supposed that this principle would lead to endless confusion and difficulty; and so it would, had the signs not been limited. But they are really restricted, eighteen or nineteen being the largest number of images assigned to any one letter, while few have more than five or six, and some only one or two.

The merit of the discovery of the phonetic alphabet has been by some ascribed to Champollion; but it has been proved by good authority, as will afterwards appear, that Dr Young was, beyond all dispute, the original discoverer, so long ago as the year 1818. Young, unfortunately, did not follow out his inquiries in that direction, his attention being chiefly confined to another department of the art, the *enchorial* method; but his discovery may be regarded as the foundation of Champollion's future success in this province. There is no doubt that the enterprising Frenchman had long before this occupied himself with the study of hieroglyphics; and he afterwards declared in his great work, *Précis du Système Hiéroglyphique*, that 'this phonetic alphabet is the true key of the whole hieroglyphical system;' and that 'all hieroglyphical legends and inscriptions are composed principally of signs purely alphabetical.' This may be so; yet it is a fact, that all the sorts of characters, figurative, symbolical, and phonetic, are used together. It might have been supposed that such a complication would have been a most perplexing obstacle to the deciphering of hieroglyphic monuments; yet Champollion and others acquired great skill in interpreting what had been so mysterious for thousands of years, and could read most of them with comparative ease.

There is another important distinction to be attended to in this subject. The ordinary style of hieroglyphics found represented in bass-reliefs and paintings on the

walls of public buildings, and descriptive of historical scenes and civil and religious ceremonies, were no doubt intelligible to all well-educated Egyptians; but there was another kind discoverable in the interior of their temples and sepulchres, which was of a more enigmatical character, spoke a language more strictly ideographical and mysterious, and formed an allegorical representation of the religious and philosophical doctrines of the Egyptians. Like the *esoteric* doctrines of the ancient philosophers, none but the initiated were suffered to inquire into them—the key to them was kept exclusively in the hands of the priests. For this reason, this department of hieroglyphics was termed *hieratic*, indicating that it belonged more peculiarly, if not exclusively, to the priesthood. It is a sort of hieroglyphical *stenography*, or short-hand writing, in which the form of the signs is considerably abridged. Various existing manuscripts exhibit this species of hieroglyphic writing, belonging to the Pharaonic, Greek, and Roman epochs of Egyptian history; and it seems to have been confined to the transcription of texts and inscriptions connected with religious matters. It is distinguished from that other mode of writing already alluded to, the *enchorial*, so called by Dr Young from its being of peculiar use in that country, but termed by Champollion *demotic*, because it comprehended the characters or style of writing used by the common people. It has also been denominated *epistolographic*, from its fitness for letter-writing. It is almost entirely alphabetical, containing few symbolic signs, and scarcely any direct figures, and these so much simplified as to lose nearly all resemblance to the objects expressed. It formed a sort of running-hand; and from its being written in the direction from right to left, it resembles the writing of the Hebrew and other oriental tongues.

But we come now to a most interesting part of this subject—that remarkable discovery of the Rosetta stone, by which the interpretation of hieroglyphics was first placed on a true and solid foundation. It has been said, that if the invention of fluxions by Newton, and of the *differential calculus* by Leibnitz, is considered as the most brilliant proof of the calculating and abstractive power of the human intellect, the deciphering of hieroglyphics, which for thousands of years lay before us a sealed book, may well be called the master-piece of criticism. When the French took possession of Lower Egypt in 1798, it was part of the policy of that remarkable man who then ruled their destinies, and who had, a short time before, made that memorable declaration to the Institute of France—“The true conquests, the only ones which do not cause a tear, are those which are gained over ignorance”—it was part of Napoleon's policy to associate with his army a company of literati, for the purpose of investigating the geography, natural history, and antiquities of that once famous land, the nurse of learning and civilisation—an inquiry in which no one seemed to take a greater interest than their distinguished commander himself. It was not, however, in the course of these learned investigations that the discovery alluded to was made; it originated purely in an accident; it was one of those coincidences, undesigned by man, by which often good is brought out of evil; for, in this case, what was designed for deadly war, tended to the enlargement of man's knowledge in the arts of peace.

While the French troops were excavating for the foundations of a fort to be erected at Rosetta, a town near the mouth of the Nile, they dug up a large block of basalt, containing an inscription in three compartments, and each bearing a distinct character. When the valour of Abercromby wrested Egypt from the republican yoke, by the battle of Alexandria in March 1801, it is curious to remark what was the fate of this stone. The opposite parties, without being aware of

its value, raised a contention about it that seemed prophetic of its future importance, and some account of which deserves a short notice. An end being put to the war by the surrender of Alexandria in the end of August, it was proposed that the collections of antiquities which had been made by the French savans should be considered as public property, and be given up to the British; but in the discussion that ensued, Menou, the French commander, asserted that they were private property; and he had selected the Rosetta stone for himself, and had caused it to be carefully packed up. After much dispute, however, the monuments and manuscripts were surrendered to Lord Hutchinson, the British commander, and the insects and other animals were ceded to the French, who, in anger, tore the covering from the Rosetta stone, and threw it down upon its face. It was at length safely embarked on board a captured frigate, along with many other valuable relics, carried to England in February 1802, and, by order of George III., deposited in the British Museum, where it may be seen in the Egyptian Saloon, No. 24.

This stone was found, on examination, to record a decree in honour of Ptolemy Epiphanes; and the lowermost division, which is inscribed in Greek, concludes with these words: ‘This decree shall be engraven on a hard stone, in sacred, enchorial, and Greek characters.’ So that it exhibits a specimen of hieroglyphics with a double translation, first in enchorial or common letters of the country, and second in Greek. The Society of Antiquaries caused a fac-simile of the inscription to be distributed among the learned in Europe and America. Porson in England, and Heyne in Germany, the two greatest Greek scholars of the age, furnished a version of the Greek; but this, however arduous a task it may have been, owing to the mutilated condition of the stone, was not the greatest difficulty. Of the first and second inscriptions, the hieroglyphic and enchorial, not a single character was then known, and therefore no comparison could, at first, be instituted between them and the Greek. The distinguished oriental scholar, M. Silvestre de Sacy of Paris, applied himself to decipher the enchorial, and found there two groups of characters in situations corresponding with the words *Alexander* and *Alexandria* in the Greek compartment, and which were therefore supposed by him to represent these names; but he could not get beyond this, and abandoned the attempt as hopeless. Mr Akerblad, an attaché of the Swedish embassy at Paris, entered on the investigation at the point where De Sacy had left off, and demonstrated what the other had only conjectured—namely, that the enchorial text contained Greek proper names, written in Egyptian or Coptic characters. He made some approaches towards the construction of an alphabet; but he failed in completing one from two causes: first, from supposing that the whole of the inscription was alphabetical; and, secondly, from the error of expecting to find all the vowels in the Egyptian words, in place of assimilating these with the Hebrew, Arabic, and other oriental languages, in which the vowels are mostly left out.

In 1814, Dr Thomas Young, a native of Somersetshire, and foreign secretary of the Royal Society, entered on the work which had baffled his predecessors. He began with the enchorial inscription; and, with the assistance of Akerblad's ‘conjectural’ alphabet, and by a careful comparison of the different parts with the Greek text, he was, after the labour of some months, enabled to form a translation, which he gave to the public in the *Archæologia* in 1815; and four years afterwards, he produced, in the article ‘Egypt,’ in the supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, an enlarged digest of his researches, which has been pronounced to be ‘the greatest effort of scholarship and

ingenuity of which modern literature can boast.' The result of Dr Young's labours was to demonstrate that, both in the hieroglyphic and in the enchorial texts of the Rosetta stone, certain characters were employed *phonetically*, or to represent sounds. He thus exhibited a phonetic alphabet, comparatively so extensive, that few additions of any value have since been made to it; and, by laying the foundation of a hieroglyphical one, he led the way to the true knowledge of that hitherto mysterious mode of writing.

Champollion laboured in the same field; and the priority of discovery between him and Dr Young has been much disputed. For a full and fair statement of the case, the reader is referred to the *Edinburgh Review* for December 1826, in which the writer comes to the conclusion, that 'Dr Young has the exclusive merit of having solved an enigma, which had for centuries baffled all the resources of the learned.' This, however, does not detract from the great merit of Champollion, in rearing up, by his unwearied labours and perseverance, an enlarged superstructure on the foundation laid by Dr Young.

The Rosetta stone contains only the last fourteen lines of the hieroglyphic text, and that, too, in a mutilated state; and the part of the Greek text which corresponds to these lines is, unfortunately, all defaced with the exception of one word; so that any extensive comparison between these two inscriptions is precluded. But it was the good-fortune of Champollion to discover another monument calculated to throw light on the subject in Philæ, an island of the Nile, once famous for its religious importance under the Pharaohs, and still remarkable for the number of its ruins. This monument is an obelisk with a hieroglyphic inscription upon it, which rested on a base bearing a Greek inscription. By means of these, he was enabled to form a hieroglyphic alphabet, with which he proceeded to decipher the proper names inscribed on the temples and other buildings of Egypt; and at length, in 1824, he published his great work, already alluded to, *Précis*, &c.; a most valuable production, which not only gives a clear view of the results previously obtained by himself and others, but contains a great variety of new matter. By a series of readings indicating profound scholarship, he has shewn that there is a phonetic alphabet applicable to the hieroglyphical legends of every epoch of Egyptian history; that this phonetic alphabet, as has been already mentioned, is the true key of the whole hieroglyphic system; and that all inscriptions in hieroglyphics are composed principally of signs purely alphabetical. He has traced these phonetic signs from the death of the Roman emperor Antonine Pius, 161 A.D., up to the conquest of Alexander the Great, in 332 B.C.; again, from Alexander's time to the Persian conquest by Cambyses, 525 B.C.; and thence through the different Egyptian dynasties as far back as to the beginning of the eighteenth, about the year 1874 before the Christian era. He has thus been enabled to verify the chronology of Manetho as preserved by Josephus, which had been previously treated with neglect, and has thereby shed a strong light on a portion of ancient history which, before his time, was enveloped in obscurity and doubt.

An attempt has since been made by two French writers—M. Klaproth and M. Dujardin—to invalidate the discoveries and the system of Young and Champollion; but on the whole, they have not succeeded in establishing any serious objection. More recently, the Rev. C. Forster has appeared to dispute their system. He has endeavoured to shew that hieroglyphic writing is *entirely* phonetic, and that the pictorial figures are to be taken merely as illustrations; but others, who have well considered the subject, think that this doctrine is refuted by certain inscriptions published by the learned Egyptian scholar, Mr Birch, so lately as 1853. It is

possible that the results of the great discoveries of Young and Champollion, in deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphics, are not perfectly satisfactory, and not yet complete; but though the speculations of Forster are highly ingenious, and in some respects valuable, they have failed to undermine the general principles of the system of those two learned hieroglyphicists.

CATHERINE OF WÜRTTEMBERG:

ROYAL LIFE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

AN act of graceful homage has recently been paid to the memory of Catherine of Württemberg, the second wife of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, and the mother of Prince Napoleon, who has of late attracted so much attention in the European world. The heart of the ex-queen of Westphalia, enclosed in an urn, has been deposited in the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon at the Invalides. It is, as has been well observed in the *Times*, 'the heart of a noble woman, of one whom we entreaties of her father, the king of Württemberg, could induce to abandon her husband in his days of adversity, and who clung to him in evil report and good report to the hour of her death.' The circumstances of her life are so full of deep and touching interest, that we trust our readers will not unwillingly follow us in some passages of her changeful and eventful career.

At the commencement of the present century, the ancient palace at Stuttgart was the peaceful and happy abode of the ducal family of Württemberg, whose position, although high enough to secure for them the homage and respect which is due to the princely houses of Europe, yet seemed not lofty enough to expose them to the political dangers so often entailed on the more elevated and ambitious potentates of Christendom. The great social revolution, however, which had shaken continental Europe to its very foundations, came to disturb the tranquil happiness of the Württemberg family. Napoleon the Great, now seated firmly upon the imperial throne of France, resolved that a crown should also encircle each of his brothers' brows. The throne of Holland had been bestowed upon Lucien Bonaparte; Joseph was the king of Spain; and a new kingdom—that of Westphalia—was about to be formed for Jerome. There was, however, one serious obstacle in the way of this latter arrangement: Jerome had, in defiance of his brother's wishes, wedded himself to an American lady, who had recently presented him with a son. Napoleon was seriously displeased at this union, and refused to acknowledge its validity. Jerome, warmly attached to his wife, came over to Europe, and throwing himself at the emperor's feet, besought his pardon, and earnestly entreated him to receive his spouse as a member of the imperial family. This request was made at an unskoward moment; for Jerome's interview with the emperor took place at Milan, in 1805, just after he had grasped the iron crown of the ancient kings of Lombardy, bearing this proud yet beautiful device:

Dio me la diede;
Qual che la tocca.

It was at this proud moment of his life that Jerome asked him to receive a plebeian sister from republican America! The request was indignantly refused. Jerome shed tears of passionate affection as he embraced his wife's portrait, and swore never to give her up for any paltry consideration of earthly grandeur. He, however, lacked the firmness and resolution by which the Bonaparte family were so eminently characterised; and when the temptation of a kingdom with its power and its pomp, was held out to him, he gradually became less vehement in his denials, and finally yielded to the will of his imperious brother. His wife was abandoned, and

offspring disowned, and Jerome stood alone, a weak and guilty man, ready to sacrifice honour, affection, and duty upon the base altar of earthly ambition.

And now, who is to be his partner upon the newly erected throne of Westphalia?

Napoleon turned his glance towards Württemberg, which had recently been raised to the dignity of a kingdom, and whose sovereign was now degraded into a satellite of imperial France. The princess-royal had just completed her twentieth year. Fair in person, and amiable in disposition, this youthful princess possessed, nevertheless, far more firmness than her royal parent, and she resolutely expressed her aversion to the proposed alliance, regarding Napoleon as the direst foe of her native Germany; while at the same time she felt her maiden dignity deeply offended at the thought of being espoused to a man who, in her estimation, was already married to another. Vain, however, were all her remonstrances. She was compelled to bow beneath the iron will of Napoleon the Great, with whom her father was at this time closely allied; and before many months had elapsed, she found herself wedded by proxy to Jerome, king of Westphalia, and had entered the confines of France as the acknowledged sister of its imperial ruler. She was obliged, in compliance with court etiquette, to part on the frontiers with all her German attendants, and to advance alone in a foreign country, surrounded indeed by a brilliant retinue, but with no familiar face to meet her saddened gaze; no sweet sound of home voices to soothe the bitter feelings of her heart. With the characteristic firmness of her disposition, however, she gathered up all her courage to meet the trying circumstances of her lot, and seemed resolved that no tell-tale glance should betray the hidden conflict of her heart. As she drew near to Paris, the whole current of her being seemed to be changed; the usual kindness of her manner became petrified into a proud and frigid bearing; and while she was studiously courteous to her attendants, her evident constraint gave a disagreeable expression to her countenance.

It was on the 20th of August 1807 that, at an early hour of the day, she found herself almost in sight of Paris; but it being Napoleon's pleasure that she should not enter his capital until evening, she was conducted by his order to Raincy—a charming country residence, once the abode of royalty, but now the possession of Junot, Duc d'Abrantes, whose wife was commanded to receive the princess with all the honour due to her elevated rank. The duchess received her *en demi toilette de cour* on the grand peristyle of the château, and conducted her to her own apartments, where a repast of the most costly description was prepared for her refreshment. She courteously insisted on Madame d'Abrantes and her friends partaking with her of breakfast; and the animation with which she talked might have bespoken a mind contented with its lot, but that the rapid changes in her countenance revealed only too clearly the inward conflict of her heart. At one moment, her features were suffused with the deepest crimson, and at another they became livid with a deadly pallor.

The afternoon was filled up with a drive through the Forest of Bondy, during which the princess still courted herself to appear pleased with the efforts made for her amusement. Next came the grand affair of her toilet, which seemed to Madame d'Abrantes a matter of the utmost importance at this critical moment of the princess's life. She anxiously awaited her appearance in the saloon before dinner. What was her dismay on beholding the royal bride enter the apartment clad in a style of old-fashioned magnificence that might have suited her grandmother, but which was ill befitting the court of the Tuileries in 1807. The material was a bluish moire—at that time

quite out of date—cut out into a scanty narrow frock with a short round *queue*, exactly resembling a beaver's tail; the sleeves very narrow and very flat, looking as if her arms had been squeezed into them; and then the shoes pointed, as if they had been made some centuries ago. Around her neck hung two rows of pearls, from whence was suspended a miniature of Jerome, so clumsily set that it swung about at each movement of the wearer. In spite of this antique costume, the appearance of the princess was pleasing and attractive. She is described to us as 'of a fair and fresh complexion; her beautiful light hair and blue eyes harmonising well with the graceful and dignified turn of her head, and she entered the apartment with as much princely self-possession as if she had been attired under the direction of the imperial *coiffeur* and *modiste*—personages of such importance as to be remembered even now under the names of Charbonnier and Leroy.' Before dinner was announced, Catherine's agitation became so evident to her hostess, that the latter ventured to inquire whether ought had occurred to disturb her royal highness. Catherine, in reply, expressed her wish to be informed a few moments before Jerome's arrival, so that she might be prepared to meet him. This was promised; and while the princess thanked Madame d'Abrantes for her kind readiness to oblige her, 'the burning blushes on her cheek revealed no pleasing emotion, but the passionate pain of an indignant woman's heart.'

'The dinner,' Madame d'Abrantes writes, 'was dull, and even mournful. The princess was restless and agitated. Having asked her twice which she would prefer—taking coffee and ice in the park, or in the grand saloon, she seemed suddenly to recollect herself, and looking at me as if she scarcely understood the purport of my question, replied: "Just as you please."

'We quitted table at half-past six, and feeling anxious to satisfy the princess's wishes, I went to inquire whether there was any symptom of Jerome's approach. Just at this moment, a cloud of dust became visible on the road from Paris, and several carriages were seen to enter the poplar avenue. I hastened to inform the princess that in a few minutes the prince would make his appearance. With a faint attempt to smile, she thanked me for my kindness; but her appearance really alarmed me; for in a moment her whole countenance became of a deep purple hue, which was immediately succeeded by the cold blanched colour of death. She seemed, however, to summon all her resolution, and, rising from her seat, advanced with one of her ladies-in-waiting to the grand saloon, to await the prince's arrival. This apartment communicates at either end with the music-saloon and billiard-room, from both of which it is separated only by pillars, so that we who were assembled in the billiard-room could see all that passed in the central saloon.

'Catherine of Württemberg seated herself near the chimney, having by her side an arm-chair, intended for the prince. The door of the music-saloon opened, and Jerome entered, followed by the officers of his household, who remained in the outer chamber, while the prince advanced alone into the saloon where Catherine awaited him. She rose up, advanced a step or two towards him, and saluted him with much grace and dignity. As for Jerome, his aspect was that of a boor, who looked as if he had come there because he was ordered to do so. He approached the princess with an air of *brusquerie* and *malaise*. After a few words had been exchanged between them, she pointed to the chair near her; and a brief conversation ensued about her journey. Before long, Jerome rose up, and, in the tone and style of a *bourgeois*, said to her: "My brother is expecting us. I do not wish to delay the pleasure he will have in welcoming you as his sister." The princess smiled and bowed acquiescence; but scarcely had Jerome withdrawn

from her presence, when she fainted away. We carried her to the open window, and bathed her temples with Eau de Cologne. In a few moments, she recovered herself, and attributed her indisposition to the excessive heat of the weather; but I understood only too well the bitter conflict of womanly feeling and of royal pride which was raging in poor Catherine's breast, not to guess at the true cause of her indisposition.'

When Madame Junot announced to the princess that her equipage was ready, she rose up, and, gracefully thanking her for her kind hospitality, said that she was ready to depart.

What were the desolate feelings of poor Catherine's heart during this twilight drive from Rainey to Paris, no human being knew, nor what were her miserable anticipations of the future that lay before her. On her arrival at the Tuileries, she found the whole imperial family assembled to receive her. The emperor advanced as far as the grand staircase to bid her welcome. She attempted to kneel and kiss his hand, but he hastened to raise her up, and after embracing her, conducted her into the saloon of the throne, where he presented her to his assembled family as their sister and daughter. She was immediately surrounded, caressed, and treated from that moment as a sister of the emperor.

Such were the opening scenes in the wedded life of Catherine of Würtemberg. Need it be added that her after-path was one beset with thorns rather than strewn with flowers? Forced to bestow her hand upon a man from whom she instinctively shrunk, as being in her opinion already espoused to another, the unhappy queen of Westphalia had not even the poor satisfaction of being treated with respect by her royal husband. Many were the humiliations which she suffered at the court of Cassel, and she bore them all in silence. Faithfully did she strive to fulfil the onerous duties of her position, and never was a single murmur suffered to escape her lips. The only happy moments of her crowned life were those in which she clasped her infants to her arms, although, perhaps, the name of Napoleon, which had been bestowed upon her son, often brought a pang to her heart, as reminding her of him through whose insatiable ambition a hopeless blight had fallen upon her opening life.

Time passed on. The eventful years of 1814-15 elapsed. Napoleon had fallen, and those modern dynasties, which had flourished in the sunshine of his power, were withering away beneath the shadow of 'the Holy Alliance.' The queen of Westphalia had taken refuge, with her children, beneath her father's roof. Jerome had joined his brother Napoleon in Paris on his return from Elba, and had carried with him thither all the baubles of royalty, in the hope that, at no distant day, he might once more appear in public with these insignia of power. In this expectation, however, he was quickly disappointed, and, on the evacuation of Paris, he retired with the army beyond the Loire. His situation being now a very precarious one, he gladly accepted a refuge in the Château of Douy, where, under the assumed name of Garnier, he was hospitably entertained by M. Ouvrard, the eminent financier. Owing to the frequent presence of military men who were quartered in the château, Jerome was obliged to remain secluded in his own apartments. One day, in a moment of ennui, the ex-monarch opened a trunk, took out his royal robes of state, together with the many brilliant orders which had been bestowed upon him in his happier days, and clothed himself in all the magnificence of royalty. Just as his splendid toilet was completed, the door of his apartment opened, and M. Ouvrard entered. The discreet financier was astonished at such an act of imprudence on the part of his guest, and fearing that a repetition of his folly might betray his secret to the

whole household, and thus involve the family in political danger, he counselled Jerome no longer to delay his escape out of France. On the following morning, before daylight, the deposed king was on his way to the eastern frontier, whence he hastened to Stuttgart, and, entering in secret his father-in-law's palace, besought his wife to procure for him a welcome in the home of her childhood and her youth. The princess, mindful only of her husband's forlorn position, welcomed him heartily to her apartments. The news of his arrival, however, quickly reached the ears of the king of Würtemberg, whose political position made him shrink from communication with any of the Bonaparte family. On the following morning, therefore, he signified his pleasure to the ex-queen that her husband must forthwith quit his palace, as he could not harbour beneath his roof one of a proscribed and outlawed family, pointing out to her at the same time the example of Maria-Louisa, who had consented to a separation from her husband. He also expressed his desire for an interview with his daughter, that she might learn his wishes more emphatically from his own royal lips. The princess-royal immediately addressed to her parent a reply, which merits a place in the annals of all those nations where women are counted worthy of honour as well as of love. It was in the following terms:

'SIRE—Your majesty has summoned me this morning to your presence. For the first time in my life, I have denied myself the pleasure of obeying your commands. Knowing the subject of the interview, and fearing that my mind was not sufficiently collected to speak of it, I venture here to unfold the motives of my conduct, and to make an appeal to your paternal affection. Your majesty has been rightly informed; yes, sire, Prince Jerome, your son-in-law, my husband, and the father of my children, is with me. I received him from your hands at a time when his family reigned supreme over many kingdoms, and when his own brow was encircled with a crown. The bonds imposed at first by policy have since then been strengthened and confirmed by the feelings of my own heart; and he is far dearer to me now, in the hour of his adversity, than ever he was in the time of power and prosperity. Marriage and nature impose duties which cannot be affected by the vicissitudes of fortune. I know these important duties, and I desire to fulfil them. I was once a queen, and I am still a wife and mother. Although raised by fortune above other men, we are often only the more to be pitied. A will at variance with our own may influence our destiny, but there its power ceases, for it can by no means affect the obligations which Divine Providence has imposed upon us. The husband who was given to me by God and by yourself—the child whom I have borne in my bosom; these are now a part of my very existence. With this husband, I shared a throne; with him, will I share exile and misfortune. Violence alone can separate me from him. But oh! my father, my sovereign! I know your heart—your justice and the rectitude of your principles; I know what those principles have ever been on the subject of domestic duties. I do not ask your majesty, out of affection towards me, to make any change in the line of conduct which has been adopted in conformity with the determination of the most mighty sovereigns of Europe; I only crave your permission that my husband and I may remain near your person. But oh! my father, my sovereign! if this boon is denied us, let us at least be assured of your favour and kindness before we set out for a strange land. Without some proof of your paternal love, I can scarcely find courage to appear in your presence. If we must depart at once, let us bear with us at least the assurance of your affection as well as the hope of your protection in happier times. Our misfortunes will surely one day have an end. Europe will not

always command our humiliation; it will not always delight in degrading princes who have been recognised by former treaties, and who are allied to the most ancient and most illustrious houses in Europe. Is not their blood mingled with our own? Pardon me, my father and my sovereign, for having thus expressed myself, and deign to let me know that this letter has not been received with displeasure. Believe me, &c.

CATHERINE.

This touching and noble appeal could scarcely fail to melt the heart of a father; but political motives were at that critical period far more powerful in the breasts of monarchs than the gentler voice of domestic affection. The Princess of Würtemberg, together with her husband and son, were obliged to quit that Fatherland to which she was so tenderly attached. They took refuge in the Papal States, where they lived for many years under the name of the Duke and Duchess of Montfort. They chose a country habitation named Casino Azzolino, near the river Trento, which forms a limit between the Roman and Neapolitan states. Even here, however, they could not escape the humiliations which were at this time the portion of the Bonaparte family. They were prohibited by the king of Naples from entering his dominions, and so rigidly were his commands enforced, that the Countess Conrurata, a niece of Jerome's, having ventured one day, in a girlish freak, to cross the Fiume Trento for the sake of enjoying a ride in the Neapolitan territories, she narrowly escaped being seized by the Neapolitan soldiers, who were placed there to guard the bridge. The young and ardent countess was exceedingly indignant at this curtailment of her liberty.

'*Napoleon's* niece,' exclaimed she, dwelling emphatically upon this word—'*Napoleon's* niece is not made to have her walks dictated to her; she is not the vassal of any sovereign!'

The Duke and Duchess of Montfort had all the difficulty in the world to calm her anger, and to prove to her the necessity of submitting to the ungenerous restriction imposed by the king of Naples. As for Catherine of Würtemberg, she pursued the even tenor of her way, treading in the same path of duty and affection until death closed the earthly portion of her existence. We know not what were her father's feelings on hearing that she had died in the land of her exile. But whatever they were, the memory of Catherine of Würtemberg is still fresh in many hearts; and although she did not live to witness the realisation of the hope expressed in her letter, yet to her children has it been given to enjoy the blessing of restoration to their country, and also to share in those imperial honours which have once again become the portion of Napoleon's family. Perhaps we need scarcely add, that Prince Napoleon and Princess Mathilde are the sole descendants of this noble-minded woman. No higher honour could be sought for or desired than to be the children of such a mother.

NOTES ON NATURAL HISTORY.

The great masters of natural history have left but little to be done by mere gleaners like myself; but I believe there are few persons of ordinary observation who might not contribute something, which would either interest from its singularity, or add to the common stock of knowledge. It is my purpose to collect in this paper a few such waifs and strays of observation touching birds as strike me to be worth preserving.

To begin with the kingfisher. This bird has been well styled the only one which, in our islands, decks itself with a plumage of tropical richness and lustre. How rarely is it seen!—how shy of observation!—and how dazzlingly splendid when its green and crimson

metallic scales, as one may call them, reflect the rays of the sun! I have seen this bird in an almost half-domesticated state—that is, I have seen it in a certain pleasure-ground remain on some old timber hanging over water, until we had come so near as to have a perfect view. It—or rather they, for there were several of them—ran about briskly while we approached, and then only seemed to retire a short way among the water-weeds. I am reminded here of an anecdote for which I can vouch, and which shews that the kingfisher has a remarkable tenacity of life.

One of these birds flew, one day, in some unaccountable way, into the open windows of a country-seat in Berkshire. It entered a drawing-room by one window, and dashed at another which happened to be shut. Of course it fell struggling to the ground, stunned, if not killed, by the shock. The ladies, who alone were present, summoned the butler to put the poor creature out of pain. This he did effectually, by 'wringing its neck' in the ordinary way, and depositing it on a table, in order that its beauty might be admired by the whole family. Here it lay for some time, to all appearance quite dead; but at length some slight motion was perceived about its head—the head evidently was moving a little; and by and by this said head began slowly to turn round and round, which gyration was performed some five or six times, answering no doubt to the 'wrigs' inflicted by the ruthless hand of the butler aforesaid, until at last it seemed to have recovered its natural position. Thus it lay with open and glittering eyes for a short space; and then, as if instinct with new life, it made a sudden effort, flapped its wings, flew to the open window, and disappeared!

This recalls a somewhat similar instance of a partridge. This bird—an old cock, I warrant him—was knocked over in the usual way 'in stubbles and turnips.' He was picked up while yet struggling, and his head severely knocked on the stock of a gun by one of the party. He was then 'hung by the neck' with some others in a net by a leather strap contrived for the purpose. In this durance, the poor animal remained during the rest of the day and the following night, being hung up with the bag in the gun-room. On the following day, when the keeper proceeded to hand over his prey to the cook, this bird was shaken out of his collar upon the table; whereupon he immediately got on his legs, looked about him, flew straight at the window, through a pane of which he broke his way, and escaped!

I will here mention an anecdote of another kind connected with birds, which has always struck me as most extraordinary.

I had obtained from the nest three young bullfinches, and had had them several days in perfect apparent health: they could feed alone, and seemed quite strong. One morning, they seemed, in the very act of awaking, to be all seized together with some sudden fit. They fell from the perches into the sand at the bottom of the cage, beating it about most violently with their wings, rolling over and over, and exhibiting the same appearance as wounded birds generally do. After perhaps two minutes of these extraordinary gambols, they all alike seemed to get rid of the exciting cause, whatever it was; they ceased to struggle; sat up languidly on their tails, steadying their panting bodies with their wings; and at length quite recovered their usual health. About ten days after, the same *simultaneous* seizure was repeated; they all fell down again, and struggled in the same way; but this time they died—together, of course.

I have often asked myself the question, what could have been the mysterious tie of sympathy between those singular birds? Had they each in turn died of some fit, it would have been a common death of the bullfinch tribe; but that the fit should have seized them *all* at the same moment, in the first instance

harmlessly, and in the next with fatal results, remains a mystery to me to this day.

Talking of bullfinches and their fits, I may observe that apoplexy, their great enemy, may be averted for a long time, if not entirely, by avoiding the alderman's snare—I mean, oleaginous feeding. Let them have canary-seed as a staple, and an ample supply of *green food*—chickweed, groundsel, salads of all sorts, and fruit in the season; and *plethora* may be kept in check effectually. I would allow a grain or two of hemp-seed now and then from the master's or mistress's own fingers, but only seldom, and as rewards for good behaviour.

Is it not curious, by the way, that the teaching of these charming birds to sing tunes should be, so far as I know, left entirely in the hands of foreigners? Our own artisans ought to be as capable of instructing them as any others. The process is very simple, and consists in keeping the birds in a moderately darkened cage, and letting them hear the air whistled, or played on a small flageolet, several times each day. The high price of well-taught birds would afford a good encouragement, even if no interest was found to attach to the pursuit for itself.

A very singular fact connected with the bullfinch is, that it can, at any moment, be thrown into a state of peculiar excitement, ending in the warbling of its song, if an artificial one, by seeing the head of a person whom it knows moved gently backwards and forwards before the cage. This is very convenient for the German dealers, who generally have the birds classified according to their proficiency and firmness in their music. By this standard they regulate the prices; and when the intending customer can only give so much, they at once take a bird, and thus force him to give a 'touch of his quality,' in a room adjoining the aviary, as one may call it.

I have always thought this one of the most interesting and curious facts connected with ornithology, and I believe no rational solution of it has yet been given. It is true that authors—and in so excellent a work as the *Penny Cyclopædia* itself—have long laid it down that the effect produced upon the bird by this motion, recalls the movement of the head supposed to belong to the weaver at his work; and as it is further assumed that the weavers along the Rhine are the bird-instructors for the English market, the explanation seems easy, and hitherto has been accepted as satisfactory.

Now, were I a lawyer, I should say, 'I demur to this on three counts:' weavers do *not* make the sort of motion which affects the bullfinch; weavers are *not* exclusively the teachers of German bullfinches; and, bullfinches which never saw a weaver, and on which the experiment was not tried until long after they had learned to pipe from persons exercising no handicraft at all, have shewn themselves, to my certain knowledge, perfectly susceptible of this strange, and, as I think it, unaccountable influence.

A reason may yet be found; but that which is now popularly received has not a shadow of foundation, either in fact or theory.

It is most curious to observe the phenomenon I am now considering. When a person, known to the bird, and who does not frighten him, moves his face gently back and forward near the cage, the bird seems to be drawn gradually under the influence of a spell; he ruffles his feathers, often looking like a perfect ball; he changes his place rapidly, and utters a low, plaintive cry. After a short time spent in these preliminaries, he stops, looks attentively at the 'oscillating engine' before him, and at last swells his throat and pours forth his little melody, whatever it may be, bowing gracefully from side to side, and, as it were, keeping time with the motions of his body and tail, which latter appendage has its full share to perform on these

occasions. So far as I have heard, there is no other bird, belonging either to the old world or the new, which appears capable of being brought under this singular fascination; and with the bullfinch it is, I repeat, altogether instinctive, and independent of any particular mode of teaching or other incidental circumstance whatever.

Respecting this beautiful and engaging little bird, I may observe in passing, that vast numbers are lost by injudicious feeding when taken from the nest. So far as I have seen, milk is entirely unfit for young birds. The proper food for bullfinches is a paste made of bread steeped in water, and rape-seed, boiled till soft, and then pounded in a mortar. A little only should be prepared at a time, as sour food is always destructive. It is important to get the young birds before they become afraid of man, yet not too young to do without the warmth of the mother by night. The critical moment is when the quill feathers of the wings and tail are just beginning to grow.

Taken young, the bullfinch is the most loving and familiar of feathered pets; otherwise, it is the wildest and most untamable; and to keep it in a cage, when caught old, is mere cruelty.

From the merely agreeable of the feathered race I now turn to the useful; observing, that the differences in habits and temper between different species, or rather different varieties of the same species, are exceedingly curious. For example, the common gray partridge has, so far as I know, never bred in captivity, and its unconquerable shyness will even prevent its being domesticated: I do not think it would even go as far as the pheasant, and lay eggs in a state of confinement. There is, however, a variety of the partridge, called the 'red-legged,' a very fine bird, common in France, which will not only lay, but rear its brood even in an ordinary hutch. I have seen as many as fourteen or sixteen well-grown young birds in such circumstances; and I see no reason why this excellent sort of game should not be added to our poultry. All that is required is a small court netted over, where the birds can have 'choice of sun or shade,' and be supplied with food and water. There can be no doubt that they would be well worth rearing, and be an agreeable variety to the table. This gradation, so to speak, in the adaptability of different sorts of game—for, of course, all were *once* game—to domestication, is an interesting subject of observation.

The well-known Australian bird, the tallagalla, is gifted with an instinct which shews something like a knowledge of chemistry; it seems aware that vegetable matters, such as grass, leaves, bits of stick, &c., when heaped together, will ferment, and give out a certain degree of heat; accordingly, it makes no nest, and never incubates, as others do. It scrapes together—that is, a colony of birds will do this—a heap of the materials we have named; and in this heap the hens deposit their eggs, for the hatching of which the chickens, they wait around this natural *ecalechon* with anxious attention. Even in our climate, it would appear that this can be done, as has been proved at the gardens in the Regent's Park: but I should think it a good plan, with a view to greater increase, to remove the eggs, and place them apart, in a heap of the same materials. The young birds take long to hatch, and then come into the world fledged, and able to fly, so that their abode should be closely netted over, to prevent escape. They are, however, independent, as it would seem, of maternal solicitude; and no doubt a certain number of the birds would, according to general experience, produce a greater supply of young, if the eggs were first removed, and the gratification of the parental instinct deferred for a time.

I shall reserve for another paper a description of a simple and effective domestic incubator, which will

enable any one, at a small cost, to usher into this 'breathing world' any number of feathered fowls at his discretion. I shall only now add a few lines about that scourge of our poultry-yards, the dreaded 'gapes.'

Many causes are assigned for this destructive malady. I believe one to be almost always in fault, and that is foul water and bad food; but chiefly the first of these—foul water. I believe also that salt is the great preventive, as well as the best remedy. The disease itself is a worm in the throat of the bird; and I have no doubt that if lumps of salt are left in the way, or a little box of common salt in a convenient place, the birds will take enough of it to prevent, or cure, the malady. When they are very sick, and gaping piteously, the best thing to do is to spurt a little salt and water into their throats. Some keepers use an aromatic decoction of cinnamon, pepper, &c., a drop or two of which is put into the bird's throat, and, I have no doubt, with excellent effect. But salt is the great vermifuge of creation, so far as the land is concerned. Our instinct for it seems intended to set as a safeguard against those parasites which, if let alone, would soon be as fatal to our peace and comfort as those of old Timon of Athens were to his.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER II.

Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, though not in those days the gay and flourishing place it has since become, was, thanks to its natural advantages, a favourite resort of health and pleasure seekers; and one of its chief attractions to the latter class of tourists, was undoubtedly its commanding view of the maritime life and bustle going on in the great naval arsenal of Portsmouth, and the famous roadstead of Spithead, to which the Wight forms the natural breakwater. Very exciting to the unaccustomed mind of Cockney or other inland folk must have been the frequent spectacle of captured vessels brought in with the British jack flying above the tricolor, and anchored or moored amidst the cheers and cannon-fire of the victor-crews. And albeit, to find cause of triumph in the humiliation of another, 'enemy' though he be, may not bear to be closely scanned by the light of the Gospel morality; yet how often have I seen reverently-pious eyes, seriously-pale, lengthened faces, gleam and glow with pride at such sights! At a yet later date, I am afraid, I have witnessed the same phenomena. Yet should I be the last to cast stones at others, since few could have felt fiercer joy than I did at such spectacles—my excuse being, that my parents were prisoners to the 'enemy,' which spectacles, greatly to my unreasoning regret, became less and less frequent as the maritime might of Great Britain wrestled down the giant war, as far as the ocean was concerned, and so effectually blockaded or swept the seaboard of a hostile continent, that at the commencement of 1914, months had elapsed since a captured tricolor had graced Spithead; whilst the stars and stripes, with which we had fallen out about a couple of years before, yielded but a scanty harvest.

The news, consequently, that the *Scout* privateer, Captain Webbe, had brought in a fine Yankee bark, created quite a sensation amongst us islanders; and although it was Sunday morning, the second Sunday in February, I, instead of waiting to escort my grandame to church, hurried off to Ryde Pier, where I found a small mob of excited idlers like myself.

The prize had gone into Portsmouth harbour, but the *Scout* was still anchored at Spithead—a remarkably fine brig of her class, and admirably adapted by

her long, low, sharply bowed hull, and tall raking masts, for a service in which speed was the prime requisite. She carried twelve guns of moderate calibre upon a flush deck, and had generally a complement of ninety men, maintained at a cost so onerous as to leave of late years, it was understood, a very trifling margin of profit to Captain Webbe and his owners, fortunate beyond all other 'privateers'—or pirates, writ large, as some slanderers aver that he had invariably been.

Presently a blue-peter was run up at the *Scout's* fore—a warning, it was supposed, to the boat's crew that had come on shore about an hour previously, to hasten their return to the brig, whose anchor, I noticed, had already been hove short. The warning or signal did not appear to be much heeded by the men, several of whom were smoking and sauntering about in the immediate vicinity of the pier; and when, some quarter of an hour afterwards, I took my way Ryde-ward, I came, on turning a corner in the principal street, upon a number of the *Scout* seamen, amongst whom was Captain Webbe himself, whom I knew well, from his having several times called at Oak Villa, where he was always civilly, though coldly, received by Mrs Linwood, who had known him previous to her domiciliation in the Wight.

The sailors, having just emerged from the Crown Tavern, were standing apart from Captain Webbe, who was earnestly conversing with a showily dressed, middle-aged woman, whose piercing black eyes, mallow skin, and vivacious gesticulation sufficiently declared her nationality without the aid of the few French words I indistinctly caught. She had a servant with her, also a Frenchwoman, and seemed about to take leave of the commander of the *Scout*, when his always restless glance met mine, and, scarcely to be believed, though my own eyes saw it, a crimson glow, much resembling a blush, mantled his bronzed cheeks—a swiftly passing weakness!

'Ha, Master William Linwood!' he exclaimed, extending his hand with frank cordiality, 'I am glad to see you looking so well. I intend paying Oak Villa a visit to-morrow. Mrs Linwood is, I hope, in the enjoyment of her usual fine health.'

I answered slightly, the lady's involuntary start and mounting colour having caught and fixed my attention. Recovering herself, she turned away with an assumed air of carelessness, and began chatting with her servant.

I passed on, and had not gone far, when, upon crossing the end of another street, I saw my grandame and her escort Nancy Dow coming onwards on their way to church. Not being in a devotional mood that morning, I accelerated my pace.

I had proceeded some distance, when the notion occurred to me, that as Mrs Linwood would necessarily pass Webbe and his companions, if they still remained where I had left them, I should like to witness her rencontre with the fierce-eyed Frenchwoman. I turned back to realise that whim, but had not taken fifty steps, when I halted, struck by the absurdity of my purpose. As I paused irresolutely, a clamorous burst of voices broke the stillness of the Sabbath morning, and hurrying at the top of my speed in the direction of the tumult, I could presently distinguish my grandame's voice, crying 'Help!—murder! Help!—murder!' reinforced by frantic yells of 'Fire! fire!' from Nancy Dow.

I should explain that Nancy, in consequence of having narrowly escaped being burned to death just before we left Wales, in any pressing emergency invariably shouted 'Fire! fire!' As Dr Johnson remarked of some clerical alarmists in his day, Nancy would to a certainty have cried 'Fire' at the Deluge.

I could have no doubt, therefore, as to whence the

furious outcries proceeded; but swiftly as I ran, I arrived too late. Mrs Linwood having fainted, was lying senseless, when I came up, in Captain Webbe's supporting arms, and the only other person present, except a few curious lookers-on, was Nancy Dow. The sailors and Frenchwomen had vanished.

'What is the meaning of this strange scene, Captain Webbe?' I exclaimed, at the same time relieving him of his burden.

'What is the meaning of this strange scene?' echoed Webbe. 'Ah! there, Master Linwood, you puzzle me. You can only learn that of your venerable relative; but the astounding fact is, that this impulsive, and, it would appear, most eccentric lady, no sooner caught sight of a person I was quietly conversing with, than she flew at her with perfectly feline ferocity, shouting the while "Murder! help! police!" and so on. But this is no place for talk: let me assist you to carry Mrs Linwood into the tavern; we will speak further by and by.'

Mr Beale, who lived but a few doors off, was sent for, restoratives were administered, and my grandmother revived sufficiently to murmur: 'Seize her—seize her, William: do not let her escape; she is—'

Desperately as she struggled for utterance—so desperately, that her face grew black with the effort—not another syllable could she enunciate: hysterical faintings, violent spasms followed; and Mr Beale forbade me to remain in the room, my presence appearing to greatly excite her.

Thus circumstanced, I forthwith hurried away to seek out Webbe. A few minutes sufficed to reach the pier, whence I had the mortification of seeing the *Scout* under sail, and steering for the Channel, by the eastern passage, at a spanking rate, under courses, top-sails, and top-gallant-sails. An exclamation of surprise and anger escaped me, which elicited an unexpected response.

'You are mistaken,' said a voice close to my ear. 'That rascal Webbe has not hooked it with the Frenchwoman. Pray, don't trouble yourself to apologise: those ingenuous blushes are more than sufficient excuse. The Frenchwoman,' added Webbe, 'is on board the *Scout*, and if this breeze holds, may hope to reach Guernsey before nightfall.'

'Who is the Frenchwoman? What is her name?' I demanded.

"Madame de Bonneville, Modiste," is painted in brilliant letters over her *magasin* in St Malo's, Brittany.'

'Ay, but her maiden name! Do you know that?'

'Yes; Louise Féron.'

'Louise Féron! And you, perfectly cognizant, as I am sure you are, of the cause of Mrs Linwood's excitement at meeting that woman, have connived at, aided her escape!'

'You appear, young gentleman, to strangely misunderstand our family's position relatively to Madame de Bonneville, formerly Louise Féron, who, I apprehend, can have no motive for wishing "to escape" from Mrs Linwood's surveillance. Suppose, however, we exchange this bleak pier for a cozy room at the hotel yonder, and there quietly talk over the many interesting topics suggested by this morning's encounter. I should have sought you to-morrow for substantially the same purpose, had that passage-of-arms not taken place. You will the more readily believe that,' coolly added Captain Webbe, between the puffs of his cigar—'you will the more readily believe that when I inform you, that I had the honour and pleasure of supping with your excellent mother and her husband no longer ago than Monday evening last.'

'You supped with my mother and father on Monday evening last!'

'Yes; positively so: at Numéro 12, Rue Bombardée—so named when rebuilt after its demolition by *les perfides Anglais* a few years since—Havre de Grace, Département of the Seine Inférieure. They are both well—that is to say, as well as under existing circumstances could be reasonably expected.'

'This must be a sorry jest!' I angrily exclaimed; 'or if not, permit me to ask what conceivable motive could have induced *Scout* Webbe to trust himself in a French garrison town, from which escape is proverbially next to impossible?'

'To which sagacious query "*Scout* Webbe" can only reply by remarking, after the ancients, that the silliest child might ask the wisest man more questions in five minutes than he could answer in five hundred years—did wise men live so long, which, from regard for you, I could wish were the case. Gad! Linwood, what an explosive fellow you are! You cannot surely suppose I used the words "silliest child" or "wisest man" in a sense personal to you?'

'I do not care a button in what sense, or no sense, you used them! All I have to say is, that there are some topics upon which I do not bear jesting, and I will thank you to avoid them.'

'That is quite right and spirited,' rejoined Webbe, 'though prompted by a misapprehension, as I certainly do not jest in saying I passed last Monday evening with your parents in Havre de Grace. This I undertake to prove to you, directly I have taken the chill off my stomach with a glass of hot, stiff grog.'

We entered the hotel, were shewn into a private room; and Webbe, secretly enjoying, I was sure, the suspense in which he kept me, quite as much as the hot brandy and water he leisurely sipped—a stimulant which he politely regretted my immature palate prevented me from participating at that hour of the day—wrapped himself up in a real or simulated meditative reverie for some ten minutes, during which I had an opportunity of closely observing one of, in several respects, the most remarkable men of his day.

My impression of the man, as depicted in my notebook on the day after my first important interview with him, the general truth of which many now living will recognise, may be thus roughly rendered:

'Kirke Webbe, now approaching, I should say, to fifty years of age, is of medium height—say, five feet seven or eight—not stout, but broad shouldered and of sinewy frame, upon which years have as yet placed no appreciable weight. Of fair complexion originally, but now bronzed by sun and service, he is nearly bald; and what hair he has is of a light colour; as are his whiskers, except that in certain lights they seem to have a curious green tinge. There is a slight cast to his keen, restless gray eyes; and the strong lines about his mouth confirm and strengthen the predominant character of his physiognomy, which is that of a man possessed of a calm, courageous, indomitable will, neither debased by ferocity, nor accessible to the influences of a chivalric or disinterested purpose. In dress and speech, Captain Webbe affects the landman and gentleman, and to a casual observer, would accurately present a more vivid idea of a seaman than night at the Royal Yacht Club captain of his own yacht.'

As I have before remarked, the privateer captain had received a superior education; and his French accent, M. Laborde, an *émigré* of whom I learned that language, asserted to be perfect—that of a Frenchman born.

I was still engaged in the not over-satisfactory perusal of Mr Webbe's physiognomical indices, when he, taking a carefully preserved note from his pocket-book, tossed it towards me, saying: 'You have not seen that before, I think?'

It was a highly complimentary note from Mr Secretary Croker, addressed to the captain of the audacious and fortunate *Scout*, and expressed a polite

regret that so much enterprise and valour had not found a more fitting arena for their display in the king's regular service.

Captain Webbe was, I knew, extremely proud of Mr Wilson Croker's semi-official recognition of his services; which, if a forgery, as some asserted—an uncharitable hypothesis, but quite within the range of possibility—was, I may remark in passing, exceedingly well executed, both in the imitation of the secretary's handwriting, with which I happened to be acquainted, and the official seal.

I returned the precious document with a few civil words of course; Captain Webbe replaced it in his pocket-book, and drew therefrom a sealed letter.

'You doubted,' said he, 'that I passed last Monday evening with your captive relatives in Havre de Grace. This letter will remove that doubt. Do you recognise,' added Webbe—'do you recognise the hand which traced this direction to Mr William Linwood?'

'My mother's!' I exclaimed, starting up, and rudely snatching the letter. It was the first I had ever received from her; and with uncontrollable emotion, relieved by the scalding tears which fell upon the paper, I, after many efforts, read it to the end.

'MY BELOVED CHILD! for child you are still to me, as when, ten sad weary years ago, you were awakened to receive your mother's yearning, last embrace. I cannot as yet, my darling boy, realise you to be the fine tall youth—tall as your suffering, persecuted father—described by Captain Webbe; but the blessed time will come when, strained in these clasping arms, my heart shall recognise in the manlike son, the developed, matured promise of the child of memory—yes, and that it will come speedily, I have a lively hope and faith. It is now almost openly said even here, that the power of the French emperor, but a brief time since, so colossal, seemingly unassailable, was irremediably shattered by the Russian campaign—an afflictive yet merciful visitation of a just God, which gives assurance that the woful days of captivity are numbered. But alas, my son! the restoration of peace to Europe will not bring peace to your father's bruised and fainting spirit; nor to mine, which is inseparable from his. My son runs on, dear boy, as if addressing one acquainted with the nature of the burden beneath which we have so many years hopelessly languished. The sad story will be related to you by Captain Webbe; and you will, at the same time, hear from him that circumstances have recently come to his knowledge, through which, with your aid, he may be enabled to restore our father to society—to cheerful, healthy life! God grant that it prove so! And whatever may be said of Webbe, he cannot be accused of idle boasting. What be circumstances are, or how your assistance, dear child, should be so absolutely necessary to the success of his design, he declined to say, and I feared to press him for his grounds of hope. He assured me again and again that you would incur no serious peril; but what say such a fearless man esteem to be serious peril? I must break off, for Captain Webbe waits only for this letter to be gone; and but a brief delay in the perilous position wherein, for the purpose of conferring freely with us, he has placed himself, might compromise his safety. With fear and trembling, now that this letter in a few minutes have passed from me beyond recall, I commend you, my beloved, my only son, to a enterprise in which your mother can only aid you with her blessing and her prayers.

EMILY LINWOOD.'

I thrust the letter into my pocket, and, turning from the window, resealed myself at the table.

'Take a sup of brandy and water,' said Captain Webbe, pushing his glass towards me; 'it will do you good. Never care to hide your tears. I should have poor opinion of the spirit of a youth whom such a

letter, as I suppose that to be from a long-absent mother, did not affect to tears. You are quite resolved, I see, to go with me in this matter?'

'To the death!'

'Yes, I know, but we'll contrive, if possible, to cast anchor on this side of that mooring-ground: it is always, however, well to look the worst that can happen boldly in the face; it tends to prevent flurry when the worst presents itself, and steadiness of nerve is indispensable.'

'The letter intimates that you will inform me of all the circumstances which led to, or may throw light upon, my father's unfortunate position.'

'I am quite ready to do so, but you must say grace first.'

'Say grace first! What do you mean?'

'Frankly this: If you are the lad of metal I have represented you to be, we are about to initiate a difficult enterprise, in which I, moved by various considerations—an old regard for your oppressed, broken-spirited father—a love of counterplot, if only for the excitement and mischief of the thing—and, to be quite candid, the promise by your mother of a substantial reward in the event of success—have determined to engage.'

'I understand all that; and you but dally with my impatience.'

'Steady—steady, my fine lad! It is never wise to spread too much sail, fair as the wind, and fine as the weather may be. That enterprise, I was about to say, to which any son who had a heart in his bosom would not hesitate to devote himself body and soul, will necessarily bring you acquainted with certain business secrets of mine, which I must have a solemn guarantee from you shall never, under any circumstances, be made known to my prejudice.'

'What guarantee can I give?'

'That of your sacred word and honour.'

'It is given already.'

'You declare solemnly that, happen what will, you will never make known to my injury or prejudice any fact concerning me, or my transactions, which may by any chance become known to you.'

'I do solemnly make that declaration—bind myself by that promise.'

'As you shall answer to God at the last great day!'

'As I shall answer to God at the last great day!'

'Enough! Now, then, to business.'

THE PEOPLE AT SARAWAK.

THE inhabitants of Sarawak are of three different races—Dyaks, Malays, and Chinese. The Dyaks are the aborigines of the island; the Malays, a seafaring race who have settled on the coast, and have to a considerable extent compelled the Dyaks to retire inland; and the Chinese are immigrants who have settled in the country, and form a distinct community in the midst of either the Malays or Dyaks, as chance may have placed them. The Malays and Chinese are so well known, that I shall say little concerning them, but shall merely reproduce a parallel which I have sometimes mentally drawn between these two races on the one hand, and the Scottish Highlanders and Lowlanders on the other.

The Chinese, like the Lowland Scotch, are cautious, clear-headed, persevering, industrious, and frugal without being niggardly. They lay hold of every opportunity of bettering their circumstances, turn everything to account, and stick all together. They have a keen relish for the humorous, are very hospitable, and excessively proud—proud of themselves and their attainments, proud of their country and its greatness, reckoning themselves the first people, and it the first nation by many degrees on the face of

the earth. They emigrate in great numbers to all the countries with which they are acquainted; and though they strive to return to their own land with a competence, they generally settle permanently abroad. So far, I think, the characters of the two nations run parallel; but beyond this point the comparison turns into a contrast. The Chinese are utterly unprincipled and mendacious, and thoroughly selfish; and, though many of them know that 'honesty is the best policy,' it may be safely said that they are never honest from high principle.

The Malays, on the other hand, are proud, hot-blooded, and revengeful; expert in the use of arms, fond of war, and averse to work; fierce and ferocious when excited, but polite and gentlemanly in their ordinary conduct, always civil, and often obliging. They are very fond of their children—so fond, that they never correct them; and the indulgence with which they are treated when young, is probably one cause of the high sense of personal dignity which they possess, and why they so deeply feel anything like slight or insult. If they quarrel, they never apply abusive epithets to each other, like Chinese or Hindoos; they are too proud to scold, and their resentment is too deep to be vented in words. They are not exactly brave, in our sense of the word; that is, they have not the cool calm courage of western nations, at least of disciplined men; but when their blood is roused, they lose all regard for personal consequences, and fight like furies to the death. 'You must surely give your men something to inspire courage,' said a Malay who witnessed Keppell's attack on Patuan to one of the Europeans, 'for they rush up right in face of the cannons. Now we Malays are brave, but we cannot do that.' Yet this man bears a high character for courage, and was the first to scale the enemy's palisade at Sungè Lang (Kite's River), preceding even Europeans in the attack.

The Dyaks are a branch of the Malay race, and differ little from the ordinary Malay type. They have broad faces, flat noses, thickish lips, black eyes, and coarse lank black hair. They are fairer than the Malays, some of them when young being as fair as a European; but as they grow up and expose themselves to the sun, they become of a reddish brown, like the savages of the Amazon, whom, I have been told, they much resemble in many respects. They are smaller, and possess less physical strength than Europeans, but they have great powers of endurance, and great bodily activity, climbing rocks and trees like cats or monkeys. Their countenance is, as I have said, of the Malay type, and it consequently takes some time before a European becomes accustomed to their appearance; but when his eye has been reconciled to their cast of features, he soon discovers in them intelligence, openness, sprightliness, and good-humour. These qualities never fail to commend themselves to the favourable consideration of the spectator, and he soon begins to consider them handsome, according as they approach the ideal of the Malay type, just as he considers a European handsome, according as he approaches the ideal of the Caucasian type. The ordinary dress of the men consists of a *chawat*, or piece of cloth, about six inches wide, and six or eight feet long, passed once between the legs, and wrapped several times round the waist, one end of it hanging down in front, the other behind. They also wear a jacket of thick cotton cloth of their own manufacture, and a handkerchief or piece of bark-cloth tied like a turban around the head. The women wear a petticoat of much scantier dimensions than a Highlander's kilt, together with a jacket like that of the men. Few of either sex, however, wear the jacket, except in cold weather; the men, if on a journey, generally carrying theirs in a basket, while the women hang theirs over one shoulder. Many men wear their hair long like

the women, but most of them wear it short, while a few shave the head completely bare. Both sexes are fond of adorning their hair or head-dresses with flowers, generally large bright red and yellow blossoms, which become their dark complexions exceedingly well.

Of national ornaments, as they may be called, there are no great variety, and most of them, though still retained by the inland tribes, are being abandoned by those who have come much in contact with Europeans. The most striking to the eye of a stranger are the large and numerous ear-rings worn by the tribes of Sarebas and Sakarran, and which are inserted not only in the lobe, but also in the cartilage of the ear. Five or six large brass rings—the largest being sometimes four inches in diameter—are suspended in the lobe of the ear, and eight or ten more in regularly diminishing order as they ascend, are inserted in the cartilage. The women do not wear these enormous ear-rings, their peculiar ornament being a circlet of painted rattan hoops around the waist. Both sexes wear numerous bracelets and anklets of brass-wire, and frequently also armlets of polished white shell, which contrast well with their dusky forms. On one occasion, I saw the daughters of several Sakarran chiefs clothed in loose dresses composed of shells, beads, and polished stones, arranged with great care and considerable taste. The dress, which was very becoming, hung as low as the knee, and as the young ladies walked along, the stones of which it was composed rung upon each other like the chime of distant bells. These dresses are very expensive, costing some seventy or eighty reala apiece (about L.12), and are therefore not common.

Some of the young men wear head-dresses composed of the hair of their enemies, dyed red, with which they also ornament the heads of their spears and the handles and scabbards of their swords. Others adorn themselves with the feathers of the argus pheasant, and many with fantastic artificial plumes. At Sumpu, I saw a woman wearing a long round hat, somewhat resembling the head-dress of a Parsee, but narrower, and much more lofty. The Malos and Kynes tattoo themselves slightly, and generally each tribe has some trifling distinction in dress or ornament peculiar to themselves.

In disposition, the Dyaks are mild and gentle; they are quiet and docile when well treated, but proud and apt to take offence if they think themselves slighted. They are industrious, frugal, and accumulative, and were they not so poor, might even be reckoned stingy; but as each knows that, if from the failure of his crop, or from any other unavoidable cause, he should fall into debt, it will accumulate so rapidly, from the high rate of interest, that he will probably never get free from it, the carefulness and frugality which they display cannot be regarded otherwise than as being legitimate. At the same time, they are hospitable to the extent of their means, and consider themselves bound to place before a visitor the best they can afford. They have a strong perception of the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, and scarcely ever violate it either among themselves or towards Europeans. They never attempt such thefts and robberies as the South sea islanders were in the habit of committing upon the early navigators; for their great self-esteem, and high sense of personal and family dignity, and the intense keenness with which they feel anything like degradation, would alone prevent their doing anything to which infamy was attached. As they are so honest, so are they to a great extent truthful, and to this general character there are of course exceptions. On one occasion, a Dyak said to a missionary: 'Your religion is for sinners, is it not?' 'Yes,' he replied. 'It is for all men to teach them to be good, and to do God's will.' 'Very well,' was the answer; 'you should try and convert that man,' pointing to one who passed

by, 'for he is a thief.' But though the Dyaks do not steal, they are great beggars; for they have been so accustomed to receive things from white men, that they think they have only to ask for anything they may want. Their pride, however, is so great, that a few rebuffs effectually check them; and they have, besides, a delicacy of feeling, and an innate sense of the becoming, which prevent their doing anything improper or contrary to natural good manners. When they receive a present, they never say 'Thank you,' but next day they will bring in return a little fruit or some such trifle: it is their method of making an acknowledgment.

When young, the Dyaks are acute and apt to learn, but as they grow older, their intellect seems to become deadened, and incapable of rising beyond familiar subjects. The cause of this seems to be, that having neither religion nor poetry, having nothing that can elevate the mind above the routine of ordinary life, or cause the past, the distant, or the future to predominate over the present, their faculties are bowed down to the daily wants of their daily existence, and become incapable of expanding beyond them. I have observed that those lads who are in the habit of associating with the missionaries, and have been by them instructed in Christianity, are much more acute and intelligent than their companions; and I think it not unlikely that they may retain through life that mental superiority which they now unquestionably possess. Let us hope, then, that Christianity, which has done so much for every other nation by whom it has been received, will do as much for them, and that they will be elevated both morally and intellectually by being taught the sublime and affecting narrative of the Saviour's life and death.

There are in the Sarawak territory many different tribes of Dyaks, named from the rivers on which they live, many of them speaking distinct languages, and almost all of them habitually regarding each other as enemies. These tribes, prior to the coming of Sir James Brooke, lived in a state of chronic hostility with each other; whenever they met, they fought. They either fitted out numerous fleets to combat on a large scale, or they went out in small parties of one or two boats, stealing upon their enemies by surprise, and retreating as suddenly as they came. The object of all these expeditions was to procure human heads. The head of an enemy is the most valued prize a Dyak can have, and is not only esteemed as a trophy of valour, but is also intimately connected with their superstitious customs. The death of one of their tribe entailed an *ulat* or ban upon the whole country; and until this *ulat* was removed, which it only could be by the capture of a head, various restrictions were placed upon the whole community—for example, no widower could marry again, nor could the appropriate offerings at the tombs of their deceased relatives be made till the *ulat* was removed. There were therefore many excuses for head-hunting. If the near relative of a chief died, he immediately organised a head-hunting expedition, believing the heads captured probably, though now unconsciously, as an offering to the manes of the deceased. At other times, they went out to avenge former attacks by hostile tribes, and often, again, merely for the love of war and the glory of taking heads. Nor were they at all particular whose head they took. Primarily, of course, their expeditions were directed against enemies; but with them, every stranger was an enemy; and a disappointed war-party would sooner take the head of a friend, than return without one. Thus head-hunting became with them a passion; and thus palmy days, before it was so much put down by Sir James Brooke, a young man could scarcely get married before he had taken a head. If they fitted out a large fleet of war-boats, they would swiftly and silently

approach a village, surround it at night, or rather just before morning, set fire to the houses, and massacre indiscriminately men, women, and children, and then depart in triumph with their heads; or if a small war-party of six or seven men embarked in a fast boat, they would conceal it in the umbrageous creeks near an enemy's house, and then prowling about in the jungle, would pounce upon any unfortunate who might stray near them. Sometimes they would even get into the wells of their enemies, and, covering their heads with a few leaves, sit for hours in the water waiting for a victim. Then when any woman or girl came to draw water, they would rush out upon her, cut her down, take her head, and flee into the jungle with it before any alarm could be given. Sometimes a war-party would decoy a party of traders, and murder them for the sake of their heads; while a trading-party, if opportunity offered, never failed to act in a similar manner. Thus no party of Dyaks was ever safe from any other party: they lived, as I said before, in a state of chronic hostility with all their neighbours, attacking and being attacked by all around them.

This was the general state of Dyak society before the coming of Sir James Brooke; but there are two tribes who, from the atrocities they perpetrated, from the extent of country they devastated, and from the attacks to which Sir James Brooke was subjected, for having broken their power, merit a peculiar notice. These are the Dyaks of Sarebas and Sakarran.

These tribes were more numerous, more powerful, and better organised for purposes of aggression than any of the others, being to a considerable extent under the authority of Malay chiefs, who employed the head-hunting propensities of the Dyaks to further their own piratical inclinations. They would call out a fleet of 100 or 200 war-boats—each containing on an average about thirty-five men—and with this formidable force they would plunder and devastate the whole coast from Pontianak to Barram, a distance of 400 miles. Villages were surrounded and whole tribes cut off. Many communities were broken up, and their families forced to flee, some to more powerful tribes, others to remote fastnesses and distant countries. Men at their fishing-stakes, and women and children in their rice-fields, were surprised and murdered, and the country was fast becoming depopulated and desert. These fleets were led by the Malays, who appropriated the plunder that was captured, while the Dyaks received what they prized most—the heads. Of these bloody trophies, great numbers were taken, sometimes as many as 400 in a single expedition. Nor did they confine their attacks to other Dyaks against whom it might be supposed they had cause of war: they fell upon all who had either plunder to gratify the Malays, or heads to satisfy themselves. All whom they met they attacked, Dyaks, Malays, Chinese, and Europeans; villages ashore, or vessels afloat, all were equally subject to their indiscriminate ravages. To put a stop to these ravages, and to break their aggressive power, was the first step towards the pacification of the country; a step as absolutely indispensable as would be the destruction of a den of tigers in the vicinity of an Indian village. No other tribe could cultivate the arts of peace, or do anything else than prepare for war, when liable to be attacked any day or night by the men of Sarebas and Sakarran.

Such were the tribes whom Sir James Brooke attacked, and whose power he broke; and it was on account of the severe chastisement which he inflicted upon them that he was branded in this country as a mercenary and blood-thirsty murderer. Fortunately for the interests of humanity, he was not deterred by the attacks made upon him from pursuing the line of conduct he had marked out for himself; but after having effectually broken the aggressive

power of the Dyaks, he took measures to pacify the country and to give security to life and property. This he has succeeded to a great extent in doing, and the consequences have been most gratifying, and almost wonderful. The late outbreak of the Chinese has of course given a shock to the prosperity of the settlement, and probably thrown it back about three years; but I am sure it will not really injure it, though I can only speak of the country as I saw it last year. At that period, people from neighbouring districts had flocked, and were flocking, into Sir James's territory to enjoy the benefits of his government; the resources of the country were being rapidly developed; trade had increased, and was increasing, to an astonishing extent; tribes of savages whose only delight was in bloodshed, and who regarded the possession of a human head as the *summum bonum*, have to a great extent been turned from their bloody courses, and taught to devote their superfluous energies to the increased production of the fruits of the earth. Larger breadths of land are being brought into cultivation, yet all the crops are consumed in the country, and it is necessary often to import rice for the increasing population. Pepper and gambier, and many other crops, are being introduced; sago is largely produced and manufactured; mines are wrought, and smelting establishments erected; gold is found in tolerable quantities, and antimony, and above all, coal will soon be wrought on a large scale. In short, Sarawak has become the emporium of trade and the centre of civilisation to the whole north-west coast of Borneo, and so far as man can presume to look into the future, Sir James Brooke seems there to have laid the foundation of a great, and, let us hope, a durable and Christian empire. This has he done, and thus has he earned for himself a place in the noble list of the benefactors of mankind, while in the government of his principality he has displayed a tact and an ability that have extorted the commendation even of his enemies. He is one of her sons of whom England may well be proud, one who in his lesser sphere has exhibited a courage and a capacity not unworthy of a Clive or a Hastings, united to a purer if a less brilliant fame.

HOW TO EAT WISELY.

Dr Hall, in his journal, gives the following advice: '1. Never sit down to a table with an anxious or disturbed mind; better a hundredfold intermit that meal, for there will then be that much more food in the world for hungrier stomachs than yours; and besides, eating under such circumstances can only, and will always, prolong and aggravate the condition of things. 2. Never sit down to a meal after any intense mental effort, for physical and mental injury are inevitable, and no man has a right to deliberately injure body, mind, or estate. 3. Never go to a full table during bodily exhaustion—designated by some as being worn out, tired to death, used up, done over, and the like. The wisest thing you can do under such circumstances is to take a cracker and a cup of warm tea, either black or green, and no more. In ten minutes you will feel a degree of refreshment and liveliness which will be pleasantly surprising to you; not of the transient kind which a glass of liquor affords, but permanent; for the tea gives present stimulus and a little strength, and before it subsides, nutriment begins to be drawn from the sugar and cream, and bread, thus allowing the body gradually, and by safe degrees, to regain its usual vigour. Then, in a couple of hours, you may take a full meal, provided it does not bring it later than two hours before sundown; if later, then take nothing for that day in addition to the cracker and tea, and the next day you will feel a freshness and vigour not recently known.' No reader will require to be advised a second time who will make a trial as above, whilst it is a fact of no unusual observation among intelligent physicians, that eating heartily, and under bodily exhaustion, is not unfrequently the cause of

alarming and painful illness, and sometimes sudden death. These things being so, let every family make it a point to assemble around the family board with kindly feelings, with a cheerful humour and a courteous spirit; and let that member of it be sent from it in disgrace who presumes to mar the ought-to-be blest reunion, by sullen silence, or impatient look, or angry tone, or complaining tongue. Eat in thankful gladness, or away with you to the kitchen, you graceless churl, you ungrateful pestilent lout that you are!—There was grand and good philosophy in the old-time custom of having a buffoon or music at the dinner-table.

ONE TRUE HEART IS MINE.

I WILL not murmur at my lot,
Or deem it aught but good,
Though I must toil with head and hands
To earn my daily food.
I will not fret though Fortune frown,
Or at stern fate repine;
Since I can say—O Heaven, what joy—
That one true heart is mine!

The gay may cast their looks of scorn
Upon my humble garb;
Such looks give wounds to some—for me,
They bear nor point nor barb;
I've hidden armour o'er my breast,
That seems almost divine;
No sneer can scathe, while I have power
To say: One heart is mine.

The rich may boast his golden store—
I envy none mere pelf;
But when I see it, I can smile,
And whisper to myself:
'Oh, joy of joys, how rich am I!
Without such wealth as thine;
God prosper thee, and give beside
Such a true heart as mine.'

Now we must wait, that one and I,
And work to earn a home,
Where hands as well as hearts may join;
But the good time will come;
And though the waiting may be long,
Why should I sigh or pine?
Doubt, fear, away! for I can say
That one true heart is mine.

Grimsby.

RUTH BOCK.

PAY OF MINISTERS OF THE CROWN.

An article in the last number of the *Journal of the Statistical Society* treats of this subject in a way that will be new to many. The principal ministers of state who enjoy incomes equal to that of the highest class of professional men. A successful barrister, for instance, makes a large income by the time he arrives at middle life; the bench is then ready to receive the judge; and when the powers of the judge fail, he may retire on a pension of L.3500 or L.5000 a year. A cabinet minister, on the other hand—with the exception of the Lord Chancellor—has a most precarious income of from L.2000 to L.5000 a year, during his uncertain tenure of office, and then retires upon a pension ranging from L.1000 to L.2000 a year.

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WHAT ONE LEARNS IN THE WORLD.

THERE is a good deal of spurious knowledge of the world. A crafty, manoeuvring kind of personage may frequently be met with, whose half-closed eyes twinkle with astuteness and suspicion. He will sometimes, in a confidential mood, take you by the button-hole, and assert, with a mysterious modulation of his voice, that he knows the world. The probability is, that he imparts this interesting fact in consequence of your having dropped some remark in which you gave some one credit for common honesty and uprightness of intention, or advocated a fair, straightforward line of conduct. If you should unfortunately have business relations with a 'party' of this stamp—I fancy the word 'party' was first used in this odious sense by some Mr Worldly Wiseman—he will be found a sharp practitioner in matters of traffic, barter, and exchange. In case you wish to make a purchase, he will perhaps exhibit a coarse sort of skill in tickling your vanity and self-esteem. The little foibles of your character will be tenderly propitiated. If you are fond of outspeaking candour, the cunning bargainer will play the 'downright' inimitably. If your nature contains an element of Indian gravity, and you like a palaver, he will be loquacious on things in general with a particular view to commercial morality, and deliver a succession of texts for as many homilies. When the preliminary negotiations have been duly completed, your sympathising friend will wind up by asking fifty per cent. more than the price he would be willing to take, and will thus place you in the disadvantageous position of a beater-down—a haggler. Wearied and disgusted, you are glad to terminate the transaction by splitting the difference. The vender gets 25 per cent. more than a fair price, and goes away pleasantly simpering; and you, the vendee, think yourself fortunate in getting a reduction on the asked price, and a lesson in knowledge of the world—*great emptor.*

But I beg the reader's pardon for supposing, even momentarily, that he can believe this sort of low cunning to be genuine knowledge of the world. It is the knowledge of an unluckily large class in the world, and, such as it is, is easily picked up, and scarcely worth acquiring.

If knowledge of the world makes men perfidious,
May Juba ever live in ignorance!

Nevertheless, there is a worldly wisdom which is extremely valuable, and must be learned by every prudent man, regardless of any cost but degradation. Persons whose manner of life is secluded and contem-

plative, are apt to form ideals, making a very pretty show in reverie, but as totally unfit for practical use and guidance as the paper constitutions of Abbé Sièyes. Social life, like the glorious British constitution, is a system of balancings, compensations, and patchwork. If the greatest intellects, from Plato downwards, have failed to contrive a perfect commonwealth, how can we expect to imagine, much less to realise, perfect social relations between man and man? It is our wisest plan to make the best of society as it is, and reform it as we can. To this end it is necessary to win knowledge of the world, and take care how we use it, bearing in mind that there is another knowledge, spiritual and divine, with which we must also take counsel, and the veto of which we must respect.

Now, let us think of one or two things which the freshman will learn in the school of experience.

It is a good old custom in some Elizabethan foundations, to bump new-comers. The unwary youth entering the playground, and contemplating his future school-mates with mingled feelings of awe, interest, and curiosity, is suddenly seized by some half-dozen all at once. Two lusty lads are told off to his head and shoulders, two to each leg, and he is hurried off to a venerable tree-stump, smooth and polished by the frequent ceremony, and there he is bumped—not faintly, in make-believe fashion, but soundly bumped. Now, a school is a microcosm, and I believe we may anticipate a great deal of what we have to endure in the world by inference from school-experience. I apprehend the ceremony above mentioned has two principal aims—namely, the measurement and gauging of pluck and spirit, and the reduction of self-importance. In like manner, on entering the world—that is, on passing from the partial and indulgent little home-circle to the mart, the pulpit, or the forum—a youth generally finds that certain initiatory ordeals must be submitted to. He will learn amongst his first scraps of knowledge of the world, that he must endure considerable curtailment of his self-conceit. Political theorists lay down that each citizen must yield up a portion of his liberty, for the more secure enjoyment of the remainder. In like manner, a man must give up in private life a part of his self-conceit, or else it will all be knocked out of him rather roughly. One of the advantages—among many disadvantages—of public schools I take to be, that a very good elementary lesson on this point is derivable from companionship. Boys, like men, find their level, and learn to know their position, rights, and duties, by being thrown into a multitude, and left to fight it out. An old essayist has with partial truth remarked that the shyness and reserve so noticeable

in those of a studious and meditative turn, is as often the result of self-conceit as of humility. Generally, both causes operate. Commerce with the world will remove or modify at once the causes and effect. Humility before God in the presence of eternal truth and the contemplation of spiritual holiness, is one of the best virtues of the human heart. Humility before man is but a species of abjectness, not always quite contemptible, but still a lamentable blemish. Possibly the world is but giving a beneficial lesson when it ruthlessly over-rides the prostrate soul. If experience of life teaches anything, it teaches self-reliance, and self-reliance implies self-respect. Newton compared himself to a child picking up on the ocean-shore of truth a few prettier pebbles than the rest. That was humility of the right sort. The great philosopher did not compare himself to a child amongst men, for he knew his gifts. Nothing can be more incorrect than to suppose that because a man of ability is conscious of his power, he is necessarily self-conceited. One who underrates his mental or physical endowments, is but unthankfully humble. Nor does the world exact this, but only that he recollect he is a member of a community of individuals possessing rights and feelings similar to his own, and demean himself accordingly. Let him respect his fellows, and they will respect him. He must not attempt to raise himself by depressing others, denying their merits, humbling their little pomposities, rudely exposing their harmless foibles, and concealing or justifying his own. If he is exalted by such means, the world will be against him. I think that men of letters of former days had themselves to blame in great measure for their somewhat ungenial reception by the public. They were too fond of contemning the ordinary pursuits and ambitions of mankind, and seemed to imagine that all wisdom could be put up in type, wherein they were mightily mistaken.

By the time Dame Experience has taught our novice to know his place, it is likely that a great many angularities of his character will be worn down. During the process of abrasure, he will have experienced some inconvenience and annoyance; but it will not be the worse for him in the end. The curry-comb may be a little unpleasant to Bucephalus, a steed of mettle, but his coat will be all the more sleek and shining for its use. It is not necessary or proper to yield up all individuality of character. Mankind are not intended to be rubbed together till their characters are rounded and uniform, like a box of shot, as some one says.

So far our friend will have been principally engaged in learning his relation to society. Another department of knowledge of the world which he must learn is the relation of others to him, and to one another. He will read a variety of characters, and see the working of complex passions, instincts, and aspirations; he will grow expert in interpreting motives by actions, and guiding his own conduct accordingly. Unless he is placed in peculiar circumstances, it will be forcibly impressed upon him that, what are called the institutions, customs, and etiquette of society, are not to be lightly set at naught. I daresay he will set out with an intense hatred and contempt of shams; probably he will begin by indiscriminate denunciation and persistent avoidance of everything which seems otherwise than it is. But in time it will be found expedient to divide shams into two classes—the excusable, and the inexcusable—the latter, all noble instincts will combine to condemn; the former, it will be best, morally and socially, to yield to. We must not always proclaim the whole truth within us on the house-tops, albeit our soul disdains a lie; it will not do always to let a person know our estimate of him: one has to be polite to fools and knaves.

There is a net-work of social formalism curiously

contrived, and in which a social being feels himself uncomfortably entangled. He exclaims with the laureate:

Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest nature's rule!

But let him take care to conform. I think, on reflection, a certain philosophical reasonableness may be discerned in some of them. It is very well to attempt to reform social institutions, to soften down 'social tyrannies,' but the advantage of refusing allegiance to them point-blank, is greatly outbalanced by the disadvantage. In all probability, for one kindred spirit that hails the brave innovator, a dozen reasonable and pleasant friends will be lost to him. Society has with one accord pronounced that, on some occasions, it is befitting to seem pleased when one is not pleased; to keep down at the bottom of the heart personal misery, and wear a cheerful mask; to withhold your real sentiments, and substitute evasive commonplaces. One can easily, of course, admit that in extreme circumstances, or when a selfish motive prevails, this sort of behaviour is little less than hypocrisy; yet all these things must be done on some occasions; and where to draw the line, must be left to individual discretion. 'But it is not sufficient,' says that acute and rigid moralist Pascal, 'that we state only what is the truth; we are bound also not, at all times, to say all that is true; because we ought only to give publicity to things that may serve a useful purpose, and not to such as may cause pain to individuals without conducing to general utility.' This, of course, applies to the conduct of life, as well as of an argument. You meet, we will say, an acquaintance, whose conversation is the reverse of acceptable—in short, he is a bore—nevertheless, the world enjoins you to receive him pleasantly, and get rid of him with gentleness. You are thrown, suppose, into a cheerful society engaged in 'pleasance,' as the old writers have it; a grief is gnawing at your heart; nevertheless, you grin down your sighs, and do as little as may be to remind your companions that man is born to trouble. A friend introduces you to a stranger; you find him, on acquaintance, coarse, vain, and frivolous—briefly, a Goth. Some time after, your friend casually, and rather imprudently, asks you what you think of your new acquaintance; are you at once to proclaim that you consider him a Goth? It may happen that a friend of your family feels it a duty to take notice of you, and invites you to a Sunday dinner; you had Sunday dinners, except at home, and don't much relish being taken notice of patronisingly; nevertheless, you cannot well say so, and therefore you go, and pass yourself to be entertaining.

These crampings of the soul are no doubt unpleasant, yet I think I see in them something which gives them a kind of dignity. By men in business especially, a due regard to the exigencies of conventionalism must be paid. In the private circle, a man's character becomes well known, and allowance is often made for idiosyncrasies; but in business, the intercourse with his fellows is so limited, that no interest arises sufficient to counterbalance *prima facie* disagreeableness. Men in professions and trade therefore find it necessary to court the good-will of others by strict attention to their feelings, carefully avoiding snappish places, and keeping their esoteric opinions to themselves. There are a class of persons, however, who make a point of speaking their minds, as they term it. Generally, these individuals lash the vices of the age and the crotchets of their neighbours with such a gusto, that one cannot help believing the genius of ill-feeling, and not enlightened satire, prompts their diatribes. They imagine themselves to be bravely independent, when they are only brusque. Of course, it must be admitted that many conventionalisms are

nuisances, but not all. We are a little too apt to rebel against harmless, nay, beneficial formalism. What do we observe in descending the scale of society? Do we not find that feelings are ruffled by frequent and gross personalities? Wit, humour, moral counsel, and intellectual discussion—all become personal. You find practical jokers in abundance, open mockery of personal defects, merriment at personal annoyances. Impudence is the only safeguard. Men vex one another with a relish. Friendship loses its delicate flavour, and even virtuous love is deprived of much of its refinement. For my part, I esteem social tyrannies better than social anarchy. Let us be patient. If need be, agitate constitutionally in the social parliament, and bring in a social reform bill; but in the meantime we must respect, so far as conscience will permit, the powers that be—pay morning calls, talk idle-tattle at tea-tables, discourse vigorously on things indifferent, smile when we are ennuied, and be thankful to the man who introduced the weather as a neutral ground of converse. In short, we must indulge in a little innocent conformity, until we can emigrate to arcadian groves and utopian cities, or dwell in them at home, or cease to be gregarious. I have said that there seems to be a certain reasonableness in social forms; they may be regarded as so many fences artificially raised to protect us from rude collision with the prejudices and self-esteem of others. Many, no doubt, have almost survived their usefulness, and at least have become so stiff and antiquated as to excite ridicule and occasion annoyance; but in default of a revised code, they can hardly be dispensed with. All men were equally refined and considerate, the proprieties of life would suggest themselves spontaneously. There is always a class of people, however, who are guided more correctly by external regulations than by innate sensibilities; and there is always another class ready to attach too much importance to rigid etiquette, and live according to the letter rather than the spirit of the law. These are the people who convert wholesome rules into tyrannical restraints, and hinder social pleasures by the very means intended to enhance them.

Although it is perhaps expedient to fall in with the manners and customs we find existing around us, we must not infer that it is inexpedient to enter a protest now and then against any portion of the shoe that chafes unduly. It is a Briton's privilege to grumble. After all, how have we gained our political liberties but by grumbling; and it may be that our social liberties shall be gained and protected by a similar process. Her Majesty's Opposition is an embodied grumble. By all means, let the principle be extended to the realm of social conventionalism.

'THE FIELD' OF YORE.

Our days of chivalry are gone—in *re venaticâ*, as well as in *re militari*. We do not carry things on with the seriousness of our fathers. With the war-part of the nation this reminiscence has little to do, though it sends me back to the time when the old Post-office stood in College Green rang with the exultant cries of news-boys, announcing the escape of Napoleon from Elba in a third edition of the *Correspondent Post*. I can still see with my mind's eye young Mansfield, the son of an English judge, in his blue Hussar uniform, gazing with pleased astonishment at the great fact, on the placard over against King William; while an apple-woman clapped him on the shoulder, and looking up into his handsome face exclaimed: 'There, yer sowle! your thrade's alive at.' That was more than he was himself in three months after.

I can still recall the venerable head and dark sparkling eyes of old Dana, colonel of the Highland Watch,

as he related how, in the same moment, his two palms had been perforated in one of the peninsular fights; but whether by one and the same bullet, or by two, he never could tell. All he could vouch for was, that if his hands did happen to be clasped together at the time, he 'was na prayin'.' Let us hope that he could not have said the same thing on the 18th of June following, when he fell at the head of his gallant corps, and his white hairs swept the dust. Such things seem to belong to yesterday, so much fresher are they in the memory, which was then young, than any modern instance.

But our affair, good reader, is with the departed glories of the chase. We mourn the palmy state of the *Northern Rangers*, with that fine old sportsman, Lord Roden, crossing the country from Slieve Donard to the Fews without a check. No sneaking, bellowing, broken-winded hack of an agitator had a chance of coming within a view hollow of him. The present earl—alas, *quantum mutatus ab illo!*—could not have led the field after the manner of his sire, if he had ever so great a mind, for he must have always ridden fourteen stone. But, at all events, their tastes lay in an opposite direction.

Yet we must not disparage the heavy weights, remembering how many of the most eminent fox-hunters of the age could have made an archbishop kick the beam. Who, having seen, can ever forget Sir Henry Parnell, tall, portly, and stout as a quartermaster of the Life Guards? King George had not a handsomer or a better-fed member of parliament in his majesty's Opposition, or one who could ride to hounds with more thorough judgment; the right man in the right place always. I speak of those years in which the Kildare Club and the Queen's County Club were wont to rendezvous for a fortnight together, after Christmas, in some border town; and every day (Sundays excepted), one or other of their packs broke cover in the neighbourhood.

'Them was the times!' as poor old Harry Lewis used to say, when every stable and shed for miles around was in requisition; for the modern economical system of equipping a fox-hunter out of a tailor's shop was as yet unknown. Nobody had then heard of one horse and two red coats for an outfit.

Every sportsman who pretended to do the thing in fast style kept a stud. Conolly of the Black Pits—I believe his father saved bacon—had four hunters, besides hacks, always at hand. Farrell, another man of business, had half a dozen. The country gentlemen went about it with less pretension; but they were all unexceptionably mounted, and in sufficient force to be able to take their own place and keep it without distressing their cattle.

Sir Henry Parnell, however, was seldom seen among them apart from his gray steed. Of course, he did not go out every day; but thrice a week we never 'missed him from the 'customed brake.' When the chase began, he fell into his place without effort or display, went quietly along, taking no heed of those who dashed by him in their new ardour; and though he seemed, like Miss Edgeworth's racer, 'Little Botherem,' to be 'driving all before him,' instead of shewing them the way, he still kept his game in view. In the longest run, whoever could catch a sight of the dogs, was sure to descry the gallant gray and his portly rider in the same *coup d'œil*. If Conolly, or any other of the fast uns, descended from his breathless steed to vault into a cool saddle, Sir Henry generally trod past with an observation on the appearance of the green wheat, or the state of the fences, to which the other could only gasp a reply; and when the fox was killed or run aground, the honourable member for Queen's County was seen to ride away out of the field with his placid smile, leaving younger and more impulsive sportsmen to discuss the incidents and

fluctuations of the pursuit. He was the most remarkable living example in those days of the value of the maxim, *festina lente*, for he literally seemed to 'walk into' the flying foe, whilst others were breaking their necks and foundering their horses to overtake him.

An element in those reunions, which it might be improper to say we now desiderate, though certainly we have it not, was the clerical fox-hunter. It is the pleasure of modern reformers, both political and religious, to lay all the vices and deficiencies of the Protestant Church establishment in Ireland at the door of those of its clergy who in days past amused themselves with field-sports. It is no personal concern of mine to defend them. I never jumped a potato-trench in my life. Any man might easily be better employed; *a fortiori*, any clergyman. But there is too great a disposition to make a scapegoat of the sporting parson, to the plenary absolution of every other ordained offender. The great aversion and dislike with which the Church establishment has long been regarded by our Roman Catholic population, can be traced but in a very small degree to the amusements of its clergy. We should seek the cause rather, as far as personal influences have had any effect in producing it, in the tithe-system, now happily extinct, and in the pertinacity and rigour with which, in bygone times, many individuals of the order asserted what they considered their rights. The law of tithes, in all cases, imposed an odious necessity, which in many was rendered more odious by the extreme severity of its enforcement. That cause repelled thousands from the church door, who would not have turned away from the frank and cordial, though perhaps too worldly, urbanity of the clerical sportsman.

Nor would it be correct to say that clergymen of that class were, in the times we speak of, necessarily careless in their office, or indifferent as to the performance of its duties. Allowance must be made for the varying habits and customs of society. The world has become more staid and orderly, in outward deportment, since the Georgian era; and according to the sacred maxim, 'Like people like priest,' the manners of the clergy are no longer as unreserved as they were. There are men still living, and not much beyond the prime of life, who are an honour to the clerical profession, and whom I have known to partake heartily in the pleasures of the chase. Yet should you ask, Are they not now better and more effective ministers of the Gospel than they were then? I should hesitate before I replied to that question. Of course, they have done right to give up the favourite relaxation of their younger days. If they had clung to it in defiance of the altered feelings and opinions of society, they could hardly be deemed either wise or earnest members of their calling.

Yet the individuals to whom I allude were always much and deservedly esteemed in the Church; and their teaching was not considered at variance with their practice, because, in the intervals of parochial duty, they rode occasionally after the hounds. Sure I am that the other frequenters of the field were no worse for that association. Still less reason is there to suppose that they are better for its discontinuance. Young gentlemen, the sons of our gentry, did not then take the field with black pipes in their mouths and whisky-flasks in their coat-pockets; but they rode to the cover like gentlemen, and they returned after the day's sport in a proper moral condition to present themselves to the female members of the family, or occupy the hours which remained of the day in reading or business.

Honest Nat Smith—peace to the memory of a man of worth!—was a fox-hunting parson; that is to say, he rode his one horse occasionally after the Emo Pack, and enjoyed the amusement while it lasted. But he was an earnest and diligent pastor, who neglected no duty

in order to follow this pastime. On the contrary, the fine health and animal spirits to which it conducted, seemed only to render him more energetic and active in the performance of all his clerical functions. His bishop, a first-rate equestrian himself, though I cannot say that he ever sported the shovel-hat across the country, was out on a tour of inspection through the diocese, and had sent orders to Nat to attend upon him at his church. But the curate thought himself bound to do the full honours of the parish to his commanding officer. Instead, therefore, of waiting in band and surplice, to receive him at the gate, he mounted the old bay, and met his lordship, as a high-sheriff meets a judge, at the bounds of his jurisdiction.

The bishop came cantering on a noble iron-gray, of which kind he always kept the most perfect stud in the church, and haughtily waving his hand to the curate's humble salutation, rather accelerated than checked his speed, as he passed on. But Nat was not to be thrown out in such a race. He knew his distance well enough, and therefore did not venture to make it a neck-and-neck affair. Still, withal, he would not be left to ride along with the groom, but kept the bay well in hand, close upon his lordship's crupper, yet a little at one side. After a rasping gallop over two or three breathing hills, the bishop saw that the thing was not to be done—for he had evidently purposed to get to the church before the parson could be there to receive him—and so he condescended to pull up and enter into a colloquy over his left shoulder.

'I suppose, sir,' his lordship observed interrogatively, 'you hunt all the week, and ride a steeple-chase on Sundays?'

'I seldom go beyond the pace we have been keeping just now, my lord,' replied Nat; 'for, indeed, no one nag could stand it.'

This was enough for the dignitary; and as such men, when they have any spark of manly generosity in their character, always admire the independence which temperately asserts itself, he ever afterwards accosted Nat with unusual courtesy. But he gave him nothing. My poor friend lived and died a curate; that, however, seemed to give him little concern, for he had means sufficient to supply his simple wants, and a surplus besides, for the indulgence of a benevolent and hospitable nature. 'What more need I wish for?' he would say, 'without chick or child; unless, indeed, it were the position which even a nominal preference would give me in the eyes of others; and that, I own, would gratify me in my old days. But it cannot be helped; and while they, who know me best, think well of me, it can be easily endured.'

'But, Nat, my friend,' I asked, 'how comes it that you are arrived at this time of life without a family around you? you who are endowed with so many social and domestic virtues, and would have enlivened the hearth by your pleasant temper and good spirits; why did you never marry?'

'Ah, don't ask me that,' he answered with a droning gravity. 'The question reminds me of a great fright and a great escape. You know what an easy-tempered fellow I am; a butt for every one, in fact, like Falstaff, and how even now, with the snows of sixty above my brows, men of all sorts, and women too, "take a prize to gird at me." Striplings of twenty address me by my Christian name; and that, indeed, not in its entirety—as your modern revivers of old barbarisms say—but in its undignified monosyllabic abbreviation. It was the same thing always, and I should be an ungrateful wretch to complain of it; since it is to a sort of equivocal connected therewith, I feel now indebted for my free condition. I did once put the momentous question in a fit of heedless desperation at a slight, fancied or imaginary, from one to whom the poor heart would fain have proposed it, but dared not. In the moment of rankling disappointment, a young

one crossed my path, of whom I wish now to say nothing worse than that she would not have suited me at all for a wife: but in my vexation of spirit at the time, I thought she would just do; and so I put the question to her, plain and short: "Miss, will you marry me?"

"That was courageous!"

"Courageous, sir? It was rash; it was desperate! The words had scarcely passed the fence of my teeth, when I was seized with a tremor, and would have given my best horse—for at that time I had two, a Sunday hack, and one for work, you know—to recall them."

"But her answer, Nat—her answer?"

"Oh, that was short, sharp, and decisive. She could not speak at first for laughing; for she was a giggling thing, and—if you will pardon my vanity—I think the joy and surprise set her off on this occasion more than usual. But the answer was not long a-coming."

"And what was it?"

"I will, Nat!"

"Why, man, that was an acceptance."

"So you may think, sir; but I received it in another sense; for, Heaven bless her, she was a Dublin girl, and gave out her syllables with the peculiar tone and twang of that sweet city, where they call Tom, Tam; and George, Jarge."

"And I suppose you will say not—nat."

"Of course: and so did I construe it."

"O recreant knight,

Have you not heard it said full oft,

A woman's nay doth stand for naught?"

"Yes; so I have been told, and I partly believe it; but in my bachelor's vocabulary, a woman's nat doth stand for nay, and to that reading I nailed her."

"And how did you convey your interpretation?"

"Simply by looking very disappointed; asking pardon for my presumption, and saying: "Since you will not—you may be sure I emphasised the *o*—there is no more to be said."

"Cruel Nat! Pray, how did she take that sting?"

"Why, she laughed again, but not quite so boisterously as before; and ever after she called me Mr Smith when she spoke to me; leaving no room, had I repeated the question, for mistaking her meaning. I must add, he concluded with a chuckle, 'and let it be a lesson to you, my young friend, how you put questions—that lady is still alive, and the mother of twelve children!'"

Our theological chapter would be imperfect without the priest. Few complete 'meets' wanted that feature; and a fine broad one it was, unlike the whey-faced species which ultramontane asceticism is introducing pace into our rural economy, contrary to good-fellowship of every kind, and very much against the face of our sovereign lady the Queen. If the fox-hunting parson was commonly a *fourteen-stunner*, the *fox-hunting* priest was equal to that at least. He was distinguished by his rotundity of jowl—so large, as to justify the wit of the Maynooth barber, who proposed to take a contract for shaving the whole *idge* by the acre—and so hard and red, that nothing, in these degenerate days, can be its parallel, if it be that of Mrs Fleming's 'cherry-coloured hams.' By hat and the tan boot-tops, surmounted not unfrequently by drab unmentionables, P.P. might be picked out of ten thousand.

Dr Doyle (J. K. L.) had not yet put his interdict on the chase, nor, with terrible hospitality, sweated down the big proportions of his clergy by the periodical festivities of a *Retreat*; but he had begun to look askance at their uncircumscribed dimensions, and hinted desire to be surrounded by boon-companions the very opposite to the taste of Julius Cæsar; for whereas *old Roman* wished to 'have men about him who

were fat,' Cassius himself could not be too lean for the lenten convivialities of Braganza Hall.*

It is considered orthodox when an agreeable bishop meets his clergy in conference or at a visitation, that he should provide a repast for them, and in every way manifest a lively interest in their good case. I have known an archdeacon at the primate's dinner in Drogheda, acting, of course by authority, to rate the neglect of the caterer, who had failed to provide a salmon, with as much severity as if he had committed a breach of the Thirty-nine Articles. 'Sir,' he said, 'you might as well leave out the Athanasian Creed on Easter Sunday, as omit a *Boyne salmon* from the visitation-dinner of this loyal diocese.'

But our starch prelate of Salamanca, far from caring for the good cheer of his priests, or betraying the least satisfaction at their jolly condition, sometimes began his allocution with some such phrase as—'My reverend brethren, I am grieved and scandalised to see you grown so fat. Father Martin, that ruddy complexion ill becomes you. Mr Keogh, you must endeavour to grow less muscular, or you will never rise in the Church.'

One of the divines so reproved was a sporting curate, who, long after a positive prohibition against the chase was issued, found a way to follow his favourite amusement, whilst his obedience to his spiritual master moulded no feather. This was managed with nice address. He usually had two or three parochial calls of no pressing urgency, on a hunting morning; and they were arranged with such geographical tact, that whatever direction the game might take, there lay the path of his reverence's duty. 'If he be a sporting fox,' he would say, 'he will make for Ballinakil; and it so happens, more by chance than good-luck, that a very old woman has sent me a message by her grandchild that she would be glad to see me some fine morning. She lives close by the wood there; and a finer morning surely for going to see the poor old lady than a southerly wind and a cloudy sky give earnest of, neither she nor I need expect at the season of the year. Well, then, the shortest way, next to that which the bird flies, is the way a dog-fox, when in good wind, takes towards the place he desires to reach without the least possible delay. Away I go then, the shortest road, over field and fallow, hedge and ditch, for Ballinakil; but if at the same time a pack of dogs happen to be running after a wild baste in the very same direction, how can I help that? *Nihil occurrit ecclesie*. No hindrance or obstruction is to retard the march of the church. The bishop himself, no, nor the pope, would not have me go round.'

Thus, in whatever point of the compass the scent lay and the game broke away, in that line of duty Father Festus had a call, and he never neglected it as long as he had a horse to carry him. Peace be with his ashes; he was a hearty, kind, and worthy man. I wish his mother, the Church of Rome, had in this land a thousand anointed sons of the same tastes and the same temper. Her present progeny, what are they like—prowling about everywhere with their eyes looking in all directions except in the faces of honest men—but a pack of poachers?

If the fox is now doomed to die without benefit of clergy, it may be some compensation that his last run is seldom uncheered by the presence of the softer sex. The meet, if not the finish, is beautified by an imposing concourse, or, as Bob Blake happily malaprops it, an imposing conquest of spinsters and their mammas, such as our ancestors never were wont to behold in that situation. The full, practical extent

* Braganza House, built in the neighbourhood of Carlow by the late General Sir Dudley Hill, and purchased from him as a residence for the Roman Catholic bishops of Kildare and Leighlin.

of feminine sympathy in the chase was expressed, fifty years since, in the song—

The dogs began to bark,
And I went out for to see;
A prattie young man came a-hunting,
But he was na hunting for me.
Oh, what 'll become of me?
Oh, what shall I do?
There 's naeboddy comin' to marry me;
Naeboddy comin' to woo!

But this won't do any longer. The prattie young maidens go a-hunting now-a-days on their own hook. Equipages are congregated at the wood-side, and when the dogs throw off, and some old sportsman would fain lose no time in getting upon their track, too often Mrs Quigly's jaunting-car stops the gap, or the four Miss Kildarbies, in their one-horse fly, trot across his path, mocking the air with colours idly spread. On such occasions, Irish politeness is put to the very pin of its collar to acknowledge that the right women are always in the right place.

Yet there is something extremely diverting in the ardour with which the fair ones follow the game, especially those matrons who have olive plants to dispose of. How they do whip over highways and byways, in the hope of falling in with the red-coats again; and how skilfully they make their casts towards the most likely places for such chance rencontres!

The Donnybrook road on the 'walking Sunday' was the sight of all sights, with its triple row of cars laden with beauty in its flashiest attire; but it may be questioned if the pace of that renowned celebration could at all compare with the speed of barouches, phaetons, and jarvies, which transfer their delicate freights, on any hunting morning, from one cover towards another, in the hope of crossing upon the fox's path in his flight.

It is strange that fair young creatures should take such an interest in that amusement; and stranger still, how the *guterfamilias*, whose bones one might almost hear rattling in the rugged transit, affects a super-womanly delight in it. With her, such a forenoon's avocation is surely the pursuit of sons-in-law under difficulties.

MODERN LEPROSY.

THE great diseases of the middle ages, such as the sweating sickness, the various forms of plague, the dancing mania, and other epidemics, have had this much in common, that, although they exhibited for a long period a disposition to break out afresh under favourable circumstances, they at length so completely disappeared, that mankind have come to regard them more in the light of medical curiosities than as great afflictions which devastated the most fertile and populous regions of the earth. There was, however, a malady—endemic all over Europe from the tenth to the sixteenth century, not characterised, like epidemics, by rapidity of attack or excessive mortality, yet regarded, if possible, with still greater alarm. This disease, the leprosy, long supposed to have become extinct, has suddenly of late years assumed a fresh activity; and as many distinguished physicians maintain that a general outbreak is now imminent, some account of its nature, mode of development, and results, may not be uninteresting.

The old leprosy, made familiar to us from the important position it occupies in the hygienic code of the Jews, prevailed for more than 500 years on the continent of Europe, in Great Britain, and in Ireland. Its treatment forms rather an interesting chapter in the history of civilisation. In many countries, the unhappy subjects of the disease were looked upon with extreme aversion. Their affliction was considered the effect of an especial vengeance of God, for grievous

sins committed by themselves or their forefathers; and oftener than once, during the existence of a panic, attendant upon a violent epidemic, large numbers of helpless lepers, on a charge of having poisoned the wells, were barbarously put to death. In other countries, again, a treatment the very opposite was pursued. Kings thought it a privilege to wash their sores, and no gift was considered more expiatory of sin before Heaven, than bequeathing a magnificent gift to a leper-hospital.

The condition of the leper, even in the most civilised countries, was extremely sad. In addition to the inconvenience of his loathsome and incurable malady, he was prevented using any means for his own support: such property as he might have owned was taken from him; the law classed him with idiots and lunatics; and a belief in the contagious nature of his malady, led to his perpetual seclusion. The hospitals or leper-houses provided for their retreat were very numerous; there was scarcely a town of any size without an establishment of this sort. Some, richly endowed, were exclusively devoted to the leprosy, and placed under the jurisdiction of special officers; others, again, were attached to monasteries, and subject to ecclesiastical supervision. Lazar-houses of both kinds abounded in Scotland: there was one at Aldneton, in Lauderdale, superintended by the monks of Melrose; there were similar institutions at Elgin, Ayr, and Aberdeen; a leper-hospital was raised at Glasgow in the reign of King David II.; while one was erected at Greenside, so late as 1589, for the benefit of the inhabitants of Edinburgh. These, as well as the large establishments in England and on the continent, fell gradually into disuse, and their revenues were appropriated to other charitable purposes, or not unfrequently seized upon by a rapacious court favourite.

Leprosy, however, as we have said, has begun to develop itself anew. It exists at this moment in different parts of the world, but is especially prevalent in the West Indies and in Norway. Out of the comparatively small population of Norway there are upwards of 2000 lepers. Occasional cases make their appearance nearer home.

There are two varieties of the modern or existing disease—the tubercular, and the anæsthetic or joint form. The former is much more common, and unfortunately almost hopelessly incurable. It presents the most characteristic type of the disease, giving that painful appearance to the countenance which has in all ages made 'the hoar leprosy' so repulsive. The spots generally shew themselves first on the face, but by no means uniformly there. Their colour varies from a glistening white to a dark blue. As the disease advances, and the peculiar morbid deposit enters more extensively into the system, the beard, eyebrows, and eyelids fall out, the voice grows affected, and the sight becomes seriously impaired. These symptoms are constantly aggravated by depression of spirits until at length, after the invasion of different important internal organs, death releases the sufferer. The average duration of this form of leprosy is about ten years—a prolongation of life we may probably ascribe to the immunity of the bones from the disease, an immunity that among other advantages permits mastication, and in consequence, so far leaves the function of digestion unimpaired.

The other, or anæsthetic variety, affects the joints of the hands and feet, and is characterised by a numbness of those parts. Not unfrequently, if the disease be about to develop itself in the upper extremity, the patient complains of a cold feeling, extending from the elbow downwards. Wasting of the affected muscles ensues, and the patient becomes unable to put on a glove or to use a needle. The disease speedily attacks the osseous texture below, and a joint is often removed

with the neatness of a surgical operation. Very frequently this form of leprosy is arrested in its progress, and the patient recovers with a maimed foot or hand. In other cases, again, the disease goes on to develop itself in more vital parts.

There is no especial age at which either variety shows a tendency to appear. The disease has been noticed alike in childhood and at advanced age. In the West Indies, the white population is much less liable to it than the natives or the Jews. Women also seem to possess a greater immunity than men.

Leprosy is a disease essentially dependent upon a blood-poison, belonging to the large class of which scrofula, cancer, and rheumatism are representatives. It unfortunately further resembles these in the difficulty of its cure. Almost every article of the pharmacopoeia has been employed for this purpose, yet a specific remains to be discovered. But although incurable, it is satisfactory to be assured that the great source of terror in earlier ages—namely, dread of its communication by contagion—is completely groundless. Repeated observations have established this important fact. At the same time, the hereditary character, or as medical men say, the hereditary tendency to the disease is not denied. It is not unfrequently seen to pass over one generation, reappearing with fresh vigour in the next.

We are quite as ignorant of the causes of leprosy as of its treatment. With respect to other diseases, whose cure frequently baffles medical science, we have almost invariably some acquaintance with their predisposing causes. We know that exposure to infection, deficiency of certain articles of food, breathing a polluted atmosphere, predispose respectively to typhus fever, scurvy, and cholera. But no peculiarity of climate, atmosphere, or diet satisfactorily accounts for the decay in one age or the development in another of the leprosy poison.

That this disease, like all others, has its own natural law which, though undiscovered, we cannot regard as apocryphal, is undoubted; and we trust that the increasing attention to it now excited among medical men and physiologists, may lead to an early discovery of them. Meanwhile, with all our uncertainty, we may confidently assert, that attention to the general principles of hygiene will be found by communities and individuals the most effectual preventives, should be apprehended outbreak of this disease unhappily occur.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER III.

After saying 'Grace,' as described in the last chapter, Captain Webbe suggested, that as it was a tough run he had to spin, it might be as well to ascertain previously how my grandame was doing, and so arrange that we might be secure from interruption. I agreed, and hastened to the Crown Tavern. Mrs Linwood was found, considerably better, but still lamentably weak and nervous. A fly was at the door, in which, accompanied by Mr Beale and Nancy Dow, she was about to be conveyed to Oak Villa. I placed my mother's letter in her pocket, and, having seen her safely off, joined my new friend at the Royal Hotel.

Captain Webbe had made preparation, during my brief absence, for a cozy as well as lengthened sitting. The fire had been replenished, and heaped up on the hob; and a bundle of cigars, decanters filled with ruby and amber coloured wine—no doubt, for my

supply of brandy and hot water—had been placed upon the table.

'Take a cigar,' said Mr Kirke Webbe, 'if only to oblige me; it may prevent that quite sufficiently open countenance of yours from yawning insufferably, and, moreover, shade, in some degree, its inquisitive brightness, which might else dazzle and confuse my ideas.'

'I daresay, captain, you think that very clever—I don't. Nevertheless, I shall take a cigar—two or three, possibly, if you are especially tedious. And now, if you please, go ahead.'

'Nay, I must first go back, and a long way, too—as far back as 1792—in the autumn of which year two gentlemen and bachelors, of about the same age—twenty-five, namely—who had never met before, made each other's acquaintance whilst shooting over the Lord Petre's well-stocked covers in the vicinage of the market-town of Romford, Essex. One of those gentlemen-bachelors was William Linwood, only son and heir to Robert Linwood, hide and skin merchant—who had departed this life in Leadenhall Street, London, about three years previously—and Margaret his wife, who, since her husband's death, had withdrawn to Wales, where she found exercise for her constitutional activity in the superintendence of a large dairy-farm, the profits whereof were to aid her son in achieving the high social position to which, in her fond opinion, his personal and mental gifts so well entitled him. I speak too rapidly, perhaps?'

'Not at all. Allow me, however, to remark, that your speech would be pleasanter if it were less sardonic—jibing; but that is, I fear, a confirmed habit, and one which you take perverse pains to cultivate.'

'If that, Master Linwood, is your serious, well-considered opinion,' drawled Captain Webbe through his nose, simultaneously with the ejection in the same way of two jets of smoke from a fresh cigar, 'I must lose no time in endeavouring to mend my manners in that particular. To resume, nevertheless, a narrative to which a deeper interest attaches just now than to wisest words of babes and sucklings. The other youthful sportsman, I was going on to say, was Mr Kirke Webbe, at that time, and in a social, pecuniary sense, an indefinite gentleman, whose parents had both died during his legal infancy, and whilst he was undergoing the preliminary ordeal of midshipmanship, consisting chiefly of mast-headings, on board his majesty's ship *Gladiator*. A worthy, most worthy couple,' continued Webbe, with sudden seriousness, 'who, from prudential motives, did not marry till late in life, after a courtship of twenty years, lived in perfect harmony, and died within four days of each other, leaving to their idolised boy something over a thousand pounds, scraped together by ceaseless industry and inflexible self-denial—one life, one hope, one tomb!'

'A striking proof, Master Linwood,' resumed Webbe more briskly, after emptying his tumbler at a gulp—'a striking proof, I say, Master Linwood, that virtues, unlike certain diseases, are not always hereditary; unless, indeed, they are governed by the same law as transmitted insanity and gout, which are said to skip usually over one generation, in order to fasten more certainly on the next: according to which hypothesis, my son should be a model youth.'

'You have a son?'

'Truly, I have. Harry is a few months, I think, older than you, and about the same height and figure. But my good young friend, we are steering a very

keep a little closer to the wind. Kirke Webbe, I was telling you, having scrambled through the preliminary six years of midshipmanship, would, there could be no doubt, have creditably passed for lieutenant—he would be a very sorry lubber that did not—when a difficulty occurred between him and Old Blueblazes, captain of the *Gladiator*—

‘Old Blueblazes!’

‘His ship sobriquet, of course, derived from the flaming hue of his proboscis. A grim old salt was he, fit for nothing upon earth but fighting and drinking, in both of which accomplishments it is but doing him justice to say he was A1. The difficulty with me fell out thus. But first please to understand, young sir,’ continued Webbe, ‘that I go over these matters with you, inasmuch that as it is certain some good-natured friend will inform you, if he has not done so already, that I was kicked out of the royal navy, it is well with reference to the copartnership we have entered into that you should be acquainted with the true version of the affair. The difficulty, I repeat, between Blueblazes and me fell out thus: the *Gladiator* lay at anchor in Plymouth Sound. The old fellow was, I supposed, in his cabin sleeping off the fumes of his after-dinner grog; the lieutenant of the watch, a moony sort of chap, was perched upon one of the guns about midships, reading a book, with his face towards the bows, when the devil, who so delights in finding work for idle boys and men, suggested to me and another promising youth to have just one quiet turn at leap-frog upon the sacred quarter-deck.’

‘A turn at leap-frog upon the quarter-deck!’

‘Just that, my ingenious young friend. I am not surprised that, landsman though you are, your hair stands on end at the bare mention of such an enormity. Mine did whenever I afterwards thought of it, gradually falling off in consequence, till I was left, as you see, nearly as bald as a coot.’

‘Well, I had my leap, and was making a back for my friend, when the captain suddenly seized me by the neck, and had I not clung to him like grim death, would, I verily believe, have pitched me into Plymouth Sound. Finding, however, that if I went over the side, he must follow, he dropped me on my feet, at the same time favouring me with a couple of tremendous cuffs in the ear, that set my brains spinning like a top. But for that, I could never have had the inconceivable audacity to up flat, and deal a post-captain a blow on the chest, which knocked him clean off his pins, and laid him sprawling upon the quarter-deck.’

‘Are you serious in saying that you knocked down the captain?’

‘As sure as you sit there, I did—impossible, preternatural as it sounds. No great thing, either, to do in itself; one of the captain’s legs being crippled with the gout, and the other a wooden one.’

‘Imagine, if you can, Master Linwood, the wild consternation, the hurricane-uproar that arose as it passed through the ship that that devil’s cub, Kirke Webbe, had flogged Old Blueblazes! Officers and men seemed to think the world had come to an end; and death, or worse punishment, was unanimously awarded to the sacrilegious culprit.’

‘Blueblazes himself, who at bottom was as placable and generous as he was bibulous and brave, was the least excited and angered of them all; and, though I was no favourite of the rough old salt, it was his cockswain that, in the dead of night, released me from confinement, led me past the sentry—who had suddenly become deaf as well as blind, the cramp in my legs causing me to stumble heavily when within a yard of him—lowered me from a port-hole into a shore-punt alongside, and cast off the painter with a curse—his own, and a curse—the captain’s—containing ten guineas, which he flung after me.’

‘You now know, Mr Linwood,’ resumed Captain Webbe, after another gulp of the fiery liquid, which had no more visible effect upon him than water upon a duck’s back—‘you now know how it happened that the king’s service and I parted company. I was then close upon twenty-one years of age: the day after attaining my legal majority, I obtained possession of the before-mentioned thousand pounds odd; and the next four years were passed in acquiring a knowledge of the ways of mankind, as displayed in London; an interesting study, which the limitation, rigidly adhered to, of my expenditure to two hundred pounds a year, greatly hampered, as you may suppose.’

‘Nevertheless, I may say without vanity that I had made progress by the autumn of 1792. Moreover, my thousand pounds odd having by that time diminished to two hundred, I bethought me that it would be prudent to delay no longer an endeavour to turn that knowledge to practical account; and it was more for the sake of being able to ask myself quietly a few important questions, than any love of sport, that I accepted leave to beat up the Lord Petre’s Essex covers. There fate willed it that William Linwood and I should meet for the first time; be mutually pleased with each other, and swear eternal friendship; or rather, we should have done so, but for an untoward accident which befell us both.’

‘What accident?’

‘Falling in love with the same damsel—the young and charming Emily Waller, sole daughter and heiress presumptive of Anthony Waller, Esq., of Cavendish Square, London, and then upon a visit at Hare Park, not far out of Romford.—Touch the bell, if you please; the fire is getting low.’

‘Pray go on; you tantalise one terribly.’

‘William Linwood and I fell into bondage instantaneously; he irredeemably—whilst I was a much less willing and tractable captive. In fact, between you and me, I doubt that I was really a captive at all. My fancy or imagination was no doubt considerably dazzled by the young lady’s personal charms and graces; but much more, I am pretty confident, by the reflected lustre of her reputedly large fortune.’

‘I can easily believe that, Mr Kirke Webbe.’

‘Which shews, Mr William Linwood, junior, that you can appreciate character. Well, having then a very good opinion—which has really improved upon better acquaintance—of my worthy self, I saw no reason why I should not compete with Mr Linwood for the favour of the amiable heiress presumptive; and thus it came to pass, as before intimated, that the flame of friendship received a damper.’

‘Very absurd that, you will say,’ presently continued Captain Webbe, ‘when I inform you that the lady did not condescend to honour either of us with the slightest notice, except by carefully avoiding the paths and places we usually frequented! I, for my part, bore the pangs of despised love with a noble equanimity; but poor Linwood, having fallen into a state of semi-distraction, finally hit upon the remarkable expedient of endeavouring to obtain access to Miss Waller’s presence, by striking up an innocent flirtation with her *demoiselle de compagnie*, Mademoiselle de Féron.’

‘Louise Féron, the Frenchwoman we saw to-day!’

‘Louise Féron, the Frenchwoman whom your grandmother so viciously assaulted a few hours since; but at the time I am speaking of, a handsome young person, calling herself Mademoiselle de Féron, and pretending the sole remaining scion of a recently extinguished and noble French house. She had been engaged to perfect Miss Waller in the French language, and her youthful mistress was much attached to her. Let me see—where was I?’

‘Speaking of my father’s flirtation with De Féron—or Féron.’

'Right! To continue, then. How the unfortunate misapprehension on the demoiselle's part arose, I cannot say—her bad English and Linwood's worse French had no doubt much to do with it—but it is certain that she fully believed the young Englishman to be madly in love with her, and dying to make her his lawful wife.'

'Could that be her serious conviction?'

'Her serious conviction! I should think it was, indeed; and a trifle over. I had abundant proof of that. Finding I had quite recovered from love-fever—a very mild attack, as I have said—Linwood gave me a letter one fine day for Miss Waller, which I undertook to place for delivery in Mademoiselle de Féron's hands. I met that volcanic individual in Hare Park, and fulfilled my commission. Fire leaped from her dark eyes at sight of the direction in Linwood's hand, and you should have seen the rage and hate that blazed in them as, having instantly torn open the letter, she devoured its contents. That done, she tore it to shreds, flinging the same at innocent me, and accompanying that demonstration by a shower of epithets and imprecations, which was quite decisive of her birth and status in French society.'

'The next day but one, Miss Waller left Hare Park for London with her demoiselle de compagnie; and I lost sight of Mademoiselle de Féron for nearly three years, during which, Linwood, having managed to obtain a proper introduction to the family in Cavendish Square, had wooed, won, and married Emily Waller; and you, Master William, were passing with promise through the first of man's seven ages. Have you yet reached the *third*, may I ask?' added Captain Webbe with keen abruptness.

'The third! What the deuce do you mean?'

'That of the lover, to be sure—'

With a woful ballad,
Made to his mistress's eyebrow.'

'No; my time is not yet come.'

'I am rejoiced to hear that,' exclaimed Webbe; 'it almost insures the success of our bold venture.'

'The plague it does! As how, pray?'

'Anon—anon, my dear fellow. I was saying,' continued Webbe, 'that three years elapsed before I again sighted Linwood after we left Essex. The same fate that had befallen him, had overtaken me. I also was a husband and a father. Mademoiselle Féron—she had modestly dropped the '*de*'—was still languishing in single blessedness—at least she said so then, and I believe she spoke the truth—and had lately re-entered your mamma's service as nurse, or nursery-governess, to your infant highness. What her motive could be for accepting a menial situation in your father's family, puzzled me. Poverty might be one compelling motive; but I wronged her grossly if some vague but abiding purpose of working mischief to the man by whom—to the woman for whom—she had been, in her own belief, scornfully slighted and wronged—was not another and more powerful one.'

'A circumstance that occurred during my visit to South Audley Street, where your father then resided, confirmed that impression or belief; albeit it is, I admit, barely possible that I misinterpreted that accident or circumstance.'

'You were suffering from hooping-cough, and a moroxism of that distressing malady had left you exhausted, apparently dead, when I softly entered the drawing-room where Louise Féron was standing with her back towards me, and holding you in her arms. She did not hear my footfall, and her face and person, reflected in a lofty pier-glass, fronted me. I stopped suddenly short, shocked, though never a man of super-sensitiveness, by the fiendish expression of the woman's countenance, immediately explained by her sudden, leady grasp of the infant's mouth and nostrils with

her disengaged right hand. The child's suspended breath would, I can scarcely doubt, have been for ever stilled but for the exclamation which betrayed my presence. Féron turned sharply round, confronted me with a face of flame; rallied, assumed as well as she could, an air of indifference, and left the apartment.'

'You of course informed Mr and Mrs Linwood of what you had seen?'

'I did not; for several reasons. In the first place, I might have misjudged the woman's intention; and in the next, I felt quite sure she would not try it on a second time after a hint I quietly gave her, that the child's death, under any circumstances, should be followed by an investigation that would probably only terminate at the Old Bailey.'

'You acted, Mr Webbe, with unpardonable weakness, if not with'— I checked with difficulty the words upon my tongue, and substituted for them— 'Yes, with unpardonable weakness, as the catastrophe of your narrative, plainly foreshadowed by what I have already heard, too clearly proved.'

'That which you have already heard does *not* foreshadow the catastrophe of my narrative,' retorted Webbe. 'Clearly as you may be able to see through a millstone, it is hardly possible you can discern a catastrophe which has not yet occurred.'

'You speak riddles; but go on.'

'Could I have foreseen the lamentable consequences of interrupting Mademoiselle Féron's manipulation of the child's mouth and nostrils,' continued Webbe with acrid humour, 'I should have been strongly tempted to have turned noiselessly away, and left her to the quiet accomplishment of her purpose.'

'Upon my word, that is cool, Captain Webbe!'

'It would have been a blessing to all parties had I done so,' said the privateer captain. 'To you, who, dying in your innocence, would be at this moment an angel in heaven—a contingency which must now be booked as extremely doubtful at the best: to your father, who—the Féron's instinct of vengeance having been satiated—would not have had the best years of his life rendered miserable by an accusation which to this hour he has found it impossible to repel. But we are all poor short-sighted mortals; and, unconscious of the mischief I was doing, I, as before stated, saved your life.'

'For which piece of mischief, many thanks, Captain Webbe. I drink your health.'

'I, yours; hoping as I do so, that we may yet succeed in discovering a remedy for that unfortunate mistake of mine. But to make sail again. Anthony Waller, Esq., of Cavendish Square, finding himself lonely after his daughter's marriage—which he had never very cordially approved of, you must know—espoused a lovely young widow, and the mother of one only child, Lucy Hamblin, then in her third year, and really quite a miniature angel. Mr Waller not only doted upon his handsome young wife—that, like reading and writing, comes by nature—but upon his little step-daughter; so that your nose, which, without flattery, it is difficult to believe can be the natural development of the unpromising little pug Mademoiselle Féron took such liberties with, was quite put out of joint.'

'This vexed your mother, and, let the truth be told, mightily exasperated your father. There had been no pre-nuptial settlement; and it was feared that the lion's share of Mr Waller's wealth would be diverted to his new wife and "her intrusive brat"—a frequent colloquial amenity of my friend Linwood, duly reported in the proper quarter by the Féron, who, having managed to transfer her services to the Wallers, was now little Lucy's nursery-governess.'

'Thus stood matters in Mr and Mrs Waller's seventh honey-moon—a mellifluous phase of the earth's satellite, which the observation that with extensive view

surveys mankind from China to Peru, will have noticed to be of indefinite duration when the poor and pretty bride happens to be about half the age of the rich and senile bridegroom.'

'Which was not the case in that particular instance, I beg to say.'

'Very nearly the case, I should say; but we will not discuss that fact in natural history just now. The Wallers, I say, were residing, towards the close of their seventh honey-moon, at Clarence Lodge, near Gravesend. At that time, I was in personal communication with Mr Waller, with the hope of inducing him to make one of a company for organising privateering enterprise upon a large scale. I did not succeed; but before I received a final "No," Linwood came down, unaccompanied by either his wife or son. That, however, though made a great deal of subsequently, was easily explained: your mother, as doubtless you are aware, having suffered much from ill-health during the first six or seven years of married life. I think she gave birth to four children, certainly three, who all died under a month old—a fatality which was the main reason that you remained in Wales with grand-mamma. Be that, however, as it may, Linwood came alone, uninvited, and his reception was glum as winter. Nevertheless, he seemed to have made up his mind for a lengthened stay; and, which certainly looked odd, seemed anxious to conciliate the favour of little Lucy Hamblin. Your mother explained to me the other day that he did so by her advice, she thinking that a better feeling might be thereby brought about between the families.'

'The eighteenth of August—a date branded upon the memory of all of us—found William Linwood still a guest, and an unwelcome one, at Clarence Lodge. The day had been sultry, thunderous, and Mr Waller and I, towards evening-fall, after a cool walk in the garden, were seated in the arbour, and enjoying some prime cigars.'

'Mrs Waller had been uneasy for some time on account of the prolonged absence of Louise Féron, who had taken the child out for a walk early in the afternoon; and when the day began to decline visibly, and no Féron, no Lucy appeared, Mr Waller grew fidgety also. He had asked very often for Linwood, and was for the twentieth time remarking upon his non-appearance at the dinner-table, when we saw that gentleman enter the garden by the back-gate.'

'His hair, we could not but remark, was wet and disordered, his face pale, his aspect generally flurried, ill at ease.'

'Hollo, Linwood!' I exclaimed, as he was passing the arbour; 'what is the matter? Have you seen a ghost?'

'Eh!—eh!—what?' he stammered; 'a ghost—stuff! Has—has,' he added—'has Louise Féron returned?'

'No,' said Mr Waller; 'and—— By Heaven! here she comes by the same way that you entered, Mr Linwood, and without the child!'

'Without the child!' echoed the woman, sweeping up. 'Why, Mr Linwood has brought home the child, has he not?'

'No—no!' exclaimed Linwood, in great agitation. 'She left me on the sands, and rejoined you, did she not?'

'Rejoined me!' screamed Féron. 'Why, I saw you with my own eyes take her into a boat, and sail out upon the river.'

'No—no—no!' vehemently rejoined your father. 'I meant to do so, but Lucy gave me the slip.'

'Liar—assassin!' shouted the woman. 'I saw the child with you—alone with you in the boat: you have drowned—murdered her! *A la garde!*' shrieked the seemingly frantic creature, as she rushed upon and grappled poor Linwood, who, in his bewilderment, had

really made a movement as if about to run for it—'seize—bind the assassin! Help—help!'

'As for me,' resumed Captain Webbe, after a consolatory drink—'as for me, I was knocked over—flabbergasted; and it was hours before I could get my ideas into any kind of order or ship-shape. And so confused now is my recollection of the different versions given by Linwood and Féron; so mixed up are they in my mind with the outrageous inventions and distortions of the newspapers, that, if my life depended upon it, I could give you no intelligible digest of the conflicting statements. Enough to say, that on the morrow, no doubt remained that Lucy Hamblin had been drowned—her hat was cast ashore with a mass of sea-weed—and public opinion gradually settled down into a conviction that your father, for obvious purposes, had compassed the death of the child—a conviction which his flight, in violation of his pledged word, seemed to affirm beyond controversy. He was pursued and apprehended, as you are perhaps aware, at Llanberis farm. Take a pull at the brandy and water, Master Linwood!'

'Go on, will you? Do you think I am made of stone?'

'There is little to add, except that Féron absconded, leaving a note to the effect that she could not, would not, upon reflection, appear as a witness against the husband of the best friend she had ever known. Your father was ultimately liberated without trial; and after striving for several years to bear up against almost universal obloquy, took ship for America, and was captured in the Channel by a French privateer. So ends the story.'

'And with it the hope you have so wantonly kindled, merely, it should seem, to trample it out! What purpose can be answered by the fast-and-loose game, which, as far as words count, you seem to be playing?'

'A great purpose will be answered by the game I propose to play, if you have the pluck and skill to perform your part in it. I tell you again that the catastrophe which will either acquit or finally condemn your father has not yet come to pass. The last decisive act of the drama has yet to be played; and the curtain rose upon that last decisive act, after an interval of nearly fifteen years, about three months since only. Scene the first: Rue Dupetit Thouars, St Malo, Brittany. Enter from opposite sides, a lady and gentleman, who, upon seeing each other, exclaim at the same instant:

'Mademoiselle Féron!'

'Le Capitaine Webbe!'

'Kirke Webbe, captain of the *Scout* privateer, met walking openly in the streets of St Malo! Come, that is a bold flight, even for a modern dramatist!'

'It is a positive fact that I was so met! And as to walking openly in the streets of St Malo, there is no wonderful daring in that: I was playing at rouge et noir, in the Palais Royal, Paris, last Sunday three weeks. Just, however, to bring back colour to those white cheeks, and give you an appetite for the dinner I have ordered, and which ought to have been served by this time, I will give you a hint of some one else I met with in St Malo—to wit, a charming damsel of some seventeen years of age, whom I propose that you shall marry.'

'Let us have no untimely jesting, if you please.'

'A charming damsel, whom it is part of my plan, and may be essential to its success, that you should marry: a most amiable damsel, who calls herself Clémence Bonnevillie; but whose true name, if I am not the dullest blockhead that ever breathed, is—Guess?'

'*Tut!* How should I be able to guess?'

'Whose true name is, I say, not Clémence Bonnevillie, or De Bonnevillie, but—*Lucy Hamblin*—the child supposed to have perished fourteen years ago in the Thames!'

'All-merciful Powers! Can this be true?'

'If it prove not so, write me down an ass, in capital letters. Ha! dinner at last!'

THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH-CABLE ON ITS WAY TO THE BOTTOM.

That longest yarn that has ever been spun—that newest sea-serpent which out-herods and puts to shame all the old ones so carefully chronicled by penny-a-liners—that fact so much more wonderful than fancy, that not even the shadow of it was conceived by the brain which invented fictions for a thousand-and-one consecutive nights in the imaginative surroundings of the Happy Arabia—the Atlantic telegraph-cable is actually just about to be deposited in its still oceanic bed. Several different ingredients enter into the composition of this beautiful fabric, as has recently been described. There is copper to carry the message; gutta-percha to confine the same to its intended route; rope-yarn and tar to protect the yielding gutta-percha from the iron gripe of the metallic greatcoat that is firmly twisted round the carrying and insulating core; and the iron itself in its outer eighteen-times sevenfold whorl of tenacious wire. The entire diameter of this composite and multiplied cable is a little more than half an inch; and the diverse substances, with their varying densities, are so apportioned and distributed within these dimensions, that if a mile-length of the structure were hung up in the air, and balanced in some sufficiently capacious pair of scales, it would be found to weigh just nineteen hundredweights. In sea-water, the same length would weigh only thirteen hundredweights, because there the pressure of the water, displaced by its bulk, deducts so much from its downward tendency. The specific gravity of the Atlantic cable is about three times as great as the specific gravity of sea-water.

The weight and density of the Atlantic cable are such, that when it is payed out over the stern of the depositing vessel, it will sink in the salt water, and find its position of final rest at the bottom of the sea. Its weight, however, is not sufficiently great to carry it down with any inconvenient force. The several ingredients of the structure, indeed, have been so selected and adjusted as just to secure the requisite alacrity in sinking, and avoid any dangerous impetuosity in the act. The cable will indeed '*float to the bottom*,' rather than sink. It will be in a measure buoyed up as it falls, first by the static pressure of the water, and secondly by the influence of friction, exerted by the watery particles against the uneven side of the twisted strands of the rope. Some alarm has been entertained lest there should be strain enough to injure the molecular texture of the cable, if five or six miles of its length hang down in the mid-Atlantic, in consequence of the great weight of this extent. The alarm, however, is entirely based upon a misconception of the conditions in which the rope will be placed during its deposition. It will not hang upon the stern of the ship on this occasion; it will be drawn out from it, as the silky filament is drawn out from the spinneret of the silk-worm. Considerable force is used in winding the frail, almost invisibly fine thread of the silk-worm from the cocoon in which the caterpillar has deposited it, when the reels are set whirling to take off the golden cord; yet the fine and frail thread does not break: the force of the revolving reel goes to draw off the silk from the cocoon, instead of to stretch its material. So will it be with the ocean-cable as it seeks its deep-sea repose; the force of its own weight and of the hold which the sea-bottom will acquire upon its strands, will go to draw its protracted length out from the hold of the advancing ship, over the revolving sheaves, and not to pull upon the cohesive grasp of its particles. The vessel will move at a

rate of some four or five miles over the ocean, and the cable will be gently drawn out from behind, and tenderly laid down in the profound recesses of the deep, as if it were still under the careful management of its black-fingered attendants, the tar-begrimed men who have so patiently and assiduously arranged the spires of its growing coil in the yard during its manufacture.

The cable will come up from the hold, as it is drawn out of the ship, round a central block designed to keep its spires from fouling, or interfering with each other as it runs along. It will then be turned over four grooved sheaves, placed one in front of one another, and geared together; and will finally pass three or four feet above the poop-deck, and make its last plunge from a fifth sheave firmly planted by arms over the stern. One of the mid-deck sheaves will also have a friction-drum geared with it, and revolving with about three times its own velocity; the axle of this drum will be gripped, by two blocks of hard wood being drawn together whenever a screw is turned. As the cable runs out, an electrical current will be passed through it from end to end, and will give a signal every second, to intimate that the electrical continuity of the cable remains perfect. At the side of the ship there will be a log, composed of a spiral vane turned round by the resistance of the water as it is dragged through the liquid; this will register electrically the speed of the vessel's progress by making and breaking a voltaic circuit at each turn. The amount of strain actuating the cable at any instant will also be electrically indicated by wheel-work geared with the paying-out sheaves, when the speed of this wheel-work is compared with the speed of the vessel's progress through the water. The wary breakaman will lend a constant eye and ear to the indications of these tell-tale instruments, and while all is proportioned correctly, will leave well alone; but whenever one element is shewn to be acquiring undue preponderance, his screw will be called into immediate requisition, and a compensatory adjustment of machinery made. The electrical logs, and indeed nearly the whole of the engineering arrangements, are due to the ingenuity and skill of Mr Charles T. Bright, a gentleman who was associated to a considerable extent with Mr Wildman Whitehouse in his early electrical experiments and investigations, and who will now be the trickiest presiding spirit of the operations on board the *Niagara*; while Mr Whitehouse sits in the centre of his web on board the *Agamemnon*, in a snug cabin, feeling there the vibrations of his electrical web, and pondering fiery mysteries and subtle things.

Considerable care has been given to the selection of the most auspicious season of the year for the submergence of this wonderful cable. By examining the records of more than 260,000 observations, Lieutenant Maury has determined that between the 20th of July and the 10th of August there is less to fear from either storm, fog, or drifting iceberg, in the mid-Atlantic, than at any other season of the year. The vessels will accordingly be despatched upon their mission as near to this period as will be found practicable. But suppose that, in spite of this precaution, some erratic hurricane—either uninstructed concerning, or indifferent to, the requirements of marine engineering—should encounter the cable-laden ships, and should persevere in its self-willed and vexatious interference with the arrangements of the waves, what does the reader think will be done with the precious rope? It will be simply 'slipped,' as the tempest-caught sailor slips his cable when he is riding in some dangerous and threatening roadstead. Upon the deck of the paying-out ship there are two large auxiliary drums, containing each two miles and a half of a strong supernumerary iron cable, sufficiently stout to bear with impunity a direct

strain of some eleven or twelve tons. In case of need, the telegraph-cable will be cut, and the end of the submerged portion be made fast to the extremity of one of the supernumeraries; this will then be let go, and the telegraph-cable will sink to the bottom of the sea, where not even the most spiteful hurricane can follow it. The strong suspending rope will next be attached, by its upper extremity, to buoys of a peculiarly sharp form, which will be tossed overboard, and abandoned for the time; and the unencumbered vessels will look to themselves, and beat about as circumstances may require, until the storm has passed away; the sharp buoys all the while bobbing up and down in the troubled waves with an easy motion which will hardly affect the treasure plunged for protection to the still depths two miles beneath. The vessels will then return in search of the buoys, pick them up, heave in the suspending rope until the telegraph-cable is recovered, and join the severed ends, and the work of submergence will be resumed as at first.

The Atlantic cable will be stretched from Valentia Bay, in the south-west of Ireland, to Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland—a distance, in a direct line, of about 1884 miles. This is obviously the course in which it has been intended an electrical communication shall be established through the Atlantic, because here the land of the Old World, in the projecting British Isles, and that of the New World, in Newfoundland, jut out towards each other, as if each to seek the other's grasp; and between them, a smooth level shelf is laid at the bottom of the sea, just suitable for the accommodation of an intervening and connecting cord. There are several fine sandy coves in the neighbourhood of Valentia, and the great Skellig Hill, a fine pyramidal landmark, with a light-house on its summit, towers up, a short distance from the shore, to a height of 700 feet. It is not yet determined whether the two paying-out vessels will start away from each other in mid-ocean, dropping the cable between them; or whether it will be paid out in one continuous line from the coast of Ireland to the coast of Newfoundland. The matter is at the present time under consideration. Under either alternative, however, the vessels will proceed in as direct a course from one bay to the other as they can. They would go along an arc of a great circle of the terrestrial sphere, if it were practicable to keep to so finely traced a route; as, however, no navigator, steering by the compass, could accomplish so delicate a task, a track will be taken which will approach very near indeed to a great circle arc. The ships will only change their course six times, and each time the change will be only to the extent of a quarter of a point of the compass; thus they will pass along six sides of a polygon, instead of along a part of a circle; but the polygon followed will practically be so near to a circle, that the track will only measure eight-tenths of a nautical line more than the segment of a circle which would pass directly from place to place.

THE DATE-PALM.

ONE day, an Arab, who had been listening with the greatest interest to a description of the wonderful and beautiful things in England, suddenly asked us: 'Have you many palm-trees in your country?' When told that we have two or three kept at the national expense in a glass-house at Kew, he was filled with the most unfeigned pity for us, and never again expressed either a curiosity to hear about England, or a desire to go there. What is a country without date-trees to an Arab? What can railways and electric-telegraphs, steam-driven looms and gaslights, contribute to the happiness of men deprived of date-trees? Emerald meadows, and oak-forests, and horse-

chestnuts cannot compensate for such a privation. With what do you delight your eyes in a summer's day, when no palm-branches waving overhead temper the stifling air? To what do your poets compare the taper waists of their mistresses, if they have no palm-trees to refer to? 'Now, I can understand,' said our Arab, in conclusion, 'why so many Franks crowd every year to Egypt.'

The date-palm is, in fact, in certain wide-extended tracts of the globe, so essential to life, and furnishes so many of its necessities to their inhabitants, that we need not be surprised if a country where no date-trees grow should have few attractions for them. They look to it for harvest and vintage, and provision for almost all the wants of their simple life. Its high importance is well indicated by the tradition, which relates how the date-palm sprung from the remainder of the clay of which Adam had been formed; in reference to which proverb the Arab prophet says: 'Cherish the date-tree as your paternal aunt.' It is one of the fruits of the Mohammedan paradise; and an Arab proverb asserts that the date-tree grows only in the lands of Islam—a vaunt which, curiously enough, is up to the present day almost literally exact.

A fanciful Arab author, after citing these facts, proceeds to draw a comparison between man and the date-palm, shewing in how many respects a resemblance may be traced, as if to prove their near relationship. 'As man is distinguished from all other living creatures by his erect gait, even so the palm, tall, straight, and limber, lifts its head among the trees. What animal is so beautiful as man, and what tree is so beautiful as the palm among the trees of the forest? In its head is enclosed a substance like the brain in man; if its head be cut off, the tree will die; if the brain be wounded, the branches droop, and the whole tree suffers from the headache. If its branches be cut off, they do not grow again more than the lopped-off human arm. Its head has a hairy covering like that of man. The sexes are separate, and thus a single tree planted by itself is condemned to perpetual sterility. The male palm, surrounded by his suite of females, is likened to a sultan in his harem, and it is even pretended that sometimes in the midst of a plantation a capricious beauty takes an aversion to her lord, and refuses to be fructified by him. She is smitten by the charms of a tree in some neighbouring plantation; then her branches droop from love-sickness, and her head will be seen to turn in the direction of the object of her choice. When a tree thus pines with love, the only cure—and it is found to be always successful—is to tie a bunch of the blossoms of the loved one among her branches.'

No member of the vegetable kingdom has played so important a part in religion, history, and poetry as the palm; not the Egyptian lotus, nor the Celtic mistletoe, nor the French lily, nor the Norman broom. In the Scriptures, in eastern and classical mythology, the palm appears as the symbol of beauty or victory. It was chosen to grace the one day of triumph which our Lord allowed himself on earth; it has been adopted by Christianity to signify the victory over death, the resurrection, its Greek name being identical with the fabled phoenix, which rose again from its ashes. The life of the palm, again, is in its crown, it has therefore been chosen for the martyr's crown, whose guardion is eternal life.

Art, not less than poetry and religion, has drawn its inspirations from the palm. It gave the first model for the colonnades which adorn the temple-architecture in Egypt and Greece; and the most perfect, indeed, of the Egyptian temples is that of Edfon, where the imitation is the closest, and where we behold the palm, with its leafy crown and pendent fruits, reproduced in sculpture. Even the refinement in the

form of the columns, which may be remarked in the greatest works of Egypt, as well as in the Acropolis of Athens—the correction of the error of vision by the introduction of a slight swelling towards the centre of their height—was suggested by the palm, whose stem swells in diameter at a certain height from the ground.

The influence which the palm has thus, from the earliest ages, exercised upon the imaginative and inventive faculties of those who lived within the zone of its growth, is easily intelligible. To the traveller's eye, nature displays no more graceful or majestic scene than a palm-grove; and, considering how such groves are generally situated, we cannot wonder if even the child of nature, though little susceptible of æsthetical impressions, should be deeply affected by the sense of their beauty. He only who has seen it can know the animated joy which the distant vision of the palm-grove wakes up in the wearied traveller's heart. His caravan has toiled for days through the treeless, trackless desert, moving painfully through the hot air-waves all on fire with the sun's rays, surrounded only by dark glassy rocks or yellow sands, which reflect the heat and light in which he is immersed, and produce those premature wrinkles which furrow the forehead and draw together the eyelids even of the youthful wayfarer—sands, again, which burn the foot during the day, or strike an icy chill into the body at night; not a blade of grass, not a thorn, not an insect nor a reptile speaking of life, the monotony being unbroken, save here and there by a few piles of loose stones, heaped up by the piety of preceding travellers, to direct the march over undulating sands as unstable and impressionless as water. When at last a dark spot appears on the horizon, promising shade, water, and probably the habitation of man, all hail the sight: the camels, though unbid, break into a quicker march, the foot-sore pedestrians, forgetting their toils, hasten forwards to reach the welcome resting-place; renewed vigour is infused into the whole caravan; until, on drawing nearer to the goal, the general impatience can no longer be restrained, and the slow march becomes an eager race. No primeval forest affords a cooler shade than the palm-groves of the oasis; the sun-rays do not penetrate through their thick roof, while the slender columns of the trees are open to every breath of air. The palm-grove is life in the midst of death—a world surrounded by chaos. The wind sighs in its branches, the birds flutter round them; the long-tailed gerboa gambols about their stems, and marks the ground at their roots with its tiny footprints. Around are strewn delicate plants, among which coleoptera in endless variety wing their buzzing flight. The noise and fulness of life have succeeded to the stillness of the grave. Oh! as the old Scotch proverb says, 'the sight is good for sore eyes.'

All this, however, is a very small part of what man owes to the palm. He can live without splendid architecture; religion will never be at a loss for symbols; and poetry, allowing it to be a necessary of life, has contrived to find images and ideas of beauty independently of our paternal aunt. But without food man cannot exist; he requires a shelter; he is irresistibly impelled to supply himself with a few luxuries—all these, and more than these, the date-tree yields. Its fruit supplies the most nourishing of vegetable food, alike eatable when fresh or when dried, uncooked or cooked. The fleshy insertion of the young branches into the stem at its crown—in form not unlike the leaf of an artichoke—is eatable, and affords a valuable prevention against scurvy. The white pith of the crown or brain, with a flavour of cocoa-nut, is enough for the dinner of six men. All the domesticated animals—horses, dogs, sheep, &c.—are fond of, and thrive upon, the date. Its very stones, softened in

water, or ground into a coarse meal, are a nourishing food for the camel and the cow. No part of this invaluable tree is useless. The hairs are made into mats and baskets; and the branches of which, according to Herodotus, the Ethiopians made their bows, are now made into crates and many articles of furniture. The branches, again, with their leaves, are used to thatch the roofs and wattle the sides of the rude huts of the inhabitants of the oases; and the lower part of the branch, steeped in water and beaten out, makes an excellent besom. The fibrous substance which grows between the branches and trunk, the *lif*, supplies the Arab baths with a pleasant substitute for the sponge; and it is also twisted into ropes and woven into sailcloth. The trunk itself supplies the best building-wood for rafters and columns, and is said to possess the property of curving upwards, instead of inwards, under a weight. Dear old Plutarch, the only gossip of antiquity who has come down to us, refers to this property of the palm-wood; and he likens to it the true athlete—the athlete in the school of virtue, as well as in that of the Pentathlia, who is borne up and supported, not cast down or bent, by the generous struggle. The whole tree, from its root to the furthest tip of its last branch, is thus serviceable to man. There remains only the sap to be accounted for. This, if the crown be laid bare, will afford daily, during three or four months, a gallon of milky juice, which forms the favourite drink of the Arabs. The first day it is sweet, and in this condition all drink it; the second day, it becomes slightly acid and sparkling, and being now also intoxicating, if drunk in large quantities, the graver sort do not touch it. The third day it is vinegar. This *lagby* is not the only stimulant the palm-tree supplies, for the dates, steeped in water, give a wine, which can be preserved for ten or twelve months, and by distillation, affords a colourless spirit.

A good Arab housewife, besides the sirup—which Herodotus calls the honey of the date, as the Arabs themselves sometimes do at the present day, though its usual name is *dibs* (sirup)—will, for a month together, present to her lord every day a different dish, prepared from the date. This fruit admits of as many varieties in cooking as the French egg or the English potato; but it is more important as an article of domestic economy than either. In Europe, the date is still only known as an article of luxury; but if its valuable properties come to be appreciated, it may be one day as popular among our mechanics as it is with the Arab of the desert. Dates of good quality could be sold in England for about fourpence per pound; and they are more nourishing, as well as easier of digestion, than three times the same weight of bread. The want of such a stimulating food has been felt in our manufacturing districts. The date contains a still larger proportion of sugar than the currant. At the same time, the quantities which could be brought to market, without raising the prices, even if the demand increased, are enormous. The whole valley of the Nile is adapted to its culture; and the line of oases from Egypt to Fezzan is capable of yielding an almost unlimited supply. The date-palm surpasses all other trees in the value, as in the variety of its produce. We had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of an Egyptian gentleman who was formerly at the head of Mehemet Ali's agricultural school. He is the proprietor of an estate near Cairo, to the cultivation of which he applies practically all his theoretical knowledge. He told us that he has in the last few years raised large plantations of date-trees from seed, and that he has already begun to realise larger profits than he had ever expected. It is well known that the shade of date-trees planted round a field is not injurious to its produce; it is the only tree under which the Arabs sow, and the space which its

stem or roots occupy is so very small, that its produce in such a situation may be considered all clear gain. The trees begin to bear fruit in five years, and in fifteen, each will give a clear annual profit of about ten shillings, and in favoured localities, even as much as sixteen. The trees will live for 200 years, and their produce seems to suffer no diminution from age. When the trifling expense of sowing and rearing the tree, and the little trouble the subsequent cultivation of it costs, are considered, it cannot be questioned that the results, in an agricultural point of view, are excellent. Ten trees planted on an acre will not sensibly diminish its yield of sugar, cotton, or grain; but within six years they will most considerably increase the revenue derived from it. The date-tree, as we have already observed, is unisexual, and as in sowing, one must take the risk of having far too large a proportion of male trees, our friend gave himself much trouble to discover some method of distinguishing the sex of the seed before planting it, so as to avoid the loss of room, and the trouble which the unnecessary cultivation of many superfluous males causes. Up to the present time, he had been unsuccessful; but when lately with the regiment, of which he is colonel, in the Sa'id, he obtained from two old men information which he promises to experimentalise upon. They told him that by immersing the seeds for three times twenty-four hours in water, carefully covering the vase, and changing the water daily, the seeds would sprout, and that the sex is indicated by the form of the sprout. Another pretended to be able to distinguish them by the form of the indentation which marks one side of the stone. The strangest and least probable information he received, was on the possibility of changing the sex of the tree by a surgical operation. We suggested to him that a microscopic examination of the stones would probably display a difference of structure, but he said that this would not advance him, since he might throw away the females, and preserve only the males. Experiment alone would answer this difficulty, and an experiment extending over three or four years is too much for Arab patience.

There are known to be at least 150 varieties of the date-palm, each of which has its own habitat, and is found nowhere else. It bears fruit only between the 31° and 18° north latitude, and is injured by the air of the sea; its cultivation ceases at heights where snow falls. The violent rains of the tropics are equally destructive to it. It is a tree calculated for the latitudes where years may pass without a single shower falling. The region of the palm extends from the southern parts of Persia, Mooltan, and the Punjab westward through the whole of North Africa to the Canaries; but it produces its finest fruits in Arabia and parts of North Africa—countries which, without it, would afford no food to man. Hence the extreme value of the variety of its productions. The palm-tree grows in the depressions of those immense plains which form the Great Desert. Here, at a depth of three or four feet below the sand, a light loam is found, which affords it nourishment; and its roots, striking perpendicularly into the ground to a great depth, find there the necessary moisture. Sweet water and brackish are alike favourable to its culture; the salts with which the desert is impregnated do not injure its growth; and without further care than the annual pruning of the branches, it produces fruit. Such fruits, however, though eatable and wholesome, are not, of course, of the finest quality. It is a law of nature, that everything intended for the use of man should reach its perfection only through his toil; and in all the places which are celebrated for the excellence of their dates—the Beled-el-jerid, Siwah, Medina, and parts of Yemen—the proprietors are careful to dress the ground, to water and to artificially manure the trees. But in return for such care—requiring no more

than a single day in each week for a large plantation—the harvest is abundant. One year with another, the date-palm, when arrived at its full growth, produces from 800 to 400—in some few localities, as much as 600 pounds of fruit. The finest of all dates are those of Ibrim on the Nubian Nile. Some of the trees there produce fifteen bunches of fruit, each weighing about sixty pounds, the dates themselves each three inches long. It is truly, as the prophet-king sings, 'a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf doth not wither, and whatsoever he doeth prospereth.'

A DESCENT INTO A COAL-MINE

IN accordance with a pleasant and most laudable custom of our age, Mr H. Hussey Vivian, M.P., agreed, in January last year, to give a lecture at the Truro Institution. He chose a subject with which property and its duties have made him familiar—COAL. Coal, in all its relations, geological, commercial, and social or political, he treated in one short discourse with a breadth of view and a minuteness of knowledge highly remarkable and highly creditable. The lecture has been published;* and we select from its many interesting details the following lively account of a gentleman's descent into a pit. It must be premised that it is a South Wales pit.

'Our first operation is to dress: we are furnished with a strong suit of blue pilot-cloth. We ask how it is this dress is all woollen, and we are told that it does not burn, and may be useful in case of fire. We begin to feel uncomfortable, and to call to mind the awful explosions of which we have read. We advance towards the pit, and a man meets us and presents each of us with a *Davy*. We now feel very awkward, but we have said that we know all about a mine, and we cannot shew the white feather. We say, in an off-hand manner, that we suppose there is not an explosion very often. Our conductor stops and reassures us, stating that "there's never been a one since they got the air round; that she has now 90,000 cubic feet of air a minute going through her, split into ten separate columns; that she is swept out in every *goaf* and top-hole; to exemplify which, he will take the *top* off at the furthest point we attain." We express at once implicit belief in the 90,000 cubic feet, and the perfect manner in which the mine is swept clear of gas, and we beg our *cicerone* that he will by all means not trouble himself to unscrew the top of his *Davy* for our instruction. We reach the pit-head: the flat band is travelling at an extraordinary speed; but before we have time to think, up comes the cage with awful velocity; the empty tram is in, the full one is out, and in ten seconds she is away again in the same mad career. In less than sixty seconds, the same operation is gone through; and we now decide on going underground. The cage is at rest, and we hear the words "man going down." "What! you don't mean to say that you expect me to trust my life to that rope, and to the steadiness and nerve of that engine-man? No, I will go by the footway." Our *cicerone* stares; but our coal-mining friend interposes, and says: "Fortunately, there is none. We cannot afford to waste men's lives and health in making them climb ladders; and man-engines, as you are aware, are too expensive for general use. There is no real danger: we change three hundred men a day, and have done so for years without losing a man. The load of coal is five times as great as the load of men, and you will only go down five miles an hour instead of ten." Convinced against our will, we step into the cage, and away we rush down the shaft at railway speed. Our head whirls; we feel a strong pressure on our ears; we hear the guides pass us with headlong velocity; we hardly know whether we are going up or down; and at last a gentle tap, and we are safely landed in a large vacant space, with sidings, crossings, partings, like a great railway-station on a lilliputian gauge. We are led along, and pass trains of trams, some full, some empty, from which a constant stream ascends and descends the pit, and to which trains are continually added. We are struck with

* Truro: Heard and Sons. Pp. 32.

the bustle and order, the stroke of work which is evidently being done. "How much are you raising?" "Oh, we have just got her up to 600 tons a day." Only figure to yourself this vast quantity daily out of one pit and one small space of ground—the active area, the scene of many years' working, being perhaps 200 acres! How splendidly has Providence provided for our wants, by so disposing bed beneath bed, that we are able, with the least possible trouble and expense, to supply ourselves with this inestimable blessing so conveniently and cheaply! We are conducted to a comfortable cabin with seats around it, and we are told to sit down and get our eyesight. Our cicerone proceeds to amuse himself by adjusting the wick of his lamp to the last degree of perfection; and while he does so, we question him a little, and we soon perceive that he is a north-countryman. "How can you extract 150,000 or 180,000 tons of coal a year from the small area of ground you have described?" is our first inquiry. He points to the angle at which the rock is dipping, and says: "We drift across the strata, and thus intersect all the coal-beds. At this level, we have intersected twenty-one beds of coal in a distance of about 600 yards. These are the far-famed lower measures of South Wales; on these, all the great collieries and iron-mines are situated. In this colliery, we have, by drifting, won seventy-two feet of coal, of which sixty-one feet is in beds of three feet and upwards. Every foot of coal extending over one acre, is calculated to be equal to 1500 tons; and, consequently, every acre in this colliery represents 91,000 tons. This is the dim-stock company view of the case, and cannot be realised in practice. Many of these beds are not at present marketable; but they are, nevertheless, coal, and may at some future day be of value. They may work too small; and I know too well," our cicerone says, "how you gentlemen in the west look for *raids*, and how I am blamed if a cargo turns out small. My calculation will shew you how it is that we can turn out so vast a quantity from so small a space. The case of flat measures is different. In my county, Durham, we have to look to the produce of one, or, at most, two seams at a time; and when they are worked out, we must sink deeper; but we often raise 1000 tons per acre from one colliery; and we are enabled to do it solely by the flatness of the strata, which permits us to drive out in all directions, and thus keep as many different districts going as we do different beds in South Wales." "But you say that these beds are not all of equal value: how is that?" "Oh, our friend steps in, and says: 'To a collier, they are all alike, or nearly so. The roof of one or bottom of another may not be quite so good; but, on the whole, anything three feet, or even two feet, and upwards, is workable. But this is a surface-question: one bed may have a roof which adheres to it so closely, that it cannot be detached, and I allow it to be worked and shipped, I shortly hear: 'Why, we have sent me nothing but stones!' Some beds may contain sulphur, and if left in heaps, may ignite spontaneously: we must leave them behind; if not, our friend writes to say: 'Your coal has got rusty as an old horse-shoe, and I have had to keep a man to throw water on it to keep it black.' I say: 'Preserve me from my friend; that bed cannot be worked.' Another is tender, and our friend writes us: 'You have sent me all *slack*.' Another produces too much ash; another is too free, and won't bind; another has a parting in it; in fact, the right thing in the right place in collieries, as in all other matters, is not easy to obtain. You say: 'One has a parting in it: what does that mean?' I thought a bed of coal was solid & homogeneous." "Far from it, my good sir; a bed of coal is rarely, if ever, formed without some separations in parallel to its plane and continuous: sometimes this is but the thickness of a knife-blade; sometimes it is an inch or foot thick; sometimes coal lies on coal; sometimes shale intervenes, and then it is most prejudicial to sale, being difficult to keep out. Instances are known in which this parting thickens to masses of rock many fathoms thick, and thus divides the bed into two." "Well, now," says our stranger friend, "let us hear how you work." "The system of working may be divided into two *uses*—namely, 'Stall and pillar,' and 'Long wall.' The *stall* consists in taking away only a portion of the coal—

say, one-fifth—leaving the remainder to support the roof until the time arrives for working back, when the pillar left is divided and taken away in sections, allowing the strata to fall: when this has occurred, the district is called the *goaf*. Long-wall work, on the other hand, consists in taking a large breast of coal clean away at once. In many beds, this is impracticable; but the opinion is gaining ground, that, when practicable, this system is preferable. In both cases, main levels or drifts are driven, along which railways are laid and maintained until the coal which they command is exhausted. These main levels form also the airways of the mine; but in all well-worked collieries the waterway is kept distinct."

"Our cicerone, who has adjusted the wick of his lamp to his perfect satisfaction, now says: 'I think, sir, we had better be going; you've got your eyesight, haven't you?' "Ay, pick up a needle if you will," and away we go. Our friend bends as if he fears he may hit his head—"Oh, keep your head up." We have seven feet by ten here; this is one of our main airways, and we have something like 70,000 cubic feet of air a minute going through it, and we must have it large. This is our main drift across the strata along it; the air is divided off, and carried into five or six different districts, each of which is thus supplied with fresh air. Each column, after airing its appointed district, is carried to the upcast; each district has at the further extremity a regulator or trap-door, by opening or closing which, more or less air is drawn off from the main or parent column; and thus the wants of the colliery are even and simply supplied. This is the *general* arrangement of ventilation. Now, let me call your attention to the strata. In passing along this drift, we shall traverse 133 noticeable changes in the strata, besides twenty-one coal-veins in 320 vertical yards of ground. The leading type of these measures is *clift*, which, when pulverised and exposed to the weather, turns into mud or clay; but we have also *rock*, which, when reduced to its elements, becomes sand. Interspersed are many beds of ironstone, and under each coal-bed there is a bed of fire-clay; that clay is invariably found beneath each bed both in England and everywhere else where true coal exists, and as invariably contains that curious fossil called *stigmæria*, of which more anon. That which you see in this drift, in relation to the succession of various strata, applies to the whole section of the coal-field, stated to be some 3000 fathoms in thickness. The lower and upper measures, however, contain more *clift* or clay, and the middle more sandstone rock. The coal-measures of all England have much the same characteristics, although known locally by different names. Well, now at length we reach the coal, and stand amazed at its thickness: twelve feet of solid coal; about the height to the gallery of this spacious apartment. The pick rings against it clear and joyful as a marriage-bell—joyful, for if it does not, we betide the shipper, for it is all *slack*, that skeleton in every collier's corner! We are shewn its full thickness, its partings, its cleavage, its holing, its roof, its underclay; its merits are descanted on as those of a familiar friend, and our cicerone with pride assures us that his "elder brother," though only eight feet big, is just beyond, and quite as good or better. Well, we now turn to the right or left along the course of the bed, and we soon enter a *stall* or *bord*. We are shewn how the air is caused to pass up it by means of light wooden planking, called a *brattice*, and then down the other side, sweeping the face of the working as it goes. We find at the end of the stall, which is perhaps five yards wide, a man at work, perhaps lying down, holing for yards under the coal; perhaps kneeling or standing up to cut deep into one side; perhaps boring for his shot. He ceases. Our cicerone takes the pick, raps it, broad side, against where he knows the coal is most solid, and extracts a sonorous ring, with a "Well, Davy, it's all right; coal strong." "Is indeed, master; I never did know it so strong in my life: the price is too little." "Oh, nonsense, man; why, you made your thirty shillings last week." "This is the best man we have got in the pit, sir." Davy grins, and away we go to the furnace. "What! are you not afraid with this enormous fire, that the coal will catch?" "O no; we have airways and counter-arches

to protect it." We cannot stand before it; it reminds us of Dante's description of the infernal regions—a perfect sea of flame and smoke rolling in lurid clouds, we know not whither, and lighting up the darkness; and yet the coal thus consumed does more "duty" than any theorist attributes to it, and the furnace, with its brick-shaft 600 feet deep, amply fulfils its mission. Now, one step into the *returns*, and then to the glorious light of day. We must explain. The returns of a colliery are not its profits. I fear, in many cases, if we attempted to find *them*, we might search in vain, and our search might end, as a colliery without return would surely end, in an "explosion." Well, a colliery's return is its air after it has done its allotted duty; and the pride of a collier is to shew that his returns are not *loaded*—that is, charged with inflammable gas. We go through a door which slams behind us as if it would smash its every fibre. Off goes the top of our ciccone's lamp; we feel queer: his hand shades the flame, and he begs us remark that little or no elongation or halo plays around it. He takes us to a more secluded spot, and with his top on, he shews us a fine thin halo playing round the flame: he raises his lamp—it fills with flame: he slowly lowers it, and says: "Now, sir, if it had not been for Sir Humphry Davy, you and I would now be scorched and blackened corpses." We are quite content with the success of his experiment, and are glad to find ourselves in mad career up the pit, and again on, not in, mother-earth.'

GLASS-ENGRAVING.

On being told that I had come to see glass-engraving, the young man plied his wheel briskly, and taking up a ruby tazza, in a few minutes there stood a deer with branching antlers on a rough hillock in its centre—a pure white intaglio set in the red. I had never before seen the process, and was surprised by its simplicity. All those landscapes, hunting-scenes, pastoral groups, and whatever else which appear as exquisite carvings in the glass, are produced by a few tiny copper wheels or disks. The engraver sits at a small lathe against a window, with a little rack before him, containing about a score of the copper disks, varying in size from the diameter of a half-penny down to its thickness, all mounted on spindles, and sharpened on the edge. He paints a rough outline of the design on the surface of the glass, and selecting the disk that suits best, he touches the edge with a drop of oil, inserts it in the mandril, sets it spinning, and holding the glass against it from below, the little wheel eats its way in with astonishing rapidity. The glass, held lightly in the hands, is shifted about continually, till all the greater parts of the figure are worked out; then, for the lesser parts, a smaller disk is used; and at last the finest touches, such as blades of grass, the tips of antlers, eyebrows, and so forth, are put in with the smallest. Every minute he holds the glass up between his eye and the light, watching the development of the design; now making a broad excavation, now changing the disk every ten seconds, and giving touches so slight and rapid that the unpractised eye can scarcely follow them; and in this way he produces effects of foreshortening, of roundness, and light and shade, which to an eye-witness appear little less than wonderful. The work in hand happened to be tazzi, and in less than half an hour I saw deer in various positions roughed out on six of them, and three completely finished. — *White's July Holiday in Saxony, Bohemia, and Silesia.*

PRESERVING FISH.

Fish may be preserved in a dry state, and perfectly fresh, by means of sugar alone. Fresh fish may be thus kept for some days, so as to be as good when boiled as if just caught. If dried and kept free from mouldiness, there seems no limit to their preservation; and they are much more nutritious in this way than when salted. This process is particularly valuable in making what is called kippered salmon; and the fish preserved in this manner are far superior in quality and flavour to those which are salted or smoked. A few table-spoonfuls of brown sugar are sufficient for a salmon of five or six pounds' weight; and

if salt be desired, a tea-spoonful or two may be added. Saltpetre may be used instead of salt, if it be wished to make the kipper hard.—*Cooley's Cyclopædia.*

'PER ARDUA!'

Nor on the common road
Of life, where thousands with eyes downcast go,
With th' unambitious crowd, return we, slow,
Unprofiting, to God.

But up the arduous steep
Whose summit crown the beauteous trees of truth
And hope, do we, in this our stalwart youth,
Our onward journey keep.

Not idly on the beach
We watch the turmoil of the tossing world—
See strong hearts sink, with bright hopes new-unfolded,
Unaided, in our reach.

But on the angry deep
We earnest toil, to save from its distress
Some drowning soul, if so on earth one less
Sad heart bereft may weep.

Not, cowards, from the fight
Of the torn peoples will we hang aback;
Nor in the strife our arms to strike be slack
For mankind's God-given Right.

But where the spoiler's brand
Sweeps widest, where his heart out-trampling heel
Is firmest set, where Freedom's banners reel—
There will we take our stand.

Not in the blotted book
Of man's false life, where fashion, prejudice,
And selfish greed, have writ their cursed lies,
May we unscorning look.

But by the rays that dart
From Truth's lamp, gain we from the unread scroll
Its wondrous lore, and strive to read the scroll
Of man's mysterious heart.

We would not write on sand
Our names, that when we tread the quays of Time
No more, no manly deed, or thankful rhyme
Shall mark where now we stand.

But we will labour now,
That when we pass to the far Resting-haven,
Our not unuseful lives may be engraven
On a world's grateful brow.

D. L. E.

JEWELLER'S GOLD.

This term is applied to alloys of gold, used for trinkets and inferior articles of jewellery, ranging from three or four carats fine upwards, or which are too inferior to receive the Hall mark. The lowest alloy of this class is formed of copper, 16 parts; silver, 1 to 1½ part; gold, 2 to 3 parts melted together. This is worth only from 8s. 6d. to 9s. the ounce. 'It has recently been found that gold of the quality of 12 carats or less, if alloyed with zinc instead of the proper quantity of silver, presents a colour very nearly equal to that of a metal at least 2½ or 3 carats higher, or of 8s. or 10s. an ounce more value; and the consequence has been, that a large quantity of jewellery has been made of gold alloyed in this manner; and the same has been purchased by some shopkeepers, very much to their loss, as well as that of the public, inasmuch as a galvanic action is produced, after a time, upon gold so alloyed, by means of which the metal is split into separate pieces, and the articles rendered perfectly useless. Gold chains, pencil-cases, thimbles, and lockets, are the articles of which the public and the shopkeepers will do well to take heed, as these have, among some other things, been lately so constructed.'—*Watherston's Art of Assaying.*

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OLD STONES.

'NONSENSE! Who on earth would take such a journey—it was forty miles across country, or sixty odd if you went round by rail—'just to see a heap of old stones!'

So grumbled our host, whose 'bark was waur than his bite,' who always said the unkindest things, and did the kindest. Of course, we never fretted ourselves about the matter; we knew we should go.

It had been the dream of youth to us all, indulged hopelessly for—well, I had better not say how many years; since, though to the youngest—now our merry hostess, and mother of our host's three boys—time did not so much matter, we two elders, who had not made quite such good use of it, might possibly be sensitive on the subject. Time? Pshaw! we plucked the old fellow by the beard, and laughed at him, all three of us. He had only made us wiser, and richer, and merrier; we did not grudge him one year out of the many that have slipped away since we used to sit in short frocks, and frilled trousers, and long plaited tails of hair—*à la Chinoise*—in shady arbours, poring over Penny Magazines and juvenile Tours through England—which confirmed us, as I said, in the longing to see Stonehenge, of all places in the world—our 'world' which in wildest dreams extended not beyond the British Islands.

We never had seen it: not though, since then, some of us had gone up and down Europe, till we had come to talk of the Alps and Italy with a hand-in-glove familiarity quite appalling; though to others, the 'ends of the world' had at second-hand been brought so close, that the marvellous Peter Botte Mountain, about which we drank in so many (ahem!) localities in the said Penny Magazine, and Cape Horn, of gloomy horror, and the delicious Coral Islands, in which we so desperately longed to be cast away as wretched Robinson Crusoes, had dwindled into everyday things. Yet still, still we had never seen Stonehenge. As the idea was started, and we canvassed it over the tea-table, the dream of our girlhood came back with the delicious mystery and ingenious conjectures it attended it, and the wild hope—struck out of the faint belief of youth in everything, and, above all, of itself—that if we only once got a sight of it, who cared but that we, actually we! might be the happy individual to set for ever at rest, by some lucky suggestion, the momentous question: Who built Stonehenge?

'A heap of old stones!' We scouted the phrase with youthful indignation; we protested that it had not been the desire of our lives, that we would any of us

cheerfully travel anyhow, anywhen, anywhere to see Stonehenge. Then, like wise women, we let the matter rest; we knew we should go.

Our plan germinated a day or so, in wholesome silence, till we saw its first leaf peering above ground in the shape of a Bradshaw which, quite *par hasard*, our host was apparently studying.

'Oh!' observed he—apropos of nothing. 'It would take a long day—a very long day.'

'What would?' somebody said hypocritically.

'I thought you wanted to see Stonehenge.'

We smothered our joy; we were meek over our triumph; we even—as days were precious to the masculine portion of the household—acquiesced humbly in the proposal that we should 'make a long day of it'—that is to say, from six A.M. to about twelve P.M., including a journey by coach and rail of about 110 miles, if even by that slightly arduous means we might purchase an hour or two among our 'old stones.'

Patience prospered; resignation won. The very next day, we four—three womenkind, on whom, as we have passed the season when we care to be the three Graces, I may as well bestow, *pro tem*, the names of the three Virtues, Faith, Hope, and Charity—under escort of Hope's husband—found ourselves clattering over the stones of our little town, that within two hours fully informed itself of our excursion and plans in all particulars, many of them quite unknown to ourselves. No matter; we were very happy, even when Fate, according to her custom—a wise one, doubtless—dashed our joys, with a pelting rain, which tore us from post travelling and from the breezy heaths—redolent for miles and miles of the apricot-scented gorse—to thrust us into a railway carriage, where we had our choice of being smothered or soaked. Still no matter: not though we had to make a *circumbendibus* which would occupy the whole of the afternoon, and land us in Salisbury just time enough to go to bed: not though the delicious drive across country was put an end to, and we were jolted, and choked, hungry, and wet (likewise dry, very!), labouring under every travelling woe, *except* ill-humour. As we laughed, our troubles lightened; and when, towards dusk, we saw, westward, a red streak peering through the dun sky, and birds began to sing out cheerily in the green, dripping trees, we gloried in all our conquered disasters, for we said: 'It is sure to be a fine day to-morrow.'

And when, opening the carriage window, one of us heard, through the stillness of the rainy twilight,

The faint and frail cathedral chimes
Speak time in music,

we felt, we knew that we were near Salisbury, that to-morrow we should see Stonehenge.

No chance of the cathedral that night; but we saw above the houses its exquisitely delicate spire; and once again, as we sat over the welcome of tea-suppers in the inn-parlour, we caught the chimes, 'faint and frail;' and Hope, who used once to be the most romantic of us all, and in whom even matrimony had not quite uprooted that beautiful weed of the soul, took out boldly her pet poem, *The Angel in the House*, and declared her intention of rising at some unearthly hour next morning, to hunt out the dean's house, where it is supposed the 'Angel' abode, previous to being caught and carried away to the author's. She should find it, she knew, in 'Sarum Close.'

Red brick and ashlar, long and low,
With dormer and with oriels lit:
Geranium, lychnis, rose, arrayed
The windows, all wide open thrown,
And some one in the study played
The wedding-march of Mendelssohn.

Gathering all this admirable evidence for identifying—nothing! we laid our plans, took one peep out on the street, where the pavement glittered, shiny with rain, under the gas lamps, and above a queer black gable, out peered the brightest, softest new moon—we all went to bed as merry as children. Out upon old Time! were we not at heart just as young as ever, and going to Stonehenge to-morrow?

AND WE WENT. I beg to chronicle this in capitals, as a remarkable corroboration of the proverb, 'Wish for a gown o' gowd, and ye'll aye get a sleeve o't;' and to shew that people do sometimes get what they want, if they have patience to wait for it twenty years or so. We went.

It was an exquisite morning; fresh after the rain, breezy and bright, with clouds scudding now and then over the May sun, threatening us just enough to make us feel that we didn't care. It might rain, and welcome—in an hour or two—but we should be at Stonehenge. Even if we saw it—humiliating position!—from under umbrellas, see it we should and would.

So we dashed along the quiet morning street, where the respectable inhabitants of Sarum were just breakfasting, little recking of insane tourists, wild over their familiar 'old stones.' Even our driver, honest man, as he took us through 'the close and sultry lane'—vide *Angel in the House*, which we again referred to—turned round once or twice, with a patronising air, to answer topographical questions, and then cracked his whip solemnly, as if proud that he wasn't so foolish as some people!

Foolish indeed! but it was a holy intoxication brought on by the fresh, breezy, dewy light, bathing the whole spring-world. How beautiful was that world! with the sky full of larks, and the air of hawthorn-scent, with acres upon acres of champaign land, green with growing wheat, waving and shimmering in the sun—a sea of verdurous plenty. How strange, like a bit of ancient history made visible, looked Old Sarum—a perfect Roman camp, with its regular lines and fosses, now thick-sown with trees, amidst which, for centuries back, we learned, still lurked a house or two—no more.

'Yet that place,' remarked Hope's husband, with severe modern practicality—'that place actually, till the Reform Bill, sent two members to parliament!'

We laughed and pondered how much the world had mended since the times of the Romano-Britons, while we walked in a perpetual chorus of larks—a chorus dropping upon us from the white clouds—who sang over us just as they sang over the heads of those grim warriors when throwing up the green walls of Old Sarum.

Salisbury Plain. Familiar as a proverb the place is.

Of a bleak spot, one hears—'As bare as Salisbury Plain;' of being shelterless in the rain—'Might as well have been out on Salisbury Plain.' All images of dreary desolation and flat uniformity gather round it; and one thinks of that celebrated hero of the Religious Tract Society, the 'Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,' with a mixture of sympathy and veneration. Yes, we were now on Salisbury Plain.

A strange place surely. Not flat, as we had expected, but rising and falling in long low waves of land—enclosed wheat-land, for a considerable way; till fences and cultivation cease, and you find yourself in the midst of a vast expanse, lying bare under the sky, as far as eye can reach, in all directions—one undulating sea of intense emerald green. Nothing, except the sea, ever gave me such a sense of solitude, stillness, and desolation, quiet, not painful: nature's desolation is never painful. You hear no birds, for there are no trees to sing in; nay, the larks have ceased, or are heard indistinctly far away over the wheat-fields; an occasional bee alone comes buzzing over the short turf, the flowers of which, dainty, curious, and small, are chiefly of a scentless kind, such as saxifrage, tiny yellow lotos, and primrose-coloured hawkweed. Now or then, every mile or so, you see, lying at anchor in a hollow, or steering across the Plain like a fleet of white sails, whose course you can track for miles, what you know must be a flock of sheep. Or you come upon them close, and the little brown-faced shepherd takes off his cap with a nod and a smile—and his shaggy dog just lifts up his lazy head to look at you: then you leave them all, flock, shepherd, and dog, to a solitude which seems as complete as that of an Arab in the desert, or a ship far out at sea.

And this is Salisbury Plain; and in its centre lies that extraordinary circle of stones, about which the antiquaries prate as they will, nobody really knows anything whatever.

As we ascended and descended ridge after ridge of the waves of land, we all stretched anxious eyes east, west, north, and south. Who would be the first to catch sight of Stonehenge? We scorned to inquire the driver where to look; we felt sure we should recognise it at once; but on we went, and ever many imaginary 'old stones' did our satirical company point out to our eager notice as the veritable Stonehenge.

At last he said, with a quiet air of unquestioning superiority, 'That's it: there are your old stones.'

'Where?'—'Oh, please, where?'—'Yes, where?'—cried in different and yet concurring tones, Hope, Faith, and Charity—the latter being mild even in her enthusiasm: she had seen Mont Blanc and a host of other trifles.

'There!'

'Oh!—Ah!—Well!'

I grieve to confess that these ejaculations were not enthusiastic! Did ever the thing attained seem, in the moment of winning, half so grand as when unattainable possibly unattainable? Nay, as our poetical friend observes—not too politely—of his 'Angel' (the book's corner peered still out of Hope's pocket):

The whole world's wealthiest and its best
So fiercely followed, seemed, when found,
Poor in its need to be possessed,
Poor from its very want of bound.

Alas! whether from the vastness of the Plain, which made the gigantic stones seem small, from the vastness of something to compare them with; or whether youthful imagination had, like 'vaulting ambition, o'erleaped its selle,' and fell prone by the side of ordinary and possible fact—certain it is that nothing but the intense dread of being crowded over by the superior powers of wisdom, prevented our confessing ourselves disappointed in the first sight of Stonehenge.

But afterwards, as often happens, and, let us hope, happened with our poet and his 'Angel,' coming nearer, its grandeur and beauty grew upon us, till, by the time our horses stopped, and drew up under the large shadow of one of the 'Druid (?) rocks,' we descended, silenced by their exceeding sublimity.

It has been described scores of times, this extraordinary circle, or rather series of circles one within another, varying in size, from the outer stones, which are all of silicious sandstone, apparently about fifteen feet in height, and six or seven in diameter—to the inner ones, of granite, and not beyond the size of a man—and the two great centre trilithons, which still stand, erect and uninjured, over the large flat stone of blue lia, which is supposed to have been the sacrificial altar.

These minutiae we neither observed nor heeded then. With an involuntary quietness, unbroken even by the sunshiny wind, rough enough to make hate weigh heavy on our minds and only too light on our craniums, and sharp enough to cause a glad recollection of lunch in a basket—in spite of these human weaknesses, we all felt a certain awe on entering the 'ancient solitary reign' of these great gray stones, upright or prostrate, the mystery of which will probably never be revealed till the judgment-day. We felt rather ashamed to run in and out among them, and measure our height with them—puny mortals as we looked, the tallest of us!—and take hands to clamber over the great fallen blocks, and try to find out which was the identical spot upon which, year after year, the human victim must have lain, taking his last open-eyed fill of the wide emerald plain and blue remorseless sky.

So would romance have dreamed; but Practicality, here predominant, soon set themselves—let me say *himself*—to calculate the height and weight of the 'old stones,' and to invent a plan, by means of levers and earthworks, whereby, without any other machinery, even ancient Britons might have erected the trilithons and the outer circle, in the uprights of which he soon discovered circular tenons, fitting exactly into the mortices carved in the top stones, to prevent their sliding off.

'Clever fellows!' he observed, with the satisfied patronage of modern science. 'Yes, those Druids were very clever fellows indeed.'

I hope their ghosts were gratified, if any still lingered in the familiar temple, supposing it ever was a temple, or that the Druids ever built it at all—all which questions, and many more, we discussed over sandwiches and sherry, incensed by faint wreaths of odour from a weed which modern Britain worships as ancient Briton did the mistletoe, and, *en passant*, under colour of which, probably effects quite as many human sacrifices. Here, though, it was harmless enough; harmless, too, were the jokes and laughter that broke the utter dead solitude of the place, until we dispersed to gather, for ourselves or other folk, moss, bits of broken stone, and dainty wee flowers that perked up their innocent faces under the very shadow of the immemorial stones. Harmless and pretty too was the determined pertinacity with which Hope, bringing out her eternal book, caught Practicality's coat-sleeve, and insisted on reading aloud the idyl *Sarum Plain*, which endeth thus appropriately:

By the great stones we chose our ground
For shade; and there, in converse sweet,
Took luncheon. On a little mound
Sat the three ladies; at their feet
I sat, and smelt the heathy smell—

('There's no heath hereabouts—all turf,' observed Practicality.)

Plucked harebells—

('Nor harebells either. But then it might have been autumn-time,' mildly remarked Charity.)

Plucked harebells, turned the telescope
To the country round. My life went well,
That hour, without the wheels of Hope;
And I despised the Druid rocks
That scowled their chill gloom from above,
Like churls whose stolid wisdom mocks
The lightness of immortal love.

Immortal love! Yes, in this place, this dumb oracle of a forgotten world—this broken, dis-hallowed temple raised by unknown worshippers to a lost god—one felt the need of something immortal, something immutable, something which in one little word expresses the best thing of all good things, human and divine, and which in itself belongs to both; and I think in heart or eyes, visible or invisible, we all had it, and rejoiced in it there.

And now we were going, leaving a small token of affection in the shape of a paper of biscuits, and a neckless, though not quite wineless bottle, to two of the aborigines, who had appeared from nowhere in particular, to meekly maunder about the stones, and offer us specimens, but who retired abashed before we could get out of them a syllable of conversation. But just ere departing, we saw, half a mile off, winding slowly across the Plain towards us, a mysterious machine, half-wheelbarrow half-peepshow, with a man behind it—at least a big hat, which indicated a man underneath.

My good man—when you stopped, and in that business-like way, took out your sketch-book, plans, curiosities, and laid them out in a sheltered nook, and began to lecture, in the most intelligent fashion I ever heard from any cicerone, on the antiquities of Stonehenge—you little suspected that one of those three innocent-looking ladies would ever put you down in print! Not that I think you'll have the slightest objection to it, Mr Joseph Browne of Amesbury—'twenty-four years attending illustrator of Stonehenge,' as your guide-book says (price one shilling, and worth two, for its extraordinary amount of intelligent fact and even more intelligent fiction). You are a great character, and long may you live to startle tourists with your apparition, and enlighten them with your discourse—a condensed edition of your guide-book, or rather, your father's. *Literatim*—behold its title!—

THE UNPREJUDICED, AUTHENTIC, AND HIGHLY-INTERESTING
ACCOUNT

WHICH THAT
STUPENDOUS AND BEAUTIFUL EDIFICE
STONEHENG
IN WILTSHIRE,
IS FOUND TO GIVE OF ITSELF.

Therein is proved, to the author's satisfaction at least, the undoubted origin of Stonehenge. How it was the work of neither Romans, Celts, Druids, nor Phœnicians, but of antediluvians! How though, as the writer allows, 'the difficulty in determining the situation of the abodes of those antediluvians who were concerned in the erection of the Serpent and Temple at Abury, of Silbury Hill and of Stonehenge, is very considerable,' he brings a mass of evidence, wanting in nothing but a few slight premises to start from, and proves that the giants that were before the Flood could alone have erected the stones, and the Flood only could have thrown them down. Of these antediluvians, their manners and customs, and general goings on, domestic, social, and religious—'of the earnest desire that existed in Adam to perpetuate a knowledge of original sin,' which he did, in all probability, by the erection of a great serpentine temple—qy. at Abury?—'that hieroglyphic being fully adequate to so momentous an end'—likewise of the

Deluge, and the course of its waters, 'running as they are known to have done, from the south-west to the north-east'—our author speaks with a decision, confidence, and familiarity quite enviable.

Nevertheless, despite one's smile at the ease with which 'facts' can be accumulated into a great cairn of evidence over the merest dead dust of a theory, which a breath would blow away, one cannot help appreciating the exceeding intelligence and antiquarian ingenuity of both Henry Browne, senior, and Joseph Browne, junior; and all visitors to Stonehenge will miss a great treat if they do not invest a shilling in the guide-book, and one or two more in the acute explanations of the guide.

We did so; left him beaming with satisfaction, and bowing till the big hat nearly touched his knees—in manners, at least, our friend might have taken lessons from his favourite antediluvians—then we rolled slowly over the smooth soft turf, often looking behind till the great gray circle lessened and lessened, and finally dropped behind one of the green ridges.

'You can't see it any more.'

'I wonder if we ever shall see it any more.'

Charity 'was afraid not'; Hope thought 'she should like to bring her boys here, when they were old enough to understand it'; Faith—did what Faith always does, and let the question bide. One thing, however, was certain, that we should, in all human probability, never be all here again as now. In mortal life are renewals, but no repetitions—no 'second' times. Each pleasure, as well as each pain, stands by itself; and though the new thing may be ten times better than the old, still, it cannot be the very thing—that is gone for ever, as it is right it should go.

We knew well—and in spite of our laughter, I think we felt—that though we might all live to be old men and old women, and see many grand sights up and down the world, we should never again have a day exactly like this our day at Stonehenge.

'Well, do you want to see any more "old stones"?''

Of course we did. We had not dragged our benevolent Practicality all that distance from his home and work to let him off with anything short of the utmost we could get. Besides, some of us, rising early, had already given glowing descriptions of what, not having seen, I shall not attempt to paint—Salisbury Cathedral and Close, under the aspect of seven A.M. and a sunshiny morning. And some others of us had, from the first dawning of the plan, set our heart with a silent pertinacity which is not often beaten in anything, on seeing all that could be seen and told about the said cathedral. So, after a few carnal but not unnecessary arrangements at the inn with reference to lamb and asparagus, we sallied forth again into Sarum Street—a quaint pretty old town it is!—and passed under the heavy gateway which shuts out from the world the quiet sanctities of Sarum Close. We

Breathed the sunny wind that rose
And blew the shadows o'er the spire,
And tossed the lilac's scented plumes,
And swayed the chestnut's thousand cones,
And filled our nostrils with perfumes,
And shaped the clouds in waifs and zones,
And wafted down the serious strain
Of Sarum bells—

Not exactly yet, as it was before service-time. Otherwise the picture was just as we beheld it that 26th of May 1857.

Of all English cathedrals, perhaps Salisbury most merits the term 'beautiful.' Its exquisite lightness, whiteness, and airy grace, set in the midst of a wide and open Close, sometime turf, but now one golden ocean of wavy buttercups, and belted in by a square walk, where chestnut and lime trees of thickest, vividest foliage overhung the path, and half-shadowed

the old houses and small bright gardens—its glittering windows and flying buttresses, up from which one's gaze wandered to the most delicate of spires, that tapered up till it vanished into nothing in the brown blue—I feel it is impossible to describe—I can only shut my eyes and dream of—this first vision of Salisbury Cathedral.

We sauntered slowly along the path through the buttercups; how much better than a field of tombstones, as it was for centuries, till bold Bishop Barrington on one momentous night sent an army of workmen, who before daylight had levelled the whole, laid each tombstone carefully over its proper grave; only—four feet below the surface, instead of upon it! How the good people of Salisbury must have stared, and stormed, and been scandalised; but the deed was done, and could not be undone; the turf grew green, the dead slept quietly and unharmed, and ceased to be, what providence never meant them to be, though man has tried hard to make them—a burden, a terror, or a destruction to generations of the living. Now, there are no more burials in Salisbury Close, and very few even in the cloisters.

Passing through the nave to the chapter-house, we entered these cloisters. Others, elsewhere, are grander—Gloucester, for instance—but here, again, I doubt whether any can compete with Salisbury in beauty. This covered cloister-walk encircles a space open to the sky, with, I think, only two yew-trees planted in it. The verges told us that the late bishop took great pride in it; and after his wife was buried there, would not allow even a daisy to mar the exquisite green of the turf, but paid old women to go and pick them every morning! His three family tomb-stones are the only tombs allowed: over all the other graves are tiny tablets, let into the level grass; and so narrow in the space, that each grave is dug coffin-shaped. We could trace still, in one or two places, the known outline which, however familiar, humanity never looks upon without a certain awe.

We entered the chapter-house, which—better than any monumental tomb—is being restored, by subscription, to this late bishop's memory. Here, again, the exquisite airiness of Salisbury architecture struck us. This great lofty circular chamber—chapel almost—entirely supported by one centre pillar, or rather cluster of united pillars, from which all the arches spring. You stand under it as under some slender palm-tree, and look up wondering at its aerial lightness, its ineffable grace. Nor, even when overpowered by the extreme ornamentation of the 'restored' building (one of us suggesting that the restorer had better have left it alone, was quite annihilated by the verges—'Indeed!—you think so, madam!'), does this sense of that unity and simplicity which constitute a perfect form of beauty, ever pass away.

'Rather different from Stonehenge. Quite a variety in old stones,' observed our escort, after examining and recognising the Purbeck marble and pavement of Minton's tiles—admirable modern imitations of the antique.

Yes—it could not fail to set us pondering how

The One remains—the many change and pass.

The ONE, whom Shelley knew not, or knew so dimly; whom, ignorantly and blindly, all earthly generations have, in divers manner, striven to adorn in all manner of temples—from these rude stones of Stonehenge, so placed that the sun, rising in his place upon the longest day—and only then—shall strike through the gateway, on to the sacrificial stone—on this fair cathedral, on which the devices of man's brain and hand, through six hundred years, have been lavished, to glorify in material shape the Immortal, whose glory the whole earth and heaven cannot contain.

We trod lightly, as instinctively one treads on what must ever be regarded as consecrated ground. We heard the many traditions of the place—saw the usual cross-legged, broken-nosed Crusaders; the boy-bishop who, in the midst of his murmurings, ate himself to death—poor little rogue! was buried with all canonical honours, and whose tiny effigy may be seen to this day; the skeleton-monk—who still lives in stone, to impress beholders with a wholesome terror of mortality and corruption. With these wonders, and a score more, we regaled our curiosity; till a few figures, quaint and quiet, such as one always notices in cathedral towns, entered a little door, and stole, prayer-book in hand, along the nave, towards the choir—while over our heads—far up, as it were—the service-bell began to toll dreamily and slow.

We had no time to stay longer; so, out into the open air! through the door at the great west front, which we turned back to look at; and, though quite unlearned in church architecture, stood marvelling at its rich decorative work, endlessly varied, over which a little bold happy sparrow ran up and down and in or out, as if the whole of Salisbury Cathedral were made for him to build his nest in. Thence, slowly round the Close, in one corner of which a group of boys were just quitting a game of most unsanctified cricket, and disappearing hastily either for school or prayers; out through the gateway, leaving the bell still ringing, and the clouds still floating over the airy spire—the May winds still rustling the chestnut trees, and waving the buttercups, and the sunshine glorifying into almost unimaginable whiteness and beauty Salisbury Cathedral.

Finally, home; in the cool of the day, travelling right across country, a country purely English; skirting parks, where the trees stood, one by one, majestic pyramids of green, with their branches sweeping the very ground; past rich fields, dotted with red and white cows, ruminating in the grass, or standing knee-deep in a pond, too lazy to do more than turn to us the mild, calm, sleepy gaze, whence Homer calls Juno 'the ox-eyed;' through quiet villages, where children and old women gaped at us out of open doors, where every cottage had a porch, and every porch was a mass of woodbine or China roses. A drive not easily to be forgotten, in the lovely pictures it gave of one's own country—one's modern, everyday living and breathing England, which, with all her faults, we fondly believe to be

Beloved of heaven o'er all the world beside.

Finally, as I said, home; to find the children fast asleep; and sit for an hour or so over a quiet fireside, talking over all our doings, which will serve for talk still, when we are all gray-headed, and the 'little ones'—probably six feet high—may be taken—I beg pardon, may take themselves—to see Stonehenge.

'Well, have you, on the whole, enjoyed your "Old Stones"?'"

I should rather think we had!

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER IV.

To speak, to think of dinner at such a moment was revolting, insufferable! The callous animalism of the privateer captain annoyed, disgusted me, and I flung out of the house in a hot rage. The wind, I found, had increased to a gale—the ships at Spithead had sent down their upper spars, in preparation for a dirty night; and so piercing was the blast, that it took the wine-fire out of my blood in a very short time, and I was enabled to take a cool dispassionate view

of Captain Webbe's assumedly frank, confidential, straightforward communication; the result being to deepen, rather than efface, the feeling of mistrust with which I had listened to it.

I do not know that I could have given any very logical or lucid reason for that mistrust; but I had, notwithstanding, a strong impression that he was seeking to hoodwink, bamboozle me, and to carry out a purpose widely different from the ostensible one. Yet, except that he imagined it possible to palm off a daughter of Madame de Bonneville for the lost Lucy Hamblin—an altogether wild, insane project, of which it was really absurd to suspect so cool-headed a man—I could not see what sinister purpose he could have in view.

Then my mother, who had known him so many years, confided in his good faith, if with some misgivings, and commanded me to do the same. It was imperative, consequently, that I should not suffer myself to be discouraged by shadowy dangers, having no existence, possibly, save in my own imagination. Concluding, therefore, to place heedful confidence, so to speak, in the privateer captain—to follow his leading boldly, and with both eyes wide open—I returned to the hotel.

Captain Webbe had finished his dinner, proclaimed by his rosy gills and generally placid aspect to have been a satisfactory one. I apologised for having so abruptly left him.

'My dear boy, the loss was yours, not mine,' replied Mr Webbe. 'Besides, it is a common failing in the morning of life, when the blandishments of passion take the reason prisoner—I forget the exact words of the quotation, but the practical moral is, that inexperienced youth is prone to attach a higher value to imaginary raptures than to the sober reality of a southdown wether-leg, done to a bubble—a weakness which the strong years never fail to cure. A glass of wine with you, Master Linwood.'

'Willingly; and now, perhaps, you will have the goodness to sketch, and with as rapid a pencil as possible, the action of the all-important, all-compensating last act you speak of?'

'Certainly. Madame de Bonneville, *ci-devant* Louise Féron, exclaimed upon catching sight of me—she has about the sharpest pair of eyes I know of: "Le Capitaine Webbe! Est-il possible!" Now, Captain Webbe, whether in French or English, is not a name to be ashamed of, but there is a time and place for all things—even for picking up stones, as I learned at school—and certainly the month of November 1813, and the street Dupetit Thouars, St Malo, were not the suitable time and place for so shrill a proclamation of that respectable name. Instantly, therefore, entreating silence and a word in private, I followed her into the *magasin*. A few minutes sufficed to establish mutually amicable relations; and circumstances detaining me in St Malo longer than I feared might prove beneficial to my health, we became mighty intimate.

'As a proof of that friendly intimacy,' continued Captain Webbe with a grimace, as if half-a-dozen invisible surgeon-dentists were operating upon him at once, 'I may mention that Madame de Bonneville, not having quite sufficient capital for her business, declared that she preferred being obliged for the trifle required—five thousand francs only—two hundred pounds sterling—to her old friend, Captain Webbe, than to her nearest and dearest relatives! It was withal a mere bagatelle, as she said; for which bagatelle, counted out in solid five-franc pieces, le Capitaine Webbe received in acknowledgment and acquittal: "O that you are good! O that you are generous, my dear captain!" and a laugh,' added Webbe with a savage snap of his teeth that would have taken a piece out of a pewter-pot—'a laugh which said as plainly as laugh could,

"You will take skinning more pleasantly, my dear friend, when you are more used to it!"

Unquestionably genuine was the wrath which flashed from under the scowling brows of the privateer captain, and bitted in a concluding execration! He could not, then, be plotting with the Frenchwoman!

'It was subsequent to the exaction of that pledge of amity that I first saw Clémence de Bonneville, and detected the imposture at a glance.'

'Or imagined you did!'

'To the devil with imagined! The pretended daughter has a clear fair skin, bright silken hair, sweet blue eyes, and a delicately moulded, sylph-like figure. De Bonneville's complexion is the colour of mahogany—her hair, raven-jet, and coarse as horse-tails; her eyes, black as a thunder-cloud; her person, large, bony, angular! The girl is an English girl—is the lost Lucy Hamblin. That conviction, fire would not burn out of me.'

'I trust there are better proofs of that than contrasts in features and complexion.'

'There are abundance of proofs, and I rely upon you to obtain them. Now, don't fly out till you have heard all. Clémence, as we may as well continue to call her, is, please to understand, one of the simplest-hearted, most guileless of maidens; and expressions which have escaped her, when I have by a rare chance found her alone, satisfy me that she has in some way discovered, if not the exact secret of her birth, that she is not the daughter of Madame de Bonneville, of whom she stands in terrible awe; and who, by the way, intends marrying her to one Jacques Sicard, a relative of madame's, and a well-enough-to-do master-bootmaker.'

'That marriage,' continued Webbe, finding I made no remark, 'still remains in madame's programme, which in other respects has been lately entirely changed. It was, and not so very long ago, her intention, after Clémence had become Madame Sicard—not before—to open negotiations with Mrs Waller, who, she is aware, cherishes the memory of her lost child as tenderly as ever.'

'Nothing more than proof of Clémence being that lost child—unchallengeable, overwhelming proof, is required for my father's effectual vindication.'

'Quite true; and the knowledge of that has, no doubt, powerfully operated in finally determining Féron—she has no legal right, I am positive, to the name of De Bonneville, and Féron she shall be to me—in finally determining Féron, I say, never to take a step that might lead to such a result. Cupidity might, however, have conquered hate; but a closer view of the possible consequences to herself that might follow the avowal that Clémence was the child alleged to have been drowned, has irrevocably decided her never to make that avowal.'

'Really, Captain Webbe, I can scarcely follow such a labyrinthine maze of strange facts and stranger inferences. What frightful hazard would the woman incur by the restoration of Mrs Waller's child?'

'The hazard of being sent to the galleys—that's all. Féron must have falsified the municipal register of baptism, to which offence the *code pénal* attaches that tremendous penalty. What surety would she have, now that peace is about to open France to the English, that Linwood, for example, might not set the law in motion against her? Then the woman has acquired a respectable position in St Malo, and has a decided objection to losing caste, and much more beside, as she would do, were she to acknowledge that her pretended daughter is a child stolen from English parents. That she will never do: the question is decided.'

'What, then, will she do—does she propose doing?'

'I will tell you in a few words. She has ascertained for herself that the Wallers are still wealthy, that Mr Waller is extremely anxious that his daughter should

return to England, and reside near him; that Mr Linwood is rich, and pines to embrace her son; that that son himself is consumed with an irrepressible longing to return to his native country—to slowly die there, as he in his morbid despondency of mind believes. Well, Louise Féron, if paid very—very handsomely for doing so, will continue to withhold the evidence that would, as she declares, convict your father; Mr Waller can have his daughter to reside near him; Mrs Linwood may again embrace her son; and that son may return to die slowly in his native country—favours to be enjoyed by Louise Féron's sufferance—and revocable, of course, at her pleasure!'

'And how is this woman-fiend to be encountered—baffled?'

'By the exercise of courage and cunning equal to her own,' replied Webbe, throwing away his cigar, and continuing to speak with an energy and earnestness very unlike his usual sneering cynicism; but whether feigned or genuine, I was too little versed in the science of dissimulation to determine.

'The great point is,' said Webbe, 'to make sure that my surmise—we will call it a surmise—relative to Clémence is well founded—to ascertain beyond dispute that she is indeed Lucy Hamblin.'

'That will determine everything.'

'Unquestionably; and fortunately the lost child has, I am pretty sure, some indehible natural mark, which will render its identity indisputable. Your grandmother will tell you what that mark is—I do not wish to know it—and when you have been furnished by me with an opportunity of applying that infallible test, and you are satisfied that Lucy Hamblin is Lucy Hamblin, we shall be free to take such steps as prudence, courageous prudence may advise. If we are foiled, it will be your fault, not mine, depend upon it.'

'How will it be my fault?'

'Madame de Bon— Louise Féron, I mean, intends leaving St Malo immediately after she can manage to get there from Guernsey; and will be absent on business affairs in Paris for at least three weeks. Clémence will be left to the guardianship of Fanchette, a sort of half-servant, half-friend, and wholly contemptible, yet kindly, gossiping old soul. Now, the *Scout* will be in the Thames at the latest, I hope I may say, on Wednesday evening next; you will embark in her for Jersey, whence you and I will easily pass over to St Malo.'

'Pass over to St Malo! Really, that is a very startling proposition. Suppose, now, my companion and guide, Captain Webbe, of the *Scout* privateer, should be recognised by some person or persons, whom two hundred pounds sterling, counted out in solid five-franc pieces would not bribe to silence—how then?'

'That danger must be risked—confronted. Your mother expressed great confidence in her own courage.'

'I hope to justify that confidence; and it is surely no proof of courage to shut one's eyes to danger! But go on with your plan.'

'Arrived at St Malo, where, for various reasons, my own stay will be brief, I shall introduce you to Clémence and Fanchette with a flourish of trumpets that will insure a gracious reception. Thereafter all will depend upon the use you make of your opportunities. To avoid the possibility of being duped, which would not suit my book any more than yours, I would simply ask Fanchette if she knows of any natural mark upon the young lady's person, and if she does, to describe it. Supposing, however, that I am mistaken, and that no such natural mark exists, there is another mode of at least achieving our purpose—the vindication of your father's character. There, then, I think, be no question that Louise Féron, with a view

to all probable and possible eventualities, took care to preserve some of the child's clothes or ornaments: a pearl necklace I remember hearing the little Lucy had on when she went out on the 18th of August with her traitorous governess; now, if you can manage by bribery, or by any other expedient, to obtain possession of any article we can prove belonged to the child, Louise Féron's hour will have struck, and I shall take care she knows that "ce cher Capitaine Webbe, who will take skinning more pleasantly when he is more used to it," set the hands, and swung the clapper! You will have means of direct communication with me," added Mr Webbe; "and when matters are ripe, I will manage to bring you both safely to England."

'How is it, Captain Webbe, I suddenly exclaimed, 'that you have not given your own son the chance of wooing and winning the guileless and susceptible Clémence? The value of the prize, in only a monetary sense, supposing her to be, provably, Lucy Hamblin, would have been great.'

The privateer captain laughed out with gleeful good-humour.

'That, my shrewd young friend, was the game I did intend to play, and bitterly vexed was I at being thwarted in it. My precious soft-headed son had, I found, fallen extemporaneously in love with the pretty face of a penniless wench, one Maria Wilson, or Blison, whom he had met with in Jersey; and it was quite useless to attempt, I found, stirring such a dish of skimmed-milk with so gallant a purpose! You will have an opportunity of making his acquaintance, as he will go with you as far as Jersey. We will now be going,' added Captain Webbe, ringing the bell; 'I shall be early to-morrow at Oak Villa: night brings counsel; and I will not doubt that I shall find you thoroughly resolved to engage in the task confided to your filial piety and courage. Good-bye.'

I found my excellent relative quite recovered from the nervous shock occasioned by the unexpected apparition of Louise Féron. She had read my mother's letter, and she listened with flashing eyes and glowing cheeks to the recapitulation of my long conferences with Captain Webbe.

Her eager, minute cross-examination, if I may call it so, having at length obtained from me every word uttered, every peculiar gesture or intonation I could recall to mind, she thus oracularly delivered herself:

'You must not hold back, William, from the venture, very hazardous and slightly promising as it may be. But I have no confidence in Webbe—and do you have none—or at least only so much as deeds, unequivocal deeds, will justify. I always suspected him of being a confederate of Louise Féron's—perhaps unjustly; or he may have quarrelled. I have seen his son—a mild, limpid lad; a masculine type, as far only as person goes, of his meek-minded mother, and the very opposite, consequently, of Kirke Webbe. Lucy Hamblin had an indelible natural mark, which will render the fraudulent substitution of another child impossible. But I don't know what it is; and Mrs Waller, whose mind has never quite recovered its once healthy tone, must not be excited by Webbe's strange story, till some proof of its authenticity has been furnished. Obtaining by hook or crook a sight, and if a sight, possession of the pearl necklace, or some recognisable article of clothing, is a good idea; keep your eye upon that. As to your engaging yourself in marriage, why, I dare say, William, the notion of marriage had never—but of course it had not at twenty—occurred to you before. The notion, I say, of such a thing, till the young woman is introduced to you by Mrs Waller herself, as her undoubted daughter, is absurd, quite preposterous; it throws an air of unreality over the whole thing. Still, I do not renounce against the truth of Webbe's story, because

it is in parts absurd, confused, improbable. All true, but incomplete narratives are necessarily so, from the absence of modifying facts and connecting-links. Fiction, on the contrary, is always coherent, plausible. Yes, my dear boy, you must act according to circumstances, with boldness and discretion; above all, with discretion. I do not mean by discretion, timidity or hesitation. You must boldly grasp the nettle danger, it has been wisely said, if you would pluck therefrom the flower safety. True; but you must also be wary and circumspect in deciding upon the fitting time and mode of making that bold grasp. It is a heavy burden, a fearful responsibility to lay upon one so young, so inexperienced in the ways of men; still, it must be. You have courage, zeal, a holy cause, and are not, I think, deficient, for your years, in common sense. I will see Webbe in the morning, and arrange that you shall have frequent communication with me. I shall also add considerably to the reward which your mother has answered for, in the event of success. Such a man can only be bound to our interest by golden fetters, of which there must be no stint.'

After the foregoing fashion did my worthy grandame untiringly discourse or soliloquise, till, becoming aware that I was nodding indiscriminate assent to her dicta, she, with some petulance, exclaimed that it was time for boys to be in bed, and sharply ringing the bell, desired Nancy to bring Master William's chamber candlestick!

I was 'Master William' with the venerable lady, I may here pause a moment to remark, when she, having passed her ninety-fourth year, fell calmly asleep in the arms of her already gray-haired grandson, on the evening of the 10th of July 1840, faintly ejaculating, whilst a seraphic smile played about her thin white lips: 'The clock must be wrong, Master William, for, see, the dawn is breaking—bright—beautiful—divine!'

But more than a quarter of a century of life lay between her and that supreme hour when, on the Wednesday following her Sunday-morning encounter with Louise Féron, I left Oak Villa for London, taking with me her blessing, a well-filled purse, and several foolscap sheets of closely written counsel, adapted to all conceivable exigencies. Webbe had gone the day before to Portsmouth upon business connected with his American prize; but I should find him either at his private lodgings, High Holborn, or on board the *Scout*, which, from the direction of the wind since Monday morning, he had no doubt would reach the Thames before either he or I did.

I arrived in London on Thursday afternoon about five o'clock, and seeing by the shipping news in the papers that the *Scout* had brought up a little below Greenwich, I lost no time in getting on board. My arrival was hailed with great satisfaction by Captain Webbe, as the tide would soon be on the turn, and he was anxious the *Scout* should sail that evening. He was in the cabin taking a parting glass with his son, and chief officer, Mr Robert Dowling.

'Pressing business matters, Mr Linwood,' said Captain Webbe, as he filled me a stiff tumbler, 'prevent me, I am sorry to say, from accompanying you to Jersey. I shall, however, manage to meet you there before many days are past.'

'That is, I suppose,' remarked Dowling with something of a glum look and tone—'that is, I suppose, if the *Scout* don't happen to bring up in a French port instead of Jersey.'

'Is there any fear of that?' I hastily exclaimed, glancing as I spoke at the pale, handsome face of young Webbe, upon which fear, if I did not misjudge him, was strongly marked.

'I don't know about "fear,"' gruffly replied Dowling; 'but the fact is—'

'Of course you don't know about "fear,"' interrupted

Captain Webbe; 'nobody supposed you did. *Le Renard*, a French war-brig,' added the captain, 'whose commander is supposed to have a spite against us for balking him some time since of a valuable booty, sighted the *Scout*, it seems, as she came up Channel, and Dowling fancies she may overhaul us on our way to Jersey. Not at all likely; and if she attempts to do so, the *Scout* can shew a fine pair of heels'—

'Heels be ——!' broke in Dowling. 'Don't fancy, captain, that because you won't be on board, we shall'—

'*Chut—chut!* Clap a stopper upon that foolish gab—do,' again interrupted Webbe. 'Let's on deck,' he added; 'it's time I were on shore, and you off.'

A shore-boat was alongside, into which Webbe presently jumped; the capstan was manned, and sent round with a stamp and go; the anchor was brought home, and in less than five minutes, I should suppose, after we left the cabin, the *Scout* was dropping down the river, helped with a light air from the northward.

By dawn the next day we were off Margate, and the wind freshening, the *Scout* made swift progress. The day was clear and bright—a wintry brightness—and it seemed that we were to have a pleasant, uneventful run. Whether from the effect of the sea-breeze, or the non-appearance of *Le Renard*, Harry Webbe's fine, if somewhat feminine features had assumed a rosier, healthier hue; and his conversation shewed him to be a well-informed young man.

As the day declined, the sky became overcast; the wind rose and blew in fitful gusts, sometimes of great violence, though of brief duration; and I heard Dowling consult Withers, the officer next in authority, as to whether it might be advisable to bear up for Guernsey. It was, however, decided that the *Scout* should hold on her direct course, passing between the French coast and the islands of Alderney and Sercq. Cherbourg was passed; the race of Alderney was speedily run through; by the time evening closed in, we were beginning to slip past Sercq; and Mr Dowling's apprehension of meeting with *Le Renard* was passing away, when the look-out on the foretop sung out: 'Sail, ho!'

'Where away?' queried Dowling, snatching up his glass, and hastening forward.

'Right ahead!' was the reply; and sure enough a large gun-brig—six fierce teeth a side—hitherto concealed from us by Sercq—was standing directly across the *Scout's* course.

'*Le Renard!* by all that's lucky!' exclaimed Dowling, as he closed his glass with a snap. 'Turn all the hands up, Withers,' he added, with stern promptness. 'There's a hot supper, quite enough for every mother's son of them, just ready, so they had better look alive, or they'll not have time to ask a blessing before falling-to.'

The tap of the drum, as in a man-of-war, beat to quarters, the men tumbled up the hatchways, and after one quite sufficient glance at the stranger, addressed themselves with a will to clear the *Scout* for action.

'Is a combat inevitable?' I asked, addressing Mr Dowling.

'Why, no, young man,' he replied; 'we are not obliged to fight, though, as it happens, we can't run. We might knock under at once—haul down the jack flying at the fore, and be carried off comfortable and quiet as Quakers to Cherbourg. But the "Scouts" not being Quakers, it's my candid opinion, since you ask me for it, that if you, in an hour or less from this, ain't gone to glory, or upon the road to it, you'll be uncommon lucky; and besides that, will have something to talk of for the rest of your natural life. Luff!' he roared through his trumpet to the men at the

wheel. 'Bring her nose dead to windward. We must lie-to, or, by jingo, the dance will begin before our music is ready.'

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH-CABLE AT WORK.

WHEN the Atlantic telegraph-cable is once securely lodged on its shelf at the bottom of the sea, messages will be transmitted through it from shore to shore of the great oceanic basin, by causing a current of electricity to flow from one end to the other of the included copper strand, and then to produce certain observable electrical effects upon its arrival. A surprising amount of ingenuity and skill has been expended upon the preparation of the apparatus by which this result will be obtained.*

The primary source of the electrical power which will be employed in this service—the fount whence the stream of electrical telegraphy will issue—is a voltaic battery of singular excellence and gigantic power. There are first ten large cells of gutta-percha, strengthened outside by a wooden casing, and filled inside by a mixture of sulphuric acid and water. Into each of these cells project a number of *laminae* or leaves. The *laminae* are composed of platinum-covered silver and mercury-amalgamated zinc alternately; but all the zinc leaves are connected together beneath by a long metallic bar; and all the silver leaves are connected together in a similar way by another bar above. Thus, all the silver element acts as one continuous plate, and all the zinc element does the same. Each metal exposes in one cell of the battery 2000 square inches of surface to be operated upon by the acid. The battery is thus composed, in electrical language, of ten pairs of voltaic plates, each having 2000 square inches of silver, and 2000 square inches of zinc, exposed. The zinc and silver elements of each cell have been arranged in separate *laminae*, instead of in one extended plate, because by this management it has been made possible for any portion of the acting plate to be removed for renewal or repair without there being the need to stop the activity of the battery for even a single instant. So long as this process of renewal of the corrodible zinc plate is carried on, the giant battery will maintain itself continuously in unimpaired operation. The battery is the invention of Mr Wildman Whitehouse, and well deserves, after his name and its own unrivalled characteristics, to be called 'The Whitehouse Perpetual Maintenance Battery.'

This Atlantic battery is of exceeding power when its electricity-generating energies are allowed to come into unimpeded play. The *wires* by which the contacts are made between its poles, are broad fourfold straps of sheet-copper, and will ultimately be twisted ropes of copper. When contact is made and broken between these straps, flashes of mimic lightning play between them with brisk crackling snaps. If one is pressed upon some iron tool, while the other is drawn firmly down a sharp ridge or edge of the metal, the edge is smoothly cut away, just as if a file had been powerfully drawn three or four times over the angle. If the two straps are pressed down upon the end of a pair of pliers, or upon a thick iron screw, half an inch of either being included between the ends of the copper straps, the included iron becomes red-hot, and begins to burn with the emission of a shower of sparks in five seconds. The quantity of electricity generated by the plates of this large battery produces this powerful heating effect when it is thrown upon a small mass of such an excellent transmitter as iron is.

* *The Atlantic Telegraph. A History of Preliminary Experimental Proceedings, and a Descriptive Account of the Present State and Prospects of the Undertaking.* Published by order of the Directors. Jarrold and Sons.

Quantity and intensity, or motor energy, in electrical matters are, however, by no means identical things. though the current set going by this battery is powerful enough to produce the heating effect described in it is thrown upon a substance not offering much resistance to its passage, it is altogether unable to force its way through any body that does offer any considerable degree of resistance. If the frame of a living man being, for instance, be made to assume the place of the screw, by one of the polar copper straps being fastened in each hand, previously moistened, not enough of the current passes through the arms and chest even to produce a thrill when contact is made and broken. The electrical current that burns up the iron screw in a paper, cannot force its way through four or five inches of flesh and blood. Yet a real lightning flash which had not a hundredth part of the battery-induced current in it, so far as *quantity* is concerned, could penetrate by virtue of its superior *intensity* enough that flesh and blood in the fraction of a moment, and reduce them to lifeless ashes. The great driving power of the Atlantic battery is inconvenient on one sense, on account of the transmission of the current having necessarily to be made through a make and break key of metal. The electrical current eats its way through the portions of the metal at each passage with a sharp spark and a loud snap, although the key is composed of thick brass springs, and an iron angle, not a foot long; and so threatens to be continually deranging the mechanism of the commutator by its sparking propensities. This spark-difficulty has, however, nearly disappeared in the hands of the cunning Prospero who wields the rod of electrical magic. Mr Whitehouse now leaves a small curl of fine platinum wire constantly in circuit between the two poles of the rancorous monster—the platinum is too tough a morsel to be disposed of; it cannot be eaten up like iron. But would be kept at an intensely red or white heat, if it were not prevented by further contrivance. The curl of platinum is kept in a vessel of water, and the water goes to make the water boil, instead of to make the wire red-hot. A wreath of steam is continually rising from the hissing liquid. When this 'perpetual steaming apparatus' of Mr Whitehouse is at work, as an appendage to the 'perpetual maintenance battery,' a spark appears on making and breaking the circuit of the key. There is a perpetual slight electrical leakage on through the platinum wire, which in no way interferes practically with the full stream through the copper straps, when the complete contact is made. The leak, then, merely serves to absorb into itself the redundant and mischievous spark, and so protects the mechanism of the key from harm. The ten-celled battery employed at each terminal station of the Atlantic telegraph line, will be sustained in steady activity at a cost, for consumption of acid and zinc, of about one shilling per hour.

The electrical current of superabundant quantity which is generated in this perpetual maintenance battery of 20,000 square inches of excited surface, is, however, the agent which will actually traverse the wide ocean. It has been found upon experimental trial that voltaic electricity is at the best but a lazy and sluggish traveller. On this account, the voltaic current is simply employed to generate a fresh force at home. It is strictly but a *generating* current. It is thrown upon a new piece of ingenious apparatus, consisting of coils of silk-covered copper wire, wound round a long bar of soft iron. There is about a mile and a half of the wire, and this wire is a continuation of the metallic plates of the battery. The current induced in the battery courses round and round through the coil, and so engirdles the soft iron bar any times in succession. But the coursing current makes the iron bar a magnet for the time, and a very powerful one too, on account of the multiplying turns

of the long coil. Within the wire coil, and also surrounding the iron bar, another coil of much finer silk-covered wire is rolled. This wire is many miles long, and after being wound almost a countless number of times round the bar, it goes off into the strand of the Atlantic cable. It has no metallic communication, indeed, with anything else. Now, as the generating current, issuing from the battery, makes the soft iron bar into a magnet, so the powerful magnet, by mere sympathetic influence, or induction, as it is termed, calls up an independent stream of a new kind of electricity in the second finer coil, and this current flows forth through the cable from one coast to the other of the wide ocean. It is the real *transmission* current; that which goes forth ready girded and bound for the arduous journey. The instrument which receives the battery current is thus properly a double-induction coil. Electricity induces magnetism, and magnetism induces electricity, which differs in character from the primary generating influence in the fact that it is of inferior *quantity*, but of very much higher *capacity for speed*. This magnet-induced electricity comes forth from its coil as a thoroughly equipped fleet messenger, prepared for the effort of leaping across the Atlantic in the fraction of a second of time. In practice, there are two large coil-magnets, each five feet long, placed side by side, because under this arrangement each magnet proves to be a support and a helper to its companion and neighbour. Each, by the mere influence of propinquity, makes the other stronger in its magnetic energy, and thus enables it to induce so much the more vigorous transmission current in the investing coil.

But it is not even the transmission current which will ultimately effect the telegraphic signals. When this current has made its way across the Atlantic, it will naturally be weak, and, in a measure, exhausted by so long a journey; consequently, instead of being set to hard work in this weary state, it will be received in a nursery or infirmary, and have its worn-out vigour recruited and renewed. The transmission current will operate upon a receiving instrument of great ingenuity. The continuation of the conducting strand of the cable will, on the other side of the Atlantic, be curled into a coil, and this coil will surround a horseshoe-shaped bar of soft iron. The current, when flowing through the coil, will make the iron bar into a temporary magnet; and the poles of this temporary magnet will be reversed according as it is a current from the positive or negative pole of the transmission apparatus that flows through the coil. Between the extremities of the temporary magnet there will be a small permanent magnet traversing on a pivot, so that its north pole may be attracted to, or repelled by, a corresponding pole of the temporary magnet. In this way, the permanent traversing magnet will jerk to the right or to the left, accordingly as the giant voltaic battery on the other side of the ocean is made to send a positive or a negative transmission current through the cable. The weakened transmission current will, notwithstanding its own debility, render these magnetic movements comparatively brisk and strong, because it will course many times round the iron bar in its coil, and each time repeat the same influence and call up the same addition of magnetic energy in the iron bar. It will be the old trick of twenty men on the stage making an army a thousand strong, by marching round and round, behind and before the scene. There will be but one current, but the iron horseshoe will feel as if there were a myriad, because of the one running round and round. Now, when the permanent magnet traverses one way, it will complete a circuit, and open the electrical flood-gates of a small local voltaic battery near at hand. That fresh battery, its flood-gates being opened, will set to work, and print or

record a signal on paper prepared for the occasion. When the permanent magnet traverses the other way, the circuit will be broken, the flood-gates of the local battery will be closed, and the printing will be stopped. Thus the hand which holds the break-key on the west coast of Ireland, will, by this complication of inductive influence, make the small permanent magnet on the shores of Newfoundland open and close the outlet of the printing-battery stationed there near at hand. When the winch of the break-handle is turned to the left in Ireland, the battery in Newfoundland will print; when the winch is turned to the right, the battery in Newfoundland will be inoperative and still.

The printing-battery performs its work by the agency of a recording instrument, which consists of a ribbon of paper slowly and evenly unrolled from the inside of a hollow cylinder by means of clock-work, and of a sharp style, which indents a series of dots or lines upon the paper as it unrolls, when magnetically directed to do so. When the style is pressed down *for an instant*, as the paper is dragged along beneath, a *dot* is marked; when it is kept down for a little more than an instant, a prolonged trace or *dash* is left. The style itself is held up by a spring when not at work; but beneath the style there is a soft iron bar, which becomes a magnet whenever a current of voltaic electricity is sent from the printing-battery through a coil curled around it. The temporary magnet then draws down the style to make its dot or dash, accordingly as the case may be. When the soft iron bar is an electricity formed magnet, it is stronger than the spring, and pulls down the style upon the paper; when it ceases to be a magnet, the spring comes into play, and lifts the style up, so that the paper traverses beneath it without a mark. The style is held down an instant or longer, accordingly as an instantaneous or a longer voltaic current is passed through the coil surrounding the bar.

The dot-and-dash code of telegraphic communication is an invention of Professor Morse of the United States. It is a very important contrivance, because it enables complete words to be spelled out when there is but a single wire to transmit the signals through. Different arrangements of these two elementary signals can easily be made to symbol all the letters of the alphabet, and the several numerals to boot. Thus, a dot and a dash signify *a*; a dash and three dots, *b*; a dash and dot once repeated, *c*; and so on. The clerks who are engaged in reading these signals, become so expert in their occupation, that they can close their eyes, and tell what the message is that is being telegraphed, merely by the clicking sounds of the style. They get to understand *the speech* as well as *the writing* of their instruments.

It has been already remarked, that one of the most extraordinary circumstances connected with the working of the Atlantic telegraph apparatus, is the very trifling electrical power which proves sufficient to transmit intelligible signals through long extents of the cable. In an experiment made since the first allusion in our Journal to this subject, Mr Whitehouse was working with 1000 miles of the cable, and succeeded in spelling words through this length by a battery consisting only of two minute fragments of zinc and silver, excited by a single drop of brine suspended between them. When one drop of water and a fiftieth part of a square inch of zinc can electrically spell out a word through a distance equivalent to half the breadth of the wide Atlantic, there need not be any doubt entertained that the leviathan laminated battery, with its 20,000 square inches of zinc, and many gallons of acidulated water, will be quite equal to the task of doing the same thing through the entire breadth of the ocean-basin. In 1851, Professor Morse said the Atlantic would one day be crossed by a telegraphic cable capable of transmitting electrical

messages; in 1857, the prophetic seer, in all human probability, will enjoy the gratification of witnessing the fulfilment of his bold prophecy.

ST VITUS.

'Now, the faith of St Vitus is not the faith of the Church of England, nor, in faith, do I well know what faith it is; but the Ordinary took no objection to it.' These are the words of one of England's best and greatest humorists—of poor Tom Hood. There is not a saint in the calendar whom I like more. This very 15th of June is his especial day. I dare say that in more parts of the world than one a miracle will be performed by the Sicilian saint upon this day. Why not? Did he not, when about to perish in the persecution of Diocletian, in the year 303, just as he bent his head to the sword, pray that all afflicted with the dancing mania, that horrible madness, should be cured if they prayed to him; and did not a voice—from heaven, say pious believers—respond: 'St Vitus, thy prayer is answered.' If all this did not happen, then the Abbot Hildusoinus of St Denys, the Abbot Warinus; the authors of the *Acta Sanct. Jumi*; of the *Annales Ecclesiasticæ*, are all lying—under great mistakes. Is not St Vitus the patron saint of Bohemia? Has he not, for certain, two bodies—one in the cathedral of Prague, and the other at Parma; not to mention two second-best bodies at St Denys and Cervery, as above?

But of this humour of dancing, which St Vitus undertook to cure—what of that, my masters? Humanity, poor thing, has been visited with various mani furors—tulipomania, South-sea mania, railway mania, and hundreds more. By these it tried to make money; but the dancing mania is the strangest, simplest, most unmoney-making mania ever heard of. 'We read in Spondanus,' says Waddington, the church historian, 'that in the year 1374, there arose in Belgium a sect of dancers, who paraded the streets, entered houses and churches half naked, crowned with garlands, and dancing and singing, uttering unknown names, falling senseless on the ground, and exhibiting other marks of demoniacal agitation.'

Peter de Herentals—an old gentleman with whom I have a very passing acquaintance—tells us one of the words—a frisky word—that they shouted out; perhaps our adjective is derived from it.

'*Frisk friskes cum gaudio clamat uterque sexus, cunctus manutergio et baculo connexus.*' Shouting thus, these poor fellows and lasses danced everywhere. They first danced it at Aix-la-chapelle, then at Liège, at Utrecht, at Limoges, through Tongres, at Limburg, then on to Cologne and Metz. Jumping, stamping, pirouetting; scuffle, shuffle, in and out and down the middle; join hands, gavotte, chassez forward, and set to partners—a polka, a polonaise, a Highland fling, a gallopade and a fandango. 'Are you out of breath, my lady?—nay, I trow not.' A saraband, a minuett de la cour, a waltz, and a clog hornpipe. The peasants in their sabots danced the latter feebly enough. Their wives danced the bolero, the cacacha, the Tarantula; the spider bit them on purposes, as you shall hear. Hopping, popping, never stopping, bundling, trundling, whirling in and out; merchants, peasants, noble men, and noble ladies, a few priests, who went off in the midst of their prayers to St Vitus; students dancing the college hornpipe; house-wives and nurses, military men and grave magistrates. Chassez, croisez, pousette, and doe-à-doe, balancer, and chaîne de dames, on they went; the musicians being tired out, fresh ones were supplied; dancing, ever dancing, the mania spread like a plague. Idle lookers-on were affected, and joined; the very city-guards threw down their halberds, and jigged it with the rest; the judges and barristers bowed gravely, and

began the first germ of a minuet de la cour; the hangman cut his double shuffle; and the jailer, throwing down his keys, joined the prisoner in a hornpipe in fetters!

All this is a matter of history. Peasants left their ploughs, and every one else his or her occupation. Girls and boys ran away from home, and servants and apprentices joined in the wild scene. The spasmodic disease spread like a plague. The patients leaped like deer over stools, tables, and chairs; they danced on without stopping, till dead or cured. 'Felix Platerus tells us of a woman at Basle who danced for a whole month together,' says old Burton. Music they loved, and the magistrates in Germany used to hire musicians, and also sturdy fellows to dance with them. By the year 1418, the dancing-plague had reached Strasbourg, and for many, very many years, periodical attacks of the mania returned again and again. The priests used to pray to St Vitus, and to throw cold water over the dancers; they would also beat them with sticks, and read the Gospel of St John to them. It was not until the sixteenth century, that Paracelsus, a great man, greatly misunderstood, began to explain the causes of this mania, and to lay down certain rules for its cure. Theophrastus Bombast, or, as he called himself, Paracelsus, struck a deadly blow at the miracle-mongers—for which he now suffers in fame—by first denying that the saints had anything to do with the infliction or cure of this mania. 'We will not admit,' says he, 'that the saints have power to inflict disease. We dislike such nonsensical gossip, as is not supported by symptoms, but only by faith, which is a thing not human, whereon the gods themselves set no value;' that is to say, superstition, for it is that kind of faith which the *Sieur Theophrastus* designates. He then proceeds to classify the St Vitus's dance: First, From imagination (*chorea castiativa*); second, from sensual desires (*chorea lasciva*); third, from corporeal causes (*chorea naturalis*). His method of cure was, with one exception, eminently sensible and modern: low diet, fasting, solitary confinement, being made to sit in uncomfortable places, till misery and pain cured the laughter and jiggling desires, immersion in cold water, and even severe corporeal chastisement.

Paracelsus—and our admiration of him does not blind us to the fact of his being slightly a quack—then enumerates many quintessences and nostrums which are not of the slightest use. Probably these were intended to work on the faith of the patients. Certainly when once the doctor stepped in, and the priest stepped out, St Vitus lost his power; his shrine shewed a decrease of visitors. Howling, hopping women and girls, and whirling artisans, no longer flocked to him upon St John's day, nor did the priest bring forth the holy-water and St John's gospel to banish the plague. The fifteenth and sixteenth century saw the gradual decline of St John's dancers; and in the commencement of the seventeenth, the thirty years' stand-up fight between the Protestantism of the north and the superstition of the ultramontanists swept over Europe like a purifying fire, and the belief in domestic house-plague devils, and especially the devils whom St Vitus banished, died out and lost its power.

Protestant Germany being saved, there yet remained Italy and Spain for M. le Diable to dance about in. He had already placed himself in communication with the good people thereof; but, determined to go to work in an original way this time, he dismissed St Vitus and his agency, and took up with a little spider called the Tarantula.

Have you ever seen Señora Perea Nena dance the Tarantella? Have you ever been in sunny Spain?—I use the adjective out of deference to everybody else who has used it. Have you ever seen the peasants there, or the Rouman, the gipsies, twirl themselves in a fantastic way, shaking their legs as if bitten,

beginning slowly, but increasing wonderfully, till, after a maddening saltation, they fall exhausted? If so, you have seen the last successor of St Vitus, the illegitimate imitator of the devil-spider, the suggester of that Rabelesian Rhapsody of Hood which I quoted in the commencement of this paper.

But lo! shall I write upon an insect and not quote Linnæus? Has that famous naturalist nothing to say about the spider? Does he not give us the habitat of the *Aranea Tarantula*? Yes doth he; he tells us that it is found in Austral Europe, in Apulia, Barbaria, Tauria, the deserts of Southern Russia, in Astracan, and in Persia. It was formerly believed, says he, to excite a desire of dancing which could only be cured by music; but that its bite was seldom dangerous; that its eyes are red, its body covered with black concentric rings; and that, excepting in these particulars, it is very much like other spiders.

I do not find that the Tarantula dancers differed much from the St Vitus disciples. When first bitten, if everything related be true, they would appear to have fallen into a state of melancholy, and to have lost possession of their senses. This continued till they heard the Tarantula music; upon which, they sprang up shouting for joy, and danced on without intermission until they sank to the ground exhausted and nearly lifeless. Some men were afflicted in another way. A few glasses of wine will make one man merry and another sad. So with the Tarantula. Some were melancholy mad, and wept and pined away with an unsatisfied longing, an anxious misery, a worn-out morbid craving desire, in which they died. Dancing was, however, the rule—continual dancing, perpetual toe-shaking, limb-quivering, back-breaking exercise. To read the old chronicles, one would believe that throughout the fifteenth and sixteenth century, nothing but one long quadrille prevailed in Italy. Moreover, the dancers abhorred or loved certain colours—red they disliked, or liked, with a mad-bull fury—and so were gay or sombre as the case might be.

A certain Capuchin friar of Tarentum jiggied it so wonderfully, pirouetting, and setting to corners, flinging, twisting, making cheeses, and hornpiping like any dervish, that Cardinal Cajetano, who half-suspected him to be a humbug, proceeded to the monastery to witness the performance. Of course, the visit ended as all such visits do end. Going out for wool, we weak mortals usually get shorn. Enthusiasm would cease to be enthusiasm were it not catching. The dancing Capuchin danced it finely—balanced himself upon one leg like Cerito, shook the other like Elslar, and then performed certain mad pranks as gracefully as old John Reeve, dressed as Cupid, dancing upon a theatrical sunflower. When he saw his spiritual prince clothed in purple, he made a dash at him; he disregarded the music of the Tarantella, and sighed only for the cardinal's cape. He swooned upon being driven away, and the piteous cardinal gave up the cape, whereon the friar, throwing it over his shoulders, danced as if possessed of a love-frenzy, and Cajetano went away a firm believer in Tarantism.

These spider-dancing people liked water, and had an irrepressible desire for the sea. Some old songs yet remain, expressing their love for the deep, the vast, the ever blue, the deep, deep sea:

Allu mari mi portati
Le soletti che mi sanati
Allu mari, alla via:
Allu mari, allu mari:
Mentre campo, faggio amari.

But, after all, the only thing to cure them was the Tarantella music. Villages sometimes provided the musicians, and more than one benevolent lady is mentioned who spent her whole time in visiting the sick, and her whole fortune in providing music for the

dancers. Some of the favourite tunes are yet preserved, to which Tarantula patients, from the boy of eight to the old gentleman of ninety-four, performed their saltatory extravagances. It was in its greatest force in the seventeenth century; towards the end thereof, it died off.

Of course, Tarantism, as a real disease, has been denied *in toto*. Certain it is that a spider might bite you or me, good madam or sir, and we should not go off into the exercises *affore named*. We wait till bitten by an advertisement of dancing taught to adults by Madame Devy. We only exhibit our madness in a private way, or when we go out in obedience to those delightful cards of invitation which tell us that evening-dress is required. Apprentices, milliners, shopmen, and young barristers shew off this inflection in public; and a most ridiculous sight it is. I saw a whole theatre full of people so afflicted the other night, but then it was at a public ball, and I must say I enjoyed the scene. There are gentlemen who say that the spirit which called all those people together, was demoniacal.

Tarantism being dead, it became expedient for the dancing-demon to employ himself otherwise. He did so in France in 1727, when the convulsionnaires, praying at the tomb of the Deacon Paris, were seized with that disease from which they took their name. Their dancing was scarcely so much real pirouetting as that of the St Vitus disciples. Tetanic spasms and convulsions distinguished these attacks; mad wishes of standing upon their heads, the ladies used sacks sewn up at the bottom to cover their feet, and other extravagances, distinguished these fanatics. The numbers increased so much, that about the year 1735, the king ordered that no more miracles should take place at the Deacon's tomb, and the cemetery was closed, whereon the following epigram, slightly profane, you will say:

De par le Roi, défense à Dieu
De faire miracle dans ce lieu.

Pinault, the advocate, who barked like a dog, was a convulsionnaire; and Arouet, the father of that arch-sceptic Voltaire, visited a celebrated lady-patient who barked also. The insanity of these poor creatures lasted till the year 1790—not a very proud thing to say of the enlightened eighteenth century.

Eighteenth century, quotha! Have we not disciples of St Vitus now? Do not the Turkish dervishes dance in Cairo and elsewhere? Does not one sect of Jumpers, founded in 1760, exist still, and do not the members of that sect worship heaven by dancing, like David before the Ark? Has not America also its Shakers? Do they not banish marriage as a wicked, wretched institution; but do they not also dance, even dance in their devotions? Do they not also swoon and dance, and faint and throw themselves into convulsions at their camp-meetings? There is little new under the sun. What has been will be again: we may have Corybantes and Bacchantes *rediviva*; and since people now-a-days give the lie to Galileo, and believe in the wildest miracle-monger, I, for one, would not say but that the neglected shrine of St Vitus may yet have a fresh batch of votaries.

THE CHEMIST.

You have heard, have you not? of 'Philosopher's scales'—Well, somewhere—'twas neither in England nor Wales—Lived the cousin of this most remarkable man; I will tell you about him as well as I can. He by trade was a chemist; he studied at schools Where the science was taught by infallible rules; He knew the prognosis of every condition, But his forte, beyond doubt, lay in *decomposition*. Analytical tests he had ready at hand, Which no compound has ever been known to withstand;

The elements soon were of union bereft,
And nothing but 'simplex materia' was left.
I'm sure you'd have thought it exceedingly droll
To see what a change he produced in the whole;
For bodies that sparkled and glistened before,
When the process was over, were sparkling no more;
And things dark and dingy, when once they were tried,
With the beams of Apollo in brilliancy vied.
Such, indeed, was the charm of this magical fusion,
You'll be tempted to deem it an optic illusion;
But I'll leave you to judge with the facts in your view,
For I'll warrant you'll find them undoubtedly true.
When we went to him first, he was trying with care
A powder he said was exceedingly rare:
'Humility' called—as he viewed it again,
'I will test it,' said he, 'with a drop of *Disdain*.
Now, if it is pure, to the bottom 'twill fall,
And you'll see that it will not be altered at all.
But if not, 'twill so violently vapour and fume,
You'll all make a rush to get out of the room.
Stand still, if you please, sir.' No sooner 'twas spoken,
Than with hissing and fizzing the bottle was broken.
Said the chemist: 'I feared 'twould not stand the ordeal.
The counterfeit 'a commoner far than the real.'
Then, taking it up, nothing more did he say,
But he tore off the label, and threw it away.

Next a pigment was brought him of beautiful red—
Of qualities splendid and grand, it was said;
An antidote sure against tempers too pliant,
And a pigmy it soon would transform to a giant.
'High Spirit' 'twas marked; but our friend whispered:
'No—

That may be its name in the regions below;
But I strongly suspect you will find, when it's tried.
'Tis much the same thing as in heaven they call *Pride*.
Thus many are often misled by a name.
It differs in form, though in nature the same.
However, we'll test it. When genuine, we find
It combines with the essence of Greatness of Mind.
But if it is spurious, we usually trace
In the salts that it forms, that Self-love is the base.
Look! the Spirit is floating like oil on the top;
And the Essence is sinking, see, drop after drop;
And the colour is gone—the black dust that remains
Is the sublime *Pride*—you may see how it stains.
You noticed how quickly the fluid displaced it:
'Tis a virulent poison; you'd better not taste it'

Next, a substance was brought looking much like
earth,
Which we quickly pronounced of no possible worth;
But our chemist his crucible nicely prepared,
And we watched most intently to see how it fared.
With exquisite caution, he tempered the flame,
As hotter and hotter the furnace became;
Then with one gentle breath, he extinguished the fire,
And we thought that his labours in smoke would expire.
But he searched in the ashes ere yet they were cold,
And produced to our view a residuum of gold!
We looked at each other in silent surprise,
And weighed it before we could credit our eyes;
But it stood all our tests; and with blushing that
We owned we were wrong, and the chemist was right.
Yet surely we ne'er were so baffled before,
For covered with dross, who would dream of the ore!

But to tell you of all that came under review,
Your patience would tire, and my memory too;
Still, a fact here and there you shall have in possession,
For those who may study the chemist's profession:
He shewed by experiments certain and sure,
That *zeal* not combining with *love*, was impure.
'By those who are novices yet in the trade,'
He added, 'mistakes are too frequently made;
Thus, 'tis found that an ore looking like *Self-denial*,
Turns out to be only *Self-love*, upon trial;
And *Frivolity*, known as an extract of *Mirth*,
Often passes for more than its currency worth;

While a substance, less sparkling, but really more bright,
 He precipitate, Happiness, many will slight—
 Taking the first, till astonished they own
 The volatile essence in vapour has flown.
 Thus you see, my dear friends, that the labour of
 Learning
 May all be comprised in the skill of discerning.

Alas, me!' he exclaimed, as he rose to depart,
 A sorrowful feeling oppresses my heart,
 When I think how the good is in error concealed,
 When I think of the evil that lies unrevealed;
 And often I sigh for that glorious day
 Which shall purge all the reprobate silver away;
 Or though the Refiner, in time of His ire,
 He dross shall consume with unquenchable fire,
 Yet gathering His jewels with exquisite care,
 He will save the least atom of gold that is there.
 Hope on; for I see the morn break through the gray—
 The shades are departing: all hail to the day,
 Then fresh from the furnace, untarnished and pure,
 The incorruptible Truth shall for ever endure!

GEORGE STEPHENSON.

WARDS the close of the last century, there resided the colliery village of Wylam, some eight miles from Newcastle, an individual named Robert Stephenson, by vocation a fireman to one of the colliery-engines. He and his wife Mabel occupied a part of a small two-ried house—still standing—with unplastered walls, y-floor, and naked rafters; let out in portions to urers at the neighbouring pits. Here, according to the 'recheester' in the family Bible, was born, on 9th of June 1781, Robert Stephenson's second son, orge. The family afterwards grew to six in number, Robert and his wife sometimes found it difficult to ke ends meet out of an income of twelve shillings a ek, with provisions at war-prices. When all ordy expenses were paid, there was not much left to ote to clothing, and nothing to the schooling of the kren. George's mother was a woman of delicate ith and nervous temperament, subject to 'vapours;' his father was far from being robust. His er's engine-fire was a favourite resort of the s and girls of the neighbourhood, who used to wd round it on evenings and half-holidays to listen some strange adventure of Sinbad or Robinson soe, which he would relate to them; or, better l, to some story of his own invention. He was d of wandering in the fields, and went bird-nesting summer-time; and in winter, had a flock of robins ich he had tamed sufficiently to come hopping nd him, and pick up crumbs at his feet. When rge was eight years old, the family removed to ley Burn, another hamlet a few miles away. en there was so little coming in, and so many utils to fill, it was necessary that the children uld be set to work at as early an age as possible; George was set to look after a neighbour's cows, I keep them from straying, at an income of two- ee a day. The lad's mind, even at this early age, ot idle; for he made reed-whistles, and clay- nes with hemlock steam-pipes; but not to the lusion of his bird-nesting propensities. Quitting ow-minding after a while, he was set to lead es at the plough, hoe turnips, and do other farm- rk at an advanced salary of fourpence a day. But height of his ambition at that time was to get ployment at the colliery, and this he obtained after hile, still with an increase of earnings, first to pence, and then to eightpence a day. He was soon oved to another colliery two miles off, and set to ve the gin. This went on for several years, George

passing much of his leisure time in taming black-birds and attending to his rabbit-hutch—a great bare-legged laddie, full of fun and tricks. At fourteen years of age, he was appointed assistant-fireman to his father, at a shilling a day; but soon after this came another family removal to Jolly's Close, a few miles further south. The family were all at work by this time, the lads at the pits, and the girls assisting their mother at home; and the united earnings enabled them to live more comfortably than heretofore. When George was fifteen, he obtained a situation as fireman on his own account; and his wages were after a while advanced to twelve shillings a week, an event which he announced to his fellow-workmen with the exclamation: 'Now, I'm a made man for life!'

It was a proud day for father as well as son when George was appointed 'plugman,' and his father fireman to the same engine; although the former was considered the higher post of the two. George now devoted himself to the study of the engine under his care, taking it to pieces, cleaning it, and putting it together again, so that he soon acquired a thorough knowledge of its method of working and construction. He was eighteen years old by this time, earning full workman's wages, but not yet able to read. His duties occupied him twelve hours a day, so that his leisure moments were few. His mind was fully bent on learning to read, for he found that the knowledge he was in want of was unobtainable otherwise. So he began to attend a night-school three evenings a week, to take lessons in reading and spelling; and practised making pothooks, so that by the time he was nineteen he was able to write his own name. After this, he took to arithmetic, in which he soon made great progress, working out his sums while tending his engine, and having fresh ones set him each evening. In the course of time, he was appointed brakesman at the Black Callerton Colliery. His wages were now nearly a pound a week; but not satisfied with this, he turned cobbler, and mended his fellow-workmen's shoes; for he had fallen in love with pretty Fanny Henderson, a servant at a neighbouring farm, and was saving up towards housekeeping. Fanny's shoes, as it happened, wanted mending; so Geordie must try his hand at them. He could hardly bear to part with them after they were mended, but carried them about with him in his pocket for some time, pulling them out now and then, and gazing fondly at them; and doubtless, when obliged to give them up, taking his payment out in kisses. It was here that he saved his first guinea, declaring himself to be a 'rich man' when he put it away. On Saturday afternoons, instead of going off drinking with the other workmen, he always made a point of taking his engine to pieces for the purpose of cleaning it. Although he would never accompany his comrades in their drinking-bouts, he was fond of joining them in the performance of feats of agility, in which, as in most other things, he excelled. He was not without pluck either, as he proved by the thrashing he gave bully Nelson, the terror of the village. His school-education still went on in winter evenings, till he had advanced so far in arithmetic that the master could teach him no more. Still saving up, by degrees he amassed sufficient money to enable him to furnish a small cottage in a very humble manner; and this being done, Fanny and he were married in November 1802. He took his bride home from church on horseback, she being seated on a pillion behind him, with her arms round his waist.

Still theorising—attempting, among other things, to find out perpetual motion—he yet found time to get through much hard practical work. Thus, from mending shoes, he took to making them, and shoe-lasts also; and clock-cleaning was another of his occupations. Thirteen months after marriage, his son Robert was born; a short time after which event, the family

removed to Killingworth, seven miles from Newcastle. At this colliery, which is a very extensive one, George was appointed brakesman. Soon after their arrival, his wife died; a loss which affected George deeply, who cherished her memory through life with the most affectionate reverence. Shortly after, he accepted a temporary engagement in Scotland, from which he returned, after a year's absence, with twenty-eight pounds in his pocket, to find his father blind, helpless, and deeply in debt. Having paid the debts, he removed his parents to a small cottage near his place of work; where the aged couple lived for several years, supported entirely by George. Being drawn to serve in the militia, the remainder of his twenty-eight pounds had to be paid for a substitute to serve in his stead. This last blow brought him to the verge of despair. It seemed as if all his efforts to get forward were to be unsuccessful; and he had fully made up his mind to emigrate to America, but was unable to raise sufficient money to pay for his passage. He still went on experimenting, making models, and obtaining a thorough knowledge of his own engine. A new pit was sunk in the neighbourhood of the one where he worked; but the engine fixed for the purpose of pumping the water out of the shaft was unable to accomplish its duty; and neither the engineer nor any one in the neighbourhood could set it to rights. This went on for twelve months. At length, George, who had thought the matter over for several months, volunteered his services, which were accepted almost in despair; for what could be expected from a poor working-man, where so many educated brains had failed? In four days, however, a thorough cure was effected; and in two days more the pit was free from water.

In the year 1812, George Stephenson was made engine-wright at Killingworth, at a salary of £100 a year. He was now a good arithmetician, and an eager reader of any scientific works he could lay hands on. During the time he was at Killingworth, he invented several improvements in pit-machinery. Having experienced in his own case the want of a good education while young, he determined that his son should have nothing to complain of on that score. So Robert was sent to a good school at Newcastle; and, as soon as he was old enough, entered as a member of the Literary and Philosophical Institute of that town. The boy's progress justified his father's expectations. Like his father, he was fond of reducing his own theories, and those of other people of which he read, to practice. Wanting something to experiment upon, Robert one day selected his father's pony, and administered to it a severe electric shock, having prepared a kite and copper-wire conductor for the purpose. His father coming out on the instant, shook his whip at him, and called him a mischievous scoundrel, but chuckled inwardly at the lad's ingenuity.

As early as the middle of the seventeenth century, wooden rails had been laid down in various parts of the north, from the collieries to the water-side, to facilitate the transit of minerals between the two points, one horse being able to draw three or four times more over the rails than on an ordinary road. In the course of time, these wooden rails came to be plated with iron, and thus rendered more durable; and rails made entirely of cast iron were gradually introduced in various parts of the country. After a time, various scientific minds were attracted by the idea of constructing a machine to be worked by steam, which should run on these tram-roads, and supersede horses. Many engines of different kinds were built by various parties, some of them being entire failures, others having a partial success. Thus, in 1804, Captain Trevithick was considered to have achieved a great labour when he constructed a locomotive which would drag ten tons of iron after it at the rate of five miles an hour. Practically, however, this engine was a

failure, and had to be dismantled in a short time. In 1812, Mr Blenkinsop, of Leeds, constructed an engine which would drag thirty coal-wagons at a speed of about three miles and a quarter an hour. The great peculiarity of this machine was, that the driving-wheel was cogged, and worked into a toothed rail laid on the outside of the ordinary rails. All those who had hitherto turned their attention to the question, had worked on the idea that a heavy engine, constructed with a plain flanged wheel to run on smooth rails, would not be sufficiently adhesive ever to attain any considerable speed; in other words, that the wheels would slip round without biting the rails, and the locomotive come to a dead stand as soon as high-pressure steam was attempted. George Stephenson was the first to do away with this fallacy, which had been a stumbling-block in the way of all his predecessors, and to prove that 'the weight of the engine would of itself give sufficient adhesion for the purposes of traction.' At the Wylam Colliery, two or three engines of different kinds were tried with but indifferent success; and George, who had now bent the whole energy of his powerful mind to the locomotive question, went over frequently to see them work, and to study the principles on which they were built. He turned the subject over and over in his mind, and devoted month after month to patient investigation and preliminary experiments, all tending in one direction. Lord Ravensworth was called a fool by many people when, after listening to George Stephenson's statements, he advanced him sufficient money to construct a locomotive engine in accordance with his plans. There were still many difficulties to contend with; but on the 25th of July 1814, his engine was placed on the tram-road at Killingworth Colliery. It was constructed with smooth wheels to run on an edge-rail, was without springs, and had a water-barrel for a tender. It succeeded in drawing a weight of thirty tons up a considerable gradient at a rate of four miles an hour, and was 'the most successful working-engine that had yet been constructed.' Still, there was little or no saving over the cost of horse-power, neither was the speed greater than that which could be obtained on the old system, and George Stephenson's engine would have turned out little better than a failure, had he not made an opportune discovery which more than doubled the speed hitherto attained, without extra expense. His discovery consisted simply in making use of the waste steam—which had hitherto been allowed to blow itself away—to excite the combustion of the fuel, by adding velocity to the draught from the furnace, and thus create a larger volume of steam for working-purposes. He had scarcely made this discovery before he set to work to build a second locomotive; and, taught by his first experience, his second was constructed in so skilful and superior a manner, that it may in truth be termed the father of all succeeding locomotives, since its great fundamental principles remain in operation to the present day.

Soon after completing his second locomotive, George's attention was drawn to the number of fatal accidents occurring in pits from the explosion of fire-damp; and to the necessity of constructing a lamp which would afford the miners sufficient light to work by, and yet do away with the risk of explosion. He set to work, experimenting in his own way, and risked his life several times in the pit before he was satisfied that he had discovered the true principle on which such a lamp could be constructed. At length he discovered that a lantern, pierced with a number of small tubes at the top and bottom, and otherwise air-tight, might be burned in the foulest air without causing an explosion; and on this principle his lamp, which is in use in Northumberland to the present day, and is called the 'Geordy' lamp, in contradistinction to the 'Davy,' was constructed. It was first put to a practical use

towards the close of the year 1815, the same month that Sir Humphry Davy's discovery was announced to the world; and a long and bitter dispute afterwards arose between the partisans of Davy and those of Stephenson as to the priority of the invention. The grand principle of the Geordy lamp is the same as that of the Davy; the wire-gauze by which the latter is surrounded consisting, in fact, of nothing more than a number of minute tubes, through which explosion of hydrogen gas cannot force a way. A thousand pounds was collected by subscription, and presented to George Stephenson, in a silver tankard, at a public meeting of coal-owners at Newcastle, in token of their high opinion of the value of his invention.

Not satisfied with what he had already effected in the way of engines, George invented several important improvements during the next few years in the working of his locomotive, which our space forbids us to do more than mention. Although his engines were in constant use on the Killingworth Railway for a number of years, yet they excited but little attention, and were scarcely known beyond the immediate neighbourhood. In fact, the great problem at that time, with those who devoted themselves to the matter, was to construct a locomotive which would work on ordinary roads; and the idea of constructing an iron road from one town to another was regarded as something visionary. Mr Edward Pease, of Darlington, had seen for some time the need of opening up a route between the port of Darlington and the vast beds of coal in the Bishop-Auckland valley; and a tram-road between the two points, worked by horses, seemed to him the best mode of communication. Accordingly, the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company was gradually formed; the shares being chiefly taken up by Mr Pease's own relatives and friends, the public being averse to risk their money in such a harebrained project. A bill was laid before parliament, and, after considerable opposition, was passed in the session of 1821. George Stephenson, hearing of the projected railway, made application to Mr Pease with the view of being appointed to superintend the formation of it. It being found necessary to make a fresh survey of the country through which the proposed line was to run, George was intrusted with the duty. In his report thereon he recommended several alterations and deviations from the route proposed, which necessitated an application to parliament for an amended act, in which, at Mr Stephenson's urgent request, a clause was inserted empowering the company to work the line by means of locomotive engines, and to employ them for the conveyance of passengers as well as merchandise, if needful. The act having been obtained, George Stephenson was appointed engineer, at a salary of £300 a year. The line was opened on the 27th of September 1825, and was worked partly by stationary and locomotive engines, and partly by horses. The first passenger-carriage was an old coach body, mounted on railway wheels; and some years elapsed before regular passenger-trains were established. While the line was in the course of formation, George Stephenson and Mr Pease entered into partnership, and opened a locomotive manufactory at Newcastle—for several years the only factory of the kind in existence—and, though commenced on a very small scale, destined in the course of a short time to swell into gigantic proportions.

The necessity of additional means of transit for goods between Liverpool and Manchester had long been felt, and frequently discussed by those interested in the matter. The Mersey and Irwell canals were at this time the sole means of conveyance between the two towns. The rates were preposterously high; the time taken to perform the journey averaged thirty-six hours; and the means were so inadequate to the necessities of the time, that the Liverpool warehouses

were frequently blocked up with cotton, while the mills in Manchester were standing idle for want of it. In the year 1824, the question took a tangible shape: a committee was formed, a prospectus issued, a share-list opened, and George Stephenson was unanimously appointed engineer; though it was still a question whether the projected line should be worked by steam or horse power. Even those most in favour of steam ridiculed the idea of conveying goods and passengers at a greater speed than nine or ten miles an hour; all except Stephenson himself, and he was requested by his own party to keep his 'absurd' views to himself.

We have no space left to detail the incidents connected with the passing of the bill and the formation of the line, for full of interest as they are, they are matters of general railway history. The line was eventually completed, in spite of the opposition of land-owners and canal-owners, and the wild forebodings of Mrs Grundy. The grand difficulty at Chat Moss was triumphantly overcome, through the ingenuity and perseverance of Mr Stephenson, although the greatest engineering authorities of the day had given as their opinions that it would be impossible ever to make a firm road over its treacherous depths. Still the great question, what system of traction should be used on the new line? remained unsettled. Most of the directors were in favour of working by means of stationary engines, placed at certain distances, about a mile and a half apart, along the entire length of the line; and George Stephenson, earnestly as he advocated the superior advantages of the locomotive, found few supporters, even among his best friends. Beset on all sides by twenty discordant schemes, the directors at length offered a prize of £500 for the best locomotive-engine, the chief conditions being, that it should be able to draw twenty tons after it at a speed of ten miles an hour, and that the engine and tender should not weigh more than six tons. Mr Stephenson and his son immediately set to work, and the product of their united skill was the celebrated *Rocket*. The engines heretofore built by George Stephenson, and at work on various colliery lines, did not, as a rule, average a speed of more than six or seven miles an hour, though they were capable of running nine or ten miles an hour on pressing occasions. The only difficulty in the way of obtaining a greater speed lay in the fact, that steam could not be generated in the boiler fast enough, nor in sufficient volume, to work the machinery with the necessary amount of force. The difficulty was overcome by introducing into the *Rocket* a multi-tubular boiler, an invention claimed by several individuals, but now first worked out to a really practical issue by the Messrs Stephenson. The multi-tubular boiler consists of nothing more than the old cylindrical boiler, pierced through its entire length with a number of small copper tubes, through which the hot air from the furnace passes into the chimney, causing the tubes to present a large heated surface to the water inside the boiler, by which means an almost indefinite quantity of steam may be generated. It is a matter of notoriety that the *Rocket* won the prize, and attained a maximum speed of twenty-nine miles an hour on the opening day. This decided the question; not another word was heard about stationary engines; and the result of that day's trial may now be seen in the vast iron web in which England is entangled from end to end.

We have hitherto followed George Stephenson step by step in his career as fully as our space would allow; but now that we have reached a point in his history from which the future lies broad and pleasant before him, abounding in wealth, fame, and friends innumerable, we must hasten onward with rapid steps.

Within ten years of the day on which the Liverpool and Manchester line was opened, nearly the whole of

the principal towns in England were supplied with railway accommodation, though this was not effected, even after the success of the Liverpool line was a fact patent to all, without much absurd opposition from large landowners, and even from the corporate bodies of several considerable towns. To nearly all the most important of these lines, George Stephenson acted as engineer; thus, in the course of two years alone, 321 miles of railway were constructed under his superintendence, at a cost of about L.11,000,000 sterling. By this time he had taken up his residence at Tapton House, near Chesterfield, where he continued to reside for the remainder of his life, and near to which were some extensive coal-pits, which he had leased in conjunction with some Liverpool gentlemen. From these collieries he supplied London with the first coals that were sent by railway. His fame had now spread abroad, and in the year 1845 he was requested to go to Belgium to make a survey for the proposed Sambre and Meuse Railway. A public banquet was given in his honour at Brussels; he had also an interview with King Leopold, and in the course of a conversation on geology, made use of his hat as a model to illustrate what he was saying. 'I was afraid,' said he to his companion as they left the palace, 'that the king would see the inside of my hat, for it's a shocking bad one.'

He had been made a knight of the Order of Leopold some years before; and Sir Robert Peel offered him knighthood more than once, but Mr Stephenson would not accept it. A short time after his visit to Belgium, he went to Spain, to make a survey for a proposed line; and having overworked himself, fell ill on the way home; and, though he recovered after a time, was never so strong afterwards. He gradually gave up to his son all matters connected with railways, and settled down into a quiet country gentleman of agricultural tastes. His closing years were chiefly devoted to horticulture and farming; and he revived in his old age many of the tastes of his boyhood. He had special pets among his dogs and horses, and was proud of his superior breed of rabbits. There was scarcely a nest on his estate that he was not acquainted with; and he used to go round from day to day to look at them, and see that they were kept uninjured. The year before his death, he visited Sir Robert Peel at Drayton Manor. Professor Buckland was of the party. One Sunday, as they were returning from church, they observed a train speeding along the valley in the distance.

'Now, Buckland,' said Mr Stephenson, 'I have a poser for you. Can you tell me what is the power that is driving that train?'

'Well,' said the other, 'I suppose it is one of your big engines.'

'But what drives the engine?'

'Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver.'

'What do you say to the light of the sun?'

'How can that be?' asked the professor.

'It is nothing else,' said the engineer. 'It is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years—light, absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, if it be not carbon in another form; and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated, made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes.'

Thus peacefully sped away the last few years of this true man. He died on the 12th of August 1848, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and lies buried in Trinity Church, Chesterfield.

These particulars of the life of one who has been appropriately termed the 'Father of Railways,' have been gathered from the excellent memoir by Mr Samuel Smiles, recently published.

HOW TO DEAL WITH THE PLAGUE OF MICE.

A good trap? That soon ceases to be of much use. Cats? They are a nuisance in themselves, unless well trained as pets. Poison? That is dangerous. Let me, in a minute, and I will tell you of a plan of a very simple nature, which experience teaches me is efficacious. Entering the house the writer now occupies—a rather old one, as it was built in the reign of James II.—the family and shelves exhibited the usual proofs to eye and ear that they were a haunt of large numbers of mice. It seemed hopeless to trust to the ordinary remedy. Thinking over what else could be done, I bethought myself that, if it could be made not worth their while to remain, the mice would be sensible enough to desert the house for better quarters. It was resolved, therefore, to act upon a principle, that prevention is better than cure. The reader must excuse a somewhat minute detail on a domestic subject of no small importance. We chanced to have a thoroughly cleanly and rather reasonable cook at the time, who, though fond enough of her own way in many other things, did me the favour to let me have a hand in this affair, and to carry out my plan with the greatest strictness and fidelity. On that very evening, after the last meal at night, every crumb of bread was swept from the table, dresser, and kitchen floor, and the sink was carefully sluiced and cleansed from all culinary débris. The sweepings were thrown, not into the kitchen-heap, but into the kitchen fire, so as to insure perfect destruction. This was done regularly every night, and of course the mice soon found out there was no food for them to eat, excepting a trifling morsel of cheese common trap, by which a few were caught. In the fortnight, one weakly mouse was caught by the hand; from that time to the present—about a year and a half—a trace of a mouse has been visible, though they have been heard running behind the vainscotting in some part of the house. No trouble has been taken to stop up mouse-holes, which remain as at first; not a single mouse has been known to enter the house, and no dog has been seen. It is evident that what is carelessly left on the floors, in meal-rooms, constitutes the chief support of mice; if the trouble were taken to deprive them of this, they would soon be so far reduced in numbers as to be rarely heard. Every occupant of a house might, at all events, this way compel the mice to migrate to his less cleanly less pains-taking neighbours; and if the custom of removing every particle of food from the floor every evening were established in all houses, as it very easily might be, the pagation of these troublesome little animals would cease in large towns; at all events, those which did remain would confine themselves to their proper haunts, drains and sewers. An unlooked-for additional benefit, moreover, of a similar kind, was the result of this plan, which may possibly be mentioned on another occasion.

'HIS HORN SHALL BE EXALTED.'

Continuing our ride to Baniyas, we toiled up steep paths, where we found trees and shrubs very abundant, particularly on grassy table-land. We met people travelling—women on horseback wearing the curious horn, which is fixed on the front of the head, and fastened behind. This *tantar* or horn is made of tin, silver, or gold, according to the rank or wealth of the wearer. Some are a foot long, shaped like a speaking-trumpet. It rises from the forehead, and is fastened at the back of the head by a band. A large veil is thrown over it, and falls down the sides of the head and shoulders. It is usually worn only by married women; but I believe unmarried women occasionally wear it. There are many references to the horn in the Old Testament. It was sometimes worn by men. Job says: 'I have sewed sackcloth upon my skin, and defiled my horn in the dust,' Job xvi. 15; and David, alluding to the righteous, says, in Psalm cxlii. 9: 'His horn shall be exalted with honour.'—*Lady Falkland's Choc-Choc*.

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A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIPS.

And what is Friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth and fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

My remark, expressed too tersely and intelligibly to be considered 'poetry' now-a-days, must apply to the older sex. Few observant persons will allege against us, that even in its lowest form our friendship is deceitful. Fickle it may be, weak, exaggerated, sentimental—the mere lath-and-plaster imitation of a lace great enough for a demigod to dwell in—but it rarely false, parasitical, or diplomatic. The countless secondary motives which many men are mean enough to have—nay, to own—are all but impossible to us; impossible from the very faults of our nature—our volatility, irrationality, and incapacity to seize on more than one idea at the same time. In truth, a sad portion of us are too empty-headed to be double-minded, too shallow to be insincere. Nay, even the rest of us being more direct and simple of character than men are, our lightest friendship—the merest jesting liking that we decorate with that name—is, while it lasts, more true than the generality of the so-called 'friendships' of mankind.

But—and this 'but' will, I am aware, raise a whole set of hornets—from their very peculiarities of temperament, women's friendships are rarely or never so warm, so just, or so enduring, as those of men—when we can find them. Damon and Pythias, Orestes and Pylades, Brutus and Cassius—last and loveliest, David and Jonathan, are pictures unmatched by any from either sex, including the far-famed ladies of Llangollen. When such a bond really does exist, from its exception to general masculine idiosyncrasies—especially the enormous absorption in and devotion to number one—from its total absence of sentimentalities, its demonstrativeness, depth, and power, a friendship between two women is a higher thing than between any two men—nay, one of the highest and noblest sights in the whole world. Precisely as, were comparisons to be foolish as they are odious, a truly good man, with the larger capacities of male nature both for virtue and vice, is, in one sense, more good than any good woman. But this question I leave to controversialists to enjoy breaking their own heads, or one another's, at a bone of contention which is usually not worth picking after all.

Yet, though dissenting from much of the romance and about female friendships, believing that two-thirds of them spring from mere idleness, or from that

besoin d'aimer which, for want of natural domestic ties, makes this one a temporary substitute, Heaven forbid I should so malign my sex as to say they are incapable of an emotion which, in its right form and place, constitutes the strength, help, and sweetness of many, many lives; and the more so, because it is one of the first sweetestnesses we know.

Probably there are few women who have not had some first friendship, as delicious and almost as passionate as first love. It may not last—it seldom does; but at the time, it is one of the purest, most self-forgetful and self-denying attachments that the human heart can experience; with many, the nearest approximation to that feeling called love—I mean love in its highest form, apart from all selfishnesses and sensuousnesses—which in all their after-life they will ever know. This girlish friendship, however fleeting in its character, and romantic, even silly, in its manifestations, let us take heed how we make light of, lest we be mocking at things more sacred than we are aware.

And yet, it is not the real thing—not *friendship*, but rather a kind of foreshadowing of love; as jealous, as exacting, as unreasoning—as wildly happy and supremely miserable; ridiculously so to a looker-on, but to the parties concerned, as vivid and sincere as any after-passion into which the girl may fall; for the time being, perhaps long after, colouring all her world. Yet it is but a dream, to melt away like a dream when love appears; or if it then wishes to keep up its vitality at all, it must change its character, temper its exactions, resign its rights; in short, be buried and come to life again in a totally different form. Afterward, should Laura and Matilda, with a house to mind and a husband to fuss over, find themselves actually kissing the babies instead of one another—and managing to exist for a year without meeting, or a month without letter-writing, yet feel life no blank, and affection a reality still—then their attachment has taken its true shape, as friendship, shewn itself capable of friendship's distinguishing feature—namely, tenderness without appropriation; and the women, young or old, will love one another faithfully to the end of their lives.

Perhaps this, which is the test of the sentiment, explains why we thus seldom attain to it, in its highest phase, because nature has made us in all our feelings so intensely personal. We have instincts, passions, domestic affections, but friendship is, strictly speaking, none of the three. It is—to borrow the phrase so misused by that arch *im-moralist*, that high-priest of intellectual self-worship, Goëthe—an elective affinity, based upon the spiritual consanguinity which, though

frequently co-existent with, is different from any tie of instinct or of blood-relationship. Therefore, neither the sanctities nor weaknesses of these, rightly appertain to it; its duties, immunities, benefits, and pains belong to a distinct sphere, of which the vital atmosphere is perfect liberty. A bond, not of nature but of choice, it should exist and be maintained calm, free, and clear, having neither rights nor jealousies; at once the firmest and most independent of all human ties.

'Enough,' said Rasselas to Imlac; 'you convince me that no man can ever be a poet.' And truly, reviewing friendship in its purest essence, one is prone to think that, in this imperfect world of ours, no man—certainly no woman—ever can be a friend. And yet we all own some dozens; from Mrs Granville Jones, who invites 'a few friends'—say two hundred—to pass with her a 'social evening'—to the poor costermonger, who shouts after the little pugilistic sweep the familiar tragico-comic saying: 'Hit him hard; he's got no friends!' And who that is not an utter misanthrope, would refuse to those of his or her acquaintance that persist in claiming it, the kindly title, and the pleasant social charities which belong thereto.

Love is sweet
Given or returned;

and so is friendship; when, be it ever so infinitesimal in quantity, its quality is unadulterated; springing, as I repeat, women's friendship almost always does spring, out of that one-idea'd impulsiveness, often wrong-headed, but rarely evil-hearted, which makes us at once so charming and so troublesome, and which, I fear, never will be got out of us till we cease to be women, and become what men sometimes call us—and they well know they give us but too much need to be—angels.

Yes, with all our folly, we are not false: not even when Lavinia Smith adores with all her innocent soul the condescending Celestina Jones, though meeting twenty years after as fat Mrs Brown and vulgar Mrs Green, they may with difficulty remember one another's Christian names: not when Bessy Thompson, blessed with three particularly nice brothers, owns likewise three times three 'dearest' friends, who honestly persuade themselves and her that they come only to see dear Bessy; nevertheless, the fondness is real enough to outlast many bothers caused by said brothers, or even a cantankerous sister-in-law to end with. Nay, when Miss Hopkins, that middle-aged and strong-minded 'young lady' of blighted affections, and Mrs Jenkins, that woman of sublime aspirations, who has unluckily 'mated with a clown,' coalesce against the opposite sex, fall into one another's arms and vow eternal friendship—for a year; after which, for five more, they make all their acquaintances uncomfortable by their eternal enmity—even in this lamentable phase of the sentiment, it is certainly more respectable than the time-serving, place-hunting, dinner-seeking devotion which Messrs Tape and Tadpole choose to denominate 'friendship.'

Men may laugh at us, and we deserve it: we are often egregious fools, but we are honest fools; and our folly, at least in this matter, usually ends when theirs begins—with middle life, or marriage.

It is the unmarried, the solitary, who are most prone to that sort of 'sentimental' friendship with their own or the opposite sex, which, though often most noble, unselfish, and true, is in some forms ludicrous, in others dangerous. For two women, past earliest girlhood, to be completely absorbed in one another, and make public demonstration of the fact, by caresses or quarrels, is so repugnant to common sense, that where it ceases to be silly, it becomes actually wrong. But to see two women, whom Providence has denied nearer ties, by a wise substitution making the best of fate, loving, sustaining, and

comforting one another, with a tenderness often closer than that of sisters, because it has all the novelty of election which belongs to the conjugal tie itself—this, I say, is an honourable and lovely sight.

Not less so the friendship—rare, I grant, yet quite possible—which subsists between a man and woman whom circumstances, or their own idiosyncrasies, preclude from the slightest chance of ever 'falling in love.' That such friendships can exist, especially between persons of a certain temperament and order of mind, and remain for a lifetime, utterly pure, interfering with no rights, and transgressing no law of morals or society, most people's observation of life will testify; and he must take a very low view of human nature who dares to say that these attachments, satirically termed 'Platonic,' are impossible. But, at the same time, common sense must allow that they are rare to find, and not the happiest always, when found; because in some degree they are contrary to nature. Nature's law undoubtedly is, that our nearest ties should be those of blood—father or brother, sister or mother—until comes the closer one of marriage; and it is always, if not wrong, rather pitiful, when any extraneous bond comes in between to forestall the entire affection that a young man ought to bring to his future wife, a young woman to her husband. I say *ought*—God knows if they ever do! But, however fate, or folly, or wickedness may interfere to prevent it, not the less true is the undoubted fact, that happy above all must be that marriage where neither husband nor wife ever had a friend so dear as one another.

After marriage, for either party to have or to desire a dearer or closer friend than the other, is a state of things so inconceivably deplorable—the more erring, the more deplorable—that it will not bear discussion. Such cases there are; but He who in the mystery of marriage prefigured a greater mystery still, alone can judge them, for He only knows their miseries, their temptations, and their wrongs.

While allowing that a treaty of friendship 'pure and simple,' can exist between a man and woman—under peculiar circumstances, even between a young man and a young woman, it must also be allowed that the experiment is difficult, often dangerous; so dangerous, that the matter-of-fact half of the world will not believe in it at all. Parents and guardians very naturally object to a gentleman's 'hanging up his hat' in their houses, or taking sentimental twilight rambles with their fair young daughters. They insist, and justly, that he ought to

Come with a good will, or come not at all—

namely, as a mere acquaintance, a pleasant friend of the family—the *whole* family, or as a declared suitor. And though this may fall rather hard upon the young man, who has just a hundred a year, and with every disposition towards flirting, a strong horror of matrimony—still, it is wisest and best. It may save both parties from frittering away in a score of false sentimental likings the love that ought to belong but to one; or, still worse, from committing or suffering what, beginning blamelessly on either side, frequently ends in incurable pain, irremediable wrong.

Therefore, it is, generally speaking, those further on in life, with whom the love-phase is past, or for whom it never existed, who may best use the right which every pure and independent heart undoubtedly has, of saying: 'I take this man or woman for my friend: only a friend—never either more or less—whom as such I mean to keep to the end of my days.' And if more of these, who really know what friendship is, would have the moral courage to assert its dignity against the sneers of society, which is loath to believe in anything higher and purer than itself—I think it would be all the better for the world.

Women's friendships with one another are of course free from all these perils, and yet they have their own. The wonderful law of sex—which exists spiritually as well as materially, and often independent of matter altogether—since we see many a man who is much more of a woman, and many a woman who would certainly be the 'better-half' of any man who cared for her—this law can rarely be withstood with impunity. In most friends whose attachment is especially deep and lasting, we can usually trace a difference—of strong or weak, gay or grave, brilliant or solid—answering in some measure to the difference of sex. Otherwise, a close, all-engrossing friendship between two women would seldom last long; or if it did, by their mutual feminine weaknesses acting and reacting upon one another, would most likely narrow the sympathies and deteriorate the character of both.

Herein lies the distinction—marked and unalienable—between friendship and love. The latter, being a natural necessity, requires but *the one*, whom it absorbs and assimilates till the two diverse, and often opposite characters, become a safe unity—according to divine ordinance, 'one flesh.' But friendship, to be friendship at all, must have an independent self-existence, capable of gradations and varieties; for though we all can have but one dearest friend, it would argue small power of either appreciating or loving, to have only one friend.

On the other hand, the 'haze with many friends' has passed into a proverb. Such a condition is manifestly impossible. The gentleman who, in answer to his servant's request to be allowed to go and 'see a friend,' cries:

Fetch me my coat, John! Though the night be raw,
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw:

this cynic, poor wretch, speaks wiser than he is aware of. One simple fact explains and limits the whole question—that those only can find true friends who have in themselves the will and capacity to be such.

A friend. Not perhaps until later life, until the follies, passions, and selfishnesses of youth have died out, do we—I mean especially we women—recognise the inestimable blessing, the responsibility awful as sweet, of possessing or of being a friend. And though, not willing to run counter to the world's kindly custom, we may give that solemn title to many who do not exactly own it; though year by year the fierce experience of life, through death, circumstance, or change, narrows the circle of those that do own it; still that man or woman must have been very unfortunate—perhaps as there can be no result without a cause, worse than unfortunate—who, looking back on thirty, forty, or fifty years of existence, cannot say from the heart: 'I thank God for my friends.'

People rarely long keep what they do not deserve. If you find any who, in the decline of life, have few 'old acquaintance,' and those few 'never brought to mind,' but in their stead a lengthy list of friends who are such no more, who have 'ill-treated' them, or with whom they have had a 'slight coolness,' if they are always finding fault with the friends they now have, and accusing them of ingratitude or neglect; if they tell you these friends' secrets, and expect you in return to tell them all your friends' secrets, and your own—beware of these people! They may have many good qualities; you may like them very much, and keep them as most pleasant society; but as for resting your heart upon them, you might as well rest it upon a burning rock or a broken reed.

But if you find people who through all life's vicissitudes and pangs have preserved a handful of real 'friends'—exclusive of you, for it takes years to judge the value of friendship towards ourselves—if on the whole they complain little either of these friends or of the world, which rarely misuses a good man or woman for ever; if they bestow no extravagant

devotion on you, nor expect from you one whit more than you freely give; if they never, under any excuse, however personally flattering, talk to you about a third party as you would shrink from their talking to any third party about you—then, be satisfied

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried;
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel!

Never let them loose; suffer no changing tide of fortune to sweep them from you—no later friendships to usurp their place. Be very patient with them; bear their little faults as they must bear yours; make allowance for the countless unintentional slights, neglects, or offences, that we all must, in the whirl of life, both endure and commit towards those who form not a part but an adjunct of our existence—remembering, as I said before, that the very element in which true friendship lives, and out of which it cannot live at all, is perfect liberty.

Friendship once conceived should, like love, in one sense last for ever. That it does not; that in the world's harsh wear and tear many a very sincere attachment is slowly obliterated, or both parties grow out of it and cast it, like a snake his last year's skin—though that implies something of the snake-nature, I fear—are facts too mournfully common to be denied. But there is a third fact, as mournfully uncommon, which needs to be remembered likewise: we may lose the friend—the friendship we never can or ought to lose. Actively, it may exist no more; but passively, it is just as binding as the first moment when we pledged it, as we believed, for ever. Its duties, like its delights, may have become a dead-letter; but none of its claims or confidences have we ever afterwards the smallest right to abjure or to break.

And here is one accusation which I must sorrowfully bring against women, as being much more guilty than men. We can keep a secret—ay, against all satire, I protest we can—while the confider remains our friend; but if that tie ceases, pop! out it comes! and in the bitterness of invective, the pang of wounded feeling, or afterwards in mere thoughtlessness and easy forgetting of what is so easily healed, a thousand things are said and done for which nothing can ever atone. The lost friendship which, once certain that it is past all revival, ought to be buried as solemnly and silently as a lost love, is cast out into the open street for all the snarling curs of society to gnaw at and mangle, and all the contemptuous misogynists who pass by to point the finger at—'See what your grand ideals all come to!'

Good women—dear my sisters! be our friendships false or true, wise or foolish, living or dead—let us at least learn to keep them sacred! Men are far better than we in this. Rarely will a man voluntarily or thoughtlessly betray a friend's confidence, either at the time or afterwards. He will say, even to his own wife: 'I can't tell you this—I have no right to tell you;' and if she has the least spark of good feeling, she will honour and love him all the dearer for so saying. More rarely still will a man be heard, as women constantly are, speaking ill of some friend who a little while before, while the friendship lasted, was all perfection. What is necessary to be said he will say, but not a syllable more, leaving all the rest in that safe, still atmosphere where all good fructifies and evil perishes—the atmosphere of silence.

Ay, above all things, what women need to learn in their friendships is the sanctity of silence—silence in outward demonstration, silence under wrong, silence with regard to the outside world, and often a delicate silence between one another. About the greatest virtue a friend can have, is to be able to hold her tongue; and though this, like all virtues carried to extremity, may grow into a fault, and do great harm,

still, it never can do so much harm as that horrible laxity and profligacy of speech which is at the root of half the quarrels, cruelties, and injustices of the world.

And let every woman, old or young, in commencing a friendship, be careful that it is to the right thing she has given the right name. If so, let her enter upon it thoughtfully, earnestly, advisedly, as upon an engagement made for life, which in truth it is; since, whether its duration be brief or long, it is a tangible reality, and, as such, must have its influence on the total chronicle of existence, wherein no line can ever be quite blotted out. Let her, with the strength and comfort of it, prepare to take the burden; determined, whatever the other may do, to fulfil her own part and act up to her own duty, absolutely and conscientiously, to the end. For truly, the greatest of all external blessings is it to be able to lean your heart against another heart, faithful, tender, true, and tried, and record with a thankfulness that years deepen instead of diminishing, 'I have got a friend!'

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER V.

THE privateer was terribly overmatched in weight of metal and tonnage. The *Scout's* guns were twelve-pounders, those of *Le Renard*, eighteens, and the privateer's hull was but a walnut-shell in comparison with the solid fabric of the imperial war-brig. In fact, the *Scout* was neither built nor armed for such encounters, and had it been possible to do so, the officer in temporary command of her was bound by his instructions, as well as by privateer practice, to have avoided the combat, had it even been an equal one, distasteful to his own reckless impulses as flight might be. Escape without fighting was, however, it seemed to be tacitly agreed, out of the question; and how to fight with half a chance of winning, was the subject of a low-toned, inglorious conference between Dowling and Withers, to which, as far as listening with bated breath went, Harry Webbe and I assisted.

Withers was anxiously sweeping the waters in all directions with his night-glass, in the hope of sighting a friendly cruiser, when Dowling came aft to concert with him the mode of combat.

'A king's cruiser would be a sight for sore eyes,' said he, 'just now—eh, Withers? But there's no such luck to be hoped for. The *Griffin* sprung her mizzen two or three days ago, and is at Portsmouth getting a new one; and the *Pelican* is cruising off St. Malo.'

'I wish Webbe were here himself,' remarked Withers. 'The superstitious reliance of the men upon his "luck" is worth a score of hands.'

'That's true enough; but wishing won't get him here. What, in your judgment and mine, is the best mode of tackling the Frenchman, is the pressing question.'

'Infernally bad will be the very best mode we can hit upon; but the worst, certainly, would be attempting to play at cannon-balls with our ugly customer. He ought to smash us into chips, at that fun, in ten minutes or less.'

'Right. There is but one chance—that of boarding—throwing all our fellows in a body upon his deck. That is plainly our game,' added Dowling. 'Veteran French seamen have been long since used up: *Le Renard's* crew must, therefore, be chiefly composed of young maritime conscripts, who, with anything like equal numbers, would have a poor chance in a hand-to-hand encounter with our fellows.'

'And for that reason the French commander will

hardly be such a fool as to give us an opportunity of boarding. That, however, is, I agree, our only chance; and now, as to particulars, if *Le Moine* is such a fool as to let us come within grappling distance of *Le Renard*.'

These were quickly arranged. The *Scout's* guns were to be loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister; we were, if possible, to run alongside to leeward of the Frenchman, which would give the privateer's guns sufficient elevation to sweep the enemy's deck; and the men were to board in the smoke of the first and only broadside intended on our side to be fired. At Withers's suggestion, the seamen were to be told to arm themselves with any weapon they might prefer to the light cutlasses—crowbars, handspikes, axes—anything deadly and weighty they could freely wield.

'And now to see all things got in readiness with our own eyes,' added Dowling, and the two officers walked away.

The night, as I before intimated, had set in dark and stormy, the moon appearing only at brief intervals through a break in the clouds that swept swiftly across the sky, and I could not have distinctly seen Harry Webbe's face had he fronted me, which he carefully avoided doing. I was not, however, long in doubt as to the effect produced upon that sensitive organisation by the officers' conference. With as much swaggering, devil-may-care indifference as the flurried state of my own nerves permitted me to assume, I exclaimed as soon as the officers were out of hearing:

'I suppose, Mr Harry Webbe, you will be favoured with a leading part in the tragedy-comedy we have just heard outlined. I, unfortunately, am only a passenger; but your father's son will have, no doubt, the honour of heading the boarders!'

A low, inarticulate cry of shame and terror escaped the unfortunate young man, who, without further reply, hurried below. I followed, after a few moments' thought, and found Harry Webbe prone upon his face on the cabin locker-seats, sobbing convulsively. I closed and bolted the door, for I pitied the poor youth's anguish of mind, and a dim notion had, moreover, crossed mine that it might be politic, on my part, to win the regard of Captain Webbe's flexible, impressionable son.

'You have never been in action, I suppose?' said I. 'Never! O God!—never!'

'Ah, well, then, you will think nothing of it, I am told, after the first five minutes. Some of the greatest heroes that ever lived have confessed to feeling terribly nervous when first under fire; and I can well believe it,' added William Linwood, with more truth than he meant his words should convey to his panic-stricken auditor, 'for I myself feel deuced queer, I promise you. Suppose we try a taste of brandy,' I continued, hitching down the keys of the spirit-locker. 'Dutch courage must be better than none.'

We both swallowed a bumper, with good effect as regarded myself, but poor Webbe continued to weep like the veriest girl, except that his tears now flowed silently.

'Come, come, my good fellow,' I exclaimed, giving way in some degree to the feeling of contempt which extreme pusillanimity in a man always excites; 'pluck up a heart, if it's ever such a tiny one. Depend upon it, we shall both live till we die, and not one moment longer, had no such devil's playthings as cannon-balls ever been invented.'

This consolatory logic of mine appeared to revive him more than the brandy; he ceased weeping and looking up in my face as steadily as the dull light of the lamp swinging overhead permitted, he said with an approach to firmness:

'It is not the vulgar dread of death which thus unmans me, Linwood. I have lain for weeks within

the shadow of the tomb, expecting it every hour to close over me, as calmly as a child resigns itself to sleep. No, no, it is not the will, the mind, the soul which shrinks from the dire conflict; it is physical nerve only that fails me. A horror of bloodshed, of the flash of clashing swords, was congenital with my being. My mother gave me birth, prematurely, on board the *Wasp*, privateer, during her desperate action with the French privateer, *La Flèche*. At one time during that murderous fight, the enemy obtained temporary possession of the deck, beat my father and his men below to the cabin where my mother lay; and pistol-shots, the clash of swords, the fierce oaths of men stabbing, slaying each other, mingled with the woman's cry of travail—with the wail of the newborn infant.

'Pray,' said I, after a pause, for I felt somewhat mystified by the young man's glib eloquence—'pray, is my friend Captain Webbe aware of the congenital cowardice—I crave pardon—of the constitutional infirmity under which his son labours?'

'Yes, I think so; but he, reasoning from himself, believes that what a man *wills* to do, that he can do.'

'Well, then, it seems to me that, under the peculiar circumstances, you should firmly tell Dowling you do not mean to fight. This is not a king's ship, and he cannot shoot you for congenital cow—for constitutional infirmity, that is to say.'

'I cannot, dare not, do as you advise,' exclaimed Harry Webbe with frenzied emotion, and quite heedless of, or indifferent to, the sneer I could not suppress. 'And this not from any fear of incurring the contempt of my father or of Dowling; for that I should care little—nothing: the great, the terrible fear which haunts, dominates, distracts me is—'

'What, in the name of wonder, besides pistol-shots and sword-stabs? Speak out, man alive! We shall not have many more minutes, you may depend, to waste in talk.'

'I love, Mr Linwood—to ecstasy—madness!'

'Oh, that's it: and loving to ecstasy—madness, you are naturally desirous of living over the honey-month, at the very least.'

'Maria Wilson,' continued the young man, 'has but one fault, if fault it be—an enthusiastic admiration, namely, of what she imagines to be heroism—the heroism of homicide—of valiant human butchery: the phrase offends you; well, call it military heroism. She greatly admires my father, or, more correctly, my father's deeds, as reflected in the mirror of public opinion; and she has frequently expressed her regret that the probably speedy termination of the war will put it out of my power to gather laurels in the same field of sin and death.'

'You are rich in fine words, Mr Harry Webbe: nevertheless, proceed.'

'No additional words, fine or otherwise, are required to describe my position,' he sadly replied. 'The time is come for gathering those bloody laurels, and I have no strength for the harvest: occasion calls, and I am not ready! Maria,' he added, with a renewed burst of wild dismay—'imaginative, romantic, falsely judging, beautiful Maria, when she hears of this night's deeds, and my share therein, will hoot me from her presence.'

'Zounds, then, why not try and muster up sufficient courage to make a show of fight! Such inexperienced youngsters as you and I will not be placed in front of the battle: it's not likely. O well, if the constitutional infirmity is not to be conquered, I hardly see what's to be done. Except indeed—except—Yes, that might succeed; and if it did, would bring you off with flying colours—and a sound skin!'

'What might bring me off with flying colours, Mr Linwood?' eagerly demanded young Webbe.

'Softly—softly; let me reflect a moment. It is

evident by what is still going on overhead, that the ships are not near closing yet; so that we have plenty of time; and I must not forget that my tongue is apt at times to outrun discretion: let me consider.'

I did consider: examined the brilliant idea that had suddenly gleamed through my precious noddle, over and over again, and discovering no flaw, I presented it, hot and shining, to my anxiously expectant young friend.

Ah me! could I only have foreseen the succession of dreadful scrapes it would get me into—that that mischievous Maria Wilson was, in fact—Never mind; or at least it's of no use minding now—so I resume. This paragraph, the intelligent reader will observe, is a parenthesis.

'The problem to be solved is,' I began, 'to enable you to wrest bright honour from those ferocious *Renards*, without giving them a chance of conferring upon you a too immediate and unwished-for immortality. Well, I think, that can be managed.'

'How—how can it be managed?'

'Thus wise: common candour, however, bids me first distinctly apprise you, that if I succeed in rendering you this service, I shall expect a *quid pro quo*.'

'Of what kind—in what way?'

'In this kind, in this way. I have a strong conviction, impression rather, that your good-will, your active good-will might be of signal service to me in the anxious business I am with your father engaged in.'

'It might, it might; it *shall*,' he exclaimed, pressing my hand in both his as a pledge of amity and good faith.

'That is understood, then. Now to particulars. To begin with: I have an insuperable objection to a French prison, and, although I do not feel at all like a hero, I shall certainly do my best to keep out of one. That "best" will not be a thunderbolt of war, you may be sure; and the less likely to be so, forasmuch that, as I before remarked, Dowling will never think of placing such youngsters as you and I in the front of the fight; the danger may not, therefore, be so very great after all. Now, I do not care a straw for my share of the "glory" which the Scouts hope to achieve by the defeat of the *Renards*—'

'Well, well, but I do not under—Ha! God!'

The sudden boom of a heavy gun arrested the poor fellow's speech, and shook him as with ague.

'The Frenchman's challenge!' I exclaimed, with an effort to shew an unconcern I certainly did not feel. 'He has the first word, but is evidently a good way off yet. Take another sip of cognac; and I don't care if I do the same.'

'Being a passenger,' I resumed, 'and not at all amenable to Dowling's authority, I may of course refuse to join the combatants.'

'Certainly you may.'

'And I certainly shall. Do you begin to take me? Are we not both of about the same height and size? And if we exchange clothes; if I don that heavy pea-jacket, with its high up-turned collar; that fur-cap, and tie its large flap-ears down over my cheeks, the deuce is in it, if, on such a night as this, and amidst the smoke and bustle of battle, any one will discover that William Linwood is on deck, and Harry Webbe consequently the "passenger" who has turned in out of harm's way!'

'I comprehend. Well, will you do this?'

'Upon my honour, I will; and the more readily, to be quite candid, that I do not see how I thereby increase my personal risk, being, as I said, determined, in any case, to do my little best to keep out of the French bilboes. The struggle, as sketched by Dowling and Withers, will be brief as fierce; and the moment it is over, or nearly so, I slip down—you turn out—I turn in—and the thing is done.'

'Yes, if the French give our fellows a chance to

board—are beaten—and—and you are neither wounded—nor—nor killed!’

‘Don’t mention it, there’s a good fellow, unless you wish to give me a congenital qualm. Ah! here comes Dowling. Remember that your soul’s in arms and eager for the fray.’

‘Now, young gentlemen,’ exclaimed Dowling, ‘be smart. The French won’t decline the close hug we are anxious for; and in ten minutes or less we shall be at each other’s throats. You have been splicing the main brace, I see. Well, a glass or so does no harm; I will take one myself. Now, then,’ he added, after tossing it off, ‘where are your tools?’

‘Tools! What tools?’

‘Cutlass—pistols.’

‘Cutlass, pistols, indeed: not for me, at all events,’ said I. ‘Being only a lodger, Mr Dowling, I intend to turn in and try to sleep through this night’s shindy.’

‘The devil you do! But you can’t be serious.’

‘Can’t I, though! You will find, sir, that I am perfectly serious. Besides, I object to fighting upon principle.’

‘Principle be —. I’d cut a better principle than you out of a frostbitten turnip! And what principle, may I ask, do you intend to steer by?’ added Dowling, turning sharply towards Harry Webbe.

‘I am prepared to do my duty,’ he replied, cool as a cucumber.

‘Bravo! young man. I am delighted, perhaps a little surprised, to find you so plucky. The men, I must tell you, are not, I fear, so confident as they would be if your father were here. They have a superstitious faith in “Lucky Webbe;” so, for this once, you must be “Lucky Webbe,” and take his place, which will be in the front centre of the boarders—a little forward of the third gun from the bows. You will board, as you heard me explain to Withers, in the smoke of our own guns. About sixty rough dare-devils will leap with you upon the Frenchman’s deck, and’—

‘Go to Jericho with your sixty rough dare-devils!’ interrupted I, in a real panic. ‘Why, confound it, Mr Dowling, you can’t mean that—that this young fellow—lad, as I may say—is to lead the forlorn-hope!’

‘Have the goodness not to shove in your oar till it’s asked for,’ angrily rejoined the officer. ‘Be on deck, Webbe,’ he added, ‘in five minutes at latest, or you may be too late to open the ball.’ With that he left us.

His announcement of the distinguished part in the imminent conflict assigned to Webbe junior almost knocked me over, and I had a mind to peremptorily retract the rash promise I had given. I was prevented doing so by shame—the compliment to my supposedly unshaken courage implied by Harry Webbe’s alacrity in stripping, the instant Dowling’s back was turned—mere acting, by the way, on the part of that humbug of the finest water—and more than all, by the reassuring conviction, that in the darkness of the night and confusion incident to such a struggle, the officer’s abominable proposition—prompted, I could not help suspecting, by secret enmity to the absent skipper’s son—of placing a comparative stripling in the van of the fight, could not be carried out.

In less than the five minutes prescribed by Dowling, I was fully equipped for combat—loaded pistols in my belt; a straight cut-and-thrust sword naked in my hand; the disguise, as far as I could judge by the dim light of the cabin, complete; and I was taking a third thimbleful of cognac, when the officer’s loud, fierce hail hurried me on deck.

‘Plenty of time,’ said Dowling. ‘I was afraid that cowardly wretch, Linwood, might be pitching his “principles” into you: place yourself somewhere about amidships. Silence!’ he shouted to the men; ‘no jabbering till the guns have spoken. There is something else,’ he continued, ‘to which I require

your attention. I am not going to prate to you about glory and Old England. Glory is a word, of which a million would not fill one hungry belly; and Old England can take very good care of itself. What really concerns you is, that in a quarter of an hour, or less, you will either have captured a ship worth ten thousand pounds at the very least; or have lost every mag and rag you possess, besides having the satisfaction to know you are on the way to a French prison. That’s the right sort of growl, lads,’ added the officer. ‘It is quite clear, though I can’t see your faces very plainly, that you understand the thing. I and the captain’s son there will lead you, and we mean to win, I promise you. Now, make ready for work.’

A second fierce, but, as it were, suppressed shout or ‘growl,’ followed Dowling’s speech; then the men who had gone aft—hitching up their trousers, and each man tightening the grasp of his weapon, crowbar, handspike, tomahawk, cutlass, carpenter’s adze or axe—took up their appointed stations; and silence, broken only by the whistling, howling wind, and the heave, swash, moan of the dark tumbling sea, pervaded the ship.

The situation, with its surroundings, was a trying, awful one to a young greenhorn who had never seen a shot fired or a blade drawn in anger. The night was darker than when we went below, and the huge mass of bluff, precipitous Sereq, not more, apparently, than about a mile to leeward, deepened the gloom which the *Scout* seemed to carry with her, as with only the jib and one mizzen square-sail set, she forged slowly ahead to meet *Le Renard*, which, similarly reduced to canvas, gradually neared us. We could see that the Frenchman’s deck was crowded with men, and the gleaming port-fires gave warning that the deadly broadside which was to herald our attempt to capture the war-bird by boarding, would be reciprocal.

Why Captain Le Moine did not avail himself of *Le Renard*’s superiority in weight of metal, and that resisting solidity of construction, to cannonade the *Scout* till she struck or was blown out of the water was a puzzle at the time, but subsequently explained by the French commander’s anxiety to damage the celebrated *Scout* as little as might be, and his confidence that *Le Renard*’s boarders would easily meet the resistance of a mere privateer’s crew.

Ten minutes, perhaps, by the clock—two hours at least counted by the beatings of my pulse—elapsed before the vessels closed in the decisive death-struggle. At length, the bowsprits of *Le Renard* and the *Scout* drew past each other, a few feet only apart—each minute, and they were directly abeam—had grappled; a sheet of blinding flame flashed in our faces simultaneously with the roar of *Le Renard*’s guns, and the yelling shouts of her crew, echoed on our side by the snapping of ropes, the rending of planks, and the shrieks and curses of wounded and dying men!

‘Steady! Englishmen—steady!’ rose high above the dreadful uproar, in Dowling’s fiercely calm, ringing through his trumpet. ‘Remember to board in the smoke. FIRE!’

Another glare of flame, not this time in our favour, another roar of cannon, accompanied, followed by ferocious shouts, cries, curses, in the midst of which the Scouts clambered over the bulwarks, and rushed amongst them, impelled by a kind of magnetic volition, leaped upon *Le Renard*’s deck.

The incidents of the next sixteen minutes, which I was afterwards told the contest lasted, passed like a hideous dream. It was a strife of raging danger, stabbing, smashing, pistolling each other without method as without mercy. The Frenchman—guided chiefly—the latest haul of the exhausted *Scout*—conscription, fought with spirit, but their comparatively slight frames and light swords smelt the

oorly against the strong-limbed, stalwart privateers and their terrible weapons. Of course, I fought, fired, asked, stabbed with the rest, yet the dreadful struggle could have left only a confused, chaotic impression upon my memory, but for an incident towards its close when the combatants had become thinned and the sulphurous atmosphere had lightened somewhat.

At that moment, an eddy of the fight drove me against Captain Le Moine, a gallant, white-haired, but still vigorous veteran. He was fighting with the rage of despair, and thrust at me with furious energy. I averted the stroke, and would have avoided the combat; he was determined I should not, and pressed me fiercely whilst a sort of ring of the Scouts—the story being no longer doubtful—gathered about us. I had rendered me skilful with the sword, and I parried the veteran's thrusts with difficulty, the weakness obliging me to depend in a great degree upon feeling his blade as it played round mine. All at once, a crowding from behind drove me as it were upon Captain Le Moine, who would not yield a step; and made a fierce pass at me. It was parried; and my recovered point passed through the unfortunate officer's body. He fell back dead as stone, and at that moment the moon for the first time since I had left the cabin, looked through a rift in the black clouds upon the pale face and white hairs of the slain seaman, as if—for the accusing light was instantly withdrawn—to fix them indelibly upon my memory.

And never, while memory endures, shall I forget the sin-like horror with which the dread sight filled me; horror heightened, maddened by the exulting cheers of the privateers for my victory. I broke wildly away, gained the Scout's cabin, and, flinging the accursed sword upon the floor, heaped opprobrious abuse upon the trembling wretch for whose sake I, in my reasoning fury, asserted I had defiled my soul with arder.

The violence of that paroxysm of passion presently abated. I threw off my borrowed habiliments, and attempted to hide myself—can the reader comprehend such a feeling?—in my cot-hammock. My reproaches, coherent as they were, had nevertheless sufficed to sufficiently inform Harry Webbe how matters had gone, and he was quickly on deck with the crimsoned sword in his hand, coolly listening to the compliments of Dowling—Withers had been sped to his account—upon the hereditary pluck he had displayed, to which the surviving Scouts generally were pleased to attribute the capture of *Le Renard* was in a great measure attributable—an exaggeration prompted of course by the fact, that he was their captain's son.

THE NATURAL TREATMENT OF DISEASE.

One of the most remarkable phenomena of the present age is the transition state of medical practice. Not only is the old stereotype of the profession broken up, in which a prescriptive series of bleeding, blistering, and drugging followed the course of the disease, but the traditional faith in such remedies is daily growing fainter, before the advance of physiology. There is a vast difference between the relentless doctor who took so much trouble to physic our youth, and the modern savant who stands by our bedside, with an intelligent eye fixed upon ours, as if he would read our very thoughts, and perhaps for more than one visit contents himself with asking questions, and watching the proceedings of nature. One great seceding party the profession declares that hitherto we have systematically given the wrong medicines; while in order,

as it would seem, that the innovation proposed should at least do no harm, it dilutes its own prescriptions to an extent described as infinitesimal. Drugs, in short, have fallen under general suspicion; and men revert, more or less practically, to an old idea which amused the imagination of our ancestors, without influencing their practice—that there resides a curative power in Nature herself.

That this idea is in the main correct, is shewn to the eye by what takes place in the case of external wounds. In a slight cut, for instance, nature does all the surgery herself; she heals, closes, fills up, and in a little time there is no trace of the injury visible. In more serious cases, she demands assistance, but only to secure fair-play for her own curative exertions: the surgeon, therefore, steps in with his instruments and bandages, and renders all the mechanical aid in his power, although neither he nor the appliances he uses are able to heal any more than they are able to create.

In therapeutics, the hydropath proceeds upon the same plan, although with less mystery; for he acknowledges openly the supreme power of nature, and claims no other merit for himself than that of giving her fair-play in performing her cures. This, however, was not always his practice; for hydropathy, like other branches of science, began in superstition. Cold water, administered inwardly and outwardly, was supposed to be the cure—a specific for all diseases; and indeed, we believe that at this moment, in some parts of Germany, the patient is still drenched with water till his stomach, literally, can hold no more, and overflows by the mouth. The name of the system is sufficient indication of the mistake in which it originated; and the restricted expressions, hydropathy and the water-cure, are used to indicate a natural treatment of disease broad enough to serve as the basis of all therapeutics.

We are led into this train of remark by a little volume before us, which, partly because it is a little volume, and partly because it is written with a fairness and liberality bespeaking a philosophical mind, will in all probability meet with general acceptance.* It is an explanation of hydropathy by a practical hydropath; and, so far as we know, is the only brief treatise on the subject calculated to give the general reader an accurate idea of this systematised practice of hygiene. Dr Lane begins by mentioning the mystification which prevails even among otherwise well-informed persons, and attributing it partly to the newness of the system, and partly to the mistakes which attended its origin—sufficiently indicated by the inapposite name it received from Priessnitz. We may say, however, by way of parenthesis, that the theory in question is only relatively new. In our time, it was fallen upon by the peasant philosopher of Silesia; but thousands of years before him, it existed in ancient India, where the system of baths, exercise, diet, &c., used not only as a preservative of health, but a cure of disease, is described in the shasters and Brahminical commentaries, digested by Dr Wise in a valuable treatise on the medical knowledge of the Hindoos. The importance attached in this system to cold water as a medicinal beverage is something remarkable in its correspondence with the rediscovery of Priessnitz. The water must be neither from a river nor a tank, but from a spring; or, as spring-water is not very plentiful in India, it must have fallen from the clouds as rain, or have undergone the process of boiling.

The foundation of hydropathy, according to Dr Lane, is the axiom that chronic disease 'in most cases may be treated successfully by the self-same means

* *Hydropathy; or the Natural System of Medical Treatment. An Explanatory Essay.* By Edward W. Lane, M.A., M.D., Edin. London: Churchill. 1857.

systematically and perseveringly applied, which are allowed on all hands to be necessary for the preservation of health. Now,' he adds, 'the means necessary to the preservation of health—need I recapitulate them?—air, exercise, water, diet, healthy mental and moral influences—that is the sum of the whole. Will any one be startled to hear that in the combined and systematic application of all these means together reside the philosophy and the practice of what is termed hydropathy? Such, however, is absolutely the case.' Chronic diseases, arising from derangement of the constitution, he divides into two classes: one, the result of a superabundance of vital power—a general plethora; and the other, of a deficiency of the same vital power. The latter is by far the most numerous class; and our skilful hydropath would have done well to give us a few descriptive cases, to bring the subject home to the business and bosoms of his readers. The patient, however, we may say, is the victim of artificial life, of an unnatural practice of eating and drinking, of overwork or idle self-indulgence; in short, of a daily and hourly violation, consciously or unconsciously, of the laws of health. This goes on for a number of years, proportioned to the strength of the constitution whose vital energies it is sapping. Perhaps, in the meantime, irritability sets in, and the victim is racked by neuralgic and rheumatic pains till he is weary of his life. Perhaps a prostration of vigour is all that is physically felt, but this is simultaneous with an unhealthy activity of mind, useless for any practical purpose in the daytime, but rioting in its feverish power throughout the night, and going round and round in a monotonous routine of thought—of thought without object, and industry without result. He grows thin and pale; he is unfit for exercise; his digestion fails; his nervous sensations of sinking are intolerable; and he at length feels that this succession of almost useless days and almost sleepless nights cannot go on much longer—that his career must terminate either in madness or death.

In any stage of a case like this, drugs are of use—for the time: they at least stave off the conclusion. But, unluckily, they leave the man a prey to the same destructive agencies, moral and physical, that have reduced him to the state from which he desires to be relieved. Here hydropathy proffers her aid; she plucks him like a brand from the burning; banishes the haunting spectres of care or unholy pleasure; ministers to the mind diseased as well as the body; and in cleansing the latter from its impurities, washes away the perilous stuff from the heart.

All this takes a certain time, for long-seated disease can be conquered only by time; and even when the patient is dismissed from the establishment, like a giant refreshed, he will have for weeks or months many a reminder of the nervous debility superinduced by years of irrational disregard of the eternal laws of health. 'My own usual plan,' says Dr Lane, 'is to commence the treatment of most cases with the most lenient measures, and to feel my way to a more vigorous *régime* cautiously and day by day; and this is a rule from which no representations of the patient, who is always anxious to get well in a day, and fancies that under hydropathy it is especially his prerogative, have ever induced me to deviate. The majority of patients, it may be remarked, entirely demur to the doctrine that Rome was not built in a day; and having utterly demolished their health by the misuse of years, they fancy it not unnatural that it should be rebuilt in two or three weeks. It is a very pardonable error, perhaps, however unreasonable—but a great error it is; and the slightest acquaintance with the laws of the human economy would suffice to prevent it.* We

proceed, however. The first applications of water will usually consist of a simple wash-down, as it is termed, with a couple of wet towels, the patient lying the forepart of the body, the bath-attendant the back. This may last for one or two minutes, and is immediately followed by a vigorous rubbing in a dry sheet with which the patient is enveloped. Friction is continued until a perfect reaction has taken place, and the skin is in a complete glow. The clothes are then hurried on, half a tumbler or so of cold water is drunk, and the patient is sent out to take his prescribed exercise in the open air. The same process may be repeated two or three times per diem during the first few days, and is then followed by others of greater strength, in a continually ascending scale, but with the same object. Of these I may enumerate the dripping-sheet, the shallow-bath, the pail-douche, and the douche proper. It is unnecessary to describe these baths in detail—in fact, they almost describe themselves. It is sufficient to repeat that they are given for the same purpose, and differ only in form and intensity. To these varied applications of water we have yet to add the cold, tepid, and warm sitz-bath, along with the vapour and hot-air bath, and the pack, already described.'

This pack is, to our thinking, the most valuable as well as the most agreeable of all these applications of water. 'A single stout blanket is laid over the mattress of a bed; over this is spread a linen sheet wrung out of cold water, so as to be merely damp. On this, at first sight, not very inviting couch, the patient extends himself, and is at once completely and tightly enveloped, both in the damp sheet itself, and in the heavy mass of blankets superadded. Now, what takes place? All air from without being completely excluded, and the natural heat of the body acting on the damp linen, vapour is forthwith generated, and the patient is very rapidly in a delightfully comfortable and soothing warm vapour-bath.' This is, to all intents and purposes, a poultice spread over the whole body, with the view of bringing out the impurities of the system; but the patient neither knows nor cares about anything so gross. He is very soon in far too great a state of exaltation. He is to all appearance a mummy. He is a mummy; and after an interval of confused, but agreeable, yet wondering thought, finds himself somehow—he neither knows nor cares how it comes about—lying prone, unable to stir hand or foot, in the lowest chamber, far beneath the foundations, of the Great Pyramid. He listens for a while to the dreamy murmuring of the water as it enters the vault surrounding the apartment; but presently another sound mingles with the voice of the Nile, and opening a corner of his eye, he finds he is not entirely alone. King Cheops is lying, mummy-wise, by his side; and the two enter into high converse on the subjects discoursed of to Herodotus, nearly five hundred years after, by the priests of Memphis. Eventually, however, some knotty point arises between the two—we think it is about the conveyance of the stones—and Cheops, at length losing his temper, talks very inhospitably of turning our mummy out: nay, he puts forth his arm from its case, and begins to tug at his bandages. Skin and bones will not stand this, and the guest seizes his majesty angrily by the hand, who utters in an awful voice: 'The hour is out, sir!' And so it is: the chamber under the Great Pyramid is all on a sudden on the first floor of a spacious and elegant house; John, the bath-man, has succeeded in removing the last fold of the steaming sheet; and presently banishes every fragment of the dream by dashing a pailful of cold water over the shoulders of the transmogrified mummy.

We have mentioned only one species of disease to which hydropathy is applicable, and must refer to the book itself for the rest, and more especially the Dr.

* 'Chronic diseases, whether in the body or in the state, can only be met by chronic means.'—*Sir J. Forbes.*

Lane's valuable remarks on consumption. We cannot dismiss the subject, however, without alluding to the importance of the fact, that the curative process is always carried out in an establishment devoted to the purpose. This establishment is really a temple of hygiene, surrounded by all the agreeable influences of soul and sense—wholesomeness of air, excellence of water, beauty of scenery; together with the indispensable of the place, simplicity of food, the entire banishment of intoxicating drinks, and regularity in rest, exercise, bathing, and meals. Let us add, that in such an establishment the patient is removed from all the morbid influences of his condition; that he is snatched away from overwork or dissipation—from the whole routine in which soul and body have been prostrated; and surrounded by everything best calculated to cheer and strengthen as well as soothe. But this is not all. In such a place the repulsive forms of disease are not met with, and the inmates are usually of pretty nearly the same rank in society. The consequence is, that a sort of family feeling springs up among them; that the daily reunions resemble friendly parties; that the social affections are cultivated, the sympathies exercised; and the patient at length dismissed, both morally and physically, a better man or woman.

On all such subjects, Dr Lane, in his little book, discourses well and wisely; but the reader will fall into a great mistake if he supposes him to consider the system as a panacea. Hydropathy, says he, rests on a very different foundation from the doctrine of specifics. 'Its rationale is based on one broad and inductively characteristic idea—to wit, that nature cures within herself, in the original construction of the living organism, her own means of restoration, and that organism is overtaken by disease; that she constantly endeavours to work out her own cure; that she frequently succeeds in her efforts without any external assistance whatever; and when her powers are not sufficient to this end, and the aid of art is to be invoked, that aid must be founded on a consideration of the primary laws of health as unfolded by physiology, and a main reliance reposed on a systematic application of them in the cure of disease. In a word, hydropathy is grounded, as a system of therapeutics, on the belief that the mass of chronic diseases are most effectually and most safely cured, as I have more than once stated already, by the identical means, slightly modified, of course, according to circumstances, that are requisite for maintaining the animal economy in health. Its reliance is on the natural powers of health. Its cardinal medicines are the presently simple medicaments of air, exercise, water, and diet, which, along with healthy moral influences, compose its not very extended pharmacopœia. These are the tools with which it works, and I, for one, can answer for their efficacy. But, however generally applicable, it would not be consistent, either with science or with fact, to assert that these means will succeed in restoring health, absolutely and independently, in every case of chronic disease that admits of cure. . . . Drug medication, more especially in the treatment of acute diseases, will, I verily believe, always retain its value—nay, more, may always continue to be in very many cases indispensably necessary. The only point that remains to be gained is to confine the system to its own appropriate sphere, and not to permit it to trespass beyond those limits which science and the best experience together have prescribed for it.'

We have no design to uphold one system of healing more than another, and we should scout the idea, as well as Dr Lane, of treating hydropathy as a panacea. We think, however, our readers will not be dissatisfied to learn what this methodised system of hygiene—for it is nothing else—is, and professes to be, which is spreading so widely throughout the country, and is so generally pronounced, even by the old members

of the faculty, to be, in its own place, a mighty regenerator. We have now only to recommend Dr Lane's book to our readers, who will find it full of interest apart from its medical value.

BIEN GANTÉE.

THE first time I visited Spa was also the first time I saw a public gaming-table. I had considerable curiosity on the subject, and had perhaps exaggerated a little the interest of the scene. I expected to see exhibitions of great emotion, and people risking their all on the turn of a card; whereas, any manifestation of feeling is very rare; and watching the play is, nine times in ten, exceedingly dull—that is, after you have possessed yourself of the standing features of the scene. Some friends of mine had formerly told me that their rest was disturbed at Baden for several nights by an incessant walking over their heads. On applying to the waiter for an explanation of the noise, he told them it was occasioned by a lady whose maintenance consisted in an annuity, which was regularly remitted to her in quarterly payments, and as regularly lost at the gaming-table. 'After this,' said the waiter, 'she becomes perfectly frantic, and does not sleep, but walks about her room all night. Puis, elle se tranquillise, and goes on quietly till the next time.'

'But how do you get your bill paid?' asked my friend.

'We know the day her money is due; we present it, and insist on immediate payment.'

My friends caught a glimpse of this unfortunate person afterwards; her face was haggard and old, and her dress mean and shabby in the extreme; yet, they were told, she was a well-born and well-connected woman, but deserted by her friends on account of this unhappy propensity.

My curiosity awakened by this and similar stories, I hastened to the Redoute on the first evening of my arrival at Spa, and walked up to the fatal but seductive roulette-table. There were not many people playing at the moment, but there sat the four mysterious croupiers, whom I almost expected to see with tails and cloven feet, and whom I inspected with as much curiosity as I should have inspected the duck-billed platypus, or any other unknown animal, had it for the first time stood before me; there, too, of course, sat the old man in a shabby brown coat, pricking a card, with a little pile of two-franc pieces beside him; one of which, about once in half an hour, when his calculations have satisfied him he must inevitably win, he ventures on a colour, and—loses; and there sat my fat elderly countrywoman, with the rake in one hand, pushing about her five-franc pieces, and her handkerchief in the other, wiping the profuse perspiration from her face, whilst she eagerly claims her winnings with the most Anglicised accent and phraseology, as, 'Je gagné Mossore, j'ai mettais un morcean sur nouf.'

The third interesting character was represented by myself—the neophyte—who, after watching the play for some minutes, furtively insinuates his hand into his pocket, and draws out a small coin, which, after a few more turns of the table, he shyly deposits on the red. Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte, and whether he wins or loses his first venture, he is in for it, to a certainty, for a greater or less amount. I think my *premier pas* cost me about twenty francs; and then, taking counsel of discretion, I walked into the adjoining room, where the game is rouge et noir. Here the stakes are higher. There was a good deal of money on the board, and the table was crowded, both by players

and spectators; but I could get a view of the former only by standing on tiptoe, and peeping over the shoulders of the bystanders. There was a vast variety of physiognomies, some of which merited a second glance; but my attention was at once arrested by a pair of yellow gloves—*buff gloves* would be more correct, but the French call them *gants jaunes*—which covered with the nicest precision two small hands resting on the table immediately in front of me, in close proximity to two piles, one of gold, and the other of five-franc pieces. I looked down, and beheld a very neat, but at the same time extremely elegant little Leghorn bonnet, trimmed with a ribbon of the same colour; but the wearer was sitting with her back to me, and I could not see her face, so I moved round to the other side of the table to take a view of her.

'Can you tell me who that lady is?' I said to an Englishman who stood beside me.

'No, I cannot,' said he; 'we call her the pretty little Dutchwoman; but I really don't know whether she is Dutch or not. I rather think she is from Paris.'

'She looks Parisian,' I answered. 'She is dressed to perfection, and *si bien gantée!*'

'Yes,' he said; 'it is quite a pleasure to watch those pretty little hands and well-fitting gloves as she plays; and whether she wins or loses, her countenance never changes. She plays high, too, and with very bad luck.'

I watched her for some time; and when she rose from the table—a considerable loser, by the by—the attraction was gone, and I left the room.

I found, when I got back to the hotel, that the rest of my party had been equally interested in this fair stranger; and that to their inquiries of who she was, they had received the same answer as myself.

For several days—though we saw her every evening at the table, always in a new pair of admirably fitting gloves, playing high, and generally losing—we obtained no more information about her: no one, indeed, seemed to be able to give any, though she still remained an object of general interest; and everybody exclaimed: '*Elle est charmante cette petite femme, et toujours si bien gantée!*'

We lodged that year at the Grand Hôtel Britannique, which we selected because it had a garden in which a little child that was with us could run about, and we soon observed that she had found two playmates of nearly her own age. They were French children, and we understood that they belonged to a lady and gentleman who were lodging in the hotel, but whom we had not happened to see. The eldest of these children was a beautiful little girl between six and seven years of age; the other was a boy, called Adolphe; a fine child, but not pretty, nor particularly attractive. I thought he bore marks of his Dutch origin: he looked rather heavy.

We lodged in a pavilion in the garden, and the door being always open, the children and their maid, Louise, used often to come into the apartment occupied by our child; and one day Louise brought a request that Mademoiselle Edith might be permitted to accompany Mademoiselle Eugénie et Monsieur Adolphe, who were going to take a ride on a donkey. We consented; and so the intimacy increased from day to day; but still we had never chanced to have a near view of the parents, till one morning at breakfast, the garçon inquired whether we had any objection to dine at five o'clock instead of four, because there was a lady and gentleman in the hotel who would join the table d'hôte on that condition; but they at present ate in private, because four was too early an hour for them. We made no difficulties; and accordingly, when the dinner-bell rang, the lady and gentleman appeared, accompanied by Mademoiselle Eugénie and Monsieur Adolphe, who, young as they were, according to French usage, always

dined with their parents, for such we found these strangers were. But this was not the only interest they had for us: in the lady, we recognised the 'pretty little Dutchwoman'; and in the gentleman, a fair-haired, phlegmatic-looking man, whom we had often seen playing high also, but seldom at the same time as his wife.

As the guests at table were very few, we inevitably formed a sort of acquaintance; and when we strolled into the garden to take our coffee after dinner, Monsieur and Madame V—— accompanied us; and this being our custom every afternoon, we naturally grew tolerably intimate. We clubbed together for carriages to go to the balls, and she frequently took country drives, and invited me to accompany her. On these occasions, she always took Eugénie with her, who was evidently her mother's darling; and in addition to her beauty, was dressed à la *roue*, and very expensively. '*Que c'est charmant,*' she exclaimed to me one day, while looking at the child with adoration, '*d'avoir une jolie petite enfant gâtée comme celle là!*' The boy she was much less enthusiastic about; and we frequently heard cries and screams issuing from these apartments, which we were informed proceeded from Monsieur Adolphe, who was naughty, we were inclined to think that his peccadilloes were looked on with a less indulgent eye than his sister's. The father, however, was very fond of him, and did all he could to make amends for any coldness that might exist on the part of the mother and nurse.

At length Monsieur V—— informed us that he was under the necessity of going to Paris for a few days, and he requested my son and myself to pay his wife some little attention during his absence, which we willingly did; and though Lord N—— K—— objected to her that she was not *grande dame*, and Monsieur L—— remarked that it was wonderful to see her frequently the English, who are the most exclusive people in the world in their own country, will run into intimacies abroad with strangers; still, nothing could be more discreet than Madame V——'s domestic, or more quiet and elegant than her dress; and we continued to like our pretty little Dutchwoman, when by the by, we soon found had no claim to the appellation, for she was a Parisian. She laughed when we told her the name she generally went by in Spa, as she knew no more than ourselves why she was called so. I think it must have been a conclusion drawn from her husband's appearance, who looked not Dutch or German than French, being fair, long featured, and somewhat stolid.

When Monsieur V—— returned, he confided to his son that he had been to Paris, where they realised, fetch some money, as they had been so unfortunately play that they had lost the whole sum destined for their summer excursion. This ill-luck, however, did not deter them from the gaming-table; on the contrary they returned to it with additional gusto and new hopes, but with no better fortune.

Shortly after this, we had a great influx of the Parisian literary and artistic world: Jules Janin, the fattest of the fat; Pousand; Charles Renaud; Louis Levi, the publisher, from the Rue Vivienne, now publisher at Brussels, being banished from Paris, whose general air and manner recalled the agreeable idea of a red republican, which he had in Pousand, the author of several celebrated plays, appeared to be a simple, unpretending man; and Charles Renaud I became intimate with, and liked exceedingly. He was about thirty years of age, with handsome features, good complexion, fine teeth, dark hair and beard, and large clear blue eyes, that shone full of truth and kindness. He was a popular man in France, and was almost the only person I came in contact with in my life who owned to being happy. When I said he, when I expressed my surprise at the amount

'je suis heureux; j'ai une bonne santé, une petite fortune qui me suffit, une mère que j'aime et qui m'adore, mes compatriotes ont la complaisance d'agréer mes poésies—je ne suis pas plus mal qu'un autre (a modest allusion to his handsome person); enfin je suis heureux.' In ten days from that time he was dead! He left Spa in the highest health and spirits; caught cold on his arrival in Paris, and died of a pleurisy. How I pitied the poor lone mother who 'adored him!' He was very fond of travelling, and there was a poem of his commencing 'Loins de vous ma mère,' which he had written while in the east; but he said she had suffered so much during his absence, from a report of his death, that he should take no more long journeys while she survived. His body was conveyed to his native place in the south of France, attended by many of the most eminent literary persons from Paris.

To return to Madame V——. We found she was acquainted with all these people; and after their arrival, she was much occupied with them; they frequently made excursions into the country, and formed apparently a very joyous society altogether.

At length the end of the season arrived, and we took leave of each other to go our different ways. Madame V—— gave me her address in the Champs Elysées, saying she hoped to see me, and that she had evening receptions twice a week; and Monsieur V—— confided to my son that they had lost upwards of seven hundred pounds, and had scarcely money enough to take them back to Paris—in short, he borrowed two hundred francs, lest they should run short, which was faithfully returned by the earliest post after their arrival.

Three months afterwards, I was startled by the intelligence that Madame V—— was dead—murdered by her husband in a fit of jealousy; and we learned that she had been an actress, and that he, the son of a rich merchant of Marseille, had fallen in love with her. He took her from the stage, married her against the consent of his friends, and generously adopted the beautiful little Eugénie. Adolphe was the only fruit of the marriage.

Whether Monsieur V—— had any legitimate cause for jealousy, does not seem clear; but the morning after one of his wife's receptions, at which he had not appeared, and on which occasion she had urged the company to remain to a late hour, alleging that she had not slept for several nights, and that if she went to bed she should not sleep now, he entered her room, where she was occupied with her *broderie*, and demanded the key of her escritoire, which she contemptuously refusing to deliver, he suddenly stabbed her. Eugénie, who was present, ran out screaming to Louise, 'Papa tue mamma!' whilst the unfortunate man rushed forth to avow his crime, and give himself up to the police. The magistrate, who was well acquainted with him, considered the thing so improbable, that he concluded he had gone suddenly mad from losses on the Bourse, and was sending for a physician, when Monsieur V—— said: 'You don't believe me? Come and see!'

The officers accompanied him to the house, and found it too true. Madame V—— lay dead on the earth, weltering in her blood, which flowed from five wounds near the region of the heart.

I believe he was found 'guilty, with extenuating circumstances;' and after a short imprisonment, he left France for the West Indies. Adolphe was adopted by his relations; but poor little Eugénie, so pretty and so friendless, we heard, was sent to a boarding-school.

What a reverse for that *enfant gâtée*, the petted and cherished! What a tragedy for the first chapter of her history!

And what memories for the husband, with that outwardly calm but inwardly passionate nature; for

he had loved, 'not wisely, but too well,' the woman he murdered! How her shadow must walk beside him by day, and stand by his bedside at night! And how true is the old saying, that *Still waters run deep*.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester continues to be a principal subject of conversation among artists and amateurs, and the example set by running excursion-trains from places within an easy distance of Manchester, has at last been followed here, and now we have trains running from London at remarkably low fares, with the privilege of remaining four days, a week, or a month. Few who have any love for art will neglect this opportunity—a rare one—of viewing the best works of the greatest masters, brought together into close neighbourhood from their widely scattered homes, admitting of careful study and comparison, to say nothing of the pleasure. A visitor will not be long in discovering that the paintings are the chief object of attraction; and for him who wishes to observe critically, Dr Waagen's Guide, published by Mr Murray, is available; while for the working-classes there is *What to See, and Where to See It*, sold in the building for one penny. The completest part of the Exhibition is the engravings; in which the observer may trace the history of the engraver's art through a series as admirable as it is extensive.

The Metropolitan Board of Works have just made their required annual report to government concerning their proceedings for the past year. As regards the projects and proposals for new streets, clearing away incumbrances, and opening up continuous thoroughfares, it has a bearing on art, for architecture will come into play. The Thames embankment question—one of the noblest improvements the metropolis is capable of—has again been under consideration; and a special report has been laid before the board on the mighty question of sewage and drainage. The surveyors recommend that there should be an outfall on each side of the river, far down in the estuary of the Thames; that all the towns, villages, and hamlets along the route should drain into them, and bear a portion of the cost, which is estimated at five millions and a half.

The commission appointed to consider the question as to the site of the National Gallery, have decided that the present site is the best—a decision that will rejoice thousands, to whom the removal of the pictures to Kensington would have been a complete and lasting deprivation. To say nothing of the thousands of working-people, there is many a busy clerk or tradesman, who, while passing Trafalgar Square, spares a minute for the pictures, who would never see them were they miles away. Sir Charles Barry shews that by pulling down the present ugly building, and taking in ground from St Martin's Workhouse and the barracks in the rear, room would be gained for an edifice that would adorn the site, and contain all the paintings likely to be bought or bestowed for a hundred years to come.

The Archaeological Institute have chosen Chester as their place of meeting for this summer—an excellent centre point for antiquarian research. The president, Lord Talbot de Malahide, made a few remarks in his opening address on the subject of treasure-trove, which we repeat here, as they are of importance to archaeologists. 'The meeting,' he said, 'were aware that, according to the present state of the law, any article of value composed of the precious metals found was the property of the crown, or the grantees of the crown. The consequence was, that in a great number of instances the most valuable articles discovered had found their way to the crucible instead of to the

British Museum, or to some local collection. This matter was felt to be a grievance elsewhere, as well as in England; so much so, that in Denmark, where there was one of the best museums in Europe, the law has been altered merely to meet the grievance. They give to the party finding a right to certain compensation, at the same time reserving to the state the right of pre-emption on giving such compensation.' His lordship added that a similar law was desirable in England, and that it could be made without violating the rights of property. We think so too.

An observer at San Francisco has recorded that sixteen earthquakes occurred in California in 1856, of which thirteen took place between sunrise and sunset. Only three of the shocks, however, were strong enough to arrest attention during the busy hours of the day.—From other parts of the United States we hear that endeavours are being made to shew planters and agriculturists that a valuable resource is open to them in the cultivation of the *Sorgho*. The soil and climate of some of the southern and western states are eminently suitable for the plant, and there is good reason to believe that its introduction would afford another proof of the greater profit to be derived from free labour than from the labour of slaves.—In France, M. Dumas, reports, after an official visit by authority to the silk-producing districts, that he found but little or no disease among the silkworms reared on hillsides open to a constant circulation of air, while in the valleys they have perished by thousands. One grower, whose estate covers a small hill in a generally low district, has all along had healthy worms and perfect eggs, to the astonishment and admiration of his less fortunate neighbours. Here, again, is evidence that disease is not fate, but may be controlled by circumstances.

More cotton—wider cultivation of cotton, is still the cry in the northern counties, growing more and more earnest; so that we may think something will come of it at last. What if increasing cultivation of this essential product should prove to be one of the beneficial influences in the ameliorations we shall have to introduce into India! In another respect, there are resources that may be developed with advantage to all concerned. Some of the good folk at Dundee are of opinion that India could supply us with enough, and more than enough, of fibrous material for our manufacturing purposes quite independent of Russia. As yet, our knowledge of the wild plants which produce long and strong fibre is very imperfect; and as the best means of arriving at anything like certain or useful data, we would suggest the sending out of a competent person to explore parts of India and the Archipelago for fibrous plants especially. We all know that Mr Fortune was sent to explore the tea-countries of China by the Horticultural Society, and that good came of it. India is now a great political question: we have all along urged the necessity for dealing with that country on the most enlightened principles; and we trust that ere long those principles will prevail. And regarded in a scientific and commercial point of view, our eastern empire becomes to us of incalculable importance.

Dr Buist of Bombay has communicated to the Royal Society a short paper 'On the Causes and Phenomena of the Repulsion of Water from the Feathers of Water-fowl and the Leaves of Plants,' which, interesting in itself, embodies a suggestion which may perhaps be turned to account by practical men. Concerning the leaves of lilies and of the lotus, particularly the latter, growing abundantly in tanks near his residence, the doctor remarks: 'When the lotus-leaf is placed under water it reflects light like a mirror, so that the image of any object, if presented to it at a proper angle, is seen by the spectator as if the surface were one of polished metal. When water is thrown on the surface

of a floating leaf, it flows off like a pool of quicksilver.' This, however, is the fact as regards the upper surface only. It has long been familiar to the natives, who poetically liken the virtuous man among the wicked to the lotus-leaf 'in the water, yet unwet by the water.'

'On examining carefully into the cause of this,' continues the doctor, 'I found the lotus-leaf covered with short microscopic papillæ, which entangle the air, and establish an air-plate over the whole surface, with which, in reality, the water never comes in contact at all. Another peculiarity connected, but not necessarily so, so far as I could discover, with this, was the singular respiratory pores of the lotus. The leaves, when full-sized, are from twelve to sixteen inches in diameter: on cutting off a leaf six inches broad, the stalk of which was less than a third of an inch in diameter, I was able to collect thirty-three cubic inches of air in an hour, when the vital energies of the plant must have been injured by its mutilation. At this rate, a tank covered with lotus-leaves would produce daily an atmosphere four feet in depth throughout its whole surface.' The doctor, believes that the same phenomenon as exhibited by water-fowl, is not due to the presence of grease or oil, but to the presence of an air-plate, so that the water never comes in contact with the feathers at all. The trimming process, so carefully performed by water-fowl, is probably an application of oil or grease, with the object of separating or dressing the little fibres of the feathers so as to produce an arrangement fitted to entangle the air.

Then follows the suggestion: 'Might not the manufacturers of waterproof cloth or clothes take a hint on this point from the economy of nature? Could they manage to produce a surface such as water-fowl entangle and retain a film of air, no India-rubber varnish or other water-tight material would be required, while the texture would permit the free transmission of respiration or moisture from the body, while Mackintosh's and other similar contrivances obstruct it.'

Communications made to the Botanical Society of Edinburgh reveal certain curious facts, some of which appear worthy of general notice. Mr J. Lowe shews that the parasitic growth in *Porrigio favosa* is identical with a common species of fungus, *Aspergillus clavatus*, and a small piece of scab from a case of *Porrigio favosa* placed in a solution of raw sugar, germinated and produced numerous species of the minute plants; 'and a considerable number of other epizootic forms.'—The same author, treating of the physiological effect attributed to darnel (*Lolium temulentum*), remarks that the virulence of the herb appears to depend on the place of its growth, varying according to locality. 'Darnel grown in the Botanic Garden (at Edinburgh) produced no effect when taken in doses of half a ounce. The observations of Professor Christison of the hemlock (*Enanthe crocata*), shew an analogous result, this plant being a virulent poison when grown in England, but innocuous in Scotland. A similar example is seen in the *Cannabis indica*, which only yields its gum-resin when grown in a hot climate.'

Electricians are interested in a 'triple contact pile' invented by Professor Selmi of Turin, which has some special merits. It is, to quote the description, 'constructed on the principle that—given a pair of two different metals, of which the positive element is entirely submerged in the liquid, and the negative only half submerged, there results an absorption of the oxygen of the atmosphere on the line where the two metals, the liquid, and the negative element meet, which oxygen goes to depolarise this element, and performs the function of the nitric acid in Bunsen's pile, and of the sulphate of copper in Daniell's pile.'

The negative is formed of a spiral band of copper loosely twisted so as to present a large surface to the action of the liquid in a small space. A plate of zinc is used as the positive; but iron, lead, tin, or any

oxidisable metal will answer the purpose. For zinc, the liquid employed is a solution of sulphate of potash. This pile is alike cheap and simple. It has been for some time in use at the telegraph office in Turin, and in the work of electro-plating. The zinc only is decomposed; the copper and liquid serve for a long time without deterioration.

The ever-to-be-memorable Peace-fleet of war-steamers has sailed to lay down the Atlantic cable. The preliminary experimental trials went off satisfactorily; and before these lines appear in print, the grand feat will perhaps be accomplished, and England will be in telegraphic communication with America.

CLUBS AND CLUB-HOUSES.

If that most amusing of antiquaries, Jonathan Oldbuck, of Monkbarrow, had been requested to give an explanation of the word *club*, he, in all probability, would have said that it was a bludgeon, with which the abbots of the olden time armed their tenants, and thence the monkish vassals were termed *kolb-kerles* or *clavigeri*. If the same query had been propounded to a modern statesman, he might reply, using the semi-slang, parliamentary phraseology of the day, that a club was 'a fortuitous concourse of atoms;' and, in support of his explanation, quote, if he knew them, the lines of Dryden:

The grosser atoms, tumbling in the stream
Of fancy, meet, and club into a dream.

A card-player, in all likelihood, would give another definition of the word; so we shall at once refer to Dr Johnson, who tells us that a club is 'an assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions.' But what is a good fellow, according to the worthy doctor's acceptance? It is, says the learned lexicographer, 'a companionable, sociable, merry fellow.' Now, this definition is scarcely satisfactory, for Goldsmith speaks of a 'humdrum club:' surely there could have been but little merriment, companionship, or sociability in it; and during our own travels through life, we have heard of 'sulky,' 'disagreeable,' and even 'ratty' clubs. We would, then, briefly say, that a club is an association of persons, subject to certain rules; further, that the club, as a social institution, may be traced in its progressive course, from an adventurous, free-and-easy, hail-fellow-well-met kind of an assemblage, open to all comers of a certain station, to a strictly exclusive society—from small convivial meetings, in houses of public entertainment, where respectable strangers had free access, to a second class, when, the clubbists taking sole possession of the apartment, strangers were not admitted except by the introduction of members; and from thence onwards to the present day, when clubs, having become large, wealthy, and influential associations, and houses, or rather palaces, for themselves alone, from which, as a general rule, all strangers are rigorously excluded. Still, though the modern club-system may, to a certain degree, have ministered to exclusiveness, it has at the same time weakened, if not in many instances broken down, the barriers of caste; while by substituting the economical and utilitarian principle for the mere convivial, it has had an undoubtedly favourable effect on the general refinement of society. It is to those metropolitan celestial empires *parvo*—those central, flowery lands of Pall-Mall, St James's Street, and Waterloo Place, as yet untrodden by the footsteps of outer barbarians, that we wish to introduce the reader. True, we cannot pass together beneath their lofty portals; but by invoking the dusky under of the printer's chapel—the attendant imp of the mighty press—the modern Asmodeus, a thousand times more powerful than the crippled demon of Leige—we may, without moving from the easy-chair

and cozy chimney-corner, mentally explore the most secret recesses of those forbidden regions. Ere we do so, however, let us cast a retrospective glance at the predecessors of the present clubs.

The most famous of the earlier London clubs was the Mermaid, said to have been founded by Sir Walter Raleigh, and attended by Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Donne, and others, the elite of the Elizabethan era. Alas! there was neither a Pepys nor a Boswell at that time to hand down to us the crumbs of wit that fell from the table of those giants of old. We are merely tantalised by Beaumont thus alluding to them, when writing from the country to his friend and fellow-labourer, Fletcher:

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.

Another noted club, of nearly the same period, was held in the Apollo room of the Devil Tavern at Temple Bar, on the site now occupied by Childs' well-known banking-house. Ben Jonson wrote, in choice and elegant Latin the convivial rules (*leges convivales*) for this assembly, which were engraved in letters of gold on a black board, and suspended over the fireplace. The board itself is still preserved by the Messrs Child. Over the door of the club-room was placed a bust of Jonson, and a number of verses, commencing

Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the oracle of Apollo;
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the triplos his tower bottle:
All his answers are divine;
Truth itself doth flow in wine;
Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
Cries old Sim, the King of Skinkers.

'Old Sim' was Simon Wardloe, the landlord of the tavern, and the original of *Old Sir Simon the King*, the favourite song of the boisterous Squire Western.

The convulsive struggles of the civil war, and the Puritanic tendencies of the Protectorate, were alike unfavourable to the extension of the club-system. After the Restoration, however, clubs again came into vogue, not as the resort of men of learning and genius, but the haunts of fiercely embittered politicians; and, in many instances, were little more than vile hotbeds of riot and immorality. Men of letters—the wits as they were termed—then frequented the coffee-houses; and Dryden at Will's, and Addison at Button's, exercised a considerable influence on the taste, manners, and even fashion of the age.

The Beef-steak Club, composed principally of literary men, artists, and actors, was founded in the reign of Queen Anne. Its president was distinguished by wearing a miniature golden gridiron attached to a green ribbon. Peg Woffington, the actress, was the only female member; one Estcourt, a popular comedian of the day, long held the responsible office of 'steak provisor;' and Dr King dedicated his once well-known poem, *The Art of Cookery*, to this club.

He that of honour, mirth, and wit partakes,
May be a fit companion o'er beef-steaks;
His name may be to future times enrolled
In Estcourt's books, whose gridiron's framed of gold.

There is still a beef-steak society of noblemen and gentlemen, having apartments in the Lyceum Theatre, who meet at five o'clock every Saturday, between November and July, to partake of a beef-steak dinner. Their dining-room is most appropriately fitted up; the doors, wainscoting, and oaken roof being carved with

innumerable representations of gridirons. Indeed, every piece of furniture in the room either assumes the shape or is adorned with the emblem of that useful culinary implement; while, suspended from the centre of the ceiling, hangs the original gridiron of the society, which, to say nothing of the many fires it withstood in its days of usefulness, is the survivor of two conflagrations. Twice has the building in which it was preserved been burned to the ground, and twice, like another phoenix, has the renowned gridiron and cherished relic been rescued from the ruins. This society, however, eschewing the appellation of a club, denominate themselves 'The Steaks,' and dedicate their meetings to 'Beef and Liberty.'

Three clubs, still in existence, started into being about the same time as the Kit-kat: these are White's, Brookes's, and Boodle's—so named from the tavern-keepers at whose houses they were first established. Politics and gambling were their principal bonds of union. White's was Tory; Brookes's, Whig; Boodle's, more a resort for quiet country gentlemen than active politicians. The latter is still the country-gentleman's club; to its committee are referred all disputes and misunderstandings connected with fox-hunting, and the decision is considered final; while the two former are less distinctively political than in the olden time, and gambling has long since died out with the six-bottle men. It was in the reign of the second George that these clubs, taking the management of their respective establishments into their own hands, laid the foundation of the modern system. At that time, the literary wits of a previous era had either died out, or slunk back into the obscure insignificance of Grub Street, poets and pamphleteers being effectually excluded from the new clubs by the high terms of subscription, as well as by the ordeal of the ballot-box. One of the old rules of Brookes's is, that 'every person playing at the new quinzee table do keep fifty guineas before him.' Gambling, however, was only one of the many vices of that immoral and unintellectual age—of the period when Beau Nash flourished, and the Duke of Cumberland was friend and patron of Figge the prize-fighter; when Quin's brutal personalities passed for wit; when Colley Cibber was poet-laureate; and when Samuel Johnson was glad to eat an eleemosynary plate of victuals behind the screen in Cave's back-shop.

A stranger, when exploring that part of the west end of London which forms, as it were, a sort of neutral ground between the dwellings of the aristocracy on one side, and the more fashionable business streets on the other, cannot fail to be struck by the magnificence of some twenty large buildings, thickly scattered over a small compass of ground. If he inquires to whom these splendid palaces belong, he will be told that they are club-houses; and subsequent experience will inform him that the mansions of the highest nobility, even the palace of the Queen, are inferior, in point of architectural decoration, to many of these remarkable edifices. Further, when our stranger is told that these buildings were erected by private associations, not with any view of gain, but merely for social and economical purposes, he must candidly confess that they are such as no other city in the world can exhibit.

The internal arrangements and fittings of the London club-houses equal, if they do not surpass, in magnificence the architectural embellishments of the exterior. Though no two of these establishments are perfectly alike, yet they all possess a general similarity of arrangement, which we shall now endeavour to describe. A noble entrance-hall is approached from the street by a small and comparatively unornamented vestibule. A portly hall-porter, who receives all letters, and is attended by two or more liveried pages, to carry messages, is the presiding genius of this debatable

land, and jealously guards the sacred interior from the profane footsteps of unlicensed strangers. This trusty janitor must know every member of the club, by eyesight at least, and is supposed to be able at all times, but with suitable tact and discretion, to answer all inquirers respecting the whereabouts of any individual clubbist. Thus, he will tell you whether a member be in the house—at what time he generally is there—whether he be in the country, on the continent, or elsewhere. He does not, however, know the private addresses of all the members, these being required, by the rules of the club, to be given in confidence to the secretary only—many gentlemen, like the renowned Mulligan of Ballymulligan, so pleasantly described by Mr Thackeray, living 'there;' that is, in places differing very much as regards fashionable locality, style, and other obvious et ceteras, from the club-house, to which their letters are directed. Adjoining the vestibule, there generally is a small reception-room, where a stranger, who may happen to call upon a member, is permitted to wait, if his manner and semblance satisfy the experienced scrutiny of the lynx-eyed porter. There is a tribe of 'gents,' readily recognised by the initiated in London life, whose not over-clean hands, and faces, sparkling jewellery, dark searching eyes, and largely developed nasal organs, unmistakably denote a certain class of the pure Caucasian race. These persons, on the strength of a legal fiction, connected with the well-known firm of Doe & Roe, manage to gain admission to most of the public and private places in England; but they might as well attempt to invade the harem of the sultan as the sacred realm of a club-house. Indeed, a learned judge not long since declared, in his official capacity, that a club-house was a sanctuary inviolable by sheriff's writ, summons, execution—in short, by the whole artillery and small-arms of legal procedure.

From the entrance-hall branch off the various apartments on the ground-floor: one is a spacious smoking or lounging room, amply supplied with newspapers, and writing materials for the free use of the members. Theodore Hook is said to have written several of his novels on club-paper in the morning-room of the Athenæum, and his favourite seat is still considered an object of interest by the members of that club. Adjoining this apartment is the coffee-room, diffident in little, except its superior magnificence, from the coffee-room of a first-class tavern. Rows of tables, projecting from the sides, leave a wide open space in the centre. These tables are laid for breakfast and luncheon, from about ten in the morning to four in the afternoon; then, like a scene in a pantomime, the whole is at once changed, and arrangements made for dinner. There are also smaller apartments, where members making up snug little parties congregate together, and freely discuss affairs of pleasure, politics, or business, unrestrained by the publicity of the coffee-room. Most clubs have a strangers' room, in which a member can invite a non-member friend to dine with him; the non-member, however, cannot go into any other part of the house; still, a club-dinner is no penance to him, though the eater is exclusively confined to the strangers' apartment.

On the basement, beneath the ground-floor, is situated the main vital organs of the establishment—the kitchen and cellar. Our humble abilities are unequal to the task of describing these most important parts of club anatomy; nor is it necessary: the kitchen of the Reform, when under the command of the 'gastronomic regenerator' himself, has already been described in this *Journal*—so we shall at once pass upwards.

From the hall, a grand staircase leads the way to the drawing-room, on the first floor. Though furnished up in a style of the most costly elegance, this spacious apartment ever has as 'lack-lustre' an appearance as

the eye of the fool whom the melancholy Jaques met 'in the forest.' Could it possibly appear otherwise? a drawing-room without ladies—a universe without its central sun! On 'visiting-days,' however, ladies are permitted to have a peep at the dreary splendour, which they alone could fitly embellish. Adjoining the drawing-room is the library, generally well stored with books and attended by a resident librarian. One club, the Athenæum, possesses upward of 25,000 volumes, and sets apart the considerable sum of £500 per annum for the library alone. Generally speaking, the card-room is on the same floor as the library and drawing-room. In all clubs, games of mere chance are strictly forbidden, on penalty of expulsion; and the highest play permitted even at whist is half-guinea points. The billiard and smoking rooms are mostly situated on the upper story. The extra expenses of the card and billiard tables are defrayed by a small fee paid by each member who uses them, and not out of the general fund; it obviously being unjust that members who do not play should be called upon to contribute to the amusement of those who do.

The club is managed by a committee, carefully chosen from among the most scientific gourmands, and skilled connoisseurs in wines, on the roll of membership. The post is one of honour, but the responsibility is equally great, as the reputation of the club principally depends on the skill of the committee in the art of good living. Except on very important occasions, such as the appointment of a new cook, when certain experienced members are selected to assist the managing committee, the latter rule absolute, and command the whole working-staff of the establishment. These consist of a secretary, house-steward, cook, butler, coffee-room clerk, clerk of the kitchen, head and under waiters. The female servants are more particularly under the superintendence of a *maison*, and comprise, a still-room maid, who prepares tea and coffee, a needle-woman, with a number of house and kitchen maids. One of the puzzling peculiarities of club economy is, that the inferior servants are always invisible. Possibly the greater part of the house-work is done at early hours in the morning; but however that may be, a man may be a member of a club for years without ever seeing one of the female servants.

A French writer has, in a few words, given a fair general description of a London club. He says, it is a sort of private restaurant, with the advantages of the very best viands, wines, cookery, and attendance at the lowest possible expense; and, we may add, that the mode of transacting business is well calculated to prevent mistakes, and serve as a check upon each department. For instance, a member wishing to dine, fills up a printed form of dinner-bill with whatever dishes he may choose to select from the *carte* of the day. The bill is then passed to the head-waiter, who sends it down to the clerk of the kitchen, and the latter appends the established price of each dish as it is sent up to the coffee-room. The bill thus filled up is passed to the butler, who, in turn, charges in it whatever wine the member has ordered; and it is then delivered to the coffee-room clerk, who sums up the entire amount, adding a small charge for what is termed 'table-money.' This charge, which averages from sixpence to a shilling, according to the rules of the club, is to defray the contingent expenses of the dinner—the clean cloth, vegetables, cheese, and other minor condiments. The bill is then presented to the member, and paid at sight; for however much the various clubs may differ in their regulations, the spirit of the following rule, copied from the laws of the Carleton, is common to all:

'Members are to pay their bills for every expense they incur in the club before they leave the house, the steward having positive orders not to open accounts with any individual.'

By way of consolation, however, for this pay-upon-delivery system, the member, if he has, or fancies he has, any complaint to make against the charges, quality of viands, wines, or cooking, can enter his protest on the back of the bill, which is duly laid before the committee, and seriously investigated.

A clubbist, for about half-a-crown, can get as good a dinner—exclusive of wine—at his club, as he would pay half-a-guinea for at a tavern; moreover, he is not expected, whether he wants it or not, to drink a pint of wine 'for the good of the house;' nor to give an evidently anticipated shilling to the thankless waiter; all gratuities to club-servants being strictly forbidden. Previous to the establishment of clubs, the poor gentleman who found himself adrift on the great ocean of London life, had but two choices—the extravagant tavern-dinner, or the cheap and nasty cut at the greasy and odorous cook-shop. Another element of cheapness in the club-system is, that no charge is made for bread, table-ale, sauces, or pickles; nor is table-money charged but at dinner—that is to say, after the tables are changed at four o'clock. Consequently, a member may lunch on bread and ale free of charge; or if he order cold meat, chop, or steak, he may, under the denomination of luncheon, make a cheap and excellent, if not luxurious dinner, any time previous to four o'clock.

A person who desires admission to a club must be proposed and seconded by two or more members; his name is then placed on the candidates' book; but his election does not take place till—through vacancies occurring in the club by deaths or resignations—all the previous names on the same book have been admitted or rejected. There are at present several thousand names on the candidates' lists of the London clubs. Not long since, the Athenæum, which consists of 1500 members, had no less than 1600 candidates waiting in regular order for admission. The election is by ballot. In some of the smaller and more aristocratic clubs, a single black ball excludes the anxious aspirant; but the majority of clubs are not so ridiculously particular; generally speaking, one black ball in ten is the fatal number equivalent to rejection. Immediately after an election, the secretary writes to the successful candidate, enclosing a printed copy of the club-rules, and requesting prompt payment of the entrance-fees and annual subscription for the current year. When these are paid, and not till then, the newly elected member is entitled to all the rights and privileges of his club. As may naturally be supposed, the entrance-fees and annual subscriptions of the various London clubs differ considerably in amount. The entrance-fees vary from eight guineas to thirty. The lowest annual subscription is five, the highest ten guineas: in most clubs, however, it is not more than six.

Our limits, even if it were desirable, do not admit a detailed description of the London clubs. Suffice it to say, that four are military and naval; three, political; one at least claims to be literary; one represents the universities; another consists solely of gentlemen who have travelled in foreign parts; while the remaining clubs, though they do not claim any particularly distinctive character, may be described as compounds of the above, strengthened by a further intermingling with the legal, mercantile, and financial elements of the community.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WITTICISMS.

JERROLD was, beyond all doubt, the prince of English wits in his day. His witticisms were generally made on the prompting of the occasion, and surprised every one by the quickness with which they were conceived and uttered. What made their freedom from premeditation the more certain, they very often consisted of some clause of a sentence—perhaps of but a single word—which only

was sense as taken in connection with what some other person had just said. Jerrold, who was a little spare man, with an oval, pallid face, a keen gray eye, and resolute mouth, usually sat somewhat aside from what might be called the current of conversation, and only opened his mouth when he could cap something with a *bon mot*. It is universally acknowledged that such good things, when put in print, fall greatly short of the impression they made when first uttered by their author; nevertheless, the few which here follow, taken down some years ago, will perhaps give a faint idea of the style of the man.

At a dinner of a society connected with the fine arts, where a queen's counsel happened to be present, the Law was unexpectedly toasted, out of compliment to him. The learned gentleman blundered out a few sentences, stating that he did not see how the law could be considered as one of the *arts*—'Black!' rapped out Jerrold, like a dart from a bow.

On a literary friend producing a volume of miscellanies under the title of *Prose and Verse*, Jerrold bantered him about it, as 'Prose and Worse.'

A tedious old gentleman, meeting Jerrold in Regent Street, and having stopped him, posed himself into button-holding attitude, while preparing to grapple. 'Well, Jerrold, my dear boy, what is going on?' 'I am,' quoth the wit, instantly shooting off along the pavement.

A dull foreigner was indulging in a rapturous description of the beauties of the *Prodigue*. 'As to one song in particular (*naming the song*), I was quite carried away.' 'Is there anybody here that can sing it?' said Jerrold.

Somebody told Jerrold that George Robins, the auctioneer, was dead; 'and, of course,' added the gentleman, 'his business will go to the devil.' 'Oh, then, he'll get it again,' said the wit.

A friend was telling, one evening, where he had been dining, and what he got to eat. 'There was one article I never saw before; none of you could guess what it was—it was a soup made of calves' tails.' 'Extremes meet,' was Jerrold's remark.

A literary friend, who had set up a neat barouche with a pair of grays, drove Jerrold out one day into the country. As they passed through a village, the people came to their doors to behold the pretty equipage. 'I think they're rather struck with our grays,' remarked the charioteer. 'I wonder what they would say of our duns?' quoth Jerrold.

He had a theory in the spirit of the *Candle Lectures*, that women rather liked that their husbands should stay out late occasionally—'it gives them a *wrong*.'

GOLD-DIGGING SCENE.

Twenty thousand people, at least, were all scuffling together like ants in an ant's nest, or tadpoles in a pool. The whole valley, through which ran the creek or brook, for several miles was in the act of being turned upside down. Close as the crowd could press upon each other so as to leave the prescribed number of feet for each party, they were digging, delving, throwing up earth, carrying away bags of it, supposed to contain the gold, to the creek, and there delivering it to other crowds, who, at a long line of cradles, were in as great a bustle, throwing in the earth, rocking it to and fro under deluges of water from tin dippers. There was an incessant noise of rattling cradles and shouting voices. Strange figures, all yellow with clay, and disguised in bushy beards, and veils to keep off the flies, seemed too desperately busy to have time to breathe. It was all one agitated scene of elbowing, swearing, hacking, hewing, and shovelling. Not a tree was left standing over the whole great space, and the sun flamed down on unsheltered heaps and holes of gravel, with a burning, sweltering force.—*Howitt's Tallangetta*.

SINGULAR ICEBERGS.

Here, at all events, was honest blue salt water frozen solid; and when, as we proceeded, the scattered fragments thickened, and passed like silver argosies on either hand, until at last we found ourselves enveloped in an innumerable fleet of bergs, it seemed as if we could never be weary

of admiring a sight so strange and beautiful. It was rather in form and colour than in size that these ice-islets were remarkable. In quaintness of form, and in brilliancy of colours, these wonderful masses surpassed everything I had imagined; and we found endless amusement in watching their fantastic procession. At one time, it was a knight on horseback, clad in sapphire mail, a white plume above his casque; or a cathedral-window, with shafts of chrysothras, new powdered by a snow-storm; or a smooth sheer cliff of lapis lazuli; or a banyan-tree, with roots descending from its branches, and a foliage as delicate as the efflorescence of molten metal; or a fairy dragon, that breasted the water in scales of emerald; or anything else that your fancy chose to conjure up.—*Lord Dufferin's Letters from High Latitudes*.

A FLOWER OF A DAY.

Old friend, that with a pale and pensile grace
Climbest the lush hedgerows, art thou back again,
Marking the slow round of the wondrous years?
Didst beckon me a moment, silent flower?

Silent? As silent is the archangel's pen,
That day by day records our various lives,
And turns the page—the half-forgotten page
Which all eternity will never blot.

Forgotten? No, we never do forget:
We let the years go; wash them clean with tears,
Leave them to bleach 'neath the sun and open day,
Or lock them careful by, like dead friends' clothes,
Till we shall dare unfold them without pain;
But we forget not—never can forget.

Flower, thou and I a moment face to face—
My face as clear as thine, this July noon
Shining on both, on bee and butterfly,
And golden beetle creeping in the sun—
Will pause, and lifting up page after page,
The quaint memorial chronicle of life,
Look backward, backward.

* * * So, the volume close!
This July day with God's sun high in heaven,
And the whole earth rejoicing; let it close!

I think we need not sigh, complain, or rave:
Nor blush: our doings and misdoings all
Being more 'gainst Heaven than man, Heaven does
them keep
With all its doings and undoings strange
Towards us. Let the solemn volume close;
I would not alter in it one poor line.

My dainty flower, my innocent white flower,
With such a pure smile looking up at heaven,
With such a bright smile looking down on me—
(Nothing but smiles! as if in all the world
Were no such things as thunder-storms or rains,
Or broken petals battered on the earth,
Or shivering leaves whirled in the frosty air
Like ghosts of last year's joys)—my pretty flower,
Open thy breast: not one salt drop shall stain
Its whiteness. If these foolish eyes are full,
'Tis only at the wonder and the peace,
The wisdom and the sweetness of God's world.

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THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

It is curious to watch the attempts of the English government to become a manufacturer, a teacher, an instructor in art. Nothing can be more clumsy than the mode in which these attempts are usually made, and few things more uncertain than the amount of success that will follow. There is sound reason for this, which we should do well to bear occasionally in mind. In a despotic country, such as France at the present time, the will of *one man* is paramount over all. If a district of Paris be covered with mean dilapidated houses, there is one man whose strong will suffices to determine the razing of those houses, and the building of a sumptuous new street on the site; if such a work be needed in London, there is no centre of power that can control all difficulties, and make them bend to a predetermined plan. Our state is representative and departmental, surrounded with checks to insure honesty; but these very checks are the sources of delay and inefficiency. Despite the sarcasm of a popular writer, the government employés feel no great pleasure in determining 'how to do it;' nor do they feel proud or satisfied with the achievements of a 'circumlocution office,' or with 'outline and red tape.' They are bound to observe formalities, or they would fall into disfavour with the heads of departments; and these heads cannot change the system without the aid of parliament; and parliament cannot change the system without the countenance of the people; and the people are not always certain whether particular duties should be left to the executive, or be intrusted to private enterprise. Without touching on the well-worn subject of the Crimean war, let us only glance for a moment at the building of the new houses of parliament. The structure has been nearly twenty years in hand, it has cost five times the original estimate, and it is found to be badly arranged both for seeing and hearing. Well, who is fault? 'Nobody did it.' No one person or department will consent to bear the blame. 'Too many cooks,' &c., is a saying applicable by analogy here. The Treasury, the Board of Works, the House of Commons, committees of the Commons, the House of Lords, committees of the Lords, and many royal commissions, were severally and separately engaged authorising works to be done to the building; but there was no *one power* supreme over all these; and hence the gorgeous but heterogeneous and costly result.

The South Kensington Museum, recently opened, may be used as an illustration in a double sense. If it be

as a curious jumble of odds and ends, thrust into a new iron building, shaped very much like three monster steam-engine boilers placed side by side, and situated so far from the heart of London that a long journey is necessary to get to it; but if regarded as an attempt to give practical value to the labours of many disconnected commissions and boards, and to surmount difficulties of almost every kind, it becomes really a creditable and most interesting display, shewing that many of our government officers are proud to do their work well if they can only have free scope for the exercise of their good sense.

The history of this museum is almost as curious as its contents—as the reader will presently admit.

Nearly twenty years ago, the government timidly became an educator in art, by establishing a School of Design at Somerset House, having for its objects the training of designers, who might perchance improve the patterns and designs for manufacturers. But the success was not brilliant: some persons sneered, some grudged public money, manufacturers were listless; and in twelve years very little was achieved. At last the Great Exhibition of 1851 shewed us that though good makers of useful things, we were not so successful as our continental neighbours in throwing beauty over the articles produced; the Society of Arts and the government took the matter up warmly; and as a result, the School of Design was expanded into a 'Department of Science and Art,' to train teachers in art; to aid committees in establishing schools of art; to hold examinations, and reward successful students; to form a collection of books, pictures, and works of art; and to circulate these specimens among provincial schools of art. Science, in its non-artistic relations, became gradually separated from art, and led to the establishment of a School of Mines and a Museum of Economic Geology, under distinct superintendence. Then, as a further stage, the commissioners of the Great Exhibition found themselves in possession of a large sum of money, and a collection of trade specimens, which they did not well know what to do with. Next, the Society of Arts made a curious collection of articles relating to art and manufactures, and offered it to the government, if room could be found for it. Then, again, the Commissioners of Patents had many curious models of patented inventions, with no place in which to deposit them. Furthermore, an Architectural Exhibition of valuable plaster-casts was formed. Lastly, Mr Vernon, Mr Turner, and Mr Sheepshanks made munificent gifts to the nation of pictures which could not find house-room at the National Gallery.

in plenty, but nowhere to place them, and no one man empowered to decide on their destination. There were male schools of art, and numerous art-specimens, at Somerset House; there was a female School of Art in Gower Street; there was an elementary class at Smith Street, aided by the Board of Trade; there was a Mineral Museum at Craig's Court, connected with the Ordnance Geological Survey; there was a Museum of Ornamental Art at Marlborough House, and the Vernon and other pictures at the same place; there was an Architectural Museum in a sort of stable in Cannon Row; there were models of patented inventions stowed away in an empty room in Kensington Palace; and there was a collection of art-furniture at Gore House, purchased by the commissioners of the Great Exhibition for presentation to the nation. No one knew where to place these numerous articles; no one had power to build a structure for their reception; no one could answer to the House of Commons that the requisite funds would be well spent; no one could decide where the site of such a building should be; no one could authoritatively settle the destiny of the National Gallery, in relation to any new scheme; and the House of Commons, bewildered by a multiplicity of advisers, was just as likely to do wrong as to do right. The result is most curious. Marlborough House contains the Vernon and Turner collections, awaiting future decision; the Museum of Economic Geology, in Jermyn Street, contains the Craig's Court collection, greatly augmented; Somerset House has turned out its schools and art-people, and sent them to South Kensington; it has also got rid of its learned societies, now located for a time at Burlington House, which has recently been purchased by the government without any clear conception of what to do with it; and, lastly—under the well-founded supposition that the House of Commons will spend many more years in deciding which of its numerous advisers on art and education are most worthy of attention—all parties have prudently assented to the construction of a temporary building to hold the unhoused national collections of odds and ends, until the various doctors have ceased to disagree about grander plans.

The South Kensington Museum should therefore be regarded as a temporary expedient, to avert perplexities which no man, no department, has the authority thoroughly to conquer; it is an attempt 'how to do it,' in spite of 'circumlocution,' and if a visitor will good-naturedly view it in this light, he will forgive the anomalies, and will come away with a conviction that the collection, or collection of collections, is one of the most curious ever displayed to public inspection in the metropolis.

A word concerning the site, and another for the buildings. The commissioners of the Great Exhibition joined with the Treasury in purchasing a large area of open ground between Hyde Park and Brompton, for national purposes; and the prince-consort advocated a plan for building on this spot an immense series of museums and galleries, to hold the numerous public collections. Pending the legislative consideration of this large question, a few temporary buildings have been put together at the southern part of this area, near Brompton; and these constitute the 'South Kensington Museum and Schools of Art,'* under the control of the Department of Science and Art. The whole of the government schools of art, with the various collections belonging to them, are now removed to this group of buildings; but the museum contains in addition numerous collections of other kinds—placed here for the reason before intimated—namely, that there is no room for them elsewhere. The schools are a series of brick and wooden erections; the museum is

an iron building. The schools are open only to students—mostly young men and women training to become teachers of art and pattern-drawing in provincial schools—whereas the museum is open to the public every day of the week. If an art-critic, standing in front of the buildings, were to judge them by any artistic canons of taste, he would laugh them to scorn; for the whole affair is marked by irredeemable ugliness, and can be excused only on the plea that the structures are temporary. The Department of Science and Art betrays a consciousness of this; for it is pointedly stated that the iron building 'was constructed under the direction of the commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, and not passed over to the Department until after it had been completed.' A wayfarer, whether an art-critic or not, becomes somewhat cross when he finds that the new Cromwell Road, where this South Kensington Museum is situated, is a mile from Hyde Park Corner, two miles from Regent Street, three from Temple Bar, but from the Bank, and five or six from Spitalfields or Whitechapel—a great obstacle to those who would enjoy the museum, but who would willingly shun the labour of wading through a stream of human beings miles in length. In the buildings themselves, and in the distance from the heart of the metropolis, the authorities have not made a happy choice. Having by this grumble got rid of our ill-temper, we will enter the door, prepared to do justice to the interior.

The apartments or compartments are certainly well fitted to display the various collections; for the constructors, troubled by no scruples touching architectural style, have placed the windows and sky-lights just wherever they would best throw light: as a consequence, everything is well seen. And now for the collections.

The Museum of Ornamental Art forms the nucleus or main part of the whole. It is this with which the public have been familiar at Marlborough House, augmented from various quarters, especially at the time of Mr Bernal's sale. The whole series now amounts to no less than 4000 articles; but just at the present time, about 1000 specimens are in the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition; many hundred others are in circulation for exhibition in the various provincial towns where schools of art have been established while several, of a delicate and costly character, are kept packed away until a fireproof exhibition-room has been constructed for their reception. Hence the museum is just now in a transitory state. It is, nevertheless, classified into seventeen divisions, calculated to impart ideas of tasteful art-workmanship in the following articles: carvings, sculptures, bronzes, terracottas, and wax or plaster models; painting, wall-decoration, paper-hanging, illumination, printing, and pattern-designing; cameos, intaglios, medals, and seals; mosaics, pietra-dura work, marqueterie, tarsia work, parquetage, buhl work, piqué work, and other kinds of inlaying; furniture and general upholstery; basketwork and cane work; leather work, stamped leather, and bookbinding; japanned or lackered work; glass-painting; glass manufactures; enamels; pottery, locks and keys, goldsmith's work, damasquining, silver work, and examples of forged, cast, stamped, chased, engraved, and etched metals; arms, accoutrements; watch and clock work; jewellery, personal ornaments, and objects in precious materials; and, lastly, textile fabrics, costumes, garment trimmings, lace, embroidery, carpets, and tapestry hangings. A mere glance at the items in this list will show how exhaustless the collection might become, and how highly interesting; for the articles are not collected and jumbled merely to make a show. There is a reason assignable for their retention—because they are really beautiful; because they illustrate a particular style of art; because they shew the difference of

* This name may possibly deceive some visitors as to the locality, which is really Brompton, not Kensington.

between different countries; because they mark progression of taste in some one country; or because they were the production of some one whose art-workmanship has become famous. Models and casts from the great ruins of Italy and Greece; drawings and photographs of architectural ornament; copies of the wall-decorations of Raphael's time, including those of the world-renowned Loggie of the Vatican; a series illustrative of the history of wood-engraving; electrotype casts from some of the choicest specimens of artistic metal-work in the Louvre, the Musée de Cluny, and the Musée d'Artillerie; collections to shew how far the Mintons and Copelands of England have risen to an equality with the imperial manufacturers at Sevres; beautiful old carved coffers, cabinets, linen-chests, and escritoirs, in oak, ebony, walnut, and marqueterie, displaying the taste and skill of Italian, French, and Flemish art-workmen in past ages. It is needless, however, to go on with this list; the above are a few of the objects in the museum; and when the officers of the department tell us that they have 4000 such, ready to be properly labelled if circumstances allow them to be all exhibited at once, the reader may judge what a treasure of pleasant things the nation really possesses here.

The *Educational Collection* is another of the groups in this iron building. It may be considered as *useful* rather than *artistic*; but it is not wholly wanting in the latter quality, and is well worthy the notice of the friends of good-sense education. Its origin was simply this: When the Society of Arts reached the good old age of 100 years, in 1854, it celebrated the event in many worthy ways. Among other schemes, numerous literary and scientific institutions, philosophical societies, mechanics' institutes, atheneums, and lyceums, suggested the formation of a museum to illustrate the progress of the educational art, in reference to the books, diagrams, models, casts, implements, and school appliances, introduced in various countries for educational purposes. The society warmly took up the matter; and hence the opening of the Educational Exhibition at St Martin's Hall, described in the *Journal* in August of the above-named year.* All the chief school-societies, all the training-schools, all the blind-schools, all the deaf and dumb schools, many of the publishers of educational books, and individuals and societies in various countries of Europe and America, warmly responded to the appeal made to them. After the close of that exhibition, a large number of the articles were presented to the government; and these, aided by subsequent acquisitions, form the educational collection at South Kensington. They are grouped into about twelve classes; the articles in each class being so arranged 'as to enable all persons engaged in teaching to see, collected into one group, the most recent, the best, and the cheapest forms of apparatus and means of imparting knowledge in its several branches—with the prices of the specimens, and where they can be obtained—enabling them to compare one specimen with another, and to select that which may best suit their requirements.' The curators also tell us, that 'it has been an object in labelling the specimens, to do so in such a manner as will convey as large an amount of information as possible; appealing, in some measure, like diagrams in lectures, through the eye to the understanding.' It is only fair to say that this intention has been realised in a very happy way. We may run over the twelve divisions thus: mechanical models and drawings of steam-engines, pumps, wheel-work, and other matters aiding to teach the principles of mechanism; illustrations of the physical sciences, in models and specimens relating to electricity, galvanism, heat, optics, and the like; chemical specimens and apparatus, with

small amateur cabinets of specimens, tables of atomic weights, &c.; geography and astronomy, illustrated by globes, atlases, relief-models, diagrams, camera slides, planispheres, and so forth; natural history, with just such a number of specimens in botany, entomology, mineralogy, and fossil geology, as may suffice to teach by actual examples; household economy, shewn in useful little contrivances bearing on the comfort of everyday-life; musical instruments and apparatus pertaining to the musical art, with any novelties that relate to facility in teaching; school apparatus, humane in purpose and ingenious in construction, for teaching the blind and the deaf and dumb; physical training, illustrated by the apparatus now used in various schools for athletic exercises, bracing the muscles, &c.; general education, applied chiefly through the medium of object-lessons, such as the singular *Kindergarten* system, introduced from Germany; fine arts, so far as taught in schools by the aid of models and casts; and, lastly, school buildings and fittings, illustrating suggested improvements in the arrangements and fittings of school-rooms. What renders this collection more interesting is, that each division or group has its own library, its own shelves of books relating to the matters under notice.

The *Commissioners of Patents' Museum* is a third collection, wholly distinct from the two above described. The commissioners of patents are publishing the specifications and diagrams of all the patents ever granted in this country for new inventions, far exceeding *twenty thousand* in number; they also possess numerous beautiful models of patented inventions. It was resolved, therefore, that as no other convenient depository offered, the South Kensington Museum should receive the models, and one copy of all the printed works of the commissioners. In addition, there have been obtained from various quarters about a hundred portraits of the most eminent inventors and mechanicians this country has produced. The visitor may therefore gaze with admiring wonder at Scott Russell's superb model of the oscillating steam-engines for the *Great Eastern*; or smile at the little model of the petticoat weaving-machine; or pore over the specifications and diagrams of thousands of patents; or study the portraits of the Watts and Arkwrights of past days, or the Fairbairns and Whitworths of the present.

The *Trade Collection* is a fourth among the list of those in the iron building. It arose out of the Exhibition of 1851. A circular was sent to all the exhibitors, 'pointing out to them the advantages of a systematic collection from different classes of objects which they respectively exhibited, and requesting their co-operation in forming such a collection. The object was to preserve a record of things in the Exhibition which might be of use for future consultation, and which, in the form of actual specimens, would be far more valuable than the most complete catalogue or the most careful diagrams. It was proposed to register the discovery and uses of various materials. The collection was to serve as a means of reference for commercial, scientific, and artistic purposes.' The exhibitors entered warmly into the plan, and offered liberal contributions of specimens; but unfortunately, through circumstances into the secret of which we are not admitted, the commissioners of the Great Exhibition found themselves unable to carry out their plan; and for six long years, some of the lower rooms of Kensington Palace have contained such of the specimens as it was decided to keep; and the packages were never opened until the spring of the present year. The truth is, as was before implied, these varied treasures have come upon the nation so rapidly, that house-room for them has hitherto been wanting. Various considerations have induced the commissioners to distribute, at some future time, all the specimens of

this Trade Collection among national and provincial museums and learned societies, enabling them, in some instances, to complete their collections, and in others to make important additions to them. This Trade Collection, then, although interesting and valuable in a high degree, may be regarded as temporary, so far as the South Kensington Museum is concerned.

The *Economic Museum* is a development, on a larger scale, of one of the divisions in the Educational Collection. It was formed by Mr Twining, and presented by him to the government. The object has been, to collect specimens, models, plans, diagrams, and drawings, relating to everything that concerns the daily wellbeing of the working-classes—such as building designs, building materials, furniture and fittings, household utensils, fabrics and clothing, food and cookery, fuel and household stores, &c. Such a series, it is evident, may be almost without limit; and even to the extent of Mr Twining's small collection—made in a feeling of hearty and wholesome benevolence—there are abundant contrivances well worth peeping into.

The *Sheepshanks Collection* is in one sense out of place here, seeing that modern English paintings have little to do with the miscellaneous contents of the museum generally. Yet, what was to be done? A gentleman munificently offers a collection of pictures worth many thousand pounds, and we have nowhere to place them: better, then, deposit them in a series of well-lighted rooms in the new building, constructed at a small expense for that purpose, than lose the gift while artistic doctors are quarrelling about a new National Gallery. If viewed in this light, the Sheepshanks Collection may well please us, despite its locality. About 250 oil-paintings by modern English masters, and numerous drawings and etchings, formed the gift; to which other specimens have since been added. Here we may enjoy for hours long the products of Bonnington, Burnet, Clint, Collins, Constable, Cooper, Cope, Creswick, Danby, Eastlake, Ety, Frith, Horsley, Jackson, Lance, Landseer, Lee, Leslie, Mulready, Roberts, Stanfield, Stothard, Turner, Webster, Wilkie, and other well-esteemed knights of the easel.

One thing more we must say—that the whole of these collections are capitally lighted; and that on two evenings of the week a successful novelty has been introduced—lighting by gas for artisan-visitors who cannot come during the day. This is a beginning that may lead to important results elsewhere.

And now, if the reader fails to admit that the South Kensington Museum is well worth a visit from all, the fault must be in the writer of this article, and not in the museum.

THE KING'S WORD.

NEVER had the position of a king presented so hopeless an aspect as that of Charles VII. of France, in the year 1456, two years before his deliverance by Joan of Arc. Almost all the ports and fortresses in the hands of the English, an army which it was difficult to maintain, without allies, an empty treasury, and no prospect of soon again being able to fill it—those were the circumstances in which Charles found himself, when one day, during his sojourn at Bourges, he received information that the last remains of his army had, in the preceding night, set fire to their camp, and gone over to the enemy. With the defection of these troops, under the command of the Count de Richemont, constable of France, the cause of Charles appeared to be irretrievably lost.

Such a disaster would have driven any other monarch to despair; but Charles—who received the

intelligence of his misfortune just as he was engaged with his favourite, the Marquis de Giac, in his darling pastime of throwing the dice—merely looked up with a slight air of astonishment at the officer who had brought him the message, and asked: 'What! are they all gone?'

'All, sire.'

'Well, Giac, that is a good joke,' said the king, laughing and turning to his favourite.

'Yes, sire,' answered Giac; 'and the misfortune could not have befallen your majesty at a luckier moment.'

'Why so?'

'The men, sire, had arrears of pay owing to them, and the treasury is empty.' At this moment a page announced the Comte de Richemont, constable of France; and the countenance of the marquis, which had hitherto borne an expression of careless gaiety, instantly changed to one of extreme seriousness, and his face turned deadly pale.

'My cousin is welcome!' cried the king, at the same time looking towards the officer, who was still waiting, and giving him to understand, by a motion of the hand, that he was dismissed.

'Well, Giac?' said Charles, in a tone of wonderment, as his favourite, whilst expecting the entrance of the constable, left the dice-box standing untouched before him; 'the throw is with you.'

'Sire'—stammered Giac, as he arose in embarrassment from the table.

'What is the matter?'

'Your majesty is aware that the constable is not friendly towards me. As your treasurer, sire, he may think it my fault that the deserting troops had not received their arrears of pay, and I fear he may wish to be revenged.'

'Nonsense, Giac! Do not give yourself any concern on that account. I, your king, will protect you.'

'But circumstances might occur, your majesty'—said the marquis, trembling.

'There is nothing to fear. You have my royal word'—

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the constable.

'Welcome, good cousin, to Bourges!' cried Charles. 'I have already heard what has taken place at St Jacques de Beuvron. The wicked traitors!—But what brings you to me, worthy cousin?'

'I am come, sire,' answered the count, 'to return to you my sword of office, as it is no longer able to restore the lost condition of France.'

'Not so hasty, cousin!' cried Charles, knitting his brows. 'It is not my fault that the cowardly mercenaries have left us.'

'It is not mine, sire,' answered the constable, proudly, and with emphasis.

'I know, I know,' said the king. 'You are a faithful servant.' The count bowed coldly.

'When I received the constable's sword from your majesty,' said he, 'and assembled an army to protect your throne, I did so upon one condition: I promised to support the troops at my own cost during a period of four weeks, at the end of which time they were to be paid by your majesty, and you promised to send me a hundred thousand dollars for that purpose.'

'Very true, cousin.'

'Four months have elapsed since then; I kept my promise, but the money did not arrive. The count refused to serve any longer without pay. I entreated and threatened, but without avail: the traitors kept your word as well as I kept mine, and I kept the money as you promised.'

'What!' cried Charles, rising from his seat, and pale with rage; 'I did not send the money?'

'No, sire.'

'No? And the money has been collected from the country for the purpose! . . . What has become of it?'

'Ask the Marquis de Giac, your majesty: perhaps he knows,' answered the constable coldly.

The marquis, who had hitherto listened to the conversation in a state of the greatest anxiety, replied to the king's question:

'Sire,' said he, 'out of the hundred thousand dollars, the Chevalier d'Ange was paid the bet he laid with your majesty; and the rest I took in part-payment for the three horses I had brought from Burgundy.'

'So the money has gone for a bet and three horses!' cried the constable, angrily turning to the marquis: 'you are truly an excellent treasurer!'

'Whether I am so or not,' answered the marquis scornfully, 'it is not your business to decide.' The constable bit his lip without making any reply, and then fell on one knee before the king, and presented his sword:

'Here, sire,' said he, 'is my sword back again.'

'No, my cousin, we will not accept it,' cried Charles; 'for we know none more worthy to whom we can confide it.' The constable appeared to consider for a minute, and then, with a side-glance at the marquis:

'Since you command it, sire,' said he, 'I will retain my sword, hoping long to wear it to the honour of my king and France; but I must make one condition, which I hope you will grant me.'

'Most willingly, cousin.'

'As constable of France,' continued the count, 'I exercise the highest jurisdiction within the provinces confided to me, as well as within the district of the town of Bourges.'

'Right!'

'Allow me then, sire, to make use of this power; and permit that the same obedience may be shewn to me that would be shewn to yourself.' Charles appeared for a moment embarrassed, and then, with a side-look at his visibly anxious favourite: 'It shall be so, cousin,' said he, 'but with one stipulation: you must answer to me with your honour for the safety of the head of the Marquis de Giac.'

'I answer for his life, sire,' said the constable. Then turning to the marquis:

'My lord marquis,' said he, 'you are my prisoner.'

A few hours after the visit of the constable to King Charles, the Marquis de Giac was a prisoner in Bourges, on the charge of having squandered the money belonging to the royal treasury. This, at least, was the form under which the constable had proposed to himself to retaliate upon the marquis, for a long list of offences he had been for some time committing with impunity, feeling himself safe under the special protection of the king. The prisoner was fully aware of the danger of the position in which he was placed, although the word of the king, as well as that of the constable, was undoubted security for his life. But are there not punishments infinitely more painful than death? Are there not tortures insufficient to destroy the thread of life, yet, in comparison with which, death itself would be a boon? And what was there to hope from the protection of a weak and frivolous king, at the time when the will of the constable was of greater weight than that of his master?

Giving himself up to these reflections, his head resting on his two hands, the marquis sat in a corner of his dark and dismal prison, awaiting the arrival of his messenger who was to make known to him his fate; for in those days no lengthened process was necessary for the condemnation of one who had fallen

under the displeasure of the constable. It was, therefore, that same evening that the door of the prison opened, and the mayor of Bourges, attended by two sheriffs, appeared before the marquis. A long roll of paper in the hand of the former announced to him that his fate was decided.

'My Lord Marquis de Giac,' said the mayor, after clearing his throat, and unrolling the paper, 'draw near, and hear the sentence which the good city of Bourges, according to right and conscience, passes upon you.'

The prisoner, by nature not timid, and endowed with a certain strength of soul which enabled him to meet with fortitude inevitable evils, arose courageously, and walking up to the mayor almost with an air of pride:

'Let me hear it!' said he. 'But, pray, use not many words.'

'As you command,' replied the mayor, bowing low as he spoke; and then he proceeded to read, with all the pomposity of his office, as follows: 'The supreme administrator of the laws of the good and true city of Bourges decrees, according to right and conscience, that Arthur Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, be held guilty of having improperly and fraudulently squandered the royal treasure, and that he be accordingly attainted of high treason, and condemned to suffer death by the sword.'

'How? Death?' cried the prisoner, more in anger than in terror.

'Allow me to proceed, my lord marquis; I have not yet done,' said the mayor; and he read on: 'In consideration, however, of its having pleased his majesty, our most gracious king and master, to pardon with his own royal word the said Marquis de Giac, and to grant him his life, so shall the sentence pronounced upon him be commuted and changed to a penance, which commutation, however, can only be obtained by the condemned declaring in his own handwriting that he is willing to undergo the sentence of death, and to renounce the favour of the royal pardon offered him.'

'And what is the penance which I am to prefer to death—in what does it consist?' asked the prisoner, turning pale.

'It is as follows,' said the mayor, reading further: 'That Arthur Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, shall bind himself to put to death with the sword to-morrow morning before sunrise, in the open market-place of Bourges, one of the criminals at present convicted of murder.'

Uttering a cry of rage and horror, the prisoner sank on the bench of his cell, and the door immediately closed upon the retiring mayor and his attendants.

When we consider the degradation attached to the office of public executioner in the middle ages, the contempt in which the man who filled it was held, and his low position in a civil community, we shall be able to form some idea of the refined cruelty contained in the so-called penance inflicted on the Marquis de Giac. To come in contact, even in the remotest degree, with that administrator of criminal justice, was held to be a disgrace which not even the royal authority was sufficient entirely to obliterate; and the meanest citizen would have preferred death to that act which the authorities of Bourges had imposed, under the name of a penance, upon a man of ancient and honourable race, and one who had long stood high in the favour of a crowned head.

At the dawn of day, on the 5th of June 1456, an agitation began on the market-place of Bourges, which announced that something, as unusual as it was important, was about to take place. Out of all the houses, streets, and alleys streamed men and women of all ages, who assembled round a circle marked out with posts in the middle of the market-place, the

entrance to which was strongly guarded by well-armed soldiers. Although the morning twilight did not afford a clear sight of what was prepared upon the enclosed spot, still there was a general idea of what was to follow, and those who stood nearest could discern a lightly erected stage, the sight of which left no doubt as to its object. It was a scaffold, which awaited its victim.

The expectation and the interest depicted on the countenances of the constantly increasing mass, was very decidedly different from that which was usually observed on like occasions. This difference had its rise in the circumstance that the present occasion was not one of a common execution, but, as was already known to the inhabitants of Bourges, an example of the administration of justice hitherto altogether without precedent. Besides this, the unusual time of day, as well as the place, contributed much to lend solemnity to the whole; for a gallows had never before been known to be erected within the precincts of the dwelling-houses of the citizens of Bourges; and added to this, the sword of justice was now to be seen in the hand of a man who, although he had not been particularly beloved by the people, had at least always been looked up to by them with respect.

As at length, during the continuation of that rustling and confused noise which is inseparable even from a silent multitude, the daylight increased by degrees, and announced the approaching rising of the sun in the east, a deep and awful stillness suddenly prevailed. Through a passage formed by the crowd, a picket of soldiers approached the fatal ring; surrounded by these soldiers was a miserable cart, in which sat the executioner, and by his side a haggard-looking man, who was evidently about to suffer the death of a malefactor. At a little distance from the cart, followed a clergyman, accompanied by a man, whose face was perfectly pale, but whose carriage was firm and proud, and his aspect imposing. His dress, richly embroidered with gold, but to which the armorial ornaments were nevertheless wanting, shewed him to be of high rank. It was the Marquis de Giac. When he appeared, a suppressed exclamation of sympathy ran through the crowd.

In the meantime five members of the judicial body of Bourges had approached the scaffold from an opposite direction, and after laying several rolls of paper down upon a table, awaited earnestly and silently the approach of the condemned. A few moments after, the victims appeared upon the place of execution. The clergyman drew near to the culprit who had been convicted of murder, prayed with him for a short time, and then led him to the fatal seat; after which, amidst the breathless stillness which prevailed, the senior of the five judicial officers proceeded to read aloud, first the sentence of the murderer, and then that of the Marquis de Giac, to whom he turned at the conclusion with these words:

'I demand of you, Arthur Phœbus Charles, Marquis de Giac, whether you are willing, under your own handwriting and signature, to give yourself up to the royal mercy, and thus escape the sentence of death which hangs over you?'

'No,' answered the marquis, in a firm voice.

'Then,' continued the officer of justice, 'you will have to perform the penance imposed on you, and do the part of executioner to the delinquent who has been adjudged to suffer death at the hands of the headsman.'

Saying this, he made a sign to the executioner, who drew from under his cloak a sword, which he presented to the Marquis de Giac.

An indescribable expression of anxiety was depicted on every countenance. After a short pause, the marquis, pale as death, seized the sword with a firm grasp, bared his right arm, and—A shriek of horror burst from the crowd—he had cut off his right hand

by a desperate stroke of the weapon which he held in his left.

Returning the sword to the executioner, and turning to the judicial authorities, whilst the blood streamed from his arm, he said: 'Go, tell the constable, gentlemen, that the Marquis de Giac has no hand with which to perform the duty of executioner.'

He could say no more, but fell fainting from loss of blood.

Before the expiration of an hour, the marquis received the pardon of the constable, who admitted courage still more than he hated political crime.*

OLD SAWS NEW SET.

I HAVE a great respect for poor Richard and Dr Benjamin Franklin, and have tried in my time to turn some of their famous maxims to account; but I find, from observation and experience, they do not always yield the admirable results they promise. They are sober-looking, sensible-seeming precepts, but somehow they fail on being reduced to practice; or rather, I might say, they are to a great extent impracticable, and do not admit of being wrought into everyday procedure. I begin to be in doubt whether they are so wise and canny as they are commonly considered. I desire, therefore, to make a protest against a few of them, and to state, in my rambling way, what I may say may be said on the other side. I don't care much about being logical: if anything illogical occurs to me which seems pertinent to the occasion, I shall say it without regard to consequences. I wish the ghosts of Poor Richard and Dr Franklin, and all other maxim-mongers, dead or living, to understand, that some of their renowned sayings are becoming questionable; that here, at anyrate, they shall for once be questioned. Anything they may have to say in the way of reply, shall have due consideration; but meanwhile they are to be politely and respectfully informed, that they are not any longer to pass for the perfect and infallible sages they have been hitherto esteemed.

By way of beginning, let us look at this celebrated saying, which so many of us can remember having heard quoted for our admonition, when perhaps we were too young and heedless to take much notice of it, and were accordingly in no great danger of being misled by it:

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Can anybody in his senses take that for truth? I mean to say, I have seen it a thousand times contradicted by matter of fact. If there were any truth in it, I think I know who would have been a rich and wise man. It would have been Boots at the time of the fellow most exemplary for early rising, and who, both from principle and disposition, always goes to bed as soon as possible. He even sometimes goes to sleep in his boot-house, or in a hayloft in the middle of the day; and, to shew that his habit in this respect is no pretence, is usually very difficult to awaken. Earlier than the middle of the day, we think, nobody could reasonably be expected to seek repose; and the Boots may be said to fulfil the first demand of the grave maxim as literally as it is possible to fulfil it. Then, as to rising early, it is well known that he is always first up in the house. During the most of the year, he is up long before the sun rises.

* From the German of Schubar.

he has the traveller to call who is going by the coach or an early train, the hot water to get ready for the gentleman who shaves by candlelight, a score or two pair of boots and shoes to polish, and to clean the knives for breakfast; and all this has to be done before anybody else is moving. Boots plainly fulfils the second condition—that of getting up betimes. And now, what is the result in his experience? Is he wise or wealthy? Not at all. If Boots has any character at all, it is probably a character for stupidity. The most one ever sees in him, is a little flippant shrewdness of the Sam Weller description—a quality as little like wisdom as Day and Martin polish is like sunshine. Boots certainly does not profit on the score of wisdom by his early rising; neither can he be said to gain much by it in the way of *healthiness*. He has generally a besmudged, dingy, unwashed, unwholesome, and comfortless appearance, which betokens anything but *healthiness*—betokens rather a worn and forlorn and vagabondish state of mind and body. Boots, perhaps, is dissipated—drinks at the barrel when he is sent to draw the beer, spends his sixpences not unlikely in 'goes' of ardent spirits, disdains contact with soap and water—lives, upon the whole, a shabby and reckless sort of life, thinking that the kind of thing most accordant with his calling. Rarely does he even so much as black his own boots, which, moreover, are commonly without laces. Clean-shirt days are epochs in his existence, like angels' visits, few and far between. Boots is scarcely reputable, looks usually like a blackguard, and is not unfrequently the great original he looks; yet he is pre-eminently the man who is first up in a morning, and, whenever he has opportunity, goes to bed in the afternoon—goes to bed, therefore, sooner than any other bed-requiring creature, for we count nothing of his often being up till midnight, as that may be reckoned the beginning of the next day with him; and with all this early rising and early bed-going, Boots is still—just what you see him.

Early to bed, and early to rise,

makes Boots

Neither healthy, nor wealthy, nor wise.

Well, I think that much is proved. The maxim practically carried out, as in this individual case, turns out to be a fallacy. Nobody need tell me, that as there are 'no rules without an exception,' so Boots is to be accounted an exception. I maintain with pertinacity that Boots comes strictly within the rule. He thoroughly complies with the conditions set down for his observance to gain the proposed end; and if he does not gain it, it is not because his case is anyway exceptional, but because the rule has no relation to the consequences ascribed to it. Early rising is no doubt a wholesome habit at certain seasons of the year, and may be recommended as being in most cases conducive to bodily welfare; but any one who expects to become either healthy, wise, or wealthy, by simply getting up and going to bed betimes, will not have long to live to see the folly of the experiment. No pike-staff can be plainer than the fact, that a man's success in life depends not on his early rising, but on what he does and thinks about when he is up. You may rise before the lark, and go to rest with the domestic poultry, and be neither physically, mentally, nor pecuniarily the better for it, unless you observe at least a few other conditions, which the maxim under consideration does not take into the account. Poor Richard's saw, then, needs to be new set; and if it is not sharpened up a good deal, and turned nearly into a new one, it will

have to pass in future, at a reduced value, as old iron.

Something similar, we apprehend, must eventually be the fate of another of these popular sayings: 'Diligence is the mother of good-luck, and God gives all things to industry.' The inventor of this, perhaps, may be excused for his short-sightedness, as he did not live in the nineteenth century; consequently, he had never known or heard of the distressed needlewomen. These singular nuns of industry, as we are credibly informed, are in the habit of labouring for sixteen or eighteen hours a day to earn tenpence—finding thread and buttons for the work out of their wages. Here, surely, is diligence with no offspring of good-luck—'industry, which is so far from obtaining 'all things,' that it cannot even procure a sufficiency of dry bread and decoction of chickory without sugar! What can an industrious needlewoman, seeking for consolation among proverbs, think of this one, except that it is—bosh? Put not your trust in proverbs, will be her natural prayer and admonition to all shirt-makers, seeing that whatever application they may have to the affairs of more favourably conditioned people, they have little or none at all to them. Those, like the present, which are founded on economical considerations, are utterly inoperative within their sphere of circumstances, and cannot be urged upon them with any shadow of justice or propriety. And what is true in their case, is true also in regard to numerous other sections of the community. What 'good-luck' from diligence ever befalls the great body of day-labourers who, for six days in every week of their lifetime, when work is to be had, are, to say the least of them, more or less industriously employed? If 'all things' are to be gained by industry, these laborious people ought to have a considerable accumulation in the savings' bank; but it is notorious that they have nothing of the sort—notorious that most of them find it difficult to make ends meet on Saturday nights, and that the majority are subject to the inconvenience of being perpetually in debt. How are facts like these to be reconciled with the bland assumptions of the maxim? You might as well attempt to reconcile the proceedings of party politicians, after coming into office, with their previous professions while in the ranks of 'opposition.' Good-luck and prosperity are no more the necessary consequences of mere habitual diligence, than good performances are the results of liberal promises in political administration. The great gains promised to industry are dependent on other conditions; on complicated concurrences of circumstances, in which industry comes in as only one of many elements, and that, usually, by no means the most significant. Industry, to be profitable, must be directed to remunerative pursuits; and even then, success will be to a large extent determined by fortunate combinations of opportunity, adroit contrivance, lucky chances, and ingenious expedients, in conjunction with which, mere industry will often play but a very subordinate part. Why, then, should poor, struggling, hard-toiling people be tantalised by such preposterously foolish saws as this we are considering? It has no manner of application to their confused and perplexed circumstances; it can afford them no comfort in any crisis: and as a reproach for their lack of acquisition, it is senseless, and mercifully cruel. Let it be banished to the limbo of absurd and obsolete thrift-lumber, and never be reproduced, save as a ludicrous curiosity, to shew the senselessness of what formerly passed for wisdom!

The next pretentious fallacy we have to notice takes the form of a plausible admonition: 'Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee.' This seems a simple enough rule for avoiding bankruptcy, and we can fancy a youthful adventurer setting out with it as part of his stock-in-trade, with the confident expectation of

obtaining quick and profitable returns. But if he has nothing better to rely upon, we do not see how he can keep out of the Gazette. Mere sticking to his business will not save him, for a certainty. He will find in the long-run that success in shopkeeping depends somewhat on the amount of capital he can command for carrying on his enterprise; a little upon the demand there may be in his neighbourhood for the articles he proposes to supply; and also a little on the extent and kind of competition to be encountered in the same line of business. There will be other contingencies that will more or less affect the speculation. From his eagerness to go into business, he may have selected an unfavourable situation—a situation where, in fact, no new shop happens to be wanted, and where the utmost standing behind the counter will not avail to attract customers. You could not very well drive a trade in jewellery in Seven Dials, nor would refined confectionery be like to answer in Spitalfields. A bookseller's shop would meet with little patronage in an agricultural village, and a toy-shop would seem an insult and an abomination on a genteel terrace where the houses are occupied by old maids. A baked-potato stand would hardly do in Pall Mall, and wheelks and periwinkles would meet but a slow sale in Mayfair. It is not, therefore, by merely attending closely to the shop that the shop can be made to keep the keeper: there must be an adaptation in the shop to existing wants; the possession of capital by the shopkeeper to enable him to maintain his ground till custom comes; a surrounding population, sufficiently numerous, with disposition and ability to purchase what he has got to sell; and not too much competition to hinder him from obtaining reasonable profits. All these several conditions are taken no account of in the maxim; and hence, as a rule of guidance, it is irrational and misleading; and any one who is weak enough to hazard his success upon it, will be likely to pay a very paltry dividend in the day of his insolvency. It may indicate one of the manifold conditions of success, but taken as the sole and full expression of the law through which success is to be attained, it is as pitiful a generalisation as was ever invented by the stupidity of man. It is about on a level with the famous advice of Master Subtle to Abel Druggier in the *Alchemist*:

On the east side of your shop, aloft,
Write Mathlai, Tarniel, and Baroborat;
Upon the north part, Ruel, Velel, Thiel.
They are the names of those mercurial spirits
That do fright flies from boxes. . . . And
Beneath your threshold bury me a loadstone,
To draw in gallants that wear spurs: the rest
They'll seem to follow.

'That's a secret, Nab!' as Captain Face says; and some such serviceable secret is revealed in our stolid maxim for getting on in shopkeeping. Whoever may have a fancy to try it by itself, will see how he will succeed with it.

These three specimens of the wisdom of our ancestors and their economical philosophy, may suffice in the meantime for the reader's consideration. Some persons, I know, pretend that such saws were not made for individuals, or even classes, but for the great body of the people; that they are mere deductions from the common experience of mankind; that they are general rules of life, too brief to detail the conditions they imply; and that those conditions are too well understood to make the detail necessary. Maybe so; but I take things as I find them written down; and out of his own mouth I condemn poor Richard. I have myself been getting up early all my life, pursuing project after project, but have made no hand of any. I have tried diligence and idleness day about, but neither was the mother of good-luck. I have kept

seven shops since my apprenticeship expired, and not one of them ever kept me. Poor Richard, I say, is a greenhorn, and his saws are bosh.

SOCIAL PROGRESS AT THE ANTIPODES.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE traveller is struck at first sight with the fine physical development of the New Zealanders. A knowledge of their language, and a little familiar intercourse with them, will convince him that they also possess a solid substratum of sound common sense, and only require a corresponding intellectual development to place them on a level with the Anglo-Saxon race. In deference to European custom, I write New Zealand and New Zealanders; but these terms are absolutely ignored by the natives, who are even unable to pronounce the words, since the letters *d*, *l*, *s*, and *z* do not exist in their language.

Their practical ethnology, like that of the Chinese, is of an extreme simplicity. All mankind are divided into two classes—namely, Maoris, or natives of what we call New Zealand, and Pakehas, or strangers. The words Maori and Pakeha are of frequent occurrence at the antipodes, and have some peculiar applications. Common spring-water is called wai maori—that is, maori or native water; while ardent spirits are designated as wai piro, or, in euphuistical English, strong-smelling water. While examining a heavy wooden spear, twenty-five feet long, which I had drawn out from under the eaves of the roof of a chief's house, his wife condescended to inform me that it was 'he pa Maori' (a Maori gun).

The settlers who have picked up a smattering of the Maori language, will tell you that Pakeha means a white man; but I have known it frequently applied by the natives themselves to African and West-Indian negroes, beside whose sable skins the imbroiled Maori seemed only a darkish variety of the pale-face.

The ordinary mode of interchanging a casual greeting among the Maoris is very characteristic of their plain common sense. They do not say: 'How do you do?' or 'How do you carry yourself?' or 'How that goes he?' (comment ça va-t-il?) Such unmeaning phrases are employed only by the most highly-civilized nations. The Maori approaches with his usual frank and independent bearing, with a natural smile that discloses teeth of perfect regularity and whiteness, gives you a hearty shake of the hand, and exclaims simply: 'Tena koe!' (that's you!) He knows that the whole philosophy of casual greetings consists in the acknowledgment of acquaintanceship; he expresses this recognition in a formula at once simple and sufficient; while he shews by the smile that brightens his usually impassive features, and by the sparkle which lights up his fine dark eyes, that he is glad to see you and to be recognised by you. 'Tena koe!' is the invariable salutation on ordinary occasions; but when friends meet after a considerable absence, a ceremony more impressive than a mere recognition takes place. Sitting down, embracing, crying (*tangi*), and mouthing the two friends keep up a continuous rubbing of noses (*hong*), which sometimes lasts half-an-hour. The *tangi* gives to the meeting an air of the deepest emotion; the *hong* seems indicative of extreme friendship; it is also considered an inviolable pledge of protection and safety when given by a host to his intimate guest. In the evening of a long day of toiling marching over rugged mountains, and painful climbing through deep precipitous ravines, in a country whose inhabitants have scarcely ceased to be regarded as treacherous savages and fierce cannibals, the approaching some secluded *pa*, on which dwellers hope of refreshment and rest for the night, is often given the customary premonitory *tangi*.

waited with nervous anxiety until the old chief of the pah came forth to give me the accolade of welcome and the mystical nasal touches which guaranteed a friendly and safe reception.

On one important subject, however, the notions of the Maoris appear quite irreconcilable with their usual good sense. They seem to have no idea of a man's dying either from natural exhaustion and mere old age, or from slow chronic disease.

Their language contains only one word (*mate*) to express both that a man is ill and dead. Indeed, you cannot be certain that a man is dead, unless the informant states that he is also *ngaro*, or hidden, and buried. It is probable that, until within the last twenty or thirty years, it was rare for a Maori to die a natural death. His troubled life was passed in an unceasing succession of skirmishes, surprises, and pitched battles, till in one of these he ultimately met his untimely fate, and was duly consigned by his conquerors to a 'copper Maori,' or native oven, and straightway cooked *secundum artem*. When the exceptional case occurred of a Maori being struck down by disease in the flower of his days, the invisible cause of his death was found in the malignant influence of some chief, or *tohunga* (priest) of a hostile tribe, by whom the deceased had been bewitched (*makutu*). His friends rigorously exacted *utu*, or satisfaction, and deadly feuds were thus engendered and continued. Two years ago, a war was on the eve of breaking out in Hawke's Bay, between the tribes of *te-Hapuku* (the Codfish) and *te-Moana-nui* (the Great Ocean), the two leading chiefs of the district, on the occasion of the death of young *Karanma* (Cranmer), the eldest son of *te-Hapuku*. Having made too free a use of the *Pakehas'* *wai piro*, poor *Karanma* was carried off during an attack of delirium tremens, and in his frenzied ravings accused *te-Moana-nui* of having *makutued* him. Whereupon *te-Moana-nui* became desperately *mate*, and said he had been *makutued* by his old enemy *te-Hapuku*. This counter-accusation might be a ruse to bring up the members of his tribe to the fighting-point. Fortunately, however, the founder of the European colony in that district possessed well-deserved influence with both the rival wizards, and the threatened hostilities were prevented. There are not wanting instances of Maoris moping themselves to death, when they have imagined that they have been *makutued*.

Now, *makutu* may serve to account for death in a few isolated cases, but it will not suffice to explain the wide-spread mortality which accompanies epidemics. Such visitations must tend greatly to shake the belief in the *makutu* superstition. About two years ago, the Maoris of the Northern Island were decimated for the first time by a general epidemic. An aggravated combination of influenza, measles, and low typhoid fever, had previously been very fatal among the young colonists of Tasmania, the country nearest to New Zealand. From Hobart-Town the scourge was carried to Auckland by an American vessel, one of the passengers having had the disease on the voyage. Soon afterwards, great numbers of the Maoris in *Mechanics' Bay*—the Maori *quartier* at Auckland—were affected by this complication of diseases, and many died. Hence the epidemic spread gradually over the whole island, even to Wellington, its southern extremity. In every enclosed pah and open kainga there was weeping and wailing, feasting, firing of muskets, and cutting of the flesh with shells, in accordance with Maori mourning rites, which partake not a little of the demonstrative character of an Irish wake, barring the fighting.

Whenever an old chief, or the son of a chief, had succumbed to the epidemic, the friends and relatives congregated from all quarters to hold a festive *tangihanga*, or wake. At such great gatherings, the contagion or infection was communicated, and propagated

to more remote districts. A marked instance of such a dissemination of the epidemic occurred when the great *tangihanga* took place at the *Wairoa* in honour of the renowned old warrior *Apatu*.

The habits of the Maoris render them obnoxious to contagious febrile diseases. They are very remiss in the matter of personal cleanliness, and careless in everything that regards the general health, as might be anticipated where death by disease is attributed to witchcraft. They are extremely capricious in the nature and quantity of their clothing, which varies in the same person, and often on the same day, from zero or absolute nudity, through the several degrees of a blanket, a shirt and blanket, a blanket and trousers, &c., up to the maximum number of garments which constitute a full European costume. And these sudden changes in the quantity of corporeal covering are generally dictated by vanity and whim, rather than by any fluctuations of the weather. But the great predisposing cause to disease is the Maori dwelling-house, which still retains, in all probability, the identical type given to it by the original colonists from the sunny islands of the tropics, when they first experienced the rude blasts and chilling rains of a New Zealand winter. The floor of the *whare puni*, or closed house, as it is significantly called, is sunk a foot or two below the surface of the ground, and the roof rises at about an equal height above it. An erect position is only practicable just under the roof-tree. The only apertures are a very small doorway, about three feet and a half high, and a little oblong hole for light, both in front: these are carefully closed by wooden slides at night. A fire of wood blazes on the middle of the earthen floor, to give warmth in winter, and to drive off the mosquitoes in summer, for the food is invariably cooked in a special cook-house. Around this fire the Maoris lie prostrate, chatting or sleeping, without raising the head much above the floor, on account of the stifling and bitter fumes of the imperfectly dried wood, which have no other outlet than the interstices among the reeds, &c., that cover the roof. In such sunken, overcrowded, dark, unventilated, smoky hot-houses are passed, on an average, twelve hours out of twenty-four during six months of the year. It is scarcely necessary to add, that scrofulous affections, pulmonary complaints, and diseases of the eyes, are very common among the Maoris. The recent epidemic had fallen on the land during the autumn and winter, and its fatal effects were fearfully increased by the indiscriminate huddling together of the healthy and diseased in the dismal underground heated whares *punis*.

Not long after this baneful cloud had overshadowed the country, I was called upon to assist in initiating certain sanitary measures, which the leading chiefs of the district, with characteristic good sense, had determined to adopt. A deputation from this self-constituted board of health found me sketching on the top of a fern-clad clay-hill. Before me was the *Hawke's Bay* of Cook, shut in to the southward by *Cape Kidnapper* and the precipitous mountains which form the patrimony of *te-Moana-nui*; and to the northward by *Table Cape*, and the huge *Whakapuna* Mountain, said to be still inhabited by the gigantic *Moa*. Behind lay the long level swampy plain of *Ahuriri*, stretching far away inland, until it is confounded with the lower flanks of the lofty *Ruahine* range, the backbone of the island, whose highest ridges are clothed with eternal snow. On the banks of the various rivers that meander through this fine plain, are the several *pahs* (enclosed forts) and *kaingas* (open villages) of the chiefs of the *Ahuriri* district.

After transferring to my drawing the various patches of local colour in the landscape, and trying to catch the transient effect of the purple cloud-shadows sweeping rapidly over the sunlit sea, I was watching with

interest the sagacious proceedings of a flock of black-winged gulls (*karoro*) busily employed in digging cockles from a gravel-bed just uncovered by the receding tide. Each successful digger rose into the air to a height of twenty or thirty feet, opened his bill, and let fall a captive bivalve, which he followed closely during its descent. If the shell was not fractured by the fall, the process was repeated, until a sufficient breach was effected to allow of the extraction of the savoury mollusk.

The dull clatter of unshod hoofs announced the approaching party, which comprised the chiefs, or *rangitiras*, Karaitiana, Noah, Tarehah and his nephew, and Paoro, the representatives of the tribes in alliance with te-Moana-nui. If the reader's ideas of a New Zealand chief are drawn from the treatise on the New Zealanders and similar works published some years ago by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, he will form a very incorrect notion of the appearance of the five equestrians that were scouring through the fern towards me.

The days of shark-oil and ochre are passed away—weapons and mats are laid aside. Their dress consists of cloth caps, cabbage-tree hats, or wide-awakes, plain gray shooting-coats, fustian trousers, leather leggings, and strong hobnailed boots. They resemble a group of stout, hearty English farmers returning from market when corn is at war-prices! In another generation, even the tattoo, that distinctive mark of a savage, will have entirely disappeared here. The missionaries have very properly interdicted the custom, and the present young men and women have escaped this torture. On account of the severe inflammation which attends the process, a small portion only of the face was operated upon at one time. Most of the middle-aged men of the present time, such as Noah, Karaitiana, and Tarehah, seem to have become Christians before the tattoo was complete, some of the pattern being filled in, while the rest is only traced in outline, so that their faces give you the idea of a proof of a half-finished engraving. In this district, te-Hapuku and Puhara are the only persons whose faces are completely covered with the deeply punctured flowering of the perfect *moko* of a great heathen chief of the olden time.

Dismounting, the sanitary commissioners gave me the customary shake of the hand, and formula 'tena koe' of recognition. Either from curiosity or courtesy, they inspected my sketch with admiring exclamations of 'Ka pai,' 'Ka nui pai' (It's good—it's very good).

For Tarehah, I knew that the scene had a direct personal interest. In the immediate foreground was a high cliff whose terraced summit showed traces of former fortifications. Deep trenches cut off this ancient outwork from the mainland. Near the gravel-bed which formed so treacherous a covering to the colony of cockles, lay a low flat island, enclosed by strong palisades, among which at intervals rose high in the air several of those grimly grotesque wooden warriors which always grin defiance from the exterior defences of a Maori citadel.

In Tarehah's boyhood, an army of 7000 Waikatos, armed with muskets, had driven his people from this fortified cliff to their last refuge, the island pah. The pursuers were constructing pontoons of bulrushes (*raupo*) to cross over, when the doomed fugitives, anxious to save the heirs (*arikis*) of their chiefs, conducted Tarehah and a girl of noble descent to the opposite side of the island, whence they swam across the mouth of the river, and ran along some miles of sea-beach to a friendly pah at Petone. Their brave friends meanwhile covered their retreat by an obstinate and prolonged resistance, which ended in an indiscriminate and unsparring massacre. The numerous circular depressions on the sloping green below, still indicate the sites of the ovens which prepared the inhuman feast of the conquering Waikatos. The girl

who escaped with Tarehah is now the *wahine* *tapa*, or head-wife, of Puhara, the brother of te-Hapuku. On account of her illustrious descent, she is styled the queen (te-Kwini); and always goes abroad in considerable state, on a fine white horse, with English bridle, side-saddle, &c. She is tall and queenly, with lips tattooed blue; wears a ring with a large precious stone on her finger; and a tooth of the Mako shark dangling from her ear. When at Wellington, a few years ago, treating with government for the sale of a large block of land, Madame Puhara figured as the queen of Ahuriri in a royal dress of black velvet.

During this memorable raid of the Waikatos there fell more than five hundred fighting-men of Ahuriri. Some small tribes were annihilated, and others are now represented by two or three men. Te-Hapuku and his people were closely besieged at Table Cape, and reduced to eat sea-weed and clay. A large relieving army from Poverty Bay was thoroughly routed by the invaders, in a pitched battle on the long sandy beach at the Mahia.

These disasters had made the survivors extremely sensitive with respect to everything tending to diminish their numbers. Children were cherished with anxious care, and no more women were allowed to live with Pakehas. The fatal epidemic had stimulated the morbid feeling, and produced a lively apprehension of the ultimate extinction of their race.

Karaitiana unfolded the object of their visit to me in a formal speech (*korero*). They had determined to abolish the *whare puni*—'ka kino,' it was bad; and meant to build a town on the banks of the Ngarewa River, on land belonging to Karaitiana. The houses were to be Pakeha houses, with large doors and windows, fireplaces and chimneys, and belated raised above the ground. A plot of land would be set aside for a church and parsonage. In this town would be assembled all the tribes of te-Moana-nui party. Though very near to Pa-kowhai, the headquarters of te-Hapuku, their town was not to be fortified. It was to be a *kainga*, and not a *pah*. Their objects were health, union, and peace. He reputed a *tangata mohio*, or knowing man, they had come to ask me to give them a plan for their Pakeha houses, and to survey and stake out the ground for the town.

I readily acceded to this flattering request, although painfully conscious at the moment that my education had not included the arts of domestic architecture or practical surveying. I knew, however, that I could rely on the advice of my worthy host, the aforesaid founder of the European colony of this district, who would adapt my plans to the character and habits of the natives, and by his approval, secure the adoption.

The paha and kaingas of te-Moana-nui, Noah, and Karaitiana, all lie not far apart, sheltered by Cape Kidnapper from the *tonga* or *souther*, the coldest and most violent wind of the antipodes. The continuous possession of their lands can be traced back through many generations of ancestors; it is therefore certain that the fathers and grandfathers of my Ahuriri friends were the principal actors in that remarkable scene described by Cook, which took place here ninety years ago, on a fine sunny Sunday, when the 'Indians' came out in their large war-canoes to brave the pirates in the good ship *Endeavour*, and when some of them were bold enough to snatch from the main-chains the boy Tayeto, son of Tupia of Tahiti, and carry him off, doubtless to make a savoury addition to their Sunday's dinner. This incident caused Captain Cook to give the appellation Cape Kidnapper to the adjoining headland. The sons and grandsons of these dreadful 'Indian' kidnapers and cannibals are now sober, industrious, and moral Christians, who read a good deal, and write more, corresponding with their

ant friends by letter (*pukapuka*), who have family-ship in their paha daily, and who are now most anxious to erect improved dwelling-houses, to collect several tribes into one large town, and to live in peace and good-will with their fellow-men.

A FEW WORDS TO TOURISTS.

At this season of the year, when so many of our compatriots are filling the purses of Swiss innkeepers, and raising the dividends of innumerable foreign ways, a few practical hints may not be entirely worn away on any of our readers meditating a dip across the Channel; and we are led to offer some remarks from the conviction—based on a pretty long experience—that half the annoyances and disappointments of travelling on the continent arise from silly obviated causes. We constantly meet with people who have brought back from their rambles other *souvenirs de voyage* than a budget of grievances. To listen to these travellers' tales, you could shudder at the depravity of your species; at infamous practices of roguish landlords, and the rindling propensities of people in general, would bring to mind Edgar Poe's dismal conclusion, that 'society principally composed of villains.' Of course, any argument would be worse than useless with gentlemen such strong opinions as these: all we can say is, that our own observation by no means corroborates his statement, that

The Jews are all Germans, the Germans all Jews.

It is not, therefore, these inveterate grievance-mongers to address, but, as we hope, a far larger class of wits, who have every desire to enjoy themselves, and to put up with any little inconveniences they may set with in an ungrumbling spirit. For the benefit of such friends as these, we will string together half-a-dozen observations, which, if attended to, will, we doubt not, add materially to their comfort.

One of the most grievous complaints raised against our continental brethren is, that they are extortionate in their dealings with us poor islanders, and make marked difference in this respect between us and our own people. Now, to a certain limited extent, this is true; but the reason for it is very obvious. Some years ago, the roving Englishman was generally a person of great dignity, moving about with all the pomp of couriers and travelling-carriages. Such a man naturally inspired awe. The courier told such marvellous tales of his master's vast possessions—his acres of coal-mines and acres of cotton-factories—that no wonder the host of a little hotel thought might with impunity draw up a higher tariff for his *grand seigneur*, than for his poorer guests, especially as his *milor* was but a bird of passage, and rather troublesome to boot. In those days, English gold went like water along the grand route of Europe; it was the pride of our nobles and rich commoners to hold the notion, that London was paved with that metal, and that we were a nation made of money. The rich men thought of leaving their own island; the middle classes were content with a trip to Ramsgate, or, at furthest, a jaunt into Wales. But time—the great revolutionist—brought steam, and steam brought steam-boats and railways; and these latter brought hosts of Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons—all anxious to see with their own eyes 'the castled crag Drachenfels,' and to gaze on those

Peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,

and those fairy images had long haunted their susceptible imaginations. Now, no sooner did these adventurous wits arrive, than the old class of travellers gradually

began to disappear, or to seek out less beaten tracks. It would never do for the Most Noble the Marquis of Stonestare to be seen sitting at the same table d'hôte with his bootmaker from Bond Street. A German grand-duke might perhaps permit such a proceeding, but a British peer of the realm, sir, ought never to forget his dignity to this extent. So, after levelling a few hearty oaths at the impertinence of certain low fellows, who dared to come between the wind and his nobility, the respected Stonestare took himself off in a huff to some inaccessible hamlet in the Pyrenees, where he was for a time beyond the reach of canaille tourists. But the evil he had done lived after him. The tribe of landlords could not all at once conceive that their new guests were an entirely different class of mortals from the old ones, and they accounted for the change in expenditure by all sorts of ridiculous reasons.

Gradually, however, this idea of John Bull's inexhaustible purse has given way to more correct notions; and it is now generally a man's own fault if he meets with much imposition. A tinge of the old feeling doubtless remains, but it is very slight, the race of extortioners having transferred their affections to our American cousins and their friends the Russian boyards. Odd that the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers should have replaced the traditional milord of French comedy; but it is even so.

Whilst, however, this beneficial change has taken place, and an English gentleman is no longer looked upon as a lawful object of plunder, still there are several reasons why he will always find his expenses greater than those incurred by most other travellers. In the first place, he is much more exacting. He can't dine at one o'clock like the other guests; neither can he drink their very thin wines, nor feel quite content with their ordinary fare, therefore a distinct table d'hôte has to be prepared for him in the afternoon; and if he knew the objection all cooks and waiters have to this second edition, he would no longer wonder at his host charging him rather more than for the usual dinner. Then again, with all due respect be it said, he too generally speaks foreign tongues, like Chaucer's Priorese,

After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe;

and consequently a costly establishment of interpreters has to be maintained for his convenience. But without wearying our readers with a catalogue of his peculiarities, we trust we have said enough to shew that the Englishman is usually a more expensive tourist than the inhabitant of other countries. If, however, he can manage when in Rome to do as the Romans do, we verily believe his bills will be no heavier than theirs. And this leads us to our promised advice.

Before quitting England, provide yourself with one of Mr Murray's invaluable guide-books for the country you intend visiting, and don't be laughed out of this by any poor jokes. These works are so carefully written, and so superior to anything of the kind published abroad, that we have met with Frenchmen who never think of travelling in their own country without one of them. Be careful to have your passport accurately drawn up, and see that the proper signatures are attached: we have known much inconvenience arise from the omission of an apparently insignificant *visé*. Make a point of always keeping this document in one place, say the breast-pocket of your coat; you will thus be able, without trouble, to lay your hand upon it whenever it may be required; and instances have occurred of travellers being compelled to get out of the *malle poste*, and sacrifice their fare, for no other reason than that their passports were carefully hidden in the depths of some cumbrous portmanteau, and the coach could not stop long enough to enable the luckless

voyageurs to search for their papers. On arriving at a hotel, if you are in any sort of doubt, ask the landlord whether this certificate of respectability is quite *en règle* for the next stage; if not, the *commissaire* of the establishment will be happy, for the sake of a small gratuity, to see that it is properly *visé*. Recollect that these precautions, trivial as they may appear, are absolutely necessary. Neglect of them often causes great annoyance; and in some of the Italian states, travellers have frequently got into serious trouble from carelessness of this sort. It is not an agreeable thing to be compelled to retrace your steps some thirty or forty miles, or to be shut up in a dismal village for two or three days, simply because you have omitted to procure the signature of some wretched little functionary of the Grand-duke of Tuscany. Never, as you value your peace of mind, carry contraband goods in your portmanteau. The little you gain by smuggling is not worth the constant fear of detection; and there is nothing more humiliating to a sensitive man than the subterfuges he is compelled to have recourse to, in order to elude the custom-house authorities. In the Austrian, Neapolitan, and Papal states, be careful in the selection of your literature. You may easily, by applying to the minister of these countries, get a list of forbidden books, which will guide you in your choice of a travelling library. Also be chary of expressing your opinions concerning political matters. Recollect that an expensive staff of spies is supported for the purpose of watching your movements; and these spies, being chiefly men of very indifferent character, will hesitate at no means, however unworthy, to lead you on into conversation, in order to entrap you. They will probably commence by abusing the government in pretty strong language, and then endeavour to rouse your indignation by enumerating instances of its iniquities. Stephens, the American traveller, relates an anecdote of this species which occurred to himself in Moscow. A lady in one of the boxes of the opera had attracted his attention by her extreme beauty, and in order to have a better view of her, he moved his seat, whereupon a Russian official commanded him to resume it. Paying no attention to this rough summons, it was repeated in harsher and more guttural Russian than before; upon which a tall fine-looking man came up and ordered the fellow to go about his business, cursing him and all his compatriots, from the emperor downwards, as a set of canaille. He then chatted in the most friendly manner possible with the American, offering to introduce him to the celebrities of the green-room, and concluding by an invitation to a *petit souper* in one of the fashionable restaurants. This person turned out to be a Frenchman paid by the Russian government for the purpose of watching all foreigners; and it was well for Mr Stephens that he had not been led into making any observations adverse to the Muscovite. These secret agents, being in the receipt of liberal salaries, think it necessary, every now and then, to discover conspiracies, and to pounce down upon disaffected people, in order to prove their vigilance; hence their eagerness to catch the unwary traveller.

In visiting places of amusement abroad, do not wear any very *outré* habiliments. Because foreigners are less stringent than ourselves in their rules of dress at the opera, it is no reason why we should shock their sense of propriety by arriving in a pepper-and-salt shooting-coat or a Scotch plaid. Conduct of this sort annoys them more than we imagine; they view it in the light of an insult, and say, that if one of their countrymen were to present himself in a similar costume at the doors of Her Majesty's Theatre, he would be instantly turned back. They do not desire to impose any absurd regulations regarding a gentleman's dress: they leave that to his own taste; but they certainly do expect that when he takes his seat

by the side of elegantly clad ladies, he will at least appear in suitable attire. This disregard of the conveniences of life has recently been strongly stigmatised in Paris, where English travellers have been seen in the stalls of the opera dressed in the most grotesque fashion. Why our fellow-countrymen, quiet dressers enough at home, should immediately, on crossing the Channel, disguise themselves in all sorts of abominable plaids and stripes, we never could divine. A dress-coat and pair of black trousers occupy but little room, and are always useful. A red coat, if you happen to belong to any militia regiment, will do good service at court-balls and receptions, otherwise, it is a bore; and as for the Highland garb, picturesque as it undoubtedly is, we once knew a gallant officer—now a distinguished man in the east—refused admission to a public entertainment on account of his too close resemblance to the style of Rob Roy.

In frequenting foreign churches, similar rules of propriety are applicable. It has a bad effect to see the group of tourists, during the celebration of mass, walking about and criticising, in an audible voice, the paintings, architecture, or ceremonies they are witnessing. We should be scandalised at home if strangers were to do the same thing. Amongst minor, but by no means unimportant matters, the habit of moving the hat on entering a shop may be mentioned. This courtesy is so invariably adopted, particularly in Germany, that non-compliance with it will be considered as an affront, and consequently the traveller who fails in paying this mark of respect must feel no disappointment should he find himself but indifferently served. Shopkeepers, moreover, hold a better rank in society on the continent than with us: the same may be said of hotel-keepers, many of whom are men of highly cultivated minds and polished manners. In fact, social life is more democratic abroad than in England; and therefore those marked distinctions which we are accustomed to at home, are not to be found elsewhere. At a German *réunion*, you will meet with respectable members of all classes—except, by the way, the Jews, who are terribly tabooed. Only two summers ago, at a table d'hôte dinner on the Rhine, a gentleman asked his neighbour to have the goodness to pass the salt-cellar. The person thus addressed looked at his companion for an instant, whilst in the act of complying with his request, and replied, with a courteous inclination of the head: 'Avec plaisir, sire.' It was the King of Würtemberg who wanted the salt for his potatoes.

One little bit of useful advice we must give our friends on parting, and that is, never to order dinner, at a hotel, in their own rooms, unless money be an object of no importance. Of course, when ladies are concerned, it is another affair; but even in that case, the table d'hôte is generally to be preferred: that is, of course, supposing them to be protected by a gentleman—otherwise, decidedly not. We would, moreover, recommend English ladies travelling alone, to confine themselves to the high roads and the best hotels. The provinces of France should be avoided, both on account of the wretched accommodation and the company they are likely to encounter, being chiefly composed of *commis voyageurs*—a proverbially offensive set of men. Of course, the same applies with greater force to some other countries. Spain, for example, is not to be thought of, notwithstanding the fact of two ladies of our acquaintance fighting their way most gallantly to the Alhambra, and meeting nothing but civility on the road. In conclusion, let every tourist, however humble, recollect that, to a certain extent, he is 'a representative man'; that from his conduct, foreigners will naturally judge of his fellow-countrymen at home; and therefore, that he should do nothing calculated to reflect ridicule on the land of his birth. Half the preposterous ideas entertained of England

some years ago, arose from the absurd conduct of English travellers.

A spirit of forbearance and courtesy, an evident desire to be pleased, and a regard to the susceptibilities of others, will do more towards creating a favourable impression of your own country, than all the pomp, lavish expenditure, and aristocratic hauteur of your Marquises of Stoneystare. And now, gentle friend, the cab is at the door, your portmanteau is snugly packed inside, and we will delay you no longer. *Bon voyage!*

KIRKE WEBBE,
THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER VI.

REMORSE, or, more accurately, perhaps, the physical shock to a youthful slayer's unaccustomed nerves which red-handed homicide, however conventionally justifiable or meritorious, must always inflict, did not prevent me from falling into a sound sleep, that lasted till near twelve o'clock the next day, and might have continued longer but for a dreadfully discordant noise, which, when it had thoroughly awakened me, I made out to be a stave from the then very popular song celebrative of the capture of *La Pomone* by the *Arethusa*:

On board, five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France,
We with two hundred did advance
On board of the *Arethusa*—
The saucy *Arethusa*—

and so on, mentally applied, no doubt, to the previous night's business by the singer, a kind of steward's mate, who was putting the cabin to rights, and at the same time venting his exultation in that dismal manner.

'Hollo there!' I exclaimed; 'leave off that row, will you?'

'Oh, is that you, sir?' replied the fellow. 'The row, bless you, is over long ago, whilst you was a sweetly sleepin', sir. And the skipper as is, sir, Mr Dowling, told me to be sure and give you his compliments when you woke, and say he was afeared you mout have taken rayther too much caudle afore turnin' in last night, seein' as how you slept so long.'

'Tell Mr Dowling, with my compliments, he is an impudent rascal, and that you are another.'

'Thank ye kindly, sir. We are all that, as you say, and more besides, as you don't know on; but if it's the same to you, I'd rather you took the message and what follers, yourself.'

Evidently I had fallen to a very low figure in *Scout* estimation; and as it did not seem likely I should gain much by a further interchange of compliments, I sprang out of the cot-hammock, and, changing the subject, asked where Mr Harry Webbe might be.

'On deck, sir, now; but goin' ashore presently.'

'Going on shore is he? And what shore, pray?'

'Jarsey, sir. The *Scout* has brought up in the roads till the tide serves to go into harbour.'

'All right; and as you are going on deck, you can tell Mr Webbe that I shall be with him in a brace of shakes.'

I had escaped without a scar or scratch; and not only as regarded myself, but all things else, no sign or trace of the night's murderous hurly-burly was visible. The water was smooth as glass—so rapidly do the tides in the vicinity of the Channel Islands run down the wildest sea—a sun of spring was shining brightly through the cabin windows; and when I reached the deck, the aspect of 'things in general' was so entirely the reverse of what it was a few hours previously, that I could almost have fancied I had been the dupe of a frightful dream.

The dead had been flung to the fishes, the wounded and prisoners were out of sight below, the deck had been swabbed and holy-stoned, damaged rigging set to rights, gay flags waved proudly overhead, and the victorious Scouts, dressed in their best, men as well as officers, were lounging about in high feather at their victory, and the substantial reward thereof to be derived from the sale of the splendid war-brig, with her guns, stores, &c., anchored a few fathoms off. Both vessels were lying at about the centre of St Aubin's Bay, not far from Elizabeth Castle, a fort of some strength, connected with the mainland by a causeway dry at low-water, and at that time the only defence of St Helier's port, Fort Regent having been only recently commenced. The island militia were exercising upon the sands of the bay, crowds of spectators thronged every point of vantage whence a view of the French man-of-war and her captor could be obtained, and, to cap the glorification of the exulting Scouts, the lieutenant-governor himself, accompanied by half-a-dozen officers in brilliant uniforms, came off in a boat to congratulate the conquerors, mere privateersmen though they were.

My appearance upon deck was nearly simultaneous with that of the major-general and suite. Mr Dowling received his excellency with all imaginable deference, and after a few minutes' conversation, presented to him the 'real hero' of the fight, 'Mr Harry Webbe, son of Captain Kirke Webbe, and genuine chip of the old block!'

Yes, and the handsome young charlatan accepted the major-general's compliments with a modest self-respecting dignity, enough to make one's hair stand on end at his consummate impudence. However, I choked off one of his prettily turned phrases by managing to catch his eye as it came trippingly from his tongue. He stopped suddenly, blushed brick-dust, and extended his hand with a sickly smile of friendly recognition.

'Another of your brave youths?' said the general, with a condescending glance at my considerably savage self.

'O dear, no,' replied Dowling. 'Quite another sort of article. In fact,' said he, 'that young gentleman, Mr William Linwood, is only a lodger upon principle when there's fighting to be done.'

'Only a lodger upon principle,' said the lieutenant-governor. 'I do not comprehend the jest.'

'I will explain it to your excellency,' said Dowling; and proceeded to do so, much to the amusement of the general and his suite, as testified by the contemptuous smiles with which they honoured me, though I could not hear the *pro-tem* skipper's words.

I was hot as flame, and should, I verily believe, have assaulted Dowling, had not Webbe caught me by the arm as I was about to march upon the mocking rascal, and begged me to favour him with a word or two below.

The young fellow's grasp and words checked the absurd impulse to which I was giving way; and a moment's reflection sufficing to shew me the folly of my anger, I answered:

'A dozen if you like—have with you.'

'I hope,' said he, as soon as we were alone, and he had secured the door—'I hope, Mr Linwood, you do not repent of the magnanimity of your conduct in my behalf; you, that declared you did not esteem "glory" at a straw's worth?'

'Magnanimity and glory be smothered in their own smoke! True, I volunteered, like a noodle that I was, to take your place with the boarders, little dreaming that I should thereby brand myself in the eyes of the world as an arrant coward! And then you come it so confoundedly strong before governors and generals, that— In short, I find that I have made an enormous fool of myself—a discovery which, I need hardly say, is apt to preciouslly ryle a fellow's temper.'

'Of what value would your chivalric generosity be to me, if I did not receive as of right the honour you have won?'

'Well, there is something in that, to be sure.'

'The return you stipulated for shall be amply rendered. You are, I know, embarked on a nobler enterprise than ever cannon championed, or sword'—

'Boah! humbug! You beat your father himself for fine phrases. Plainer words would more forcibly impress me.'

'Well, then, you are endeavouring to unravel and defeat a vile plot which touches not only your father's character, but his life.'

'That is better. Yes.'

'I have the power to greatly aid you in that enterprise; and if you remain faithful to your word in this "glory" business, I will do so, regardless of whomever I may offend.'

'I accept that conditional promise, Mr Harry Webbe, though I should have been better pleased if your eye, when making it, had more boldly met mine. That, however, may be congenital.—I have, however, very slight confidence that such a white-livered fellow will keep faith with me, now that his own turn is served,' I added, but not till Master Webbe had left the cabin.

I did not go on deck again till, the tide serving, the *Scout* went into harbour. *Le Renard*, in attempting to do so, grounded between the pierheads, and had to be lightened of her guns and stores before she could be berthed. That night I slept, as did Webbe, at an inn or hotel in the Royal Square, a locality which Copley's painting of the death of Major Pierson must have made familiar to many readers.

Harry Webbe left me soon after breakfast, for the confessed purpose of sunning his new, but far from 'blushing' honours in Miss Wilson's smiles. He had been gone some three or four hours when a printed slip or proof of the *Gazette* or *Chronique de Jersey*—I forget the exact title of the only newspaper, I believe, then published in the island—was sent up to Messieurs les Officiers du *Scout*, with the editor's compliments, and a polite request that the said messieurs would be pleased to correct any error of fact that might have inadvertently slipped into the flaming narrative, headed—'Combat Glorieux entre le *Scout*, Lettre de Marque Anglaise, et *Le Renard*, Brick de Guerre Français: Héroïsme du Jeune Capitaine Anglais, Henri Webbe.'

Although not one of 'Messieurs les Officiers du *Scout*,' I took the liberty of running my eye over the proof, and much amused was I at the editor's magniloquent exaggeration of the very modest facts, so far as I, *alias* Henri Webbe, was concerned, till I came to the concluding paragraph—this:

'In signal contrast with the heroic conduct of M. Henri Webbe, was the dastard behaviour of one William Linwood, who, excusing himself to M. Dowling, second of the *Scout*, under the plea, that he was only a passenger, and, moreover, a coward upon principle (*un lâche par principe*), when the action was about to commence, skulked off to bed.'

Pleasant reading, upon my word, I mentally ejaculated. This precious paragraph—which will of course go the round of the English papers—will give my relatives a delightful notion of my fitness for a mission confided to my courage! Very true, unquestionably, that I have made a stupendous ass of myself; still, I must stop that game at any hazard; and I jumped up with the intention of sallying forth to the printing-office, and thrashing the publisher within an inch of his life. Fortunately, young Webbe returned at the moment, in great elation of spirit from his interview with the divine Maria. I shewed him the offensive paragraph: he immediately volunteered to prevent its publication, and went off at once for that purpose. Whether or

not he delivered the message I charged him with—namely, that if the libel was published, William Linwood would, upon principle, break every bone in the editorial body, or what other persuasive he had recourse to, I cannot say; enough, that the paragraph did not appear.

It greatly annoyed me, nevertheless, by shewing the extent and working of the folly I had committed; and a haunting fear grew upon me that I should prove unequal to the duty I had taken upon myself; that I was too volatile, glib, rash! How could one who had been fooled by a poor creature like Harry Webbe, hope to hold his own with the astute conspirator I might have to cope with?

Then the non-arrival of Captain Webbe irritated me; and so especially did the growing coolness of his son. I could scarcely obtain a minute's speech of the fellow, and any hint of a wish to be introduced to Miss Wilson, sent him off like a bullet from a gun. Did he, judging of me by his own craven instincts, fear I should betray him to her whose favour he had declared was his sole motive in wishing to acquire, vicariously, a reputation for homicidal heroism, to quote his own copper-gilt gibberish? At all events, see, conversing with the young lady I would—displease, anger, enrage him as my doing so might.

It was not difficult to gratify that whim. I obtained her address of the waiter who posted his letters: 'Miss Wilson, at Madame Dupré's, near the Third Tower Martello towers dot—one mile apart—the whole circumference of Jersey, and to the Third Tower was a pleasant three-mile walk from St Helier, on the road to St Aubin—a village near the further extremity of the bay of that name. I could introduce myself as Webbe's friend; pretend that I expected to find him there—had called, in fact, by his invitation. He would never dare to challenge the deception.

So planned, so done. Watching an opportunity when Master Webbe was busily engaged on board the *Scout*, I hastened off in the direction of the Third Tower; and in something less than an hour, was quietly seated with Madame Dupré and Miss Wilson in the front parlour of the former's neat and pleasant dwelling. My reception was a friendly one, and much shared the choler which raged in my breast against Harry Webbe, proving, as it did, that he must have spoken honestly of me to his charmer and her ancient companion, who, altogether unpractised in the conventional ways of what is understood by society, thought it the simplest thing in life that the acquaintance of a friend should introduce himself in the manner I had. Madame Dupré seemed to be a good-natured, bustling body, notwithstanding her age, which could not be far short of seventy; uneducated, but speaking both French and English—the latter best—at least more intelligibly to me—the French of France, as taught me by Laborde, not enabling my unaccustomed ear to distinguish understandingly the French of the island which no doubt exist in the island patois.

There was no need to inquire if such a shrunken, shrivelled, dumpy, bundle of a woman was a rival of the fair, elegant, beautiful Maria Wilson; a most fascinating person, though, as I soon discovered, of ordinary attainments, and quite untaught in the accomplishments which are supposed essential to the perfect development of womanly grace and charm. No wonder that a fair, healthy complexion, beautiful hair of a golden brown, blue eyes of wonderful depth, a most delicate nose, sweet lovable lips, and a distracting figure, should have taken poor Harry captive, or that he was jealous of permitting his eyes to look upon his precious treasure-trove.

It was not, however, the clear complexion, the golden brown hair, blue eyes, delicate nose, lovable distracting figure, separately or combined, that instantly I saw Maria Wilson, interested, attracted,

—an interest, fascination, distinct from love, or the lawning of that sentiment. I had been, young as I was, too frequently exposed to the influence of those charms—though never, perhaps, so harmoniously combined to be in danger of sudden enslavement by such weapons. No; it was the peculiar expression of those deep blue eyes that enthralled me—the soul-adow, as it were, which from one moment to another fitted over, and softened rather than dimmed the right youthful face: a most peculiar sweetly-sad expression, which I was positive I had seen before, though where or when I vainly for hours, days, weeks, strove to recall, albeit as certain I had observed, it before, as of my own life!

An enthusiastic, romantic maiden too, as Harry Webbe had intimated; full to overflowing of that everlasting fight between the *Scout* and *Le Renard*, and could, or at least would talk of nothing else. I say the annoyance and vexation my countenance of manner must have expressed at hearing young Webbe's fabulous nothings so outrageously monstered, amused the gay-hearted girl—for gay-hearted she was, spite of the sunshine broken before spoken of—to bring the entertainment for my especial behoof.

The ultimate effect was, however, widely different from what either of us contemplated. The avidity of a human heart for flattery, even in its best samples, so subtle and eager, that it will detect and appropriate the intoxicating incense from the most apparently promising sources. Quite natural, therefore, that the young lady's fine reading of the narrative published in the *Jersey paper*, her vibrating voice and musical intonation giving to the bombasticrodomontade the sound of true eloquence, surprised, interested, flattered such a feather-headed youngster as I; that my ginary plumes fluttered, dilated like a peacock's; was it not really me—not Harry Webbe—she was saying so delightfully? Of course, I was quite conscious all the while that the repeated rallying by the young hero of the fainting Scouts, the cutting his way through Heaven knows how many Frenchmen, to get that unfortunate Captain Le Moine, and end theperate, doubtful contest by one stroke of his vicious sword, was all bosh, humbug! Still, what foundation there was for such a fantastic superstructure of lies, referred to me unquestionably: I moreover, and an extraordinary elation of spirit accompanied the conviction, that the lady's regard for the imaginary Webbe—not the real one—for in fact! So reconciled, consequently, did I become Maria Wilson's warrior-enthusiasm, so swiftly did impulsive temperament sympathise therewith, when suddenly passing from inflated puerility to masculine eloquence, she burst out with:

Ye mariners of England
Who guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze;
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe—

ped at the last lines out of my chair, and with filled with tears, fiercely flourished Madame Dupré's parlour-poker round my head, to that lady's alarm for her chimney glass and ornaments. So excitable is boyish enthusiasm by vanity, and a sinful girl!

Madame Dupré repaid me for the fright with rest. 'Pray, Mr Linwood,' said she, 'do you of de name of de young man—what—my good—himself upder de bed when de guns begun to fire?' 'Isn't I brought up with a round turn? Didn't see burn like red-hot iron beneath Maria Wilson's shing, astonished look, called forth, no doubt, by conscience-stricken aspect, as she must have preterted it?

'I hear of him,' continued the horrid old woman, 'in St Helier; but not de name of de brave youth. Do you know it, sare?'

Before I could convert the choking rage in my throat to articulate sounds, there was a knock at the door.

'It is Harry!' exclaimed Maria Wilson, springing to the door and opening it. 'Ha! you also, sir!' she added. 'Do come in.'

Not only young Harry, but *old* Harry was at the door; Captain Kirke Webbe as well as his son! And what an astonished start—what a pallor of the young fellow's phiz—what a dark scowl upon the old one's, as they caught sight of me!

'You—you here, Linwood!' stammered Webbe the younger.

'How is this, sir?' ejaculated Webbe the elder, glancing fiercely at his son.

Only for a moment did Kirke Webbe's mask slip aside. 'Why,' he added, with a smile pretty nearly compelled to cordiality—'why need I ask? William Linwood must ever be a welcome guest with the friends of Harry Webbe!'

The two gentlemen then sat down, and Captain Webbe strove to bring about a natural, indifferent conversation. It could not be done: we were all dumbfounded—in some sort panic-stricken.

I, for one, by the discovery 'that the penniless wench, Maria Wilson, or Bilson,' Kirke Webbe had spoken of so contemptuously to me, was a young person well known to him, and evidently regarded with—what shall I say—affection, esteem? no, with respect, deference! Madame Dupré was also an old and intimate friend of his, there could be no doubt. What complicated knave's game was the man playing?

A question I had no time to pursue. Captain Webbe invited me to accompany him forthwith back to St Helier; the arrangements he had made in the affair I knew of necessitating immediate action.

I acquiesced; bade adieu to the charming Maria, Madame Dupré, and Harry Webbe, and set forth with the captain of the *Scout*.

He was the first to break silence as we pushed on for St Helier.

'You have acted nobly, Linwood,' said he, 'to my son, who has told me all. He knew it would be quite absurd to attempt to throw the dust in my eyes, which has, it seems, so completely blinded those who do not know him as well as I do. Well, it is a gift that makes him rich, and you none the poorer!'

'I am not so sure of that, Captain Webbe.'

'Tut, tut. You will have abundant opportunities for establishing a reputation for courage, I promise you. The soft-hearted boy has set his soul upon espousing Maria Wilson!'

'Or Bilson,' I interrupted.

'Ah, yes, I remember. Since, however, I saw you, I have had a conversation with a relative of hers in London, which has altogether changed my opinion of the proposed match, and I feel obliged to you for enabling him to gain the lady's consent.'

'Under a false pretence!'

'Yes; but that is nothing. He will make a kind husband; and the most romantic maidens, when transformed into practical wives, soon shake from their memories the sentimental cobwebs which enthralled their nonage. But you and I have more pressing matters to attend to. I leave you now by the First Tower, and Jersey with you, for St Malo, if possible, if not, for Avranches or Granville, to-morrow evening.'

'What is to prevent us from going direct to St Malo?'

'Only His Britannic Majesty's sloop of war, *Pelican*, Captain Maples, which is, or was, cruising off that port. Here,' added Webbe, 'is my written address: "Le Capitaine Verdur, chez M. Josse, Aubergiste, St

Catherine's Bay." I shall expect you there to-morrow evening by five o'clock at latest.'

I promised to be punctual; and we soon afterwards separated.

'Is Le Capitaine Verdun within?' I inquired, the next evening, of a stout, well-dressed seaman, who was standing by the door of the public-house pointed out to me as that kept by Antoine Josse.

'Le voici—I am he,' was the prompt reply.

'The deuce you are! Why, yes, that voice, and—By Heaven, it is Webbe!'

The captain of the *Scout* laughed obstreperously. 'Not an unskilful metamorphosis, eh?' he said. 'This black wig, and dyeing my light whiskers of the same colour, make a strange difference in a man's appearance.'

'That is true, indeed! This accounts, then, for the green tinge of your whiskers?'

'Yes, the colouring liquid leaves that tinge. Where are your things?'

I pointed to a laden porter at some distance off.

'All right. Tell him to bring them here. We are off in less than an hour.'

'By what means,' said I, upon rejoining Webbe, 'do you propose getting to St Malo? I can see the French coast plainly enough, but not the vessel that is to take us there.'

'You soon shall. First, however, let me impress it upon your mind, that you are an American youth—a native, suppose we say, of Boston, United States. In that character, your atrocious French accent will cause no surprise. I—please never for one moment to forget—am Jules Renaudin, captain of the French corsair, *L'Espiegle*.'

'What!' I exclaimed, 'you, Captain Renaudin of *L'Espiegle*?'

'Just so; and if you take this glass, you will make out that gem of a cutter lying in the shadow of the French coast, in a line with those two sugar-loaf-shaped rocks. A boat you may also observe coming towards us, in obedience to the signal flying from my unsuspecting friend Josse's flagstaff.'

I looked up to said flagstaff: two English jacks were flying, one on a blue, the other on a white ground.

I was downright 'mazed,' as we used to say in the Wight, and for the first time a complete sense of the perilous nature of the adventure I was engaged in, of the desperate, lawless character of the man with whom I was associated, by whom I was to be guided through that adventure, flashed upon me!

It was too late, however, to retract—would be insanity to shew distrust, hesitation: the die was cast, and I must stand the hazard of the throw. The French boat reached the shore; our trifling luggage was thrown into it; Captain Jules Renaudin and I followed; and after a long, weary pull, we stood upon the deck of *L'Espiegle*, a cutter-rigged clipper, mounting four guns, and manned by as fierce a set of desperadoes, judging by their looks, as one would wish to set eyes upon; yet all, I saw in a moment, effectively curbed under the iron rule of Le Capitaine Renaudin!

The wind, though light, was fair for St Malo; and *L'Espiegle* was quickly slipping through the water in that direction. 'If this breeze last,' remarked Captain Jules Renaudin to me, 'we shall be in St Malo by day-dawn, supposing always that the *Pelican* does not snap us by the way.'

WORKMANSHIP IN AMERICA.

Workmanship in America bears all the marks of haste and imperfection; has no appearance of finish or minute care about it. The marble-veneered palaces of New York often come down by the run. The clippers of New England sail well, but leak and damage cargo. They are splendid models, but slim in construction. Twenty-five

thousand miles of railways intersect the American continent—they cross swamps and mountains, the St Lawrence and the Mississippi—but their frail trestle-work is continually coming down; their bridges are crazy, their roads often unballasted, their whole apparatus flimsy. I need not dwell on river and lake steamers; a prudent man makes his will before he goes on board. And so it goes on, down to the minutest article of domestic use through this country. There is not a lock that catches, not a hinge that turns; knives will not cut, and matches will not light. The doors will not shut, the windows will not open, and all this is made more striking and provoking by contrast with the pretension to finish and refinement. You sit down on a fine velvet sofa, and are startled by coming down on a spring as hard as a cricket-ball. The hotel whose doors are creaking and windows gaping, is gilt and carpeted like a palace; and the Mississippi steam boat, on which you are snaggled or blown up, is gilt and painted, and goes twenty miles an hour; you cannot sail to destruction in greater luxury or at greater speed.—*Stirling's Letters from the Slave States.*

STANZAS.

WHEN the trees were green in summer,
We wandered 'neath their shade;
There gleamed a lovelight in thine eyes
Serious and still, which made
My heart beat loud and fast the while,
Half pleased and half afraid.

The leaves were turning red and sere,
The days were darkening fast,
When the words of love withheld so long
Were whispered forth at last,
And hand in hand, and heart to heart,
You told me of the past.

No leaves are on the forest trees,
But in my heart the while
There is a sunshine calm and glad,
Sweeter than summer's smile,
And that sweet sunshine of thy love
Can every grief beguile.

The flowers will blossom soon again,
The leaves bud forth once more,
Summer shall dawn upon the world
In beauty as before—
And summer in my heart of hearts
Shall bloom for evermore.

M. E. S.

CAUTION AS TO LOFTY BUILDINGS.

Towers, spires, and obelisks of extravagant height are occasionally erected in England, with apparently an entire forgetfulness of the danger to which they are subjected by earthquakes. Tremors of the surface are happily rare with us, inasmuch that one or two general ones sometimes pass without the experience of any special phenomena; but it should be kept in mind that they are, of such severity as to endanger lofty buildings, and therefore may occur again. I sometimes feel inclined to ask if it was wise to build the Victoria Tower of the Palace at Westminster to so great an elevation as three hundred feet, with a great archway passing through the base, for no longer ago than February 1750, there was a shock so much felt at that spot as to make the columns in the court of King's Bench, in Westminster Hall, believe that the building over their heads was about to fall. The shake of November 1755, moreover, agitated many islands in our island; and that of August 1816 twisted a steeple at Inverness, which long remained a striking monument of a power in nature which in our country we are but too apt to overlook and slight.—*Correspondent.*

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NEGLECTED SUGGESTIONS AND PREDICTIONS.

MUCH has been said on these subjects lately, without a hint being given in any quarter towards a *rationale* of the matter, though that lies, one would think, but a short space out of the highway of thought.

It is quite true, and 'pity 'tis 'tis true,' that official persons often alight warnings which prove to have been well grounded, and which, if taken, might have averted much evil. 'Pity 'tis 'tis true,' also, that persons invested with administrative functions receive from outsiders many suggestions as to possible improvements, which it might have been well they had adopted. The greatest pity of all, however—and here lies the explanation of the whole matter—is, that official and administrative persons are not endowed by nature with miraculous wisdom, wherewith to distinguish a true warning when it is given, or a certain improvement when it is suggested. They are, unfortunately, ordinary human beings, who can only judge of such things on the same principles as the rest of their species. Such things are usually of very doubtful character. Their proving fallacious would be a serious inconvenience and discomfort. There is a responsibility as to the acceptance of absurdities, as well as the rejection of truths. It is surely, then, far from inexcusable that they are, in general, treated simply upon a theory of their probable worth, and overlooked wherever there is not a very strong case made out in their favour.

On the occurrence of the late frightful outbreak in India, it was certainly very startling to find in a book of Sir Charles Napier, published in 1853, an earnest warning as to the ticklish condition of the native troops—a prediction, in short, of this very outbreak, on the condition that certain steps were not taken to avert it. Well, here is a complete instance of a true warning slighted, and dismal consequences arising. Yet it is only fair to go back to 1853, and inquire whether the reputation of Sir Charles Napier for grave wisdom was such as to make it culpable for administrators then to neglect what he said. It is with no disrespect to a brave soldier, that we must pronounce that his reputation was not of this character. There were a few other voices in India, however, that spoke for years to the same purport as Sir Charles Napier; and it now appears very unlucky that these were not better listened to. But is it not true that there are peculiar opinions on all sorts of subjects—that hundreds of such opinions are daily

neglected with perfect impunity, because they are only the whims of individuals, and never come true? The opinions in question about the Bengal native troops were not those of the great mass of officers connected with India, and presumably able to judge. Would it have been allowable for those at the head of affairs to open their ears to a small minority, and neglect the general opinion? Can we now say that this would at the time have appeared wise and commendable, when it inferred a grand change of policy, involving its own peculiar hazards, as all changes of policy do? Would it even have been practicable, governed as India is by a body representing a vast multitude of persons? It can only be necessary to put these questions. As to their answers, there can be no hesitation and no variance.

The treatment of inventions, discoveries, and suggestions of improvement, is ruled by precisely the same principle. Now and then, it turns out that an invention or suggestion, which has been slighted in official quarters, is in reality a thing of genuine value and importance; and then there is an outcry about the inveterate opposition presented by official persons to all ideas which come to them from persons out of doors. To justify this outcry, it would be necessary to shew that the great bulk, at least, of the aforesaid inventions and suggestions are valuable, and yet invariably rejected. But the fact is—as all persons acquainted with official business only too well know—that such inventions and suggestions are, in all except a few rare instances, of no value whatever. To prove one part of this position, it is only necessary to recall how numberless are the inventions patented at a cost sufficient to test the sincerity of the inventor, and which are never afterwards heard of as practically carried out or proving of any use. To prove the other part to men of business, it is enough to remind them how often they receive suggestions about matters connected with their own affairs, which they find it impossible to turn to any account. It is very possible that actual administrators sometimes become too conservative. But obviously, the tendency of the frequent obtrusion of outside ideas that prove of no service, must be to create a general hopelessness as to such ideas; and with a person fully occupied with his stated duties, such frequent obtrusion cannot but have an exhausting effect upon the patience. A quick cordial receptivity of new ideas is therefore scarcely to be expected amongst official persons.

The actual history of outside ideas with official persons we believe to be simply this. They come in such shoals, that a careful study of each is nearly impossible. A large proportion—probably two-thirds

—suggest obvious alterations of plan, which have been long familiar to the office, and found impracticable. Another set are violent and hazardous changes, inferring great blame in case of failure. A third set are so like the dreams of maniacs, that they are at once set aside. As a rule, the outside suggester or inventor appears to the actual administrator as a person labouring under such disadvantages from his want of knowledge of the conditions under which any change is necessarily to be made, that his likelihood of suggesting a real improvement which actual administrators had failed to think of, is little above *nil*.

A remarkable improvement in one of the public departments was suggested, and urged a few years ago by an outsider of extraordinary sagacity, and, being adopted, it has undoubtedly conducted immensely to the comfort of individuals, and the facility of mercantile transactions. The suggester or expositor, as he should rather be called, of this novelty—a man whose name will never be mentioned in our history without respect—was appropriately, though not very promptly, rewarded by a high position in the office which he improved; yet we have reason to believe that this very person, with the greatest natural liberality of mind towards new things, has the usual experience of official persons regarding suggestions of improvement from external sources. The bulk of them are totally useless, and only occupy good time to no purpose. There is a constant movement in the office towards better and better plans; but in nearly every point it comes from the persons practically conversant with the office, its actual conditions, and its susceptibilities of useful change.

The subject here treated is, after all, but part of a larger one involving the history of all new things in their struggles for the acknowledgment of their worth. Novelties in human thought, in scientific discovery, and in mechanical application of the arts, have all to go through a course of difficulties before they fully assert themselves, or are generally accepted. A new man of genius has to undergo a probation before he can clear himself out from the herd of pretenders with whom he is at first liable to be confounded. It is wholly idle, as appears to us, to rail and declaim as if there were some perverse conspiracy against good new things and good new men, when it is clearly evident that all such are acknowledged as soon as ever their worth can be truly ascertained, and that in the process of ascertaining their worth lies the only real cause of delay. Undoubtedly, while it so happens that there is an almost indefinite number of chances—speaking speculatively—against one, that the novelty will be naught, the generality of men, be they official or not, will hesitate to give it even that consideration without which its making way is impossible. They refuse to be troubled upon such a poor prospect of benefit. Till human perspicacity is such that it can criticise and weigh the prospects of everything at a glance, novelties will have this fate to submit to.

These remarks are not, of course, designed to excuse any special noted case of the slighting of either a sound prediction or an obviously useful improvement. Let all such be unsparingly denounced; we merely aim at shewing how it is, in the actual relations of things, that a Cassandra will sometimes be seen going about giving out warnings which no one believes, and that a

man of true genius and originality will occasionally have to complain that a useful invention was for some time pressed in vain upon public attention.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER VII.

WELL acquainted as I was with the French language—my 'atrocious accent' notwithstanding—I must confess to something of the same feeling, when I first set foot upon the deck of *L'Espiegle*, and heard Captain Renaudin give smartly executed orders in that tongue to his French crew, as the English seaman expressed when he declared that he could not for the life of him comprehend how the service could be carried on in a ship where they called the foremast a *mât d'avant*. I remarked upon the absurdity to Webbe.

'The feeling arises in part, I dare say,' replied the privateer captain, 'from the Englishman's instinctive belief that he is of legitimate right ruler of the seas, and, consequently, that it is a kind of impertinence for denizens on his domain to speak any other tongue than his.'

'And to that instinctive belief, as you term it, must, I suppose, be also referred the surprise I have felt at noticing that the crew of *L'Espiegle* are, to all appearance, skilful and hardy sailors?'

'No doubt; since why a man born at Brest should not, other things being equal, prove as skilful and hardy as he who was born at Portsmouth, would puzzle one to explain. Other things, however, not being equal, as a rule, the seamen of France are not so hardy, so continuously hardy, as the British.'

'Have the kindness to explain: I should like to have a reason for the faith that is in me.'

'Willingly. If you or I were to take a heavy pick, shovel, and wheelbarrow, some fine hot day, and work with might and main in a stiff soil, at the foundation of a house, we should find it to be exhausting work, which only the most robust fellows could sustain with spirit for any length of time. Well, the rapid working of a frigate or liner's heavy guns in a close fight, where no particular aim need be taken, is harder, more exhausting labour than that; and French, Italian, Austrian seamen are not, as races, physically equal to the work, in comparison with Anglo-Saxon sailors. The fire of a French ship-of-war during the first ten minutes or quarter of an hour of a close rapid fight is frequently equal to that of a British ship-of-war: after that, although the foreigner's courage may be as untamed as ever, his muscles, as a general rule, begin to yield, his fire slackens, and the battle is lost. The same physiological fact governs in respect of stubborn holding out during long-continued storms of weather, or—Ha! I see her now. All right, so far.'

To enable the reader to understand Captain Renaudin's abrupt break-off in his dissertation upon the comparative naval prowess of British and French seamen, it must be explained, that whilst he was delivering it, he had been anxiously peering through a night-glass at a distant speck upon the darkening horizon, which interested him much more than the topic he was carelessly discussing. A glint of moonlight had at last enabled him to decide that the said speck was not the *Pelican* sloop-of-war.

'The capture, not many months since, of the American brig-of-war, *Argus*, by that same *Pelican*,' I remarked, after a while, 'was a gallant exploit, was it not?'

'Well, yes; but the *Argus* was overmatched, though nothing like so hopelessly as the *Macedonian* in her action with the *United States*, which Yankees prance and crow so much about. Captain Carden was a

brother-mid of mine, and I would have backed him with an equal force against all the Decatur in creation. I might as well,' added Webbe with unusual heat—'I might as well snatch up a belaying-pin, floor yonder little *mousse*, and then trumpet like a great elephant of my glorious victory! But enough of this. Had you not better, Mr Linwood, go below? The air is chilly now, and will be many degrees colder before we again behold the sun.'

'Do you remain on deck?'

'Ay, young man, till *L'Espiegle* is safely moored in French waters, or sunk five fathoms deep—which is considerably under the average, by the by, at any distance seaward off this coast—in those of the Channel. The rocks of Choisy, certainly, and the *Pelican*, possibly, lie in wait for us amidst the darkness ahead—two considerations that would "murder sleep" as effectually as ever Macbeth did: the Capitaine Jules Renaudin's sleep, that is. Mr William Linwood, of Boston, United States, may slumber as serenely as at Oak Villa—Nay, never shake your raven locks at me! We shall weather Cape Danger, do not fear, threateningly as it may seem just now to loom upon us through the mirk night. Baptiste,' he added in French, 'conduct monsieur below, and see him properly accommodated.'

Capitaine Jules Renaudin was right: the cold was becoming intense; and along the French shore a thick fog was rising, which would extinguish, so far as *L'Espiegle* was concerned, the dull lights that in those days doubtfully beaconed the vessel's sinuous course along a rock-strewn coast, which the fear of hostile cruisers compelled her to hug with perilous proximity. It was the rising fog, far more than the *Pelican*, that excited the fears of the commander of the French privateer; and with good reason, I was seaman enough to understand, without the help of Baptiste's prolix verbal chart of the sands, shoals, rocks through which, in avoidance of that *maudit* corsair Anglais, *L'Espiegle* would have to feel her dubious way. There, however, being an equally dismal certainty that I could do nothing to help myself or the cutter, by remaining hungry and awake, I resigned myself to the excellent viands, wines, and liqueurs set before me by Baptiste, and with such tranquillising success, that when I turned in for the night, the fog, shoals, rocks, and Britannic majesty's cruiser had lost, for me, nearly all their terrors.

I had risen and dressed myself the next morning at a little after eight o'clock, as marked by my watch, albeit it seemed to be pretty nearly as dark as when I lay down in the hammock. We were, I found, becalmed in a dense fog, and had anchored to avoid being drifted upon a shoal or rock by the strong and seemingly capricious currents which prevail upon that ragged coast.

There was no danger, that I could imagine, to be apprehended, and yet a feeling of great uneasiness seemed to pervade the crew of *L'Espiegle*; the officers were conversing in low tones with each other, peering into the murky air seaward with their glasses, and from time to time anxiously consulting the countenance of Captain Renaudin, as if there would be read the earliest confirmation of their hopes or fears, whatever those hopes or fears related to. The captain himself was standing upon the starboard bulwarks, supporting himself by the rattlings, and looking forth seaward in one particular direction with unswerving earnestness.

He was, I saw, in no mood for answering idle questions, and I forbore to ask any; but I was afterwards informed that the *Pelican* had, it was known, sighted the *Espegle* just before the fog reached and shrouded her. The wind immediately afterwards died completely away, so that there was no doubt the British cruiser was aware of the exact whereabouts of

L'Espiegle. I observed, moreover, that the men had pistols in their waist-belts, that arms of other kinds had been brought upon deck, and ranged conveniently at hand, and the two starboard guns cast loose and loaded.

'The fog, messieurs,' exclaimed the captain, when I had been on deck some half-hour, perhaps—'the fog, messieurs, is, as you perceive, lightening fast; in a few minutes, it will have entirely cleared away, and if—Thunder of heaven! yonder they come! *Alerte!*' he shouted, jumping upon the deck; 'be ready with the boarding-nets, and see that your arms are in working-order. The wind, Bourdon,' he added, addressing an officer, 'will probably be here as soon, or sooner, than they; you had better, therefore, place at once two men in the bows with sharp axes, to cut away the cable at a sign from me.'

The fog was indeed fast passing away; the sun, which in aspect like a red-hot cannon-ball, had been dimly glaring through it, swiftly assumed his ordinary splendour, and with well-nigh the rapidity of a *coup de théâtre*, the dull, murky scene in which only ourselves and *L'Espiegle* had been visible, changed to a bright sky overhead, a clear blue sea around, with four large boats filled with seamen and marines—the red jackets and bayonets of the latter glancing brightly in the sunshine—pulling lustily towards us; but still, I judged, a good mile off; and in the yet much further distance, the British sloop-of-war, *Pelican*!

There being no further necessity for caution or concealment, the boats' crews gave a defiant cheer, and pulled with renewed vigour, in the hope of reaching us before the also rapidly approaching line of ruffled water, marking the progress of the breeze which they were, so to speak, bringing with them.

'Captain Renaudin,' said I, speaking of course in English, which, fortunately, no one on board but us understood a word of—'Captain Renaudin, you will please to understand that I shall not fight against my own countrymen. You have led me into a terrible'—

'Bah! bah!' he interrupted, 'we shall manage to do without your valiancy's help, I dare say. To tell you the truth,' he added, in a calmer tone, whilst still intently watching the race, so to speak, between the boats and the breeze—'to tell you the truth, I would rather not myself; but self-preservation is the first law of nature. Have the men ready in the bows,' he shouted, 'to cut away when I lift my hand. Bourdon,' he added, 'place the best men by the sails, so that they draw without the waste of one precious moment; and take the wheel yourself. The guns I take charge of.'

I leaned against the capstan in a state of indescribable agitation. The full magnitude, to myself and those dear to me, of the stake involved in the struggle about to take place, seemed for the first time to flash upon my startled senses. Should the boats—should the *Pelican's* launch, which greatly headed the others, reach us before *L'Espiegle* had got well under-way, there could be no hope, however brave the resistance offered, that the French privateer would get away before the remaining boats came up and rendered further resistance hopeless—useless. In case of capture, my own position would, to say the least, be a very unpleasant; if not dangerous one; whilst as to Webbe, supposing him to be identified—and if sent to Portsmouth, he was sure to be identified—his doom would unquestionably be an hour's dangle at the yard-arm; and with his life would pass away, I feared, all hope of accomplishing the purpose, to attain which, I had tempted these desperate hazards.

And those fearful issues would be substantially decided in ten minutes—in less, much less; the launch was now not two hundred yards distant, and the stout oars bent with the force of the rowers' efforts to reach

us in time. Meanwhile, Webbe—fiercely pale, as it were—resolved, yet regretful; for although he made no scruple of plundering his countrymen, he had a deep repugnance to firing upon, slaying them—had trailed one of the double-shot guns—no grape or cannister had been used; Webbe's aim being to smash the boat, if possible, not kill or wound the men—to bear upon the launch, but hesitated to discharge it till there was no other chance left him but to do so. Another motive might be, that it was, above all, necessary to make sure that the shot would tell.

Well, the launch was, I say, within two hundred yards of us when the first puff of the coming breeze fluttered the dangling sails, and *L'Espiègle* heeled slightly over to leeward.

'Cut away the cable!' shouted the captain, without for an instant taking his eye off the advancing boat. 'Bourdon, be prompt, and, above all, calm!'

The cable, severed by a few sharp strokes of the axe, flew through the hawse-hole; the cutter's bows fell off; a second and more powerful puff of wind filled the sails; in another minute they would draw; in four, or five, no boat could overhaul us. Would those precious minutes be vouchsafed?

I could hardly hope so. Excited, as it seemed, by the possible escape of the anticipated prize, the marines in the stern of the launch jumped up to fire; a movement that disturbed the equilibrium of the boat, and which I could hear the naval officer in command rebuke with a curse. Down dropped the jollies without firing, and in response to the sea-officer's stimulating appeal, the launch was made to fairly leap out of the water—so to speak—towards *L'Espiègle*.

A successful cannon-shot alone could save us. Webbe, seeing it to be so, fired. Almost simultaneous with the flash and roar of the gun, was his triumphant shout. The bow of the boat had been completely smashed, and many of her crew were splashing and sputtering about in the water; only one, as we afterwards knew, being wounded, and that not dangerously.

A yell of delight arose from *L'Espiègle*, which drew forth a volley from the marines in the other boats—too distant to be effective. By that time, the French privateer was well under-way, and running with a fine breeze for Avranches. The depth of water, and intricacy of the navigation, forbade pursuit by the British cruiser; and in less than two hours, *L'Espiègle* dropped anchor abreast of Mont St Michel, of iron-cage celebrity. Quits, once more, for the fight!

Captain Jules Renaudin seemed to have a numerous acquaintance in Avranches; and this last exploit, which was nothing less, it soon appeared, than beating off a heavy British frigate with *L'Espiègle* of four guns, rendered him quite the lion of the ancient town. Avranches is built upon a hill at the mouth of the river Sée, and was formerly, I dare say, a place of importance. There was a curious old cathedral there, and other relics of bygone glories; but in 1814, the aspect of the town was drear and desolate in the extreme. The pulse of the national life of France did not beat high at that time; and in Avranches, as elsewhere, the emperor's reverses—the invasion by the allies of the 'sacred soil'—were the sad themes of every conversation. Ay, and people were whispering with white lips and flashing eyes, that the insolent invaders were actually marching upon Paris!

Anything, therefore, however insignificant in itself, which tended to revive the preposterous prestige of French invincibility, and especially a success upon the sea, was hailed with an almost childish delight. So, Captain Jules Renaudin, and a judicious selection from the *équipage* of *L'Espiègle*, were invited to a banquet—'Monsieur le jeune Américain' having the honour to be included in the list of guests.

We were to have set out by diligence for St Malo on the same day this patriotic festival was improvised, but

Webbe determining, for reasons of his own, to accept the proffered honour, I had of course no choice but to acquiesce.

In sooth, I was rather pleased—young-man-like—I remember, with the idea of the entertainment, and especially of the ball which was to follow.

The preparations for the simple fête amused, interested me. It was to be held in a large granary, contiguous to *L'Hôtel Impérial*, which was cleared out for the occasion, decorated with evergreens and gay flags; and to be illumined, for that night only, by an enormous central chandelier, composed of three immense wooden hoops, slung one above another, and stuck full of tin candle-sconces—the shabbiness of material being concealed by pink calico roses, variegated wreaths, rosettes, and so on. Four layers of loose boards, forming distinct tables, each the length of the granary, with deal forms on each side, would afford ample eating-room for the two hundred expected convives; and our preparations were complete, in time, and barely so. Our entertainers were not rich—by no means the *élite* of the place; but their good-will was of the heartiest; and the respectability, as well as legality of the banquet, was assured by the consent of M. le Maire to preside.

The days of omens, portents, had passed away, or I was too insignificant an individual to excite the intervention of the personages who are supposed to manage such things, for I certainly do not remember to have felt the slightest presentiment of what was impending over me. On the contrary, I was in unusual spirits, helped the men to tack on the candle-sconces, to rig the rope-machinery which held the enormous chandelier in trembling suspense over our heads, and the maidens to cut the roses, and twist the wreaths. In short, I made myself generally useful, and I was even assured, agreeable, to the modest degree, of course, only which any one having the misfortune not to be born a Frenchman could hope to attain.

It seems now natural enough to think and write of the events of those days in a cheerful spirit. I live—have therefore survived the dangers which have encompassed me, and the darkest passages of my experience are illumined by remembrance of the mercies which preserved me through them. At the time, they were, Heaven knows, no subject for jest or mirth; and it, moreover, may be as well in this place, and once for all, to state, in order to keep well with the reader, that although I did not affect the solemn grandissimo airs of 'our hero' of romantic fables, who stalk gloomily about amongst everyday people as if he was constantly before the lights in the principal part of a five-act tragedy, I nevertheless had ever before my eyes—ay, and there was ever beating at my heart, and throbbing in my brain, a deep sense of the filial trust confided to me, and an unswerving conviction to do or die in its fulfilment.

The banquet is prepared—served; the table is full. M. le Maire presides, supported on one side by Captain Jules Renaudin; on the other, by a grey-headed French officer *en retraite*, upon whose breast glitters the cross of the Legion of Honour. I am seated amongst the common file at about the centre of the room, and all for a time goes merry as a marriage-bell—for a long time, to every one but myself, and I should seem a young man in the dress of a French naval *enseigne*, seated at the furthest side of the furthest table from, but directly opposite to me. His dark expressive countenance bears traces of recent suffering; but why on earth does he suddenly stop eating and gaze so fixedly at me! I have never seen him before, and shall not greatly care if I never see him again. Bah! I will attend to my *poulet*, regardless of the fellow's persistent rudeness. I cannot, however, help glancing round just to— Confound him; he is still sternly, fiercely glaring at me, Banquo-like, from

amidst the busy, unnoticed guests! It is extremely annoying. Were it a young lady that appeared to be so suddenly taken with my handsome phiz, it would be another thing. Bah! I repeat to myself again; it is nothing to me; let him stare as much as he likes—I shall eat my dinner.

But I cannot eat my dinner; the fellow has flied away my appetite; and I am well pleased when the tables are cleared, the chandelier lit up, and the speeches begin—I shall the sooner be able to get away.

M. le Maire proposes Sa Majesté l'Empereur: received with enthusiasm of course. I sit down, after assisting to swell the applause, and almost leap again to my feet with uncontrollable surprise—panic rather! The naval enseigne has shifted his place—come near to me by one table, for a closer view, no doubt, and continues to stare fixedly at me with those dark gleaming eyes of his!

I am recalled to myself by M. le Maire, who, having proposed 'the United States, and may the alliance of the French and American eagles be perpetual,' requests their youthful and distinguished American guest to respond.

I rise for that purpose, amidst the acclamations of the company, and as I do so, a smile of exultant scorn, of deadly hate, kindles the pale face of my persecutor. Under such circumstances, and considering, moreover, that I do not care one straw for the two eagles, it is no wonder I blunder between them, make a very ridiculous cure of myself, and then drop down in my seat as if I were dead, nervous, and uncomfortable as I have ever felt in my life.

'Captain Renaudin et l'équipage de *L'Espiegle*,' is received with vociferous applause, and is replied to by Webbe in, I have no doubt, a most audacious speech, that I do not hear; at least it does not touch my mind, which is now fully pre-occupied by the naval enseigne, in whom I can no longer conceal from myself a voracious and a vengeful foe, whose spring at my throat will not be long delayed!

I am right! Directly Renaudin sits down, the young enseigne rises, and calmly claims M. le Maire's attention for a few words. It is granted instantly. Silence pour Monsieur Auguste Le Moine! 'exclaims his functionary, echoed by two hundred respectful voices—'Silence pour Monsieur Auguste Le Moine.'

Silence for Monsieur Auguste Le Moine! 'The name strikes my ear like a knell; and I divine what is coming. I glance towards Captain Webbe, who, I see, has already left his place, and is pushing towards the entrance of the apartment.

'Monsieur le Maire et Messieurs,' begins the young enseigne, 'the reverses that for a time have dimmed the glory of the French arms, have to-night been wiped out with mournful freedom. You have heard of the coalition that has been formed for the humiliation of France; of the possible triumph of the multitudinous hosts whose presence already profanes our glorious, sacred soil. But, messieurs, permit me to remind you that it is not in the open field—the field of honour—our enemies gain their most fatal victories. Bravo! England, especially, perfidious England employs against us with more effect than she does her soldiers, or even her seamen—of whom I always wish to speak with the respect due to gallant men—England, say, employs against us the more effective agencies of her gold—her manifold corruptions—her purchased traitors! (Bravos prolongés.) Yes, and to carry out her pitiless policy of corruption, she does not shrink from suborning to it, the courage, the audacity of her own bravest sons, whom she sends into our very midst as the character of friends—of Americans—to spy out where we are strong, and where we are weak; where our blows may be struck with least danger, with most advantage to herself! Of this world-known truth,

messieurs, I will give you a new example—furnish you with a modern illustration. Listen!

'Many of you are aware that but a few days ago I was a prisoner of war to the English—that I have escaped from the island of Jersey by an almost miraculous chance. The fight, messieurs, wherein I was wounded and made captive, was that in which my uncle, Captain Le Moine, lost his life. With the chivalrous feeling that ever distinguished him, the commander of *Le Renard* disdained to avail himself of the means of facile victory which the superiority of his armament afforded, and risked all upon the chances of a hand-to-hand combat upon the deck—of a night-combat wherein skill is of slight avail against brute-strength. He has paid for that grave error with his life. Peace to his ashes; honour to his memory!'

'Peace to his ashes; honour to his memory!' echo numerous voices as the young enseigne pauses, overcome by emotion.

'I have but a few words more to say, messieurs. One of the most active of our foes during that terrible contest was a young man, the son, I have been told, of the captain of the English ship. My uncle attacked him, but his arm no longer possessed the vigour of his younger days, and after a few passes, the sword of the young Englishman terminated that precious life—a life devoted to the honour and glory of France! The night was dark,' continues Auguste Le Moine, with gathering vehemence, 'but at the moment my uncle fell, a gleam of moonlight shone upon the scene, and I clearly marked the features of his slayer. Shall I point him out to you?'

'Where? Who? Tell us!' shouted, screamed a hundred voices.

'Why, who but he who, in the guise of a friendly guest, has taken his seat at this banquet!—who but this pretended American, and really the English slayer of Captain Le Moine!'

A burst of incoherent rage echoed those words. I was seized by vengeful, merciless hands, and should, I doubt not, have been torn asunder, or trampled to death, when, just as all chance, all hope was gone, down came the enormous chandelier upon the heads of the raging crowd—knocking me and a score of others off our legs, and plunging the entire assembly in darkness and confusion.

I was lifted to my feet by the strong grasp of Captain Webbe, and with the help of one of his sailors, hoisted out of the granary window.

'Off, and swiftly,' he whispered, 'to the *Lion d'Or*; I will soon be with you.'

He had cut, in the very nick of time, the rope by which the chandelier was suspended, and with the help of his sailors, trampled out, as if by accident, the candles that remained alight after its fall.

VULCANISED INDIA-RUBBER SHOES.

THE manufacturing spirit of the present age seems to have formed an extraordinary alliance with chemistry. A plain man who tries to keep abreast of this branch of the national progress, must find amazing difficulty with the mere technology of the subject. For example, our genuine old Windsor soap is now changed into a substance called glycerine; wax-candles are utterly extinguished in the market by another substance called paraffine; and soda is fast being superseded by the crystals of hydrochlorate of lime. In fact, there is no limit to the singular catalogue of compounds which the manufacturer and the chemist between them have contrived to form out of the constituents of this unhappy world.

The ancient Romans, we are told, who aspired to the great dignities of the republic, kept a slave or two in their families, whose sole business it was to learn the name and know the person of every citizen, in order

that their masters might salute their constituents with the proper degree of familiarity, and shake hands with them as particular acquaintances. Something of this kind, we think, might be done with advantage in modern society. Our great merchants and manufacturers might retain a person in their employment versed in the mysteries of chemistry applied to the arts, whose duties should consist in watching the patent-roll and the scientific journals, and who should be able to distinguish from the mass of unpronounceable names those inventions which are the most suitable to the public taste, and the most likely to turn out a profitable speculation.

These reflections have arisen from a visit we paid the other day to a new manufactory in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, the staple article of which is vulcanised India-rubber. A company of American capitalists, from the regions of New York, have actually invaded the classical metropolis of the north, and in less than a year have raised up a concern of great magnitude—the largest of its kind, indeed, in Europe—upon the strength of the growing demand for this vegetable substance, particularly when fabricated into waterproof goloshes. The thing strikes us as being so curious, and so important in a social point of view, that we have taken some trouble to inquire into the whole subject; and we propose in this article to give our readers an account of the introduction of the India-rubber manufacture into Scotland, together with a short description of the process of making India-rubber shoes.

With regard to the material itself, we shall just state that it was first seen in Europe about the middle of last century; that it was soon afterwards discovered to be the gum, or, more properly, the coagulated juice of certain tropical trees, the chief of which is the celebrated *Siphonia elastica* of the Brazilian forests; that by the natives it was called caoutchouc; by the chemists, from its singular elasticity, gum-elastic; and by the common people, from its valuable property of cleaning paper, India-rubber. Its physical properties, indeed, as a whole are perfectly unique. By far the most elastic substance in nature, it is insoluble in water, in alcohol, or in any of the mineral acids; but it dissolves readily in ether or naphtha; and, above all, it possesses the power of agglomerating, or, in plain language, of adhering again when cut, if the separate pieces are brought together. No other substance, we may add, is so valuable to the analytical chemist. We have the high authority of the Baron Justus von Liebig for stating, that to the increased facilities which the flexible tubes and sheets of India-rubber have given in the laboratory, we owe many of the brightest discoveries in organic chemistry.

Now, it happened about twenty-five years ago, that the method of producing thin sheets of India-rubber was applied to the invention of waterproof cloth garments; and large manufactories for this purpose were established both in England and in the United States. The celebrated Macintosh fabrics, so popular in the days of stage-coach travelling, belong to this era of the trade. But, unfortunately, one or two awkward circumstances connected with the material, which had hitherto almost escaped notice, began to appear in the most unmistakable manner. India-rubber, it was found, like all other vegetable substances, had a tendency to unite with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and decompose; and while perfectly elastic at all ordinary temperatures, it had the fatal peculiarity of becoming soft with heat and hard with cold. It was related in South Carolina, that a stout gentleman, travelling one day under a hot sun with a waterproof coat on, became glued up into an outer integument, from which no skill could extricate him. Another unfortunate man in Michigan, who wore a full suit of the treacherous fabric, was seen to leave a hot room

on a cold winter evening, his clothes to all appearance quite soft and pliable. Next morning, he was found among the snow on the high road frozen to death, with the fatal garments around him as stiff as buckram, and as hard as iron.

From these causes, among others we need not stay to mention, the original India-rubber manufacture gradually sunk in importance, and indeed soon became extinct. But in a few years it was destined to rise from its ashes. An ingenious shipwright of Rhode Island, Charles Goodyear, who had a strong turn for invention, bethought him of using India-rubber sheets over a skeleton of timber planks for a life-boat. The idea was excellent; but the same physical quality we have just mentioned operated much against its success in a practical point of view. The India-rubber life-boats were all very well in the water; but they did not answer to be pulled up high and dry on shore, as in that case the sheets gradually melted into a viscid essential oil, and disappeared. This circumstance was very discouraging, and might have induced any one of a less enthusiastic turn of mind to abandon the India-rubber sheets altogether, and substitute tarred canvas, or something of that kind. But Goodyear, it should seem, was no common-place inventor. With astonishing perseverance, he set about acquiring the chemistry of the subject; and it is pleasing to relate that in this direction his efforts were at length crowned with success. He discovered that if India-rubber was combined at a high temperature with certain proportions of sulphur and the oxide of lead, its whole physical nature was changed, that it was now proof against the process of vegetable decay, and that it remained uniformly elastic under the most considerable variations of temperature. This singular compound he ushered into the world in due time under the high-sounding title of Vulcanised India-rubber.*

The importance of this invention was very great, if we may judge by its results. Vulcanised India-rubber at once became the rage; all sorts of things were made from it—railway springs and buffers, machinery belts, elastic bands and air-cushions, waterproof garments of every description, all kinds of bandages, and a number of surgical instruments. These things all created a large demand for the material; but it was not found that the article which consumed most and sold best was the waterproof goloshes; and in a few years after the invention was made public, there sprung up, and still continue to flourish, several large establishments in Connecticut, in Rhode Island, in New Jersey, and in Massachusetts, which manufacture about five million pair every year, and give employment to upwards of five thousand people.

The 'North British Rubber Company' is an offshoot of this family. Since the manufacture had proved successful in America, it was thought, shrewdly enough, that it might pay in Europe also. Accordingly, a company having been formed on the limited liability principle, the present managers, Mr H. L. Norris and Mr S. T. Parmelee, who are also large proprietors, were instructed to cross the Atlantic, and fix a location for the projected colony. To shew their capacity for this important mission, we may relate that the commercial man, Mr Norris, had been, during thirty years, engaged in the India-rubber trade; that he had resided fourteen years in South America, where he had experimented upon the juice of the great India-rubber trees in the boundless forests of the Amazon. The other was a practical man, skilled in chemistry, mechanics, acquainted with the law of patents, and accustomed to manage working-men. It is not odd, we think, that the great elements of success in commercial enterprise are so fairly blended. We do not

* We propose taking an opportunity, by and by, to give fully into Goodyear's invention.

now for what reason, but they selected Scotland as the field of their industry, and they first thought of making Glasgow their head-quarters. They were seen, like the two mysterious travellers in Washington Irving, exploring the smoky regions of the Gorbals and Port Dundas, alking vaguely of purchasing land, and of building property, of burgh tenures and feudal superiorities; but, either from the difficulty of procuring a suitable place, or from the prospect of delay, they left the seat of our manufactures and commerce, and finally cast anchor in the seat of our literature and philosophy. The circumstance, indeed, guided their choice: they discovered in Edinburgh one of the finest models of a manufactory which can be found in this or any other country, unoccupied, and ready to receive them.

In the south-western suburbs of the city, at a place called Fountain Bridge, near the deserted basin of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Canal, there stands a large and stately pile of building, which is known to the inhabitants by the name of 'The Castle Silk-mills.' These buildings were erected some five-and-twenty years ago by a company of adventurers, who proposed to make Edinburgh a seat of the silk-manufacture. To expense was spared on their erection. The large quadrangle, the excellent masonry, the magnificent steam-engine, the symmetrical chimney, as well as the whole plan of the works, still attest the fine taste and boundless liberality of the projectors. Whether it arose from misdirected enterprise, or from want of capital, we do not know; but, at any rate, the speculation proved unsuccessful, and the silk-mills were abandoned. For the long period of twenty years, this splendid building remained as silent, and almost as deserted, as if it had been dug out at Pompeii. It was tried for a poor-house; it was tried for a carpet-manufactory; but it would not do: nothing could rouse the slumbering spirit of that silent mansion. At length, one morning, our two Americans appeared in the court-yard, examining the premises with an acute and practised eye. The result of their visit was soon made plain. The property was at once occupied, and in less than three months it was purchased by the North British Rubber Company; and the Castle-mills were applied to the manufacture of another kind of fabric, not, indeed, so fine or so costly as silk, but apparently of more popular use, and of far greater consumption.

It is proper to state that the managers were also aided in their choice of Edinburgh as a site for their manufactory, by the following considerations: In the first place, because they conceived it to possess a superabundant female population; secondly, because, from the comparative absence of other manufactures, there was a probability of procuring cheap labour; and, lastly, because it possessed an easy access, by way of either, to the markets of the continent.

With these views well matured, they began operations in the month of May last year. Their staff consisted of only four people—two English girls, one Irish girl, and one Irishman, whom they had brought from the United States to teach our people the process. That process we shall now proceed to explain; and for this purpose, we must ask the reader to accompany us on a glance through the works. We begin at the north side of the quadrangle, a large and spacious side of the building, consisting of five floors, which is entirely devoted to the manufacture of India-rubber shoes.

The first thing we observe here worthy of notice, is the enormous piles of raw material scattered in various heaps over the basement floor, some of it in flat cakes, some of it in the form of round bullets about the size of a man's head—hence, in the language of the trade, called negrohead, to which part of the native African it bears, we must say, an extraordinary resemblance. The commercial supply of this material,

we were informed, is derived, in the order of its importance and intrinsic value, from the Brazils, from Central America, from the East Indies, and, lastly, from Africa. The South American rubber imported from Para, the great entrepôt of our Brazilian commerce, is worth about 1s. 6d. per pound; the East Indian, from Singapore, about 1s. per pound; while the African, which is very inferior in point of quality, is only worth about 8d. per pound. As to the consumption, it has been computed that, for a period of twenty years previous to 1856, there were exported from South America to England about twelve million pounds; but the exports from the same quarter to the United States during the same period amounted to twenty-two million pounds. The United States, therefore, appear to consume nearly twice as much of the material as we do in England—we may almost say, in the whole of Europe.

The first process of the manufactory is to convert this raw India-rubber into sheets. For this purpose, it is first of all crushed through ponderous iron rollers, which soon make flat enough work of the negroheads. It is then cut into small pieces. These pieces are thrown into an iron vat of hot water, which has the effect of softening and cleansing them at the same time. The India-rubber is now subjected to a curious process of grinding through heated iron cylinders, which convert it into a soft plastic mass, well fitted to assimilate with the necessary ingredients which produce the chemical metamorphosis. After being triturated in this way for some time, it is finally rolled into a smooth sheet through a congeries of double rollers made of iron, very highly polished and very hot. This sheet, which comes forth in the most regular form imaginable, is passed on endless bands to the floor above, where it is cut into proper lengths, and stored upon layers of calico. This vulcanised sheet India-rubber constitutes the material for the uppers of the shoes.

The next step is to fabricate the inside lining. This consists merely of cotton cloth of different degrees of texture, which is coated with the viscid preparation of India-rubber while passing through the hot rollers in the same manner as the sheets. This waterproof cloth is used, coated on one side only, for insoles and inside lining, but is coated on both sides for the purpose of packing or wetting, or whatever the narrow stripes are called which cover the seams.

The third process is to stamp out the sole. For this purpose the material goes through a similar arrangement of rollers; but the surfaces, in this case, in place of being smooth and polished, have deep indentations cut into them, corresponding with the height of the heel, and the thickness of the sole—a species of circular die, in point of fact. These rollers are also reticulated on the outer surface, in order to produce the little facets we observe on the sole of the shoe; and, in addition to this, they are usually stamped with a matrix of the manufacturer's name.

Such is the preparation of the materials for the shoe. We must now go up stairs and see those materials put together. In order to do this, we get into a lifting machine which traverses the whole height of the building, and pass in succession, first the room devoted to packing and warehouse business, and second, the room where the sheets are cut into the proper shapes. The soles, uppers, insoles, inside lining, all pass through the hands of certain artisans, who correspond to the cutter or clicquer of the orthodox shoemaker. Our conductor told us, while ascending in the lift, that hitherto the manufactory had been conducted by men whose wages ranged from fifteen to twenty-five shillings per week; but, in all subsequent stages, they made large use of female labour, both from its superior cheapness and its superior taste. Just at this point we reached the fourth floor of the building; the signal

was given—the lift stopped, and we were ushered into the making department.

Here we found ourselves surrounded by a multitude of very nice-looking girls, most of them tastefully dressed, and all of them particularly clean and tidy. The reader can suppose a room—equal in area to the largest class of ball-rooms—beautifully clean and well-lighted, and in this room a double row of white deal tables, with four of our female shoemakers comfortably seated at each, and he has thus got the outline at least of our picture. We should like to devote some time to fill in the groups of figures and add a little colouring, but it would be out of place here. As to the wages of the girls, we may state that, after undergoing a nominal apprenticeship of three months, they are paid for what they can earn, which ranges from nine to twelve shillings per week.

One of those young ladies—who, by the way, came from the States—was now selected to shew us the whole process of making a shoe. So far as we could observe at the time, she pursued the following order.

1. She took up a last,
2. Which she wrapped round with a piece of inside lining.
3. She then stuck on the insole.
4. And overlaid all the seams with narrow stripes, to make them strong.
5. The quarter or heel-stepping was now added.
6. And then the bottoms were filled in.
7. The upper was now laid over this.
8. And, lastly, the sole was stuck on.

The shoe was now finished, and, in almost as little time as it has taken us to write, the raw material transformed into the article of wearing apparel. We never saw or heard of anything like it. The explanation, however, is very simple: there is no sewing or stitching needed. The tools employed resemble book-binders' tools more than those of the shoemaker. Such is the adhesive nature of the substance, that whenever two surfaces are brought together, they unite as firmly as if they had never been separated. The only thing requisite after this is to give them a coat of varnish, and that is effected in a manner equally curious and expeditious. A platform is brought by the lifting machine up to the railway which intersects the floor, and on this platform are stuck some 300 pair of the shoes, by means of spikes passing into the lasts. The whole thing is now rolled into the varnishing apartment, where each shoe is coated with a particular kind of resinous varnish; and then it is thrust into an oven, where it remains until its exterior is thoroughly dried.

To give an illustration of the magical celerity with which those India-rubber shoes are produced, we may state that the sheets are cut up one day, the shoes are made the next, and these are packed ready for the market on the next again. The North British Rubber Company turn out regularly in this manner about 4000 pair every day.

The consumption of this article is now very great. In England, Ireland, Scotland, and the continent, particularly in Germany, the demand is growing with unheard-of rapidity; and the reason, we think, is obvious. The thing is at once a necessary and a luxury. A lady may wear her goloshes on a wet day, at an evening-party, or a concert, without considering them vulgar and common because the dairy-man's daughter over the way goes about the cow-shed, and marches across the yard with a pair of precisely the same things protecting her feet. There is no mistake as to their beneficial qualities. But, of course, there is a time for everything. It will not do to wear India-rubber goloshes, or waterproof clothing of any description, constantly under all circumstances. What is good for keeping out wet, is also good for keeping

it in; or, in other words, by a constant use of this article of dress, we run the risk of checking the respiratory organs, which is very hurtful. We may mention on this point, however, that the girls in the works who wear the shoes constantly, find no ill effects resulting from this cause.

There are a number of other curious things to be seen at the Castle Mills. For example, the machine for making lasts is a really wonderful piece of mechanism. The steam-engine itself, of one hundred horse-power, is well worth examination; and, indeed, the machinery through the works generally is of a very high order, most of it, we believe, of American origin. We cannot enter at present on the other branches of the manufactory—the machinery bands, tubes, springs, and such things; but we may remark, in conclusion, that the India-rubber manufacture seems to have become established in Scotland, and we wish it all success. We have no jealousy at all that it has been done by American capital and skill—quite the reverse. This circumstance, indeed, will suggest the important reflection, that, after all, the spirit of commerce is the true bond between civilised nations, the best agent for improving the condition of the people, and the only legitimate source of national wealth and prosperity.

A DAY WITH THE DIVAN.

WE reached the divan before the hour at which Aslan Pacha gave audience; therefore the *knoush* who had been sent by the pacha to conduct us to his presence intimated that we were to precede him to the apartment of the *chehir ensin*, or superintendent. There Aslan Pacha sat, begirt with the robes of office.

'Khosh buldounk!' (Well found!) said my friend and conductor Sarim Bey.

'Bouroum' (You are welcome), answered the pacha.

We were beckoned to a seat; we obeyed forthwith. Tchibouks were presented, and for a while the party smoked on with proper Moslem apathy and silence.

'Min hahi?' (How are you getting on?) asked Sarim at length of the pacha.

Aslan slowly removed his lemon-coloured mouth-piece. 'Giadilla, Effendim' (Effendim, I am sick). The tchibouk was resumed.

'Min Al'läh!' (Heaven forbid), returned Sarim.

'Ol hai!' (It is true), was the pacha's rejoinder.

Again there was nothing but tchibouk-puffing and silence.

'What business have you on hand?' asked Sarim, after a long pause.

'Bosh!' (Nothing), was the reply of the pacha, without foregoing his amber mouth-piece for a moment.

'Na tu ni' (There it is), said the *cadi*. (The *cadi* is an inferior judge, to whom the pacha surrenders the business of the court in his absence.) 'My lord is the master, and I am his slave. Have we not the *negus* that imitated the *bokshaliks*?'

'Benezer, you are an ass!' was the flattering reply. 'Mashallah! what is the profit of such a cause except the labour? I question whether the Greek dog does not carry all his piasters on his back. Our exchange is low, and we have need of such as can pay their *avanzas*† with a full purse. Once more I tell you, Benezer, that you are an ass, and the son of an ass.'

'There is, I hear, a wealthy pacha coming here to demand the help of the favourite of the *padishah*—even

* A base coin, which was issued in a season of emergency by Sultan Mahmoud the Powerful.

† Fines.

yourself, my lord,' replied the obsequious *cadi*, without for a moment venturing to question the authenticity of that paternity which the pacha had just fastened on him. 'I know not what his wants are, that he invokes the condescension of my lord. May it be blessed! But I am told that he is as rich as King Karoon,* and scatters about his piasters as though they were but fig-dust.'

'Chok chay' (That is much), replied Aslan. 'And you think he will leave money behind him?'

'My lord is wiser than a *karabash*! His penetration reaches to the centre of all things, and nothing is hidden from his eye!' was the answer. 'It is even as he has spoken!'

'Pek ahi' (It is well), returned the pacha. 'Few are the piasters that of late have found their way into the treasury. Inshal'lah! (I trust in God) it is as you say, Benezer. The respect for justice must be on the decline, or we should not be in receipt of such meagre presents. A *boksha* or an *anali* (a handkerchief or a hand-mirror), such are now thought fitting offerings to the representative of the Lord of the Three Seas!'

'But was it not yesterday that my lord received two hundred piasters from —?' interposed the unfortunate *cadi*. He was instantly stopped.

'Benezer, you are a fool! Had you been wise, you would long ere this have filled your pockets with *jeb-kari* (pocket-money), instead of keeping your purse empty, and being reckoned unfit to dip your spoon in the same *tchorba* (soup) as a mere *khawaji* in the *Tsharshi*. But why talk I? I have said that you are an ass, and I repeat it! It is time. *Ge!* (Come).

The pacha rose as by a great effort to his feet, being assisted so to do by two *nefers*,† who each put a hand beneath his shoulders. Having gently lifted him to stand upon his feet, with as much care as though he had been a chandelier or a German doll, they placed one hand beneath his elbows, whilst with the other they held up his robes. He leaned upon them, panting and tottering, as if crushed beneath the weight of the dignities he sustained, as is usual with all great persons on occasions of state in the east. The 'favourite of the padishah' was followed by six soldiers of the guard with their officer; his *selictar-aga*, or sword-bearer; his *kahvedji-bashi*, or chief of the coffee-makers; his *odossi-bashi*, or the keeper of his seal and purse; his *tchibouk-bashi*, or holder and filler of his *tchibouk*; two *chokadars*, or cloak-bearers; one *kirkeji-bashi*, or large mantle-bearer; his *merakbah*, or chief guard of his stables; and the *tarafhani*, or inspector; the *chehir ensin*, or superintendent; the *djillat*, or executioner; and various subordinate officers closed up the rank.

Slowly and stately the *nefers* placed him to sit upon the yielding cushions of the divan at the upper end of the Hall of Audience. The crowd of applicants, who stood with their hands meekly folded upon their bosom, just within the doorway, spread the palms of their hands upwards, and prostrated themselves till their forehead touched the earth. The officers who kept guard over the door, pressed forth to make their obeisance by kissing the hem of the pacha's robe; but the pacha, with a condescension which brought out a burst of applause, prevented them from doing so, and offered them his hand. Each one took the proffered and distinguished boon, stooped forward, and placed it for a moment upon his head.

'Lah il'lah el il l'Al'lah! Muhammed il resoul Al'lah! (There is no God but God; and Muhammed is the prophet of God), cried Latija, the secretary of the court. 'Al'lah shekier! (Praise be to God), all the earth is to come for justice to this its asylum in

the presence of the Shadow of the Padishah! Let all who want justice now ask, and they shall have the gift!'

As he finished the words, an elderly Turk detached himself from the crowd, and walking rapidly across the hall, till he reached the open space in the centre, he flung himself upon his knees and murmured: 'Justice! justice! justice!'

The secretary spread the parchment upon his knee, dipped the *calam* (pen) in the bottle at his girdle, and thus held himself in readiness to obey any commands of the Mirror of Justice who was seated in the divan above him.

'Who calls for justice? Speak!—we listen!' said the pacha.

'May the life of my lord be like his power, without end, and his shadow never be less!' cried the applicant. 'The fame of my lord has reached even to the portals of El Masr,* and the light of his penetration discovers things hidden in the darkness of mid-night. Therefore am I come, I, Suleiman, the essence-merchant in the Divan Yuli (Divan Street) of the *Tsharshi*, to invoke the judgment of the Reflection of the Padishah upon that Ibn Sheitan,† Kafoor, the black slave who keeps my counter in my absence.'

'Good; and you shall have what is right; for am I not here even as in the stead of the padishah, the Sun of Justice and the Shadow of the Universe?' said the pacha.

'Taibin! taibin!' (Excellent! excellent), said the satellites near; and a low murmur of approbation ran through the court.

'My lord the pacha doubtless has heard the fame of Suleiman, the maker of the imperial essences. I have made the properties of scents my study, until I defy all the competition of the *Tsharshi*; and the science of the Franks is but as an atom in the beams of my knowledge of all precious perfumes. A few weeks ago, my lord's servant, after a hundred costly experiments, invented a new essence, whose excellence exceeded that of all other essences under heaven if put together. A single breath of it, my lord, was like an entrance into paradise; and but to uncover the *flacon* of gilded ivory in which this surpassing concoction was contained, gave its possessor a joy as if he had converted the whole race of infidels to the faith of the true believers. It was born of the spirit of a rose; and he who smelt this wonderful compound could hardly regain his breath, so powerful was its sweetness. This son of a burnt father, my lord, stole the box in which the essence was contained from the drawer wherein I had deposited it for safety, and took it to one of the cunning Franks, who, helped by Sheitan, found out the nature of those perfumes of which it was compounded. And it was but yesterday that whilst thinking there was but one flask of it in the whole universe—and that one the *flacon*, small as a pea, which I possessed—I had a phial of it offered to me for inspection by Namtem, the rival merchant on the opposite side. The villain is this Kafoor! My lord, he has plundered me of piasters sufficient to pave the way from hence to the *Kehaba*‡ with gold; for this precious perfume would have been welcome to every harem under the sun, and even to the *houris* in paradise!'

'Kafoor, stand forth!' pronounced the pacha in a voice of authority. An officer led the shrinking Numidian to the centre of the room, and there left him. The negro dashed himself to the earth, and clasping his hands, cried piteously for mercy.

'Give him the *bastinado*,' was the reply; and the shrieking slave was led to a distant part of the hall, and there, in sight of the pacha, the preparations for the punishment were made. The feet were bared, the

* The Crosses of the east.

† The *nefers* are supposed to be men of especial purity. As a sign of this, they wear women's hair upon their neck and around their shoulders.

* Mecca.

† Son of Satan.

‡ The holy temple at Mecca.

ankles tied to a wooden rod; two men held the ends, one on each side. With the disengaged right hand, each took a thong, and commenced alternately striking a blow. The screams of the black were terrible: he rolled his eyes in agony, he pawed the floor, he bit the ground. The infliction was continued without mercy, till the pacha was pleased to pronounce the emphatic '*Themum!*' (enough). The sufferer was then released, and allowed to crawl home as he could.

'Now, who else would have justice?' asked the secretary.

An aged Jew advanced to the middle of the hall, and throwing himself upon his knees, with one of the lowliest salams of the east, began his complaint.

'I come to the Glory of the Truth for help, and shall I ask aid of the all-powerful pacha, who is as the breath in the nostrils of his slave, in vain? My lord, soon after the Bairam, I bargained with this filthy Greek, Angiolo'—

'Angiolo, stand forth!' interrupted the pacha. It was done, and the Israelite proceeded.

'I bargained with him, O Rose of Justice! to let him become the possessor of two bundles of my finest *bokshas** for'—

'Had you paid the duty on them?' asked the pacha.

'My lord's wisdom is wonderful!' cried the Jew. 'He thinks all things, and all secrets are plain in his sight, like the heavens at noonday! Who can hide aught from the Favourite of the Padishah? By the bones of Abraham, my great ancestor, should I not be witless as a dog, if I sought to do so, when my lord knows all things, and his servant is less than a slave in his sight?'

The pacha solemnly nodded his head in a slight approbation, as if the Jew were hardly worthy of his august notice; and a fresh murmur of '*Taibin! taibin!*' ran through the apartment, to the great encouragement of Yousouff, the silver-bearded Jew.

'I took them to the custom-house,' resumed he; 'but Namik, to whom I always pay the tax, was absent. I drew the attention of his secretary to the two bundles of *bokshas*, and said that as I had an immediate purchaser for them, I would take them away, and return with the money at my leisure.'

'You *did* sell them, then, before you paid the tax? Did I not understand you aright?' asked the pacha.

'My lord, it is even as you say,' responded the Jew.

'Latija,' said the pacha to the secretary, 'write that Yousouff, the Jew, is to pay an avania of one hundred piasters for defrauding the revenue, and that he is to forfeit his two bundles of *bokshas* also to the state. Write also, that Angiolo, the Greek, is to pay his avania of fifty piasters for purchasing two bundles of *bokshas* of Yousouff, the Jew, knowing the same to have cheated the revenue of the Sublime Empire. Now, Hebrew, we listen!'

But the poor Jew now was speechless with vexation; and the whole court, which a moment before exulted in his applause of the pacha, now resounded with a titter of delight at his ill-luck.

'Where did you sell them, infidel?' asked the pacha.

'The bargain was made in the bazaar,' replied the unhappy Yousouff, wringing his hands as though he were ruined for ever.

'Latija,' continued the pacha to the secretary, 'Yousouff, the Jew, is fined fifty piasters for selling *bokshas* within the city. Hebrew, your cause is done?'

'It is done, my lord.'

'Latija,' said the pacha, 'write: Yousouff, the Jew, is to pay an avania of one hundred piasters for troubling

the divan with a cause for which there was no ground. Hebrew, your case is dismissed.'

A burst of applause followed this last display of wisdom by the Sun of Truth, amidst which the discontented Jew found his way out of court as well as he could.

An officer now led one of those old women who travel with bouquets, charms, and essences for sale before the divan. The official bowed himself to the earth.

'What complaints have you, Saider,' asked the pacha, 'against this woman?'

'None, my lord,' said she—'none!'

'My lord,' said the official, 'this is Zeinip Hmoom, who has been several times before you for her misdeeds.'

'Astafa Al'läh!' (God be praised), cried the pacha, 'I find all of you ready enough to talk of others' deeds, but, *Maahal'läh!* there are few amongst you dare speak of his own! What have you done, Zeinip?'

'Nought, Effendimon' (My master), replied she. 'Some daughter of a *kamal* has of late introduced certain missives to the harem of Saraf Pacha.'

'Did you do it?'

'I? not I!' responded Zeinip. 'Not that I have not in my day done such works for the young ladies of the city. I have sold in the best harems those whereon words of passion were inscribed in gold-leaf upon the leaves of roses. I have'—

'*Maahal'läh!* she tells a tale to which it is a shame to listen!' said the pacha. 'Do we not talk of women—and that is bosh' (nothing).

'So you all say,' pursued the imperturbable Zeinip. 'Look you, my lord; Zeinip has not lived so long, but she knows how to discover a diamond from a cinder, and false ire from real passion. See here, my lord, I have all precious things in my basket. What shall I shew you, Effendimon? I have silk-threads encircled with love-ballads from Hafiz; I have gems of Araby, and spices from the far lands beyond the sea; I have analis whose frames are traced with gentle words; and I have calams whose language, if they be used discreetly, shall be softer than the breath of the rose; I have bouquets to protect from the evil eye; I have charms and rings, and amulets and spells. I have one in particular that I will shew you, Effendimon: it is in the form of a box, containing essences and philters, and at the bottom is a spell by which, if the box be left uncovered at the fountain for one night at the decline of the moon, on the morrow one hundred piasters will be found at the bottom.'

'Inshal'läh, your secret is well worth the learning, Zeinip,' said the pacha.

'My secret I cannot give—the box I can,' returned Zeinip, handing it up.

'Latija,' said the pacha, as he received the spell, 'write: Saider, the officer, is fined fifty piasters for making a false charge against a good Moelem.'

This sentence being duly recorded, the Sun of Justice was prepared to lift up the light of his countenance upon some new suitor. One quickly came. A young woman, whose dress and manners evidently betokened that she belonged to the first rank of Ottoman ladies, was led in by a superior officer from one of the private apartments beyond the hall. There she had been staying till an opportunity for stating her case arrived, for she was of too high a class to mingle with the indiscriminate throng at the door.

'Holy Prophet!' muttered the pacha to the calligrapher, 'an under-tone, but the young houri, after the old one, is like a sight of the seventh heaven! Has she come to complain of her last purchase in the Tesharshi, or to ask for a fitting maintenance from her husband? Bosh der! (No matter.) Bak ahloum!' (We shall see.)

Again the pacha looked with furtive and covered gaze upon the fair young creature before him. His

* Silk handkerchiefs.

ce moved not a muscle, but yet, with Turk-like crecy, his eyes watched every motion of the picture. He was young, and very pretty, as the wives of those mania, whose station gives them power to choose, usually are. Her large dark eyes flashed with that illiance which so fascinates one in the Turkish male; although to any man whose sympathies are

all right, it is painful to know, that to produce is strange brightness, she uses artificial and pericious means—the poisonous essence of belladonna. Her cheek was pale and pure, and though so jealously hidden beneath the misty folds of her *yashmak*, you did easily see the beauty of every feature, and even a pink spot in the centre of each cheek. The long eyes of her *feridje* (cloak) had fallen back, thus revealing her arms, which were delicately moulded, and as smooth as newly sculptured marble. A wreath of aris and flower-sprays confined part of her hair hind; but much of it had been suffered to break e, and the long dark curls falling around her shoulders, formed a picturesque contrast to the pale loveliness of her complexion. A pretty little foot, incased in embroidered slipper, just peeped out from under the folds of her large flowing *shahwar* (pantaloon) of the yellow and violet silk.

She was of the highest rank, as has been said; and noticed that she began her petition very differently to any who had preceded her. She pronounced a misfired 'Salam Aleikoum!' (Peace be with you) to the cha, and then commenced her recital—while she laid up the forefinger of her right hand in a gesture of stily command, and emphasising any sentence of alial import by slowly moving it.

'My lord the pacha,' began she, 'I claim the protection of your authority against my husband. I'—

'Inshal'lah,' interrupted the pacha, 'a woman has right to dispute the wishes of her husband, unless be a case of *devaniti* (idiotcy) or of *scaradam* (idiotcy). He is her lord and master, and knows all age; and she is as bosh, and less than bosh (nothing, less than nothing), in his sight.'

'Wal'lah! and a *devani* (an idiot) and a *scaradit* (idiot man), too, he must be, or he would not try to psee his wife's wants when her cause is just, and she done nought to offend him. I had a slave, my i, named Zaida Hanoum. She was mine before I tried my husband, and he has no right to her. He an to look upon her with unblushing face and ey eyes, and I chose it not. I sent her away to the use of my friend, Selima Hanoum, but he found her; and brought her back!'

'Why did you not shew him the bottom of your per?' asked the pacha, much moved at this justice to the young wife.

'I did, my lord,' replied the Hanoum; 'and once I minded to apply it to his ears, but I refrained!' 'Guzel, guzel!' (Very good, very good), replied the ha. 'The cause must indeed be serious when a e can be suffered to apply her slipper to the ears of husband! By your patience, I know that you are the right—for such can always keep their temper. Will send a script to your husband,' pursued the ha, as he saw the Hanoum taking out a well-filled se. 'No wife shall be unjustly troubled by her band's fancies whilst the Favourite of the Padishah in judgment here!'

The purse was handed to the secretary, who in turn ided it to the pacha.

'I know not what the costs are,' said the arch young noum; 'but I require no deductions from my gift. my remains, let it go to the secretary, or any one in court who may choose it!'

The Hanoum made a dignified salam—the pacha ciously returned it—and then she passed out of rt. This case disposed of, the pacha declared that was so much fatigued with the duties of his office,

that he really could sit in the divan no longer. The cadi therefore took his place. Slowly and solemnly as he had been led there, the nefers now supported Aslan from the Hall of Audience. We followed, perfectly satisfied with our Day at the Divan.

THE HISTORY OF THE FOUR KINGS.

Who is there of us that has been at school who remembers not that terrible question in geometrical progression beginning with 'One Sessa, an Indian,' the black gentleman who invented the game of chess, and demanded of his prince in recompense one grain of wheat for the first square in the board, two for the second, three for the third, and so on, up to the value of more than the royal possessions? It is to this celebrated person, it seems, that we are also indirectly indebted for the game of whist. In the chess of Hindoostan, *Chaturaji*—the four rajahs or kings—the ingenious Sir William Jones discovers the germ of that which delighted the heart of Mrs Sarah Battle more than ten centuries afterwards. In what manner, and at what precise time, coloured cards took the place of carved figures, and the whist-table elbowd out the chess-board, is not known; but a pack of Hindoostanee cards in the possession of the Royal Asiatic Society, and presented to Captain Cromline Smith in 1815 by a high-caste Brahmin, were declared by the donor to be actually one thousand years old! 'Nor,' quoth the Brahmin, 'can any of us now play at them, for they are not like our modern cards at all.' Neither, indeed, do they bear any remarkable resemblance to our own, the pack consisting of no less than eight suits of divers colours, the kings being mounted upon elephants, and the viziers, or second honours, upon horses, tigers, and bulls. Moreover, there are other marks by which the respective value of the common cards may be distinguished, which would puzzle our club quidnuncs not a little—such as 'a pine-apple in a shallow cup,' and a 'something like a parasol without a handle, and with two broken ribs sticking through the top.'

In the Chinese dictionary called *Ching-toye-tung*, it is asserted that dotted cards were invented in the reign of Seun-ho, A.D. 1120, and devised for the amusement of his numerous wives: there are thirty cards in each of these packs, three suits of nine cards each, and three single cards superior to all the others. The name of one of the suits is *Kew-ko-wan*—that is to say, nine ten thousands of kwan, strings of beads, shells, or money; and the titles of the other two are equally concise and sensible. These cards, however, have an advantage over those of Hindoostan in being oblong instead of circular; both, however, are remarkable for being emblematic in a very high degree; some of the Hindoo packs illustrating the ten avatars or incarnations of the deity Vishnu; and the so-called 'paper-tickets' of the Chinese typifying the stars, the human virtues, and, indeed, almost anything you please.

Cards do not appear to have been known in Europe until towards the end of the fourteenth century. 'In the year 1379,' writes Carelluyzo, 'was brought into Viterbo the game at cards, which comes from the country of the Saracens, and is with them called *naib*;' whence afterwards, perhaps, Jackanapee, Jack of Cards. In 1393, this entry occurs in the accounts of the treasurer of Charles VI. of France: 'Given to Jacquemin Gringonneur, painter, for three packs of cards, gilt and coloured and variously ornamented for the amusement of the king, fifty-six sols of Paris.'

The clergy, it seems, took to their quiet rubber, or, as I am afraid it was, to that ungenteel game all-fours, very speedily after this, for they were forbidden these little amusements by the synod of Langres so early as 1404.

Card-making grew to be a regular trade in Germany fourteen years after this, where it, as well as card-painting, seems to have been for some time carried on exclusively by females; the wood engraving of cards, however, did not begin until some time afterwards. The pips were then very prettily imagined, the suits consisting of hearts, bells, acorns, and leaves. The place of her majesty the queen was filled by a knight or superior officer; and it is to Italy, and not to Germany or France, that the glory of giving *place aux dames* at all must be conceded. There was also—imagine it, shade of Major A. !—no ace whatever. By 1420, gambling by means of cards had got to such a pitch as to provoke St Bernardin to preach against it at Bologna; and so eloquently, as to cause his hearers to make a fire in the public place, and throw all the cards in their possession into it—a proceeding which must have been enthusiastically applauded by the Messrs De la Rue of that period. We doubt whether Mr Spurgeon now-a-days would produce an equal effect in St James's Street.

In the books of the worshipful guild of cobblers, at Bamberg, there is a bye-law of 1491, which imposes a fine of half a pound of bees-wax, for the company's holy candle to burn at the altar of their patron saint, upon any brother who, being excited by bad luck, should go so far as to throw the cards out of window. The signs upon Italian cards, which seem to have been the first imported into England, were cups, swords, money, and clubs; but in the third year of Edward IV., their further importation was forbidden, and the home-trade of card-making protected. Cards were played by that time, we learn, 'in all places of worship' in this country, which, however, simply means in the houses of all worshipful people, such as lords, knights, and justices of the peace.

Henry VII. was a card-player; and there are not a few entries in that beggarly monarch's privy-purse account of his majesty's little losings: the sly old fellow never seems to have won anything. His daughter, Margaret, at the age of fourteen, was found by James IV. of Scotland—the first time he ever saw her—in the act of playing cards; and it was most probably *écarté*, for he seems to have at once proposed to her, and she to have accepted him. He was himself a great card-player, and had delivered over to him at Melrose, on Christmas-night 1496, 'thirty-five unicorns, eleven French crowns, a ducat, a ridare, and a leu'—in all forty-two pounds, to spend at cards.

There was a sum regularly allotted to the Princess, afterwards queen, Mary, as pocket-money for this especial purpose; the sums given her at a time for immediate disbursement ranging from twenty to forty shillings, but one entry being so disgracefully low (for a princess) as 'two and tuppence.' It is probable that her indifferent luck at this amusement may have contributed to the burning of not a few poor Christians in later years. Mr Barrington is of opinion that her Spanish alliance made games at cards much more universal in this country; and certainly, Spaniards were early votaries at the shrine of the Four Kings. Cards were especially forbidden to the troops on board of the Armada by the Duke of Medina; but we do not know what authority Mr Samuel Rogers had for making the companions of Columbus

Round at Primero sit, a whiskered band,
So Fortune smiled, careless of sea or land.

Queen Elizabeth liked cards as well as her sister did, and, when she lost her royal money, seems generally to have lost her royal temper also. Instead of the white malice which Mary indulged in, however, Queen Bess did but blurt out a harmless oath or two. Sir Robert Carey tells his father Lord Blunsdon, who is procrastinating about his journey to Barwyke, that

he had better set about it at once, 'for when I towlede hyr that you determind to begyn your journey presently after Whitsonyde, she grew yntoo a grete rage, *begynnynge with Gods words*, that she wolde sett you by the feete, and send another in your place yf you dalyed with hyr thus, for she wolde not be thus dalyed withall.' James I. likewise played a good deal, but so sleepily, that he required somebody to hold his cards for him.

About the year 1660, heraldic cards were first introduced into England, the king of clubs being represented by the arms of the pope; of spades, by those of the king of France; of diamonds, by those of the king of Spain; and of hearts, by those of the king of England. In 1679, a pack was published containing the history of all the popish plots, 'excellently engraved on copper plates, with very large descriptions under each card. Aspersers of this pack,' it is added by their ingenious advertiser—that is, those who don't buy them, we suppose—'plainly shew themselves to be popishly affected.'

The French, from whom we derive our ordinary suits of diamond, heart, spade, and club—*carreau*, *cœur*, *pique*, and *trefle*—were continually changing their court-cards, and representing on them all sorts of historical characters. In the earlier periods, their kings were Charlemagne, Caesar, Alexander, and David, or Solomon, Augustus, Clovis, and Constantine; about all of whom and their followers, Pere Daniel has the most ingenious information to offer. Troops, says he, however brave and numerous, require to have prudent and experienced generals. The *trefle*, a clover plant which abounds in the meadows of France, denotes that a chief ought always to encamp his army in a place where he may obtain forage for his cavalry; *piques* and *carreaux* signify magazines of arms which ought ever to be well stored—the *carreau* being a sort of heavy arrow shot from a cross-bow, and which was so called from its head being squared (*carré*); *cœurs*, hearts, signified courage of both commanders and soldiers; and so on to any amount.

Whist was a popular game in England long before it became fashionable. In 1664, the second edition of *The Compleat Gamester* has this passage: 'Ruff, and honours (by some called slam), and whist are games so common in England, in all parts thereof, that every child almost of eight years hath a competent knowledge in that recreation; and therefore I am more unwilling to speak anything more of them than this, that there may be a great deal of art used in dealing and playing at these games, which differ very little one from the other.' Another name for this ancient game of 'ruff and honours' was 'whisk and swabbers,' from which title, without doubt, was derived whist, and not, as is popularly believed, from the Irish *whisht*, 'be quiet.' The game never seems to have been played upon principle much before 1737, about the time that the famous treatise by Edmund Hoyle, Gent., was published by Thomas Osborn at Gray's Inn: it was, however, long before this the peculiar recreation of the clergy and country gentlemen, who left ombre to the ladies, piquet to the bloods, and all-fours, put, cribbage, and lanterloo to the lowest orders.

Since then, as we know, the history of the Four Kings has never lacked students. It is probable that during the last hundred years more money has been spent in the encounters of these paper monarchs and their armies than in all the real campaigns which have been entered upon in the same period by flesh-and-blood sovereigns; nor, indeed, in so loyal a cause, has life itself been spared, as many duels spring from cards can testify. Moreover, not a few famous persons have absolutely died in harness with cards in their hands; such as the great Bath player *Looking via*

pired at his favourite game of humbug—Double
umby—not being permitted by inexorable death even
play out his four by honours and mark the game.
seems likely, however, that the history of the Four
ings, like that of monarchy itself, will never be
tended to the New World; for Mr Andrew Chatto,
whose *Facts and Speculations upon the Origin and*
History of Playing-cards we are mainly indebted for
his paper, assures us that the court-cards of a repub-
-an pack recently (1848) manufactured at New
ork, and now in his possession, have no kings at
l: the president of hearts being Washington; of
monds, John Adams; of clubs, Franklin; and of
ades, Lafayette. One of the queens is Venus—
odestly concealing her charms after the American
ions of delicacy—and the others are Fortune, Ceres,
d Minerva; while the knaves are aptly represented
four Indian chiefs.

SOCIAL PROGRESS AT THE ANTIPODES.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

THE country which Tasman took the liberty of naming
New Zealand, without daring to land and take pos-
session, consists of a comparatively narrow range of
high mountains, extending about eight hundred miles
in length from north to south, and is so placed as to
embrace all the most desirable climates of the earth in
rapid gradation, from the almost tropical temperature
of the Bay of Islands and Auckland, to the cold and
high latitudes of Otago and Stewart's Island towards
the south. This highly picturesque chain of sharp
ridge-like ridges, and high volcanic peaks, is inter-
sected by Cook Strait and Foreaux Strait; and thus
divided into three islands, of which the Northern
and Middle Islands, separated by Cook Strait, are of
considerable extent. It is said that the entire surface
of New Zealand is equal to that of England and
Ireland; but this must be a very rough approxima-
tion, based on the marine survey of Captain Cook, for
general trigonometrical survey has been undertaken
since, although the local government would seem to
have both a strong motive and sufficient means for
doing so, seeing that their principal function is to buy
large blocks of land from the Maoris at about three-
pence per acre, to be retailed to emigrants at five and
six shillings, according as it is hilly or level. Among
the European settlements here, commercial enterprise
and success seem to increase with the mean tempera-
ture. More business is transacted in Auckland than
in all the other settlements together. One Auckland
we alone, that of Mr Grahame, built of honeycombed
volcanic lava, from the adjacent volcano, Mount Eden,
contains more goods than all the stores of Wellington.
In the language of the turf, Auckland takes
the lead; Wellington makes a bad second; and
the rest are nowhere. This is partly due to the
favourable position of Auckland with respect to the
Australian colonies, and partly also to the peculiar
character of the inhabitants of each settlement. The
members of those who founded Wellington, and its off-
shoots Nelson and New Plymouth, were chiefly the
younger sons of the English aristocracy, with a strong
taste for after picnics, balls, and champagne suppers,
and no great aptitude for business; while Auckland
is distinguished by a certain Yankee-like go-ahead
spirit, chiefly imported from Sydney and Tasmania.
The settlements of the Middle Island appear to
have fallen into a state of permanent commercial
paralysis. A few years ago, some wealthy Port Phillip
settlers endeavoured to grow wool on the Canterbury
hills, which produce a kind of coarse wiry tussock-
grass, but were obliged to abandon the attempt on
account of the cold wintry winds and the scarcity of
storage.

At Ahuriri, in Hawke's Bay, on the east coast of

the Northern Island, have been discovered fine plains
covered with good natural grasses, combined with the
temperate climate due to the fortieth parallel of lati-
tude. Many squatters have already settled on exten-
sive sheep-runs on the upland Rua-Taniwha plains,
and these pastoral colonists will doubtless be followed
by agriculturists as soon as government succeeds in
purchasing the extensive alluvial plain at Ahuriri.

Those who have read the numerous glowing descrip-
tions of New Zealand, published under the auspices of
single land-sharks, or combined land-sharking com-
panies, will be surprised to learn that the quantity of
land available for agriculture is extremely small.
Fully nine-tenths of the surface of the country consists
of steep razor-backed hills of white clay, covered with
an impenetrable tangle of rough fern, from three to
fifteen feet high, which will not be replaced by useful
grasses for many ages to come. Small patches of level
holm-land are sparsely scattered along the clayey
banks of the rivers; but the only lands of any extent
adapted for cultivation are the large alluvial plains
at the mouths of the rivers, and to these the shrewd
Maoris adhere with provoking pertinacity. Where
land has changed hands several times within the
memory of man, the last possessors readily consent to
sell that which they hold only by a usurped and dis-
puted claim. Thus the extensive Wairarapa Valley,
near Wellington, and the Wairau plains, near Nelson,
were easily acquired. But all the persuasive powers
of the government commissioners fail to effect a pur-
chase where the title to land has been undisturbed for
many generations. In this category is the largest and
finest plain in New Zealand, rich, fertile, and level as
a billiard-table, yet misnamed Poverty Bay by Cook,
because he was not allowed to get supplies of wood
and water here by the warlike Ngatikahungunus.

The maritime alluvial plains of New Zealand have
some remarkable peculiarities. They are not valleys
sloping continuously down from the flanks of the
adjacent hills, but almost perfectly level plains, abut-
ting against the steep hillsides as abruptly as the
surface of a deep lake. They are, in fact, most prob-
ably the level bottoms of large lagoons, elevated by
some general upheaval of the country. Some very
perfect examples of raised beaches on the east coast
show that such upheavals have taken place. Enormous
lagoons are still often formed at the mouths of almost
all New Zealand rivers. The heavy rains of winter,
flowing rapidly over the impermeable clay of the pre-
cipitous hills and ravines, cause sudden and powerful
floods, which rush straight to seaward, and make the
mouth of the river in a line with its course near the
sea. But when the river is low in summer, the heavy
surf of the great Southern Ocean, especially during
southerly gales, combined with the prevailing current
along the coast, drives up the movable shingle, and
often causes the mouth of the river to travel along the
beach two or three miles, as at the Wairoa in Hawke's
Bay, and at Ava-puni in Poverty Bay; the river
meanwhile running along a channel at the back of the
beach. After a long drought, a heavy gale in March
or April often blocks up the mouth of the river
entirely. Such awa-punis, or closed rivers, are com-
mon all along the east coast. The waters accumulate
behind, and much alluvial matter is deposited in the
lagoon thus formed, before an opening is effected,
either by another great flood, or cut by the natives to
prevent the overflowing of their kumara grounds, and
to allow the entrance of kahawai, patiki, and other
fish from the sea. In consequence of this unceasing
struggle between the sudden floods from the moun-
tains and the powerful swell of the ocean, most of the
rivers of New Zealand terminate in a large swampy
lagoon, bounded to seaward by a long shingly beach,
through which a narrow opening carries off the waters
from the interior. Where these lagoons have been

silted up, plains have been formed, level and fertile as a farmer could wish for.

The Ahuriri plain is a good type of its kind, and illustrates well the peculiar process of the formation. Six rivers run through the plain into a common channel, about twenty miles long, at the back of a beach of small movable shingle. The channel leads to a lagoon, about twenty square miles in extent, lying at the back of the narrow beach also, and on the side of the plain opposite to Cape Kidnapper. An opening, of 150 yards in width, from the lagoon to the sea, at the island pah before mentioned, is the only outlet for all these rivers in summer; but in winter, each river, swollen by the heavy rains, bursts through the beach, and makes to itself a separate mouth. Notwithstanding that the tide rushes through the main opening at the rate of six or seven knots an hour, the lagoon is rapidly silting up, and mud-flats are appearing wherever there is easy water. A Maori boy having upset his canoe in a high wind, and lost a new iron plough, we swept for it with two boats and a chain, but gave up the attempt to recover it, when we found that an oar, twenty feet long, could be pushed down with ease out of sight, into the soft mud at the bottom.

In order to keep my appointment with Karaitiana, I had to cross this lagoon in a whale-boat, a little voyage which I always undertook with pleasure. There, large gulls and gannets were soaring aloft, and dashing down headlong into the waters; dark green shags raised their snake-like necks from the waves, with captured awa or patiki in their bills; the spotted crested cormorants were flying to and from their nests in the rounded holes of the clay-cliffs; and the graceful terns were wading along the margins of the shoals. There was a spice of danger too, for a strong tide-rip was to be encountered, hidden mud-banks and snags were to be avoided, and occasionally the ominous back-fin of a shark would be seen to follow the wake of the boat. Indeed, a large shark once attacked us, when fishing kahawai on the lagoon, from an old broken canoe, with such fury and perseverance, as to make us paddle home in hot haste, to avoid being capsized and devoured.

The influx of settlers into this favoured district has already raised up at the entrance of the lagoon three public-houses, where London porter may be had for half-a-crown a bottle, and brandy so plentifully mixed with fiery arrack, as fully to confirm the Maori's salutary idea of the noxious qualities of wai piro. My path lay, for several miles beyond these houses, along the beach towards Cape Kidnapper. Just where the fierce surf rushes up, hissing and boiling, the ground is sandy and compact, and easy walking is practicable, by hazarding a wet foot now and then. Higher up the beach, the labouring pedestrian sinks to the ankle at every step among the loose shingle, and walking is excessively fatiguing. However, I preferred walking, in order to look for shells and sponges on my way, and had sent back the horse which had been put at my disposal. Large masses of red and white pumice lay scattered around, brought down by floods from the volcanoes inland. Of this light material the settlers here build the chimneys of their weather-boarded houses, cementing the pumice with lime of burnt shells; for building-stone and limestone are not within a convenient distance of Ahuriri. I found a few shells of common types, but not a single specimen of the beautiful *Spirula Australis*, which I had previously gathered in abundance at Poverty Bay and in the Bay of Plenty. The river-channel behind the beach and the neighbouring swamps were covered with flocks of wild ducks (*parera*). Now and then, a shy little grebe would dive out of sight, or scuttle away into a raupo bush; or a pair of the large paradise ducks would rise and fly off overhead, the sombre male uttering his usual deep guttural 'gluck, gluck,' and the gaudily coloured

female her shrill, prolonged cry, from which their name (pu-taui-taui) is derived. These fine birds are said to frequent this district in increased numbers every season, as the extent of cultivated land increases. They feed in flocks on grass, corn, and maize, and partake more of the nature of the goose than of the duck.

Karaitiana was to meet me at Pukenu, the kainga of Noah; I therefore passed Awa-puni, the kainga of Karaitiana, and crossed the channel in a canoe to Pukenu, on the grassy banks of the Ngaruroro river. The village contains about twenty houses, snugly hid amid groups of noble willow-trees, just then opening their fresh green leaves, in pleasing contrast to numbers of peach-trees, blushing all over with the pink blossoms of early spring. All the villagers were at work, some ploughing with horses, others digging with spades, to which they seldom needed to apply the heel, so light is this sandy river-soil. The women and children were putting in uncut seed-potatoes, while the patriarch Noah followed, with a hoop of supplejack as a long handle, with which he filled up and smoothed over the furrows. Potatoes, wheat, and Indian corn are the staple of the Maori farmer. Pakehas—often old whalers or refugees from Tasmania—are settled along the coast to buy produce from the natives, who bring it down the rivers in canoes to the store at the coast, and return with supplies of shop-clothing, farming-instruments, &c. The merchants in Auckland send schooners and small brigs to 'drogue' for wheat along the coast; and thus the harvest finds its way to market. In many cases, however, the natives themselves possess small sea-going craft, which they navigate with surprising skill and success. The natives of the Bay of Plenty alone possess eighty-three such vessels. The proceeds of the crops go to buy horses, saddles, clothes, ploughs, &c., for the Maori pays no rent, and are not troubled with butchers' or baker's bills, since they grow their own food on their own land; moreover, they are free from all rates and taxes.

Soon after my arrival, there came two rumours of horseback from Otaki to seek aid in a civil war just arisen about the sale of some land there to government. Eleven men and a principal chief had been killed in a recent skirmish. Though not present at the battle which ensued, I learned that my farming friends were by no means disposed to meddle with the 'muddle,' which a certain gentleman is said to find 'for his hands to do.' Another war about a disputed piece of land, has been carried on for some time past at Tairā, between the chiefs Tohurangi and Bohipi, in which seventeen have already fallen on one side, and eleven on the other. It is not easy to see how the present local government can interfere advantageously in such cases, and without some effective interference, once the opposing tribes will certainly be annihilated.

During my stay here, I was lodged in Noah's house, which is the first Maori house I have met with that differs from the universal ancestral type. It has two apartments, a but and a ben; a table, a bench, and a high door, a pumice-stone chimney, and a fireplace, raised above the ground, not unlike the hearth that do the office of bedsteads in the fore-cabin of a small steamer, but still a great improvement on sleeping on the earth. In the evenings, a prolonged tinkling on the head of a hoe summoned all the village to karakia, or church, a building nearly covered with drooping willows, where Noah read prayers in Maori amid profound silence, except when responses were required. Before and after all our meals, grace was invariably said. A few hundred yards from the little village stood a large native church capable of containing one thousand persons, now gradually falling into decay, the regular services having been for some time suspended in consequence of the immoral conduct of the European minister.

Next morning, a large canoe, about forty feet long, ill laden with provisions, several hundreds of sharpened stakes and poles, and a mallet, for our survey, together with a plough and other farming utensils, was dispatched up the river under the active superintendence of Mrs Karaitiana, assisted by a stout boy, and accompanied by her adopted tamaiti (little son). In shallow water, the canoe is always propelled by a long muka pole, but in deep water by the paddle. The Maori women do every kind of work that the men except fighting. They are gentle, patient, and lustrous, with soft voices of a silvery sweetness. The old crones are excessively ugly, especially on occasions when en *grande tenue*, with their hair dressed out into a frightful shock. The younger men are seldom remarkable for beauty, and seem very deficient in the art of feminine adornment. Their dress is a cotton gown tied only at the neck, with a white handkerchief on the head; or with the jet-black hair uncovered, plaited neatly, and forming a large knot behind, or projecting in front, like a penthouse, if combed over something. They have, however, without exception, fine regular white teeth, in spite of the frequent use of the cutty-pipe, and large, full, brown, dark eyes; and realise fully the somewhat rare description of a certain English rustic beauty in the third pastoral:

Her blubbery lip by smutty pipe is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are born;
Though Clorussil's may boast a whiter dye,
Yet the black shoe turns in my rolling eye;
And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.

all the Maori kotioris (girls), the daughter of Noah is certainly the prettiest and the most graceful. A vermilion glow through the 'brown beauty' of her cheeks. She was, of course, the cynosure of neighbouring eyes at Ahuriri; and was not the less interesting to a home-sick wandering Pakeha for being in the euphonious name of Wikitoria! The latter assuming a threatening appearance, Karaitiana, with the ever-ready Maori taihoa, which may be rendered 'by and by,' 'wait a little,' deferred our departure until the next day. In the meantime, a cleared ground-plan of the new town, shewing equal allotments of land for 104 families, disposed in two parallel lines along the banks of the river, each allotment separated from the rest by a wide roadway; the plans and elevations of the proposed new town, were inspected and studied with general interest. The new town is to be called Ko Rauru, which is the name of the traditional Solomon of the Maori people—a man who seems to have been distinguished as much by his conscientious truthfulness and faithful adherence to his promise, as by his general wisdom, for he is always referred to as *auru-ki-tahi*—('one-worded Rauru'). It is certainly significant of the moral change that has taken place among these descendants of warlike kidnappers and cannibals, that they should spontaneously choose to live under the shadow of the name of this Maori benefactor, rather than of that of some of their most renowned warriors of the olden time. The civilised Pakehas, on the contrary, honour warriors more than moral philosophers, as is testified by the Nelson and Wellington that vegetate on the opposite shores of Cook Strait.

At length we started for the head-quarters of our survey, Tane-nui-o-rangi, a sort of country-house of Karaitiana's, on the side of the river opposite to the new town. The house was half filled with sacks of wheat, potatoes, spades, &c., apparently doing duty as a barn when the family were in town. Here the commissariat department was managed by Madame Karaitiana, who had brought a fine ham for my

special entertainment, an expensive luxury in which the frugal Maoris rarely indulge, their usual food being potatoes, kumaras, rice, melons, and fish. Karaitiana indicated the site of the town, and ranged the long poles in straight lines. An intelligent young Maori assisted me in the actual survey, and the canoe-boy drove in the stakes that defined the limits of each allotment. We had to force our way through a tangled mass of harsh fern, a yard high on the plain, and four or five feet high wherever the good soil had lodged in the hollows. My assistants worked with good will, and soon shewed a perfect comprehension of the nature of the business in hand. Indeed, the Maori intellect is decidedly of the mathematical order, as is shewn by their universal fondness for arithmetic, draughts, &c. On the day after the completion of our labours, Karaitiana conducted me home on horseback across the plain, by a route which lay through the paths of his friends, Tarehah and Paoro. In both places, the people were busy thrashing wheat, men and women manipulating light flails, in strokes regulated with mathematical precision by the stanzas of a song chanted by a single leader, as on board ship, and the refrain taken up joyously by the whole body. These people are sober, intelligent, frugal, and industrious, and as farmers, are evidently formidable competitors of the European emigrant. They have all the elements of permanence in greater abundance than any other native race, and appear destined to form a brilliant exception to the general decay of the aboriginal races, wherever the white man plants his foot.

Should the Ahuriri tribes continue to co-operate harmoniously in founding their town, they will insert the thin end of the wedge of social amelioration; for emulation is largely developed in the Maori character. When one Maori gets a horse, every other Maori in the district tries to compass the purchase of a horse likewise. If one tribe succeeds, perhaps with the judicious aid of a small loan from government, in obtaining a joint-stock schooner, or a water-mill, other tribes become restless and dissatisfied until they can do the same. In consequence of this strong spirit of emulation, the success of the new town of Ko Rauru would be a powerful incentive, and a sure prelude to the construction of similar towns all over the country.

SUB-AQUEOUS RAILWAYS.

A RAILWAY system, to be complete, must embrace the means of a continuous passage between the *termini* of each individual line. Mountains, if need be, must be bored through, and rivers bridged over; hills levelled, and hollows filled up; and these objects are in general attained at present most effectually. There is, however, an obstacle which may and does occur, in the shape of *navigable* rivers or estuaries lying between low banks, and for the overcoming of which, none of the means above enumerated can be employed. The only principle on which this can be done is by passing beneath the water; and the great tunnel under the Thames suggests the means of effecting this. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, as the case may be, that great experiment does more than shew how possible it is to tunnel under tidal and navigable rivers: it also proves that this can only be done at an enormous expense, and at such a depth below the surface of the soil composing the actual bed of the river, as to render the work practically inapplicable, even for ordinary traffic of wheeled vehicles, by reason of the difficulty of approach; and worst of all for railways, the very nature of which precludes the possibility of their deviating, except very slightly, from the surface-level. It might appear as if the *depth* of a tunnel would signify little to a railway approaching the river at right angles, as the gradient might begin at a considerable distance at either side. This is certainly

true in theory; but when we consider that rivers necessarily flow on the lowest levels, and that the course of a railway approaching a tidal river at right angles, would be chiefly along the plateaux which rise above the river-valley on either side, it is evident that, in a general way, the depression of the line to a raised causeway and bridge—were this latter allowable in the case—would be quite as much as could consist with the maintenance of a proper level for railway purposes; while the additional dip into a tunnel, far below not only the level of a bridge, but of the bottom of the water itself, would be either altogether impracticable, or practicable at a cost and labour quite prohibitory.

Granting, then, that the ordinary tunnel is inadmissible in such cases, and that the low level of the banks renders the example of the magnificent Britannia Bridge equally inapplicable, the great problem appears to be, whether any other mode of passing a train, either over or under navigable rivers, is to be found in the resources of modern engineering.

The answer to this question is given by a Mr Holcomb, an engineer of experience and reputation; and it is our purpose now to introduce to our readers the plan which he proposes to adopt, and which seems highly creditable to his ingenuity and skill.

Mr Holcomb of course proposes a tunnel, but such a one as, while it affords all the requisite qualities, will be free from the objections which we have alluded to above as fatal to the adoption of the boring principle. It strikes us that the simplest way of explaining the matter to ordinary readers, is to say, that it is now proposed to place a tube, like the Britannia Bridge, under the water, and pass the trains through it as if it was suspended above.

The advantages of this plan are manifest. The iron sides of the tube will afford fully as ample protection to the traveller as the native rock or the cemented brick lining of a tunnel; it may therefore be placed in the water, if deep, or slightly beneath it, if shallow; and it may be made with a certain slope from either side towards the middle, which arrangement will have the advantage of allowing a deep passage in mid-channel for the shipping, as well as affording vastly increased facilities for the entrance of the railway; every foot gained in this matter of level at the entrance, necessarily representing a vast economy of cutting in the approaches. Thus, with only a trifling depression of the line, the train may glide into the archway—removed one hundred feet from the river—which constitutes the mouth of the tunnel.

Such are the principal features of Mr Holcomb's plan.

The tube is to be made of a square form, and the sides of corrugated iron. The vast and almost miraculous increase of power given to sheet-metal by this form, seems to insure two essential points: one, strength in resisting pressure; and the other, economy in labour and material. In future, there will be no use whatever in employing heavy flat plates of metal to sustain a certain strain, where much lighter ones will do at least as well, if corrugated.

The tube itself is to rest on a row of piles, driven firmly into the bottom, and afterwards cut off to the required length by machinery of Mr Holcomb's invention. Thus, the railway will be rendered independent of the inequalities of the ground, whether as to strength or level. Upon these piles, the tube must be ballasted down; for, notwithstanding the weight of the metal employed, it will still displace so much water as to possess considerable buoyancy.

We are very far from being sanguine enough to suppose that this system can ever be applied on a grand scale; and it has little or nothing in common, speaking in an engineering sense, with those wild projects with which the public have been amused from time to time, and which speak of a submarine tube

from Calais to Dover as a mere trifle; while a submarine tunnel, although a 'heavy job' in itself, is talked of as only an ordinary and legitimate development of our present railway system.

There can be little doubt that there are no situations in which the plan proposed by Mr Holcomb will be found to be both practicable and highly advantageous.

Z E R O T E S.

Zerotes is a man of stone,
He lives but for himself alone;
No wife's endearments soothe his cares,
Nor sweet small footsteps on the stairs;
Nephew or niece he hates the name,
No place in hall or heart for them:
For no one in the world cares he,
And yet he fain beloved would be.

Grave views of life Zerotes takes,
He shuns all holidays and wakes;
A merry laugh provokes his frown,
He sternly puts all nonsense down.
When through the village runs the jest,
He stands unmoved amidst the rest.

A kill-joy hated much is he,
Yet fain Zerotes loved would be.

Of noble, thoughtful, generous, bold,
Zerotes lists not to be told;
Tell him of those who do amies,
And suffer for't, you give him blim.
Speak of the reckless and absurd,
He echoes each detractive word.

No gentle commentator he,
And yet he fain beloved would be.

Cold, timid, buttoned up, and grim,
Few e'er have been obliged to him;
Yet while he does so little good,
He talks of men's ingratitude—
Ungrateful, you may well believe,
For favours that they ne'er receive—
Yet though a misanthrope is he,
Zerotes fain beloved would be.

Self-love, oh, what a witch thou art,
What tricks thou playest with the heart!
To keep this wisest of mankind
To one small piece of wisdom blind;
In cheerless life, day after day,
To make him waste himself away,
Seeing not what a child can see,
The unloving ne'er beloved can be!

[From an elegant volume, entitled *Poetic Trifles*, by E. Hickey. Amidst the host of the followers of Tompkins Longfellow, we had with much pleasure one who seemed inclined to cultivate the common-sense muse, now almost neglected.—Ed.]

THE CAT-TRADE.

The cat-trade is becoming quite a branch of commerce in New York. Recently, a cat-merchant in New York for a cargo of cats to the island of Malta. On the voyage, a violent storm sprung up, and an alarm was given that the cats were devils, and would send the ship and all to Davy Jones's locker. This was the superstition of the crew; and the cats were demanded of the captain, given up, and disposed of. A singular coincidence, the storm abated. The next day the cats has now sued the owners of the vessel for laying the value of the cats at 50 dollars apiece, instead of 5 dollars.—*Canadian Free Press*.

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PICTURES IN STONE.

Thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.

Merchant of Venice.

THE art of working in mosaic is the almost exclusive property of modern Italy, having descended to the skilful artists of Rome and Florence from their ancestors, who adorned in classic time the palaces of the Cæsars, and devoted themselves during the era of early Christian art to the decoration of the cathedral of St Mark. With an amazing patience mastering his passionate southern blood—with a conscientious fidelity that perpetuates to this day the earnest spirit of Giotto and Masaccio—with a steady progressiveness of execution that has come in time to rival the very touches of the flexile brush, the Italian mosaicist has gone on from century to century translating painting into marbles and precious stones, piling up the labour of his unrecorded life upon imperishable tablets, and transmitting with his work and his improvements an inheritance of fresh patience, fresh love, and fresh ambition to his successors.

It has been our good-fortune of late to follow the development of this admirable art throughout all the stages of its progress, from the tessellated pavements and fallen ceilings of the imperial ruins, down to the marvellous reproductions of Titian and Correggio in the papal workshops at the Vatican. Briefly to detail the results of these observations, and to convey at the same time some notion of the laborious method by which pictures in stone are pieced and perfected, is therefore the object of the present paper.

Mosaic art naturally divides itself into three periods—the antique, the medieval, and the modern. Of these, the antique is the boldest and least mannered; the medieval, the most defective and meagre; the modern, both for elaboration of colour and workmanship, the best. The early Roman mosaics are formed of coloured marbles, with an occasional intermingling of burnt clay for the warmest reds. These pieces, or *tesselle*, consist of small cubic blocks about the size of dice, and are now and then found to vary in magnitude as the delicacy or vastness of the design may require. Thus the ingenious patterns in giallo, rosso, and verde antico, and the gigantic dragons in black and white marble which are lying open to the air and run, but still undefaced, amid the ruins of the baths of Caracalla, are but roughly shapen, and exhibit gaping interstices filled up with cement. The famous pavement of the Battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, preserved in the circular hall at the Vatican, and the exquisite mosaic of gladiators and animals found at Vermicino, and now laid down in the great hall of

the princely Borghese villa, manifest, on the other hand, a degree of artistic merit, carefulness, and finish, which might almost challenge comparison with some of the modern works at St Peter's, or the medallions that decorate with 'riches sleekless' the magnificent aisles of the new basilica of St Paul's beyond the Walls. The heads are full of spirit, the grouping admirable, and the anatomy surprisingly accurate. The latter specimen is especially valuable on account of the costumes introduced, and the particulars of the combat there represented. Lions, tigers, buffaloes, oxen, and even ostriches, are seen to have been the victims of the arena, and some of the men are designated by name in rude mosaic lettering. This work is supposed to date from the third century, and, together with the Battle of Centaurs, and the great pavement of the Athletæ now laid down in a large hall near the Christian Museum at the Lateran, is perhaps the finest and least injured of old Roman mosaics now extant.

With the revival of art in the middle ages, a new sort of mosaic came into fashion, whereof the material was a species of composition, variously coloured, and glazed, to represent enamel. In imitation of the religious pictures of the period, these medieval mosaics were generally relieved by a gilded background, and, being necessarily and at all times harder than painting, exaggerated the defects without exhibiting much of the excellence of the contemporary pictorial art. The famous Navicella, representing St Peter walking on the sea, executed by Giotto in 1293, is probably the finest medieval work of this kind in existence. The mosaics of Cavallini and his contemporaries, as well as those which decorate the vestibules and baptistery of the cathedral of St Mark, are, on the contrary, more curious than beautiful; and, being treated after the stiff and literal manner which has latterly obtained the name of pre-Raphaellesque, occasionally provoke a smile where they are intended to awake devotion. Thus, in an exterior mosaic over one of the doors facing the piazza, we are shewn how the body of St Mark was passed, concealed in a hamper, through the custom-house of Alexandria. The ludicrous anxiety of the Venetian conspirators, and the unmistakable expression of a Mussulman inspector who turns away from the obnoxious basket, with his nose between his thumb and forefinger, tell a tale partaking less of tragedy than comedy, and testifying, at all events, that the smuggled saint had not only died in the 'odour of sanctity,' but continued to exhale it for nearly eight hundred years after his decease. The more modern mosaics, and, above all, that fine one of St Mark, in pontifical robes,

designed by Titian, and executed by the Zuccati, must be excepted from criticism, and allowed to rank with all but the very marvels of recent production. For these, unrivalled as they are in colour, delicacy, and fidelity, we must turn to the magnificent altar-pieces, and the no less magnificent, though necessarily coarser decorations of the domes and ceilings of St Peter's. Here, bewildered at first, and unable to believe that they are other than they seem, we find the master-pieces of the renaissance reproduced on every side. Fresh and brilliant are they, as if removed but yesterday from the easel—changed into stone, as before the glance of Medusa—fadeless, perfect, indestructible by aught save fire. Here is the Transfiguration of Raphael, the St Michael of Guido, the St Francis and St Sebastian of Domenichino. Far above, peopling the circuit of the mighty dome, and filling the spandrels of the great arches, we see more mosaics, as delicate, apparently, as those above the altars, but constructed nevertheless upon a scale proportioned to their elevation. The cherubs up there are larger than Gog and Magog, and the pen in the hand of St Mark measures six feet in length.

From St Peter's to the manufactory of mosaics in the Vatican is but a step, and no traveller should leave Rome without having visited it. Much as he may have admired the *chefs-d'œuvre* in the neighbouring cathedral, he can form but a poor conception of their value till he has witnessed with his own eyes the toilsome elaboration which they exact at the hands of the artist. It is no trade, this working of pictures in stone, and the mosaicist is no mere plodding mechanic. A refined judgment, an extensive knowledge of art, an eye trained to follow the minutest gradations of colour, and a full appreciation of the various schools, must guide the hand of the patient copyist, who thus invests the master-pieces of all time with something like an earthly immortality. To conquer the enormous difficulties of his profession, the mosaicist must first become, to all intents, an artist; and few who have witnessed the process would be disposed to deny his claim to the title.

The substance from which the enamels are formed is a composition made with lead, iron, zinc, copper, and gold, and subjected to the heat of a furnace. The relative proportions of these metals vary with the colour required to be produced. The *shades* of colour are developed by a greater or lesser degree of heat. It is a mistake to suppose that these enamels are nothing but opaque pieces of glass; they are purely metallic combinations, harder than stone, unfaceable by weather or time, and only to be affected by the action of fire. All along the great lines of shelves which cover the walls of the vast galleries from top to bottom, sorted in compartments, protected by wirework, like books in a library, and labelled numerically—each number standing for a colour or shade of a colour—are stored the slabs of composition, ready for use. They embrace every conceivable tint, beginning at pure white, and ending with black. Their number is twenty thousand.

'Nature,' we were told, in reply to our surprised inquiry, 'has more than twenty thousand colours. They are not sufficient even for art. We are frequently obliged to temper the enamel in a spirit-lamp, to produce the exact hue we require.'

A man engaged in fitting some tiny morsels for the jagged edges of a rose-leaf, smiled at our remark on the tediousness of the work.

'The labour is nothing,' he said, 'so long as it is followed by success. The artist in mosaic is content if his work be only well done, since that which is well done is done for ever. He is sometimes occupied during ten, fifteen, or twenty years upon one large subject—such, for instance, as the Communion of St Jerome. Sometimes the labour of his whole lifetime suffices

only for the completion of three or four pictures. But what is that? The frescoes of Michael Angelo are not imperishable, and the canvas of the divine Raphael must in time fall in pieces and decay; but the work of the mosaicist is imperishable. His pictures can never fade. The Pyramids of Egypt are not more lasting; and when all the years of his life have been dedicated to the perpetuation of such a work as the Transfiguration, or the St Peter Martyr, he feels, at least, that he has not lived in vain.'

The mosaic-worker was an enthusiast; but enthusiasm is not rare in Rome. We have seen quite unlearned men—soldiers, peasants, mechanics, and the like—standing, as if in a dream, before the great master-pieces of the Vatican, and enjoying them to the full as keenly as the aristocratic amateurs who find their way in for a couple of pauls on the closed days. In the artist, this feeling is necessarily intensified proportionately to his knowledge. Perhaps it would not be going too far to suggest that this very enthusiasm has somewhat to do with the decline of modern art in Italy. The student of promise is sent hither by the heads of the great academy in which he has been trained—he loiters away his three years amid picture-galleries and ruins—he perhaps adds a few rambling sketches to his portfolio—it may be that he copies one or more of the great pictures; not to retain as life-long studies and memorials, but to sell to some suburban convent or chapel, for money to pay his reckoning at the Trattoria di Lepre. These are, so frequently, the only results of his journey. He has admired, but he has not worked. His genius is crushed by the contemplation of an excellence to which he is persuaded human prowess can never attain a second time. By the very generosity of his delight, by the very depth of his artistic faith, he is undone. But this is a digression.

The manufactory of mosaics at the Vatican consists of several long galleries, opening out one after the other, and filled with busy workers. Each artist has a small table to himself, the design standing before him on an easel, a spirit-lamp, and a grindstone. The spirit-lamp, as we have already stated, is of use in the production of minute differences of colour; the grindstone is necessary for the better shaping of the little morsels of enamel, since these, although prepared for him up to a certain size by the workman, can only be curved to the purposes of his subject by the artist himself. We were shewn a box of brown enamel, at first cut by the workman, to be afterwards dealt out to the mosaicists. Some were as large as broad beans; some shaped into little flat sticks; some were mere threads, not much thicker than needles; and others, again, were minute cubes about the size of a pin's head. Great cases are placed here and there along the galleries, filled with models of the time, to the full number of twenty thousand. These models are shaped and coloured like cakes of water-colour; and arranged in tiny square holes, something like the letters in a compositor's case.

The process of forming the mosaic picture is very curious. A large slab of slaty calcareous stone is prepared for the back or groundwork, and cut away to a depth varying from the sixteenth to three-fourths of an inch, as the scale of the work may require. It is then filled in and levelled down with a soft composition, upon which the artist makes his outline. As he proceeds with his work, he cuts away the composition and substitutes a thick yellow cement, into which the mosaic fragments are carefully imbedded. In the choice of these, the mosaicist proves himself a true artist. Through all the gradations and combinations of effects of colour, he has no guide but his eye and resource but infinite patience and judgment. The most valuable paintings are intrusted to him, as they are intrusted to the weavers at the manufactory of

Gobelin tapestries in Paris. In the first room, we were shewn a superb table about to be presented by the pope to Queen Christina of Spain, and a picture destined for the Emperor of the French. The original paintings, from which were executed the mosaics in the vaultings and domes of St Peter's, are all preserved at the manufactory; and the designs for the portraits of the popes at St Paul's beyond the Walls, hang round the rooms. Some notion of the value and delicacy of mosaic portraiture may be conveyed by the fact that, in a portrait of Pope Paul V., the face alone is said to contain no less than one million and a half of pieces.

Pictures in stone—at least those produced at the pope's studios—are not purchasable with money. They are made only for the pontiff and his palaces, for the basilicas of St Peter and St Paul's beyond the Walls, and for purposes connected with the papal government. Occasionally, some crowned head or eminent noble is so fortunate as to receive one from his holiness; but the honour is exceptional, and seldom conferred upon any but good Catholics. The finest Vatican mosaic ever produced is said to be a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, now in the possession of the emperor of Austria. It was executed for Napoleon, when king of Italy, is of the same size as the original, cost between L.7000 and L.8000, and occupied ten artists during more than eight years.

Totally different in style and material, but in some cases even more valuable than the Vatican mosaics, are the gem mosaics of Florence. In the former, the colours are artificially produced by a composition of metals; in the latter, only precious stones are employed, and the various tints are formed by a careful adaptation of such gradations as the material affords. Amethyst, jasper, chalcedony, turquoise, yellow topaz, coral, cornelian, agate, lapis lazuli, malachite, alabaster, and rich marbles, are transformed by the skill of the mosaicist into the most admirable and elaborate representations of flowers, fruit, arabesques, and heraldic ornaments. The beautiful brooches of inlaid jaspers which are occasionally to be seen in the cases of our best jewellers, are all from Florentine manufactories; and many persons will doubtless recollect the superb table exhibited by M. Gaetano Bianchini at the Exposition Universelle of Paris in the year 1855.

Being already much interested in the art, and desirous of comparing the process with that of the workers at the Vatican, we devoted a considerable portion of our brief Florentine visit to pilgrimages among the mosaic studios so plentifully scattered throughout that charming city. The most extensive, and perhaps the most famous of all these, belongs to the M. Bianchini just named; and as every studio is but a repetition of every other studio, a rapid *résumé* of what we there were very obligingly told and shewn, will suffice for all the rest. And here be it observed, by way of introduction, that M. Bianchini is not only a mosaic master, but that the energy, liberality, and success with which he has carried on and improved his art, has procured him honours and distinctions for which the noblest and wisest might here labour in vain and for ever.

In the workshops of M. Bianchini, as in the Vatican, each workman has his own bench and table, and works separately. The process is very tedious, requiring the utmost possible nicety of hand and eye, and the tools are very small and delicate. We were shewn files and lapidary-wheels of lilliputian dimensions, and tiny saws like steel threads fitted on a bow. With these, the gems and the *pietro duro*, or stone-ground, are sawn and shaped; for marbles and jaspers being, of course, very expensive when brilliant in colour, are only used in thin veneers, about one-eighth of an inch in thickness.

Every mosaic is first made in a groundwork of soft gray stone, afterwards to be transferred into the *pietro duro*. On this soft stone the outline is carefully

engraved; and as the mosaicist proceeds, he cuts it away without difficulty, and substitutes mastic and precious stones. A little box stands beside him, filled with jewels—looking, by the way, very worthless and dull, but beautiful enough when ground down and polished. When none of these will furnish the exact hue required, it is sometimes possible to produce it artificially. Thus, we were shewn a fine cherry in a group of flowers and fruits, which, having been cut from a piece of amber chalcedony, and exposed to the action of fire, had acquired all the rich and ruddy tones of the natural fruit. Some laurel leaves of a delicately graduated olive-green, were brought, said the workman, from the bed of the Arno—other greens from the neighbouring mountains, from the Low Countries, and from Russia. These mosaics of *pietre commesse*, or mixed stones, are much less elaborate as regards the size of the pieces than those of Rome or Venice; and yet, in consequence of the extreme hardness of the materials, take almost as long to execute. A small white rosebud, we were told, had occupied the mosaicist for an entire fortnight, although each leaf was formed out of a single piece, and there were only twelve pieces in all. A bunch of flowers, somewhat less than the palm of one's hand, was the work of three months.

Even more tedious, and not nearly so interesting, is the preparation of the *pietro duro* into which the mosaic is transferred when done. The *pietro duro* is generally chosen of a dark or black colour, and is very fine, close-grained, and hard. On this, a piece of white paper, delicately traced with the outline of the mosaic, is pasted down. The workman then proceeds to cut away the stone for the reception of the mosaic, leaving the space for every tendril, thorn, petal, or jagged leaf, with an accuracy and patience that is almost inconceivable. When he has finished, it is perfect to a hairbreadth; the mosaic is the same; they fit together with marvellous accuracy; and it only remains for a third workman to unite them with mastic, to set them in a grounding of white cement, and to complete the solidity of the whole by placing a slab of slate at the back. Excepting metal, there is nothing so hard of texture as the *pietro duro*. The point of a pin will make no impression on it, even when rough; and it has to be cut by means of a fine steel wire, and worked down with emery and a wheel. Merely to cut the space for a scroll about three inches in length and one and a half in breadth, had employed one man for more than a week; and to prepare the groundwork for the small bunch of flowers lately named, had taken sixteen days. But the greatest marvel of all awaited us at the table of a workman who was busily joining a mosaic into its groundwork of *pietro duro*. The design represented a basket of flowers surrounded by arabesques. All was completed, with the exception of one tiny hole. This hole was left a little way above a beautiful blush-rose, and was somewhat less than the size of the queen's head on a sixpence.

The master smiled at our expression of curiosity; and the workman, obedient to his glance, took from the box a morsel of mosaic, and fitted it to the hole. It was a tiny butterfly, wrought in emerald green, scarlet, azure, and gold, with purple peacock's eyes on the wings, and dark velvety shadings on the body. It fitted so exactly, even to the thread-like antennæ, that it was difficult to believe how space enough could remain for the cement.

The workmen were all young, or in the prime of life. Several among them looked delicate, and some shook their heads sadly when questioned, and confessed that their sight was already slightly impaired. We afterwards learned that the employment was injurious not only to the eyes, but to the general health—that few Florentine mosaicists enjoyed a long tenure of life—

and that the workmen engaged in the grand ducal manufactory are released from labour at sixty years of age, and comfortably pensioned off for the remainder of their lives.

But there are yet other mosaics than these—the basso-relievo mosaics of the Russians, for instance, such as all the world beheld in their famous department at the great exhibition of 1851. By some these are called cameo-mosaics, and we have heard them very aptly described as ‘stone modellings done in relief,’ which perfectly expresses the effect of their raised amethyst grapes, coral cherries, cornelian currants, and pebble plums. A curious, but agreeable, and comparatively inexpensive kind of glass mosaic, has of late been brought before the public. It is very adaptable to household ornamentation, and specimens of it will be remembered by all visitors to the former Crystal Palace. The Hindoos are said, however, to excel all other nations in the minute delicacy and elegance of their *pietro duro* mosaics.

Lastly, we read of a curious and beautiful kind of feather-mosaic work, executed by the ancient Mexicans, long before the period of their subjection by the Spaniards. Clavigero relates in his history that birds of rich plumage were bred for this purpose, and that the feathers sold at high prices in the market according to the brilliancy of their hues. When any great mosaic was proposed, the artists assembled, and divided the work among them, having previously taken every precaution for insuring the correspondence of the various parts, and the ultimate unity of the whole. So exact were they, and so careful, that the mosaicist sometimes passed an entire day in the arrangement of a single feather. His process, though delicate and difficult, was simplicity itself, and consisted only in pasting the feathers upon pieces of cloth, in imitation of the pattern agreed upon.

Enough, however, of mosaics. We have reached the end, or what, in consideration of prescribed usages, must be made the end of our article. Of so interesting and widely diffused an art, one might write a volume—of the associations connected with it, an unlimited number of volumes. Even thus, long trains of pleasant recollections start up around us, and with importunate temptations, strive to arrest our farewell. Once more we lose ourselves gazing upward into the golden glooms of the vaultings of St Mark’s—once more we are gathering violets and wild crocuses amid the mosaic-strewn fields that formed in time past the floorings of hall and corridor in Hadrian’s villa, under the pines of Tivoli—once more we tread the green solitudes of the baths of Caracalla, where the shadows fall solemnly on arch and tower, and the placid evening sunlight slants between. Here are some quiet sheep browsing beside the fallen pillars; yonder lies a huge fragment of vaulted ceiling, overgrown with weeds and brambles, and shewing glimpses of mosaic work between the fluttering leaves. It was amid such sad and lofty scenes we learned to love Pictures in Stone; and we part from them, reader, with a sigh.

KIRKE WEBBE, THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN. CHAPTER VIII.

I HAD been rather stunned than terrified by the calculated malignity of Auguste Le Moine during its elaborate enunciation. The stupid, stereotyped abuse of England—that common staple of continental scribes and spouters effectually muzzled in respect of their own rulers—together with the absurd imputations upon myself, added a feeling of disdain to the astonishment which held me dumb; and even when seized by the rude hands of convivial guests, suddenly transformed by his artful appeal, and the wine they had

swallowed into sanguinary ruffians, I did not realise to its full extent the perilous predicament in which I was placed: very likely, a partly unconscious, and, so to speak, instinctive reliance for effective succour from Webbe, gave me hope and courage. I had seen him leave his place by M. le Maire, and push towards the centre of the room, and although my fascinated gaze, fixed upon the naval ensigne, had not followed his movements, an impression of his near presence and active resolute solicitude must, I doubt not, have remained upon my mind. Webbe was one of those men that, in situations of sudden danger, assume an irresistible ascendancy over others, less, perhaps, by their natural force of character and acquired coolness of demeanour, than by an always more or less empirical assumption of unswerving confidence in their own genius or fortune, backed by the reality or reputation of past successes. It was that aspect of imperturbable superiority that I had seen impose upon the crew of *L’Espiegle*, who had confidence in their commander, though none in themselves apart from him. It is not, therefore, surprising that it unconsciously influenced and sustained me during Auguste Le Moine’s denunciation of the English spy, and slayer of *Le Renard*’s unfortunate commander, and the brief, but terrible scene which followed.

Such a superstition could not for a moment support the calm scrutiny of reason; and during the hour or thereabout which elapsed between my breathless arrival at the Lion d’Or, and Captain Renaudin’s appearance there, the folly of relying upon him to effectually shield me from the frightful penalty attached by the law of nations to the crime which, it would appear from young Le Moine’s speech, I had unwittingly committed, was painfully clear to my mind.

Webbe himself was excited—alarmed! He had succeeded in temporarily allaying the storm by solemnly asserting that Auguste Le Moine must have been misled by the casual view he had obtained of my features during a passing gleam of moonlight; that I was really the American he, Renaudin, had represented me to be, or he had himself been grossly deceived.

‘I have promised to produce you before justice,’ added Webbe, ‘should there be a necessity for doing so; I, of course, remaining sole judge of that necessity—a mental reservation which will, it may be hoped, save you from walking in your own funeral procession, preparatory to the unpleasantness of serving as target to a platoon of French tirailleurs.’

‘You talk jauntily, Mr Webbe, of a catastrophe more imminent than you care to admit, and to which your counsel has conducted me.’

‘You do me gross injustice, young sir! Could I foresee the fight off Sercq—your bellicose Quixotism—the escape of Le Moine from Jersey—his presence at the banquet to-day, and recognition of the *Saint* hero amongst the guests? It is, at all events, idle to bandy reproaches or complaints. What is done, is done. The future, not the past, demands earnest and careful consideration. I fear we have not seen the last of Auguste Le Moine.’

‘My own fear! Strange, too, that he should recognise a face which no one but himself could have seen distinctly. It would almost seem to be the work of an avenging Nemesis.’

‘To Old Nick with your Nemesis! There is nothing strange about it. Young Le Moine was wounded and lying upon the deck close by where his uncle fell; and his up-look would have a better view of your features than if he had been standing by your side. Moreover, you were recognised by more than one of the *Saint* crew, who, from regard for me, they say, refrained by a weightier consideration supplied by my own, to keep the secret. They have done so, after a fashion, every man and boy belonging to the brig, being

have no doubt, by this time in full possession of the fact—as a profound secret. Little, however, will Harry reck of that so long as he continues to shine a bright particular star in Maria Wilson's eyes. But this is foolish dallying with precious moments,' added Webbe. 'We have not, I repeat, seen the last of Auguste Le Moine, unless we can manage to throw him out of the hunt, and that, stanch blood-hound as he seems to be, will not, I think, be so difficult. *L'Espiègle* sails to-night at about twelve o'clock: she will creep round the French coast towards Havre de Grace, and you and I embark in her.'

'Havre de Grace!' I exclaimed with emotion; 'then I shall soon see my mother—father.'

'Not soon, Master Linwood. It is not impulsive, inconstant effort, but firm, patient endurance of the bloody spur, that will enable you to win the goal. When you embrace your mother, it must be with her husband's lost character, his renewed life in your hand. You should not wish it to be earlier.'

'You touch the right chord with a skilful finger, Captain Webbe. What, then, do you mean by embarking for Havre de Grace?'

'I mean that *L'Espiègle* will sail ostensibly for that port. You and I shall be put on shore to-night near Granville, whence we shall leave by diligence for St Malo. Le Moine will be off at once, there can be no doubt, across country for Havre de Grace, where he will arrive much earlier than *L'Espiègle* possibly could, even supposing she did not, as she certainly will, put in at Cherbourg. By the time Le Moine has been able to ascertain, and act upon that fact, *L'Espiègle* will have again spread her white bosom to the gale; whither to wing her flight, upon what particular errand bound, will depend upon the providence that shapes the ends of privateers—the chance, namely, of a good prize. Meanwhile, William Linwood, seizing Time by the only lock that swiftly speeding potentate is said to wear, will have seen sweet Clémence de Bonneville—ascertained beyond question that she is truly the lost child of Mrs Waller—have reciprocated sympathies, confidences, sighs, wishes, hopes, vows with that most charming of damsels, and, aided by the bold privateer, have flown with her, and the blessings to you and yours, which make up her priceless dowry, to England, whence a bird of the air shall carry the glad tidings to the pining yet hopeful souls prisoned in France—hopeful because confident in the devotion of their son!'

'One word, Captain Webbe, if you please. You know that quince is a great improvement to apple-pie; but that apple-pie *all* quince is'—

'A different thing altogether,' interrupted Webbe, with a gay laugh. 'True, true! The illustration is only less pertinent than venerable. In plain phrase, then, I believe that by the course I have indicated, we shall successfully dodge friend Le Moine till our little affair is concluded, adversely or happily, as fortune may determine; and your suspicious interesting self is safely restored to Great Britain and your grandmother.—Ah, friend Cocquard!' he added quickly, 'you bring a message for me.'

'It is true, Monsieur le Capitaine,' replied the landlord of the Lion d'Or; 'and one that presses. I am enjoined to say that Monsieur Le Moine, who made so deplorable a mistake at the banquet, has ridden off on horseback, to invoke the aid of the military commandant. Fortunately,' added Cocquard, 'the commandant's domicile is full two leagues distant from Avranches; and Auguste Le Moine, it has been ascertained, did not finally determine upon seeking his intervention till about ten minutes since.'

'Thank you, my friend. Two leagues! He will not do that in much less than an hour; and should he find the commandant at home, another must elapse before they are here. Bah! it is nothing, after all.

Plenty of time yet, friend Cocquard, to take a bottle of your best wine, and settle your little account, both of which you will please to favour us with immediately.'

'With pleasure, Captain Renaudin.'

'It will be touch and go,' said Webbe, after the door had closed upon the complacent landlord: 'I am used to this sort of thing; yet I could have wished that—'

Vi-ve le vin,
Vi-ve ce ju divin,'

he added, breaking into the refrain of a drinking song, as Cocquard reappeared with the wine. 'Do you know, friend Cocquard—for whom he poured out a bumper—'do you know, friend Cocquard,' continued the privateer captain, 'that I consider it a bad compliment on the part of Enseigne Le Moine to doubt the word of a man who, as you know, Admiral Ducos testified, has deserved well of France.'

'Parbleu, Monsieur le Capitaine— Your health, messieurs. Parbleu, that it is a bad compliment! But what can one expect of a young giddy-brain without a sou except his pay! He is, besides, a Bonapartist *enragé*, which, between ourselves, will not, in a few weeks more or less, be a title of honour. I must, however, hasten to furnish monsieur with the little memorandum he has asked for.'

'There is no instinct finer than that,' laughingly exclaimed Webbe, 'which prompts rats to quit a doomed ship. Bonaparte is done for, you may be sure! Seriously,' he added, 'there is no doubt whatever that that stupendous downcome cannot be long delayed. Well, the foundering of the empire will, I hope, afford me a plank of safety; to you, also, it may prove of service.'

'For Heaven's sake, in what way?'

'Why, of course, by ridding you of Le Moine's persecution; if it should happen that he has not caught and settled you by court-martial before then! The "Restoration" will not shoot English spies, employed to act against the Usurper, as I find many persons are already beginning to call Napoleon, though as yet under their breath.'

'Is it not folly, then, rather than wise resolution based upon mature counsel, to proceed to St Malo, before that now imminent Restoration is an accomplished fact?'

'Clémence, meanwhile, being married to Jacques Sicard, and all hope, consequently, of winning over that ingenuous damsel to our side, passed away for ever! I think I told you before that the nearness of the event which will open France to the English is a chief element in Louise Féron's calculation.—Ah, here is the little memorandum: good! Take another glass, friend Cocquard, whilst my young friend I and disburse the amount.'

'Much obliged, messieurs,' said friend Cocquard, as he gathered up the money, which, having pouched, he added: 'If I might presume to advise Captain Jules Renaudin, I should say no time ought to be lost in gaining the shelter of *L'Espiègle*. Revenge, whether for real or fancied injuries, is swift of foot.'

'Quite true, my friend. But revenge, take my word for it, will not be swift of foot enough this time, to put salt upon our tails. I expect Baptiste to call about this time,' added Webbe; 'the instant he does so, please send him to me.'

Cocquard said he would, took affectionate leave of Captain Renaudin, and left the apartment.

'That is a deuced queer way for a landlord to take leave of a guest!' I remarked.

'Yes, especially to our insular notions. Cocquard, you must understand, has, like Monsieur le Maire, a share in *L'Espiègle*. We are therefore united in much stricter bonds than the embrace which so surprised you. Your portmanteau,' continued Webbe, looking at his watch, 'is, I know, in readiness. Swiftly

the moments pass. It is now just upon half-past eleven, and Le Moine, accompanied, I have no doubt, by the commandant—that worthy soldier being anything but a friend of mine—must be now about upon his return. Baptiste will, however, be here in a very few minutes.'

'But why incur unnecessary risk by remaining here an instant longer?'

'I remain here so long, simply because I would not incur unnecessary risk. You do not, I hope, Linwood, deem me such a fool as to court danger for the mere purpose of braving it! I wish to give time for the streets to clear of the excited banquet-guests and their friends, who, when I came in, were discussing the for and against of Le Moine's accusation, in numerous groups, and with a decided leaning, I could hear plainly enough, to believe him rather than me. Numbers give confidence; and spite of Captain Jules Renaudin's reputation for daring, and a general belief that the crew of *L'Espigle* would back him in anything, they might, had we attempted to walk down the street towards the landing-place, even half an hour ago, have made an effort to arrest us—you, certainly. La Grande Rue,' added Webbe, after an anxious look out of window, 'is much clearer, but even now— Ah, Baptiste, you are here at last, then!'

'To the exact moment, Captain Renaudin; it is precisely half-past eleven.'

'It is very well. Are the boat's crew placed as I directed?'

'Yes; but if I might take the liberty of offering an opinion, it would be prudent to gain the landing-steps by the narrow street to which we may pass from the back of the Lion d'Or.'

'Bah! Why, that is the way to the Corps de Garde!'

'Pardonnez. The way to the Corps de Garde is along La Grande Rue.'

'That is your opinion, Baptiste; but on a moonlit night like this, I see further and more clearly than you do. Now, then, take the portmanteau Monsieur Cocquard will give you, and walk with it openly, deliberately, *le front levé*, down that same Grande Rue. We shall follow close behind.'

'Linwood,' said Webbe, 'do as I do: take a cigar, and smoke it as we walk along. We must shew no sign of fear or hesitation: to do so would be as fatal as following Baptiste's advice, which would have insured our immediate arrest. A bold, confident front will be our best safeguard. In case of the worst, we must, with the aid of a score of my brave *Espiegles*, who have been carefully distributed to that end, fight our way to the boat as we best may. Come along!'

Courage begets courage, and I walked down the steep, ill-paved street, and past groups of sullen, observant men—awaiting, it seemed, the return of Le Moine with the commandant—whose scowling visages were distinctly visible in the cold, bright moonlight, with more of real, as well as simulated coolness than I had hoped for. The assumption of easy, careless confidence by Webbe was consummate, as acting, and, it was plain, imposed much more upon the suspicious, menacing, but irresolute lookers-on, than his sailors, who, scattered here and there, picked each other up, as it were, as we passed along, and without apparent purpose, formed at last a respectable flank-guard.

Nevertheless, the bayonets of the Corps de Garde, past which lay our way, though we were on the opposite side of the street, disquieted, I could perceive, even Webbe, and, to my utter astonishment, he coolly crossed over, taking me with him, shook hands with the officer there, and having ascertained that he had no commands for Havre de Grace, bade him a friendly farewell, and we went on our way slowly, deliberately, as before.

For a while, that is to say, for I cannot deny that

our pace was perceptibly accelerated as we neared the boat, and became conscious, without looking back, that the crowd was gathering thickly behind, and beginning to lash themselves into action by cries of '*Traître!*' '*Espion!*' '*Chien d'Anglais!*' and the like holiday and lady terms.

The head of the narrow landing-steps being at last reached, Webbe faced abruptly about, confronting, and for a moment silencing the angry crowd, passing me at the same instant down the steps. The boat's crew quickly followed, then Webbe suddenly turned, and scarcely touching the steps, it seemed, sprang into the boat, which as instantly shoved off, amidst a roar of rage from the mob, who appeared to have, at one and the same moment, arrived at a conviction that it was their right and duty to arrest the supposed spy and traitor, and of the impossibility of doing so.

With what a tumultuous throb the checked, fluttering pulse renewed its beatings as the consciousness of safety rushed, as in a flood of glowing warmth, through every artery and vein! That safety was absolute. The commandant, with 20,000 men, could not have stayed the progress of our boat towards *L'Espigle*, and the fine breeze blowing would carry that vessel herself in less than half an hour beyond range of the best telescope in Avranches!

'That walk, Linwood,' remarked Webbe, coming ashore and taking charge of the tiller, 'was more trying to the nerves than a battle.'

'Much more so, as far as my slight experience of battle goes. One fear troubled me,' I added, 'what you do not appear to have entertained. It was, that your French crew might not have been to be depended upon, in such a case, to act against Frenchmen.'

'Fiddlestick! My gallant *Espiegles* are cosmopolites, whose *patrie* is the whole earth, with especial regard, however, to that portion thereof likely to furnish them with the most comfortable berths. A expansive idea that, don't you think?'

'Expansive humbug, you mean!'

'No, I don't. You may not have a soul above bunting, but these fellows have. Above consideration I mean, of the mode in which blue, white, and red, or any other coloured bunting, may be arranged; whether diagonally, as in St George's cross, or in three perpendicular strips, as in the tricolor. I have before observed, Linwood, that you are a person of limited geographical ideas.'

'Stuff! Rubbish! At all events, you yourself must be a person of very limited geographical ideas or you would not the other day have so long hesitated at firing upon St George's ensign, as to place your own life in peril!'

'Weakness, my young friend—human weakness! It is a good divine, remarks the lady in the play, who follows his own teaching. Most extraordinarily good I should say, an example of the kind never before come under my observation. By the by, Linwood,' added Webbe, 'I will tell you, some of these days when we have a leisure half-hour to ourselves, how it happened that I became Captain Jules Renaudin; you will find that, strictly speaking, I had no debt but to exchange for that name the one in which my godfathers and godmothers, simple souls! pronounced, and vowed I should renounce the devil and all his works— Peak ears! The boat has way enough!'

In two minutes, we were upon the deck of *L'Espigle*, and three hours afterwards, I, Captain Renaudin, and Baptiste had been landed upon the French coast above half a league eastward of Granville, and but a short distance from a cottage in which, when at home, Baptiste lived with his wife, a sharp, black-eyed Granvillaise.

Before leaving by diligence on the third day from the landing, I was metamorphosed into Jean Le Elm, French youth, of Gravelines in the *Pas de Calais*.

travelling with his uncle, Jacques Le Gros, also of irrelatives, upon affairs of business. Webbe, who had wonderful talent in such matters, pronounced the transformation to be complete; and positively, when I last obtained a full view of myself, cased in a puce-red *redingote*, bright yellow pantaloons, and a blue-silk waistcoat, the general effect, aided by astoundingly manipulated hair, and two round gold earrings, which, after much persuasion, I had submitted to be bored with—the ensemble forming, it appeared, the gala dress, those days, of young Pas de Calais—I was fit to hoke with laughter—partly the laughter of mirth, partly of vexation!

'This is a charming dress to go a courting in,' I cried, addressing Webbe. 'Very charming, upon my word!'

'O yes, it is indeed charming!' exclaimed Madame Baptiste, supposing, no doubt, that she echoed me. Monsieur has now quite a distinguished air.'

I thought the woman was poking fun at me; but no, she was serious as a judge. Her husband, evidently intending the highest compliment possible to human speech, declared I was completely *Français*; and Webbe assured me I looked remarkably well.

I resigned myself; and Messieurs Jacques and Jean Le Gros reached by due course of diligence—about three miles an hour, exclusive of stoppages—the dingy, dirty city of St. Malo, and took up their quarters in the *Hôtel de l'Empire*.

Webbe, I must state in explanation, was, he informed me, known to but very few persons in St. Malo as captain Renaudin, and those few, fast friends upon whose silence he could depend; and it being absolutely necessary to baffle young Le Moine, the last change of name and disguise was extemporised. I had feared there would be a difficulty with respect to passports; as they were found to be perfectly *en règle*; a seeming justification of Webbe's frequent remark that, as a police regulation, the passport-system was the greatest bung ever devised. It is, however, possible that the confusion into which the public business had everywhere fallen, facilitated the procurement, by Baptiste, of the requisite papers.

Webbe left the hotel on the following morning, soon after breakfast, and did not return till near four in the afternoon. He was in high spirits. Madame de Bonneville had left home for Paris only two days previously, and on the morrow we twain were to dine, by special invitation, with the charming Clémence, and annette.

'The game, or I err greatly, is in your own hands,' said Webbe. 'Clémence—Lucy, that is to say—already thanks to certain hints of mine—the glories of a lady about to descend upon her. But the table-hôte dinner-bell has already rung twice. After we have dined, I shall have more to say and shew. Adieu.'

The privateer captain sat long at table, and drank merrily—his custom always when there was no peril of sea or land to guard against; but at last we were one; and after much rigmarole preface, designed to convince me of the loyalty of his motives, he drew from his pocket-book a much-worn printed bill, and was about to place it in my hands, when M. Jacques Le Gros was announced; and without pausing an instant for permission, in bounced that gentleman, evidently in a high state of inflammation.

Rather a good-looking, intelligent young fellow, let me break off a moment to say, spite of his round bullet-shaped and stout barrel-like body, inadequately supported by legs that were well enough of themselves, though not quite equal to the situation, a deficiency which I more than suspected had been artificially increased within the previous hour.

'I present myself *sans façon*, messieurs,' he began, 'and it is my right to do, when coming to demand

explanation, satisfaction, justice; which explanation, satisfaction, justice, you will refuse me at your peril!'

'What does the man mean?' I asked Webbe.

'I know no more than you. He appears to be tipsy, or—'

'Speak French, will you?' interrupted Sicard, striking the table with his doubled fist. 'Do you suppose a Frenchman, who has been educated in Paris, and lived there all his life till within the last three years, can understand that gibberish?'

'You are insolent, Jacques Sicard,' remarked Webbe.

'No; it is you, Jacques Le Gros, that are insolent, in speaking before me in a *patois* I do not comprehend. It may be Bas-Breton for what I know or care: assuredly, it is not French.'

'Well, what have you to say? Why are you here?'

'What have I to say? Why am I here?' explosively retorted Sicard. 'O Dieu de la miséricorde, as if your own conscience, if you have one, does not tell you what I must have to say—why I am here! Well, then, I have to say you are a— But I restrain myself; I resolved to do so when finally deciding to seek you here. Jacques Sicard, *mon garçon*, I said to myself, be moderate, be wise! Thou hast had provocation enough to exasperate a saint; nevertheless, be moderate, be wise. Thou art a tradesman, established three years, prospering and well respected; it is thy duty, therefore, to set an example to others. I shall do so; and therefore I do not say what you are, Monsieur Jacques Le Gros; but as to why I am here, I beg to say, I am here to obtain explanation, satisfaction, justice; and if not justice, vengeance—vengeance! Jacques Le Gros,' he added, grinding his teeth and rolling his eyes, after a most formidable fashion.

Webbe laughed, mockingly, as few but he could. Jacques Sicard danced, gesticulated, screamed with rage.

'I am a Frenchman,' he shrieked. 'My heart, my blood, is French—French! Do you understand?'

'Perfectly! You are a French boot and shoemaker!'

I interposed. The poor fellow seemed almost demented with passion, and I was anxious to hear what he had to say.

'Calm yourself, Monsieur Sicard,' I said; 'neither my uncle nor myself wishes to insult, distress you.'

'A la bonne heure!' said Sicard, subsiding into comparative moderation, and wiping his beady forehead, as he sat down. 'That is polite, that is reasonable, and good French, moreover, though the accent is detestably provincial—guttural in the extreme.'

'We are from near Calais; and as the English long held possession of that town, they may have left their accent behind as a souvenir,' said Webbe.

'I have nothing to say to you,' retorted Sicard; 'I shall talk to your nephew only. This,' continued the excited bootmaker, 'is the case in a few words. Not many months ago, I was upon the best terms with my relatives, the De Bonnevilles. Madame de Bonneville had a sincere regard for me; and I—I—why should I not confess it?—I loved, adored her only child and daughter, la charmante Clémence, who—'

'Who in return,' interrupted Webbe, 'loved, adored the charming Jacques Sicard, bottier de Paris.'

'I shall not talk to you, old rogue!' replied Sicard with rekindling fury. 'No, that is wrong; I withdraw "old rogue;" but I shall only address your nephew. I have no pretension,' he resumed, 'to say Clémence loved me in return; but at least she permitted me to accompany her to church; sometimes, with madame's permission, to a walk on the ramparts when the bands were playing. In fine, I was well satisfied with the progress of the affair, till one fine day I find Monsieur Jacques Le Gros chatting to her in the magasin. Once or twice afterwards I witnessed the same thing, but it did not trouble me. I did not even ask the man's

name. Why should it trouble me that Clémence sometimes conversed with an ugly old rogue? Ah, wrong again! I withdraw "rogue," but not old and ugly, which is exact, demonstrable. I repeat, it did not trouble me to find Clémence conversing more than once with an old, ugly—monsieur. Ha! I little knew what a venomous serpent was whispering at the ear of my Eve! I shall not withdraw that! It is exact, demonstrable! Clémence was no longer the same; the poor child's head was turned. She no longer discerns any merit in Jacques Sicard; and is ever dreaming of riches, grandeur, castles in Spain without number. Well, that malady of the brain yields slowly to time and the remonstrances of myself and Madame de Bonneville: Clémence recovers her charming spirits; again recognises the devotion of Jacques Sicard. Madame de Bonneville sets out for Paris, and I make an appointment to call on Clémence this very evening, and escort her and Fanchette to the theatre. I am happy, joyous even. I dress myself with care—it may be admitted with some taste—and I proceed to the Rue Dupetit Thouars. Ha! I am spurned, derided! I hear from Fanchette that that old, ugly rogue—that venomous serpent—I withdraw nothing! continued Sicard, springing to his feet again in a fresh access of rage, and emphasising with his fist upon the table—'not even rogue; that that old rogue and serpent, whose name I hear for the first time, has been there again! I understand, of course, that I have been calumniated, supplanted! and I come here for explanation!—satisfaction!—justice!—vengeance!'

Bang, bang, bang! I thought he would have smashed the table. Instead of that, the resounding blows brought two waiters into the room.

'Have the goodness to turn this drunken rascal out of our apartment,' said Webbe.

'Drunk! drunk!—I—I,' ejaculated the poor fellow, vainly struggling in the throttling gripe of the waiters, 'I—I am Ja-a-cques Si—Sicard, a respect—respectable!'

'Bottier de Paris,' suggested Webbe.

'And I—I will have sat—satisfaction! justice!—'

The door closed upon his struggles, and I thought we were quit of him. Not so: escaping by a sudden effort from his captors, he darted back, partially opened the door, shewed us his flaming face, and shaking his clenched fist, exclaimed: 'And vengeance!—scélérats!—vengeance!'

He was re-seized, and this time effectually got rid of.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

GOSSIP.

ONE of the wisest and best among our English ethical writers, the author of *Companions of my Solitude*, says, apropos of gossip, that one half of the evil-speaking of the world arises, not from malice *prepense*, but from mere want of amusement. And I think we may even grant that in the other half, constituted small of mind or selfish in disposition, it is seldom worse than the natural falling back from large abstract interests, which they cannot understand, upon those which they can—alas! only the narrow, commonplace, and personal.

Yet they mean no harm; are often under the delusion that they both mean and do a great deal of good, take a benevolent watch over their fellow-creatures, and so forth. They would not say an untrue word, or do an unkind action—not they! The most barefaced slanderer always tells her story with a good motive, or thinks she does; begins with a harmless 'bit of gossip,' just to pass the time away—the time which hangs so heavy! and ends by becoming the most arrant and mischievous tale-bearer under the sun.

Ex. gratia—Let me put on record the decline and fall, voluntarily confessed, of two friends of mine,

certainly the last persons likely to take to tittle-tattle; being neither young nor elderly; on the whole, perhaps rather 'bright' than stupid; having plenty to do and to think of—too much, indeed, since they came on an enforced holiday out of that vortex in which London whirls her professional classes round and round, year by year, till at last often nothing but a handful of dry bones is cast on shore. They came to lodge at the village of—X—, let me call it, as being an 'unknown quantity,' which the reader will vainly attempt to find out, since it is just like some hundred other villages—has its church and rector, great house and squire, doctor and lawyer (alas! poor village, I fear its two doctors and two lawyers); also its small select society, where everybody knows everybody—that is, their affairs; for themselves, one half the parish resolutely declines 'knowing' the other half—sometimes pretermittently, sometimes permanently. Of course, not a single soul would have ventured to know Bob and Maria—as I shall call the strangers—had they not brought an introduction to one family, under the shelter of whose respectability they meekly placed their own. A very worthy family it was, which shewed them all hospitality, asked them to tea continually, and there, in the shadow of the pleasant drawing-room, which overlooked the street, indoctrinated them into all the mysteries of X—, something in this wise:

'Dear me! there's Mrs Smith; she has on that identical yellow bonnet which has been so long in Miss Miffin's shop-window. Got it cheap, no doubt: Mr Smith does keep the poor thing so close! Annabella, child, make haste; just tell me whether that isn't the same young man who called on the Joneses three times last week! Red whiskers and moustaches. One of those horrid officers, no doubt. My dear Miss Maria, I never do like to say a word against my neighbour; but before I would let my Annabella go about like the Jones' girls— Bless my life! there's that cab at the corner house again—and her husband out! Well, if I ever could have believed it, even of silly, flirty Mrs Green! whom people do say old Mr Green married out of a London hosier's where he went in to buy a pair of gloves. What a shocking place London must be— But I beg your pardon, my dear!— And so on, and so on.

This, slightly varied, was the stock conversation, which seemed amply sufficient to fill the minds and hours of the whole family, and, indeed, of every family at X— likewise.

Maria and Bob used to go home laughing, still thanking their stars that they *did* live in that shocking place London. Bob made harmless jokes at the expense of the unconscious household who,

Pinnacled dim in the intense inane,

could drop down, hawk-like, upon reputations, bonnets, and beaus. Maria gave vent to a majestic but indignant pity; and both hugged themselves in the belief that never, under any circumstances, could they sink to such a dead-level of vacuity, spite, and folly.

Weeks passed—rather slowly, especially when, of autumn evenings, they found themselves minus books, piano, theatre, concerts, society—in fact, in precisely the position of the inhabitants of X— all year round. So, as daylight was less dull than candlelight, they used to rise at unearthly hours; dine—shall I betray the Goths?—at 11.30 A.M., take tea at 4 P.M., and go to bed as soon after dark as they could for shame. At last, from very dullness, Maria got into the habit of sitting at the window and telling Bob what was passing in the street, interspersed with little illustrative anecdotes she had caught up 'just as bits of human nature.' One, the stock scandal of the place, interested them both so much, that they watched for the heroine's carriage every day for a week; and when at last Maria cried: 'There it is!' Bob jumped up with all

the eagerness of Annabella herself, and missing the sight, retired grumbling: 'What nonsense! I declare you're getting just as bad a gossip as anybody here!' (N.B.—The masculine mind, in an accusative form, always prefers the second person of the verb.)

'Well,' observed Maria, 'shall I give up telling you any news I happen to hear?'

'O no! You may tell what you like. As the man said when his wife beat him—it amuses you, and it doesn't harm me.'

Finally—He has it from Maria's own confession—coming in one afternoon absorbed in cogitations as to what possible motive Mrs Green could have in telling Miss Elizabeth Jones she wished to call on her, Maria; and what on earth would be done if Annabella, whose mamma wouldn't allow her even to bow to Mrs Green, should happen to call at the same time—she was quite startled by Bob's springing up from the sofa to meet her, with an air of great relief.

'So you're back at last. Well, who did you see, and what did they say to you? Do sit down, and let's hear all the gossip going.'

'Gossip!' And meeting one another's eyes, they both burst into a hearty fit of laughter, declaring they never again would pride themselves on being a bit wiser than their neighbours.

As, fatal and vile as her progeny may be, 'the mother of mischief,' says the proverb, 'is no bigger than a midge's wing.' Nay, as many a vice can be traced back to an exaggerated virtue, this hateful propensity to tittle-tattle springs from the same peculiarity which, rightly guided, constitutes womanhood's chiefest strength and charm; blesses many a worthless man with a poor fond, faithful wife, who loves him for nothing that he is or does, but merely because he is *himself*; forgives to many a scapegrace son or brother a hundred sins, and follows him to the grave or the scaffold, blind to everything except the fact that he is her own. Personal interests, personal attachments, personal prejudices, are, whether we own it or not, the ruling bias of us women: it is better to own it, to name, govern, correct, and modify it, than to deny it, to name, and betray it in every circumstance of our lives.

Men, whose habits of thought and action are at once more selfish and less personal than ours, are very seldom even to gossiping. They will take a vast interest in the misgovernment of India, or the ill cooking of their own dinners; but any topic betwixt these two—such as the mismanagement of their neighbour's house, or the extravagance of their partner's wife—is a matter of very minor importance. They 'cannot be fashed' with trifles that don't immediately concern themselves. It is the women—always the women—who poke about with undefended farthing candles in the choke-damp passages of this dangerous world; who put their feeble morant hands to the Archimedean lever that, slight as it seems, can shake society to its lowest foundations. Or, though it irks me to wound with strong language the delicate sensibilities of my silver-tongued sisters, would just remind them of what they may hear, mainly one Sunday in the year, concerning that me dainty little member, which is said to be 'a fire, world of iniquity . . . and it is set on fire of hell.'

Verily, the 'Silent Woman'—a lady without a head, who officiates as sign to many a country inn—had to be so depicted. But it is not 'the gift of the gab,' the habit of using a dozen words where one would serve the purpose, which may arise from want of education, nervousness, or surplus but honest energy and earnest feeling—it is not that which does the harm; it is the lamentable fact, that whether from an overabundance of the imaginative faculty, carelessness of phrase, or a readiness to jump at conclusions, and represent facts not as they are, but as they appear to the representers, very few women are absolutely

and invariably veracious. Men lie wilfully, deliberately, on principle, as it were; but women quite involuntarily. Nay, they would start with horror from the bare thought of such a thing. They love truth in their hearts, and yet—and yet—they are constantly giving to things a slight colouring cast by their own individuality; twisting facts a little, a very little, according as their tastes, affections, or convenience indicate: never perhaps telling a direct lie, but merely a deformed or prevaricated truth.

And this makes the fatal danger of gossip. If all people spoke the absolute truth about their neighbours, or held their tongues, which is always a possible alternative, it would not so much matter. At the worst, there would be a few periodical social thunder-storms, and then the air would be clear. But the generality of people do *not* speak the truth: they speak what they see, or think, or believe, or wish. Few observant characters can have lived long in the world without learning to receive every fact communicated second-hand with *reservations*—reservations that do not necessarily stamp the communicator as a liar, but merely make allowance for certain inevitable variations, like the variations of the compass, which every circumnavigator must calculate upon as a natural necessity.

Thus, Miss A., in the weary small-talk of a morning-call, not quite knowing what she says, or glad to say anything for the sake of talking, lets drop to Mrs B. that she heard Mrs C. say: 'She should take care to keep her boys out of the way of the little Bs'—a very harmless remark, since, when it was uttered, the little Bs were just recovering from the measles. But Miss A., an absent sort of woman, repeats it three months afterwards, forgetting all about the measles; indeed, she has persuaded herself that it referred to the rudeness of the B. lads, who are her own private terror, and she thinks it may probably do some good to give their over-indulgent mamma a hint on the subject. Mrs B., too well-bred to reply more than 'Indeed!' is yet mortally offended; declines the next dinner-party at the Cs, and confides her private reason for doing so to Miss D., a good-natured chatter-box, who, with the laudable intention of getting to the bottom of the matter, and reconciling the belligerents, immediately communicates the same. 'What have I done!' exclaims the hapless Mrs C. 'I never said any such thing!' 'Oh, but Miss A. protests she *heard* you say it.' Again Mrs C. warmly denies; which denial goes back directly to Miss A. and Mrs B., imparting to both them and Miss D. a very unpleasant feeling as to the lady's veracity. A few days after, thinking it over, she suddenly recollects that she really did say the identical words, with reference solely to the measles; bursts into a hearty fit of laughter, and congratulates herself that it is all right. But not so: the mountain cannot so quickly shrink into its original mole-hill. Mrs B., whose weak point is her children, receives the explanation with considerable dignity and reserve; is 'sorry that Mrs C. should have troubled herself about such a trifle'; shakes hands, and professes herself quite satisfied. Nevertheless, in her own inmost mind, she thinks—and her countenance shews it—'I believe you said it, for all that.' A slight coolness ensues, which everybody notices, discusses, and gives a separate version of; all which versions somehow or other come to the ears of the parties concerned, who, without clearly knowing why, feel vexed and aggrieved each at the other. The end of it all is a total estrangement.

Is not a little episode like this at the root of nearly all the family feuds, lost friendships, 'cut' acquaintanceships, so pitifully rife in the world? Rarely any great matter, a point of principle or a violated pledge, an act of justice or dishonesty; it is almost always some petty action misinterpreted, some idle word repeated—or a succession of both these, gathering and

gathering like the shingle on a sea-beach, something fresh being left behind by every day's tide. Not the men's doing—the fathers, husbands, or brothers, who have no time to bother themselves about such trifles, and who, if they see fit to quarrel over their two grand *causes belli*, religion and politics, generally do it outright, and either abuse one another like pickpockets in newspaper columns, or, in revenge for any moral poaching on one another's property, take a horse-whip or a pair of pistols, and so end the matter.

No. It is the women who are at the bottom of it all, who, in the narrowness or blankness of their daily lives, are glad to catch at any straw of interest—especially the unmarried, the idle, the rich, and the childless. As says the author I have before referred to: 'People not otherwise ill-natured are pleased with the misfortunes of their neighbours, solely because it gives them something to think about, something to talk about. They imagine how the principal actors and sufferers will bear it; what they will do; how they will look; and so the dull bystander forms a sort of drama for himself.'

And what a drama! Such a petty plot—such small heroes and heroines—such a harmless villain! When we think of the contemptible nothings that form the daily scandal-dish of most villages, towns, cities, or communities, and then look up at the starry heaven which overshines them all, dropping its rain upon the just and the unjust—or look abroad on the world, of whose wide interests, miseries, joys, duties, they form such an infinitesimal part, one is tempted to blush for one's species. Strange, that while hundreds and thousands in this Britain have not a crust to eat, Mrs E. should become the town's talk for three days, because, owing a dinner-party to the Fs, Gs, Hs, and Js, she clears accounts at a cheaper rate by giving a general tea-party instead. 'So mean! and with Mr E.'s large income too!—That, while millions are living and dying without God in the world, despising Him, forgetting Him, or never having even heard His name, Miss K., a really exemplary woman, should not only refuse, even for charitable purposes, to associate with the Ls, an equally irreproachable family as to morals and benevolence, but should actually forbid her district poor to receive their teaching or their Bibles, because they refuse to add thereto the Church of England Catechism. As to visiting them—'Quite impossible; they are dissenters, you know.'

The gossip of opposing religionism—I will not even call it religion, though religion itself is often very far from pure 'godliness'—is at once the most virulent and the saddest phase of the disease; and our sex, it must be confessed, are the more liable to it, especially in the provinces. There, the parish curate may at times be seen walking with the Unitarian or Independent minister, if they happen to be well-educated young men of a social turn; even the rector, worthy man! will occasionally have the sense to join with other worthy men of every denomination in matters of local improvement. But oh! the talk that this gives rise to among the female population! till the reverend objects of it—who in their daily duties have usually more to do with women than with men—another involuntary tribute to those virtues which form the bright under-side of every fault that can be alleged against us—are often driven to give in to the force of public opinion, to that incessant babble of silvery waters which wears through the rockiest soil.

The next grand source of gossip—and this, too, curiously indicates how true must be the instinct of womanhood, even in its lowest forms so evidently a corruption from the highest—is love, and, with or without that preliminary, matrimony. What on earth should we do if we had no matches to make, or mar; no 'unfortunate attachments' to shake our heads over; no flirtations to speculate about and comment upon

with knowing smiles; no engagements 'on' or 'off' to speak our minds about, nosing out every little circumstance, and ferreting our game to their very hole, as if all their affairs, their hopes, trials, faults, or wrongs, were being transacted for our own private and peculiar entertainment! Of all forms of gossip—I speak of mere gossip, as distinguished from the carrion-crow and dunghill-fly system of scandal-mongering—this tittle-tattle about love-affairs is the most general, the most odious, and the most dangerous.

Every one of us must have known within our own experience many an instance of dawning loves checked, unhappy loves made cruelly public, happy loves imbibbered, warm, honest loves turned cold, by this horrible system of gossiping about young or unmarried people—evening' to one another folk who have not the slightest mutual inclination, or if they had, such an idea put into their heads would effectually smother it; setting down every harmless free liking as 'a case,' or 'a flirtation;' and if anything 'serious' does turn up, pouncing on it, hunting it down, and never letting it go till dismembered and ground to the bone. Should it ever come to a marriage—and the wonder is, considering all these things, that any love-affair ever does come to that climax at all, or that any honest-hearted, delicate-minded young people ever have the courage to indulge the world by an open attachment or engagement—heavens and earth! how it is talked about! How one learns every single item of what 'he' said, and 'she' said, and what all the relations said, and how it came about, and how it never would have come about at all but for So-and-so, and what they have to live upon, and how capable or incapable they are of living upon it, and how very much better both parties would have done if they had only each left the choosing of the other to about four-and-twenty anxious friends, all of which were quite certain the affianced pair never would suit one another, but would have exactly suited somebody else, &c., &c., *ad libitum* and *ad infinitum*.

Many women, otherwise kindly and generous, have in this matter no more consideration towards their own sex or the other, no more sense of the sanctity and silence due to the relation between them, than if the divinely instituted bond of marriage were no higher or purer than the natural instincts of the beasts that perish. It is most sad, nay, it is sickening, to see the way in which, from the age of fourteen upwards, a young woman, on this one subject of her possible or probable matrimonial arrangements, is quizzed, talked over, commented upon, advised, condoled with, lectured, interrogated—until, if she has happily never had cause to blush for herself, not a week passes that she does not blush for her sex, out of utter contempt, disgust, and indignation.

Surely all right-minded women ought to set their faces resolutely against this desecration of feelings, to maintain the sanctity of which is the only preservative of our influence—that is, our rightful and holy influence, over men. Not that, after the school of Mesdames Barbauld, Hannah More, and other excellent but exceedingly prosy personages, love should be exorcised out of young women's lives and conversations—query, if possible?—but let it be treated of delicately, earnestly, rationally, as a matter which, if they have any business with at all, is undoubtedly the most serious business of their lives. There can be—there ought to be—no medium course; a love-affair is either sober earnest or contemptible folly, if not wickedness; to gossip about it is, in the first instance, intrusive, unkind, or dangerous; in the second, simply silly. Practical people may choose between the two alternatives.

Gossip, public, private, social—to fight against it either by word or pen seems, after all, like fighting with shadows. Everybody laughs at it, protests

against it, blames and despises it; yet everybody does it, or at least encourages others in it: so innocently, unconsciously, in such a small, harmless fashion—yet, we do it. We must talk about something, and it is not all of us who can find a rational topic of conversation, or discuss it when found. Many, too, who in their hearts hate the very thought of tattle and tale-bearing, are shy of lifting up their voices against it, lest they should be ridiculed for Quixotism, or thought to set themselves up as more virtuous than their neighbours; others, like our lamented friends, Maria and Bob, from mere idleness and indifference, long kept hovering over the unclean stream, at last drop into it, and are drifted away by it. Where does it land them? Ay, where?

If I, or any one, were to unfold on this subject only our own experience and observation—not a little more—what a volume it would make! Families set by the ears, parents against children, brothers against brothers—not to mention brothers and sisters in law, who seem generally to assume, with the legal title, the legal right of interminably squabbling. Friendships sundered, betrothals broken, marriages annulled—in the spirit, at least, while in the letter kept outwardly, to be a daily torment, temptation, and despair. Acquaintances that would otherwise have maintained a safe and not unkindly indifference, forced into absolute dislike—originating how they know not; but there it is. Old companions, that would have borne each other's little foibles, have forgiven and forgotten little annoyances, and kept up an honest affection till death, driven, at last, into open rupture, or frozen into a coldness more hopeless still, which no after-warmth will ever have power to thaw.

Truly, from the smallest Little Peddlington that carries on, year by year, its bloodless wars, its harmless scandals, its daily chronicle of interminable nothings, to the great metropolitan world, fashionable, intellectual, noble, or royal, the blight and curse of social and civilised life is gossip.

How is it to be removed? How are scores of well-meaning women, who, in their hearts, really like and respect one another—who, did trouble come to any one of them, would be ready with countless mutual kindnesses, small and great, and among whom the sudden advent of death would subdue every idle tongue to honest praise, and silence, at once and for ever, every bitter word against the neighbour departed—how are they to be taught to be every day as generous, considerate, liberal-minded—in short, womanly, as they would assuredly be in any exceptional day of adversity? How are they to be made to feel the littleness, the ineffably pitiful littleness, of raking up and criticising every slight peculiarity of manner, habits, temper, character, word, action, motive—household, children, servants, living, furniture, and dress: thus constituting themselves the amateur ragpickers, *chiffonniers*—I was going to say scavengers—at they do not leave the streets clean—of all the blind alleys and foul by-ways of society, while the whole world lies free and open before them, to do their work and choose their innocent pleasure therein—this busy, bright, beautiful world?

Such a revolution is, I doubt, quite hopeless on this side paradise. But every woman has it in her power personally to withstand the spread of this great plague of tongues, since it lies within her own volition what she will do with her own.

All the king's horses and all the king's men

cannot make us either use or bridle that little member. It is our never-failing weapon, double-edged, delicate, right, keen; a weapon not necessarily either lethal or vile, but taking its character solely from the manner in which we use it.

First, let every one of us cultivate, in every word

that issues from her mouth, absolute truth. I say cultivate, because to very few people—as may be noticed of most young children—does truth, this rigid, literal veracity, come by nature. To many, even who love it and prize it dearly in others, it comes only after the self-control, watchfulness, and bitter experience of years. Let no one, conscious of needing this care, be afraid to begin it from the very beginning; or in her daily life and conversation fear to confess: 'Stay, I said a little more than I meant'—'I think I was not quite correct about such a thing'—'Thus it was; at least, thus it seemed to me personally;' &c., &c. Even in the simplest, most everyday statements, we cannot be too guarded or too exact. The 'hundred cats' that the little lad saw 'fighting on our back-wall,' and which afterwards dwindled down to 'our cat and another,' is a case in point, not near so foolish as it seems.

'Believe only half of what you see, and nothing that you hear,' is a cynical saying, and yet less bitter than at first appears. It does not argue that human nature is false, but simply that it is—human nature. How can any created being with its two eyes, two ears, one judgment, and one brain—all more or less limited in their apprehensions of things external, and biased by a thousand internal impressions, purely individual—how can it possibly decide on even the plainest actions of another, to say nothing of the words, which may have gone through half-a-dozen different translations and modifications, or the motives, which can only be known to the Omniscient Himself?

In His name, therefore, let us 'judge not, that we be not judged.' Let us be 'quick to hear, slow to speak;' slowest of all to speak any evil, or to listen to it, about any body. The good we need be less careful over; we are not likely ever to hear too much of that.

'But,' say some—very excellent people too—'are we never to open our mouths?—never to mention the ill things we see or hear; never to stand up for the right, by proclaiming, or by warning and testifying against the wrong?'

Against wrong—in the abstract, yes; but against individuals—doubtful. All the gossip in the world, or the dread of it, will never turn one domestic tyrant into a decent husband or father; one light woman into a matron leal and wise. Do your neighbour good by all means in your power, moral as well as physical—by kindness, by patience, by unflinching resistance against every outward evil—by the silent preaching of your own contrary life. But if the only good you can do him is by talking at him or about him—nay, even to him, if it be in a self-satisfied super-virtuous style—such as I earnestly hope the present writer is not doing—you had much better leave him alone. If he be foolish, soon or late, he will reap the fruit of his folly; if wicked, be sure his sin will find him out. If he has wronged you, you will neither lessen the wrong nor increase his repentance, by parading it. And if—since there are two sides to every subject, and it takes two to make a quarrel—you have wronged him, surely you will not right him or yourself by abusing him. In Heaven's name, let him alone.

MAUNA LOA AT WORK.

VESUVIUS is very well in its way. When really in earnest, it affords a pretty sight for our lady and gentlemen tourists, who transport their knapsacks or carpet-bags to the Bay of Naples to see it, and makes the trouble of the holiday excursion well worth taking; but he who wanders over the world of waters that rolls between Asia and America, demands something greater and grander: and he finds it. In the very middle of the lone Pacific, Mauna Loa raises her august brow to the height of nearly 14,000 feet; and, when the fit is on her, flings a glare over the ocean

from a column of fire 1000 feet high, and spouts forth a torrent of lava, several miles in breadth, that burns up forests and jungles in its winding way, and drinks dry the swamps and streams to an extent of nearly seventy miles.

The last eruption commenced in August 1855, and was still in full blast about the same time last year. It is described in letters by Mr F. A. Weld to Sir Charles Lyell, and the Rev. Titus Coan to the British Consul-general for the Sandwich Islands, both read at the Geological Society last December.

On the 11th of August 1855, a small point of light was observed on the summit of Mauna Loa. This is one of the three volcanic mountains of the island of Hawaii, in the Sandwich group. It appears, like the others, smooth and rounded when viewed from a distance, standing almost in the centre of the island, and rising from the sea-coast through every diversity of country in a gradual ascent of about forty miles. The little point of light was seen from Hilo, a town in Byron's Bay, and won the eye from the beautiful expanse between, with its picturesque ravines filled with banana, bread-fruit, and candlenut trees, and cutting through grassy slopes dotted here and there with small coffee and sugar plantations, till the region of comparative fertility met the dark forests that clothed the middle of the mountain. The star on the summit grew more and more brilliant as the people gazed; then it rose and expanded by degrees, filling the whole heavens with its ominous glare. The eruption, however, was not distinguished by any remarkable projection of burning substances into the air, but by a vast and steady discharge of lava, the fiery floods of which burst from the summit, and rushed down the side with appalling fury. The main torrent first directed itself into the valley between Mauna Loa and one of its sisters, Mauna Kea, and then, taking an easterly direction, flowed over forests, jungles, swamps, and streams, towards Hilo, widening, as it advanced, from a breadth of three miles to five or six, and the depth varying from ten to several hundred feet. 'Our first good view,' says Mr Weld, 'of the eruption was at night, from the deck of a ship in the harbour, as trees obstructed the view from the shore. The distant craters were scarcely visible, but the burning forests above Hilo shewed the front of the advancing lava, lighting up the night with a mighty glare, with sometimes a column of red light shooting up, occasioned probably by an explosion of the half-cooled upper crust of lava, or by dried trees falling into the devouring element.' The rapidity of the ponderous fluid, however, must not be judged by that of water. Although it rushed down the steep of the mountain with incalculable speed, it is not mentioned that in the more level country it made much greater progress than a mile in the week; but still, day after day, it filled the air with smoke, darkening the entire horizon, and converting into a desert vast tracts till then waving with fruits, and adorned with all the glory of tropical verdure.

Both Mr Weld and Mr Coan visited the scene of the outbreak, the latter giving also an account of the appearance of the lava-stream at its terminus, not more than fifteen miles from Hilo. To gain this point through the jungle, and over the bed of a river, while the rain poured down in torrents, was a work of difficulty; but on the evening of the second day, he came suddenly upon the burning lava, consuming the thicket before him for a breadth of several miles, and gleaming with innumerable fires. The party halted under a tree within a few feet of the lava-stream, the heat of which they made use of to boil their tea, and keep them warm 'through the long and stormy, but intensely interesting night. The pyrotechnical scene was indescribable: standing under our tree, we could survey an area of some fifteen square miles, over which countless fires were gleaming with extreme brilliancy. The jungle

was burning, and trees were falling; the rending of the rocks, the detonation of gases, clouds of steam from boiling water, and scintillations from burning leaves filled the atmosphere; and the red glare above resembled a firmament on fire. During the night, we were nearly surrounded by the advancing lava, and when we decamped in the morning, we left our sheltering tree in flames.'

Mr Weld's journey to the top of the mountain was broken by a visit to the crater of Kilauea, much lower down, the lava-torrent from which, a few years ago, burst into the sea at more than thirty miles' distance, forming several islands, and heating the waters, and killing the fish, in an area of many miles. The crater of Kilauea is seven miles in circumference, and about 1500 feet deep.* The cliffs forming its outer lip form a nearly perpendicular wall of yellowish clay and dark basalt rock. The bottom of the crater is constantly changing; and frequently it holds in the lower hollow a lake of molten lava a mile long, and half a mile broad. On the present occasion, it was a plain, more or less broken, of lead-coloured lava, dotted with small mounds and craters, giving forth clouds of smoke, and, as night approached, kindling up here and there into fires.

The ascent from hence to the summit was through woods, over old lava-streams, by the mouths of large caverns, and heaps of stones to mark where travellers had perished. They lay down for the night on some half-vitrified ashes; being at such an elevation that the next morning when they tried to make some tea, the water, although it boiled readily, did not attain heat enough. That day the view of the opposite mountain of Mauna Kea was remarkably fine. 'The old conical craters on its summit covered with newly fallen snow, its huge outline shadowy and dim, the clouds of smoke that rose round its base from the valley down which the present flood of lava is flowing, the wild dreariness of the foreground, and the tropical sky above, formed a scene almost indescribably grand and wonderful.' On arriving at the lava of the present eruption, they were able to trace its devastating course below. It had been partially cooled on the surface, so as to admit of their walking on it, though with some difficulty and danger, as the flood of liquid fire still continued to roll under the crust. Of this flood, Mr Weld obtained a view through a broken part of the surface. 'The huge arch and roof of the cavern glowed red-hot, and, as with some difficulty I obtained a point directly overhanging it, the glare was perfectly scorching. The lava, at almost a white heat, flowed slowly down at the rate of about three or four miles an hour. I dropped a fragment of rock into it, which it carried floating on. There was something very impressive in its steady, smooth onward course.'

The eruption came from two craters, one a mile lower than the other. In the lower, the upper crust of the lava had cooled, and the discharge was subterranean; although the smoke, darkness, and sulphureous stench continued to make it an object of awe. The upper crater still sent up those volumes of red smoke and partially ignited gases which at night appeared a lofty column of flame. Having commenced their return—

'Our sleeping-place was about 500 feet below the level of the craters: the night was fine with us; but, whilst above us the craters rolled up dark columns of smoke, below, over Hilo and Kilauea, raged a magnificent thunder-storm. The level of the top of the clouds was somewhat below us, and along it played flashes of the most vivid lightning, whilst the thunder-peals seemed to roll up from the valley below. Later in the night it rained, and in the morning,

* On the island of Maui, there is the crater of an extinct volcano, said to be twenty-four miles in circumference.

high in the tropics, the exterior of the fur-rug in which I slept was white with hoar-frost.*

In Mr Coan's journey to the summit, he walked along a lava-stream for some distance, where it appeared to five or six miles broad; then observing a narrower one, he crossed to its opposite bank. 'At this point the whole surface of the lava was solidified, while the fluid flood moved on below like water under ice in winter. The superficial crust of the lava was cracking with heat and emitting mineral gases at innumerable points. Along the margin, numerous trees were crushed, half-charred, and smouldering upon the denuded lava.'

That night, they slept on the cooled lava, above the carpet of vegetation. The next day, 'upward and upward' urged our weary way upon the heated roof of the mountain, passing, as we ascended, opening after opening, through which we looked upon the igneous river as it heaved down its vitrified duct at the rate of forty miles an hour. The lava-current at this high point the mount was fearful, the heat incandescent, and the dynamic force wonderful. The fire-duct was laid from 25 to 100 feet deep down the sides of the mount; the occasional openings through the arches or incumbent strata were from 1 to 40 fathoms in diameter. Into these orifices we cast large stones, which, as soon as they struck the surface of the flowing flood, passed down the stream in an indistinct instantaneous blaze. Through openings in the mountain we could also see subterranean cataracts of fluid rock leaping precipices of 25 or 50 feet. The whole scene was awful, defying description. Struggling upwards amidst hills, cones, ridges, pits, and ravines of solid and smoking lava, we came at 1 P.M. to the central or summit crater, and, mounting to the highest of its peaks, we looked down as into the very 'out of hell.' This, according to Mr Coan, is the summit of the mountain, while Mr Weld places the best crater 1500 feet below the summit. The crater indeed met with nothing at all like what is commonly called a crater. The plateau of the mountain was rent with yawning fissures, bordered with masses of scorise, lava, &c., 'piled in the form of elongated cones, rent longitudinally, while the inner walls were hung with burning stalactites, and festooned with a capillary or filamentous lava, called *Pele's hair*, much resembling the hair of a human being.' The burning lava is not seen at this point—it goes off into a subterranean chamber: 'but the fearful rush of steam and gases from these fissures on the summit fills one with awe, and the spectator must use the utmost care lest the fierce whirlwinds which gyrate and sweep over these heated regions throw him over, and strangle him with sulphureous gases.' It is not wonderful that the natives consider the hair, hung in extraordinary situations, to belong to the goddess Pele. It is 'reddish, brownish, or of golden hue'—in short, auburn; and the beautiful but awful being it reminded me of in her wild gambols as she danced in her volcano-bath during the night, splashing liquid fire to the heavens, and flinging its fitful showers over the sea.

We may add, that the immense crater of Kilauea was in full work in 1840, when the flood of lava descended itself under its mural sides at the depth of 1000 feet, pursuing its way towards the sea in subterranean series, until the fiery flood broke ground, and descended down in a burning deluge, from one to four miles wide, sweeping away forest and hamlet, and lighting the heavens with its murky clouds and its lurid glare. In three days it reached the sea, having travelled thirty miles; and for two weeks it plunged into a vast fiery cataract, a mile wide, over a precipice of fifty feet high. The commotion, the detonations, the rolling and gyrating clouds of ascending vapour were awfully sublime. The ocean was heated for

twenty miles along the coast, and thousands of marine animals were killed.'

Such is Mauna Kea when the fit is on her!

PASSING THROUGH BALTIMORE AND NEW YORK.*

June 1, 1857.

BALTIMORE is a place of little interest to a stranger; it is, however, the first slave-town I have been in. Being on the borders of the free states, it is only half a slave-state, the slaves enjoying comparative freedom. There I saw for the first time a black man walking with a white woman. It is against the law in all slave-states, and almost never seen in the free. They may not marry either.

I found an agreeable companion in a Frenchman, a bookseller from Mobile; he walked with me about the town, and told me many things of interest. He says that the blacks are better off in the slave than in the free states, and I believe it. They always get two or three weeks' holidays in the year, and often go travelling through the free states, with a pass-ticket from their masters. I met several myself. Many of them in towns become wealthy, and refuse to purchase themselves, preferring to remain slaves! The southerner told me that, two years ago, a black man came and set up a barber's shop in Mobile, and became very popular. After a while, it cozzed out that he lived with a white wife; he was immediately taken up, sent to the penitentiary for five years, and his wife ordered to quit the state. Black men (free) are allowed to travel through any state, but not to settle in them, in the south, at any rate.

At nine o'clock this morning, 'I took the cars for Washington.' The scenery is very similar to that on the New York line, only with this exception, that from every rock there did not issue the information, in staring white letters, that 'Phalon's Paphian Liquid is the best Cosmetic.' Thus nature becomes subservient to art, and *vice versa*. How the sylphs must hate the noxious fluid; but there are no fairies here—elves, goblins, sprites hold no moonlight revels here. Barnum would have caged and shewn them in pantaloons and tights!

Over 'Thomas's' Viaduct, and past the immortal man's monument; some fifty people fishing in the river below, catching enormous jack-sharps; and then on through the woods again, the banks covered with beautiful blue lupines, and the magnolias glittering like snow-flakes on the trees.

Arrived in Washington, the chief city of this great country; we drive, the southern and myself, to Kirkwood's Hotel. Hotels are a great institution; everything in America is an 'institution'—mint-juleps, corn-cakes, and steam-boats: this is another. If you go into a shop and ask: 'Have you any so-and-so?'—they reply: 'We hain't got anything else;' meaning to inform you that their chief business is in that article, that it receives their particular attention; and perhaps, after all, they haven't got it.

As soon as we reached our hotel, we saw that there was a great crowd, and were told that there was an election of councilmen going on. A lot of 'roughs' from Baltimore were said to be getting up a disturbance. The polling-booth was right opposite us, and there seemed to be a great deal of excitement. I had stepped into the bar, to write my name and secure a room, when bang—bang—bang went some firearms. I thought it was rejoicing, but saw a fellow cutting up the street, and another after him with a six-shooter, as they call them, which he fired slap at his back, without

* What follows is really, as it appears, an extract from the carelessly written memoranda of a young sojourner in the United States.

stopping him, however. The amusement—excitement rather—now became general. About twenty shots were fired, and Mr Kirkwood closed the bar of the hotel by putting the shutters to.

Presently the Baltimoreans cleared off—about a dozen ruffians, as villainous a looking set as I ever saw. Nobody was hurt, and I began to doubt whether the pistols were loaded with ball. An American remarked to me that the *practice* was very bad. I thought he meant the practice of using revolvers, and said 'Shameful!' He turned round, stared, and then added: 'I guess, if I shoot at a man, I hit him! I don't run when I shoot.' 'No,' said another, 'you shoot, and then run.' (General laugh.) Distant shots were heard about town. The city was in an uproar. Report came in that the mayor had asked the president for a guard of marines.

I drove away to see the Capitol. It is a fine white marble building, commandingly situated on the top of the hill, surrounded with pretty parks and gardens, which they are enlarging and improving. The centre hall is circular, very dirty, and with a roof that leaks badly; the walls hung round with fine paintings: 'Landing of Columbus, 1492'—a very fine painting (it is difficult to believe that this country was discovered only about 400 years ago, or so); 'Embarkation of Pilgrims from Delfthaven, 1620'—also very fine; small portrait of Daniel Webster—rough-looking old boy; 'Surrender of Lord Cornwallis'; 'Franklin trying to persuade Louis XVI to acknowledge the Independence of the United States,' by Healy—a magnificent picture; 'Baptism of Pocahontas, an Indian Girl'—very beautiful; 'Discovery of the Mississippi River by De Soto'—the finest of all. Nothing else worth seeing. Everything dingy and dirty. As we drove out, we passed the marines—fine soldierlike fellows in light blue. Just then ran past those aforesaid ruffians, dragging a small brass cannon by a long rope, yelling, and calling them to come and take it. I remarked the hair of the fourteen presidents to be gray, with the exception of that of James Munroe and General Pierce—the latter lank, black, scoundrelly looking stuff. All sorts of curiosities are kept here: a Chinaman's tail cut off by a Yankee mate, who caught him shouting! no other reason being assigned for presenting it to the National Gallery; calf with two heads; Feejee idols (anything but handsome), and other *lusus naturæ*. A splendid collection of shells, finer than that in the British Museum, but in sad disorder. Looking out of one of the windows, saw a young man carried past wounded. Did not feel much inclined for, but went home to dinner. As I was standing on the steps of the hotel, a man passed by, whom Mr Kirkwood addressed in the following manner: 'Charlie, any shootin' up your way?' 'I guess so; regular fraction!' A little crowd gathered to hear his account of the fight, of which you shall have as much as I can remember.

No. 1 *loqr.*: 'They got a small cannon, and took possession of the market, loading it with scraps of iron and bits of glass. They then turned it towards the precinct (polling-booth), and kept away the voters. Wall, there was plenty of shootin', and then the marines came up, headed by Captain Tyler, a young man. So one fellow shot a marine through the wrist, and he fell. Then the marines fired and charged bayonets.'—No. 2: 'How many fell?'—No. 1 (laughing): 'I fancy I was round the corner pretty quick whenever I heard the "Make ready, purrr-sent." But they said five or six were down. One chap fell dead just beside me, at least he was going when I came off. They captured the gun.'—No. 3: 'How many killed, did you say?'—No. 1: 'Oh, six killed, I believe.'—No. 8: 'Thank God.'—*Omnes*: 'Amen!'

Citizen No. 3 is then heard in favour of peace and order. I must just give you a specimen as follows: 'What a set of gaw-dem rascals these Baltimore fellers is; 'aif we hadn't enough of gaw-dem blackguards in

Washinton without importing them. Tell you what I'd do—I'd shoot every one of them, as soon as 'e shewed a weepn,' &c. These seemed to be the general sentiments of the respectable portion of the community present, and were received with applause. The captain, for such he was, volunteered to do for one man if others would do the like. All professed their willingness to serve the cause of peace and justice.—No. 1 then continued his statement thus: 'The worst of it is, that they havn't shot one Baltimore feller. But there's an officer of the Land-office dead!'—No. 2: 'Ah, that's a pity.'—No. 5 (evidently a hanger-on of state): 'Never mind; some one else will get that: they'll fill up the appointment to-morrow.'—No. 1: 'There was a little girl shot, down an avenue, by mistake. She was dying.'—*Chorus*: 'Ah, that's the worst of them rows, they always shoot the wrong people.'—Citizen No. 6, rather a sententious, prosy old fellow, perceiving that I was a stranger, drew me aside and began: 'This is a bad time to be here. We never have any fights here mostly, except at the general elections; but these Baltimore fellows will come down here. This is a free country, you know, and every man goes where he likes—that is, he is at liberty to do as he pleases—that is a— Yes, at the Baltimore election there were 160 killed—that is, shot each other—did you know. Now, there was that young man in the Land-office—I knew him quite well—that is, I was acquainted with his appearance. I was aware he was a most respectable character—no one more so, as far as I know; at least, I may say he was as respectable as any one almost. Well, he was shot—fired at, wounded in the stomach, abdomen—just here, you know—and death came on, happened, occurred, *supervened*. Well, perhaps, he was only looking on; but I darsay he was one of the leaders. But it's all over now—that is, finished, quite quiet again—put down, you know, quelled—that is a'— Just then a buggy drove up with a white-headed old man in it, wounded in the arm, not seriously, however, but covered with blood. He was looking out of his window when shot. His name was Colonel Williams, I believe.

I go up to my room and open the window. The heavens are one sheet of fire; sullen *swells* of vapour through the trees announce a storm; one mighty peal of thunder, and then the battle of the elements begins. Rain it is not to be called. Cataracts roaring, lightning flashing, it seems as if the wrath of Heaven was aroused at this bloody scene. Half an hour, all is still; faint gleams of lightning are dying in the west; but these demons are at work again, shrieking and yelling, and piling up a great bonfire right in the middle of the street, opposite my window. Old tables, boxes, chests of drawers, are pressed into the service. A circular war-dance, a song with revolver accompaniment, finishes the proceeding; and all is still, now and then an occasional shot or yell. It is impossible to say whether these shots are blank or not, but I suspect the real fighting is over for to-day. I read a newspaper account of the shooting, lest you should think I am *Arrowsmithing*. Now for an hour or two sleep. Adieu!

OUR LIGHT CONTRIBUTOR UPON DEODORISATION.

I HAVE lately been staying with a friend who is, he calls a practical chemist. He has, indeed, and those large globular bottles in his window—the white, and blue which are the insignia of the pharmaceutical craft—because he is a clergyman, and a bishop, very properly, would not permit such an illumination. He is also obliged to confine the public to his soothing mixtures to that one day of the week.

whereon his pulpit opens; and if he were detected in issuing 'quietness' at any other time, he would be punished. But he is not the less a practical chemist for all that.

He knows what to avoid a great deal better than what to eat and to drink, for upon these two latter points he is a second Dr Hassell, and describes all food to be noxious that is not downright deadly. Breakfast, according to him, undermines the constitution, dinner shakes it to its foundations, and supper, with pickles, brings it down with a run. What is one man's meat is another man's poison, says the proverb; but with my friend the P. C., his meat and his poison are one and the same thing. When I took my bitter beer—which, by the by, was his—and which I, of course, imbibed very willingly as often as I could get it, he was wont to say that it reminded him for once of Socrates in the act of partaking of the hemlock, with the difference that it was my ignorance, but the philosopher's intemperance, which made us both so careless of the result. He used to hame that amber liquid in its tapering glass 'with beaded bubbles winking at its brim,' by some Latin name, as if in exorcism, and to ascribe to it 'a volatile odorous principle, a greenish fixed oil, a free organic acid, uncrystallised sugar, colouring matter and gum;' but a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, said I, and I called it 'Bass,' and drank it all the same; else if I had been less like Ancho Panza, he would have played the very Dr Medo with me. His own house, which is much too good a one for such a purpose, he makes the theatre of all sorts of scientific experiments. Ventilation is here so perfected, that it seems to me the wind bloweth pretty much where it listeth, and drainage is in full flow. Above the drawing-room fireplace, where one leans one's elbows upon the mantelpiece to enjoy one's self in the glass, and just where the unprotected small of one's back occurs when one stand with our coat-tails over our arms and our ear to the fire, there comes breeze enough, through a great iron mouth, to turn a mill. 'The principle of the thing, my dear sir,' he has said about a hundred times, 'is as follows . . . ' and then he is the encyclopædia vice the pharmacopœia, resigned for a little while. I think he wishes to persuade me that the air comes somehow through the fire, and so enters the room both fresh and warm; but if that is the case, why does it *feel* cold, and why do I get sore throat, or the lumbago, according as I present myself to the fire frontways or the reverse? Sometimes a current of air would set in while we were at dinner—escaped from some north-pole contrivances of his down stairs—fit to carry our legs away, and then he would try to convince me it was all right, by reference to his thermometer; as if an instrument of that kind would ever persuade me out of a goosey sensation in the calves, or of a stagnation in my feet. But his strongest point, perhaps, is, or was, home-drainage. At one time, the great attraction he used to promise me, if I would only come and see him, was the perfection of a system of arterial domestic sewage: he said that it was positively beautiful; and, indeed, he was always pulling up the floors of his back kitchen and gallery, like some conscience-stricken Maria Mannering, to investigate it. 'I would not mind going down to the coal-hole, would I? That's right; and I should be rewarded for it, that I might depend upon; the system was quite unique, and the principle was as follows . . . ' It was very cold work standing in the kitchen, on account of the proximity of the north-pole apparatus; and I really thought that the pretty wait-maid would never have brought a light; neither nor the cook could anyhow get the candle to burn; if it kindled, it was at once put out again. At last I got our dip, and went down into the coal-cellar.

'The main pipe,' pursued the P. C., in a sort of high-pitched lecture-room voice, 'you will presently perceive to be rather more than six feet long, with a diameter of— Bless my soul, what's this?' cried he, coming down suddenly to the tone of ordinary astonishment. 'What are you doing here, fellow?'—addressing himself to a very tall young man, who was vainly endeavouring to conceal himself upon an extremely limited space. 'Robbers! thieves! Who are you?'

'Please, sir, I'm only Mary's cousin; but she thought you might not like to see me in the kitchen, and so put me into this here coal-hole, out of the way.'

'The main pipe,' quoth I oratorically, as we went up stairs together after this, 'is, as you have just perceived, rather more than six feet long, with a diameter depending upon the amount of cold meat and vegetables bestowed on him by the cook;' and that was the first remark which I remember to have ever made to my friend the practical chemist which he was neither able nor willing to controvert.

There was nothing more said about domestic drainage from that period; but my scientific friend has since taken up the public health, with all his old enthusiasm, instead, and thrown himself, so to speak, into the local sewage of his town. It is needless to state that he has attempted to drag me in with him also, and indeed not without success. I agreed to accompany him in a visit to the works which have been established for deodorising the sewage of Jennyville—containing 65,000 inhabitants—including all the refuse from its manufactories, and for converting the same into dry and solid manure. A private company has undertaken this business; but if that were not the case, fair Jennyville would be now compelled by act of parliament to do this dirty work herself. Our path lay beside the river and canal, which I have always considered to be the very foulest in all England, and most certainly there was great improvement there. To say that they were clear and sparkling, would be an absurd compliment to waters upon which the sun but rarely shines, and over which the smoke-clouds hang like a perpetual pall; but I declare they were positively pellucid to what they had been wont to be; while the fishes—of which I had never before seen more than one solitary poisoned tadpole floating bottom upwards—crossed and recrossed one another in the wholesome depths like lightning; and the cattle on the banks, which had been used to prefer any turbid puddle to these their native streams, were drinking for drinking's sake like lords or aldermen. It had been my former custom when passing along this way to hold my nose; but there was no occasion for this now, and I confined myself to holding my tongue and listening to the practical chemist. 'The ordinary quantity of sewage,' said he, with the lecture-room voice again, 'that is collected, pumped, and deodorised per diem in these works, is about three millions of gallons, or thirteen thousand five hundred tons; and the dry solid manure extracted is about eleven tons daily, being at the rate of about one solid ton to every twelve hundred tons, or to two hundred and twenty-four thousand gallons of common liquid manure.'

Presently, we were inside the great gates, and heard them locked behind us. We entered a mighty room, beautifully clean, wherein two spotless engines were panting and toiling like mad, and two more very oily-looking ones, doing nothing, were regarding them with aristocratic contempt. These former were pumping up at one and the same time the town sewage, and a mixture of lime and water—the great deodoriser—into one common pipe. From that moment, there ceases to be any odour from the surface, and surprisingly little even from the deposit itself.

Another engine, elsewhere, was employed in turning sundry agitators—who must have had as dirty a job on their hands as any of their political brethren—which mingled still more completely this agreeable compound, that flowed afterwards into an enormous open tank with sloping sides, in an apartment resembling a large swimming-room. The liquid was not of a pleasant hue just then—although, from the various dyes in use at the Jennyville factories, it assumes, in turn, half the colours in the rainbow—but there was no perceptible smell whatever. These innumerable gallons of abomination, then, had been already rendered innocuous. Iron gratings, on the way between the works and the town, arrest the progress of all heavy substances, so that the engines may not be injured (in flood-time, after heavy rains, there is, for the same reason, an escape-pipe, through which the surplus sewage can be carried off), and the contents of this tank are liquid, except at the bottom; there, there is a sort of endless screw, which worms away the thick deposit into channels which are provided for it below. These, again, communicate with a quantity of double-wire cylinders, the inner ones of which, revolving at a speed of nearly 1200 revolutions a minute, expel, by the centrifugal force, the water from this wet, pulpy sewage, through sides of perforated zinc; out of these, the thick, rich mud is presently scooped, moulded into bricks, and set to dry. Each weighs about half as much as the common brick, and is sold to the farmer for manure, at twenty-five shillings a ton. Its appearance much resembles that of mortar, without any stronger smell; and it has a quantity of hair about it—from the wool-factories—which is said to be particularly fertilising.* So much, then, for the manufactured sewage, the part of the business which, it is to be hoped, will in time defray the expenses of the rest. The manure is found to be itself of great value, and to be of service beyond a single crop, but to be much improved by a slight mixture with something of a more exciting character, such as guano.

But there remains still a little to be said upon a subject of much greater importance than mere money gain—namely, upon the enormous advantage which these works have conferred upon the public health of Jennyville. A chamber adjoining the swimming-room before mentioned, receives in a second reservoir, through more perforated zinc, the filterings of the first tank; there is no screw required here, as the deposit is of course so much less solid; but every two or three months the place is emptied and scooped out by hand. From the upper part of this second tank, the sewage of Jennyville flows down, colourless, wholesome, deodorised, into the river beneath. I was so interested and so pleased, that I permitted my practical chemist to give me a little to drink out of a great glass which is placed for that purpose by the side of this eternal spring, and it really was not so bad; a slight flavour of tar in it, I don't know from what cause, was all that I was able to detect. Our toast—and water—was 'the Health of Jennyville.' The consequences of that draught being so palatable are at present—as the P. C. would say—'the following,' the proofs of which are exhibited in the returns of the Registrar-general. There have been 95 deaths per quarter in the town less than the average of the corresponding quarters in the two years previous to the establishment of the works, or 380 lives per annum saved. A distinguished sanitary authority has estimated the lost labour, cost of sickness, and funerals, &c., &c., consequent upon that sacrifice of life, as not less in money-value than sixty pounds a

head; and he writes, 'apart from the consideration of humanity, and of the moral consequences of so great a saving of human life, I feel sure that the gain to the inhabitants of Jennyville, if the present conditions can be maintained—of which there appears to be no reasonable doubt—should not be estimated at less than L.20,000 per annum;' which, I think, for my part, is pretty well for deodorisation.

HAUNTING SPIRITS.

It was an olden fancy, born
Of some delirium of the brain,
That parted spirits stray forlorn
Back to our earth again.
O fiction false!—O idle creed!
Theirs is the rest, and ours the need.

They walk in glory, God their guide;
We haunt them, but they dream it not:
Around their path our footsteps glide
Whose fall they have forgot.
The arch that spans their heavenly spheres
Is but the rainbow from our tears.

Thou who didst leave me in my youth,
They say thou comest back to me,
A phantom shape of love and truth
The gifted eye may see:
But well I deem this is not so,
Where thou hast gone, 'tis mine to go.

If mortals do in sooth behold
Such vision in my lonely land
Whose desolation is untold,
It must be that I stand
With mine own spirit face to face,
That quits this form to fill thy place.

So, parted from my grosser self,
'Tis easier to mount up to thee
O'er pine-topped crag, or rock-hewn shelf,
Or stretch of the blank sea;
And, soaring far from earth and night,
To follow to thy land of light!

And if I falter by the way
To kiss the dust where thou hast been;
Or if I weep—as well I may—
Still dost thou walk serene,
Thy spirit-eyes, that look not back,
Fixed, mute, upon God's shining track.

In yonder fields His hand hath sown
The beautiful doth stir thee still;
Undreamed by thee, unfelt, unknown
My quenchless human will:
Still wilt thou smile—and, smiling, pass,
Nor trace my shadow on the grass.

It may be that the soul of love
Shall smite thee with a tender sense
Of one who in thy light doth move,
Who may not yet go hence;
And shew thee, mid thine uncrushed flowers,
Light footprints such as once were ours.

So may I haunt thee—aye! till death
Crowns all: the spirit flies before.
The grave but claims the conquered breath;
Earth's empire is no more:
The soul of truth, unbarred by clay,
Leaps to the everlasting day!

E. L. E.

* There is, we ought perhaps to say, a recent mechanical invention adopted by this company, which will supersede entirely the application of the centrifugal force; but our light contributor is of opinion that he should only distract himself and confuse his readers by attempting to explain its principle.

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THE DUBLIN MEETING.

It is a glowing day towards the close of August. We are in one of the quadrangles of an ancient university, which is shewing an unusual bustle for the season. Wheeled vehicles are driving out and in; ladies and gentlemen are moving about; things in general wear a holiday aspect. Yet there is something of thinking concerned also, for many of the gentlemen, as they move along, are perusing printed papers. It is the British Association for the Advancement of Science, met in Trinity College, Dublin. Here are scientific and literary men from England, from the continent, from America, assembled together in social congress, with a much larger number of the like sort of men belonging to Ireland, to read papers and hold discussions, and to indulge in the pleasure of seeing each other in the body. They meet under the temporary presidency of the Rev. Humphrey Lloyd, and with the kindly countenance of the Queen's viceregent, the Earl of Carlisle. The halls of a beautiful new building belonging to the College, are devoted to the seven or eight sections into which the Association is divided; and there will the sections meet accordingly each afternoon for a week to come. There is a lively forebodingness of the pleasant excitements of the week as almost every face one meets.

This said British Association must not be supposed to be one thing. It is many things put together. Going into the house of meeting, we see placards directing us to Section A, Astronomy and General Physics; Section B, Chemistry; Section C, Geology; Section D, Natural History; Section E, Geography and Ethnography; Section F, Statistics; and Section G, Mechanics; and we soon find how peculiar is each of these establishments. In Section A, you see a handful of hard-headed geometrical sort of men, entirely absorbed in co-ordinates and co-efficients, and who fit audience find, though few. They might be letting treason; for nobody ever hears or bears a word of anything they do. Now and then, a couple of ladies may be seen in the benches in front, hypocritically looking as if they understood the problems sketched on the black boards; we shall charitably suppose them to be the wives or daughters of the hard-headed gentlemen on the platform. Section B is also a mysterious little-heard-of section, of small audience, and few ladies. The smallest rooms are always assigned to these two sciences. Section C, on the other hand, has always a large room, its science being at once intelligible and controversial—ergo, attractive for the multitude. Two-thirds of the audience are ladies. The leading men on the platform, the readers and

commentators on papers, are a hearty kind of people, indulging much in beard and moustache, frank and loud of speech, roughly jocular, but good-humoured in discussion, and remarkable for never agreeing with one another about anything. A very strange science verily is theirs, for, while they are all the best friends in the world, it is evident that no one ever quite believes what another says, and that each man has to make up a system for himself. Section D is usually attended by a gentle innocent sort of men—rural clergymen of antique cut, young professors from new colleges, country gentlemen who take an interest in the wire-worm, along with a few anomalous enthusiasts from London; each deeply interested in something he has brought in a bottle, or which has been delineated in a large coloured drawing by one of his daughters, now hung on the walls. A dry generation on the whole is section D. In section E, you are apt to meet weather-beaten arctic voyagers, or desiccated eastern travellers, or odd, old-fashioned schoolmasters, with peculiar views as to the situation of the ancient Ecbatana and the route of the Ten Thousand Greeks; rather desperate, too, most of them, in controversy. Here also do the ladies much congregate, particularly when there is anything to be said about countries where missionaries are at work. In section F, you find the platform planted with political economists and actuaries, gentlemen deep in crime and sewage-water, promoters of philanthropic schemes for putting everybody under the care of somebody; not much believers in one another neither. They have usually a good audience, including a fair proportion of ladies, for they have the merit of never going beyond anybody's depth but their own. A good deal of wrangling amongst them occasionally, for, facts being the only thing they deal in, it follows that there is room for every imaginable conclusion. The men of section G are wholly engineers and machinists—it is not necessary to say any more about them. It is of some importance to remark that, apart from mere idle hangers-on, few men are ever seen in a section different from that which they usually haunt. Most people seem to marry their section at the beginning, and keep faithful to it.

During six days, for four hours each day, are papers read and discussed in these several sections; often on small matters and narrow questions, yet in general worthy both in subject and treatment, and really calculated to promote the several sciences concerned. It is true, nevertheless, to a certain extent, that the Association does not furnish a good opportunity for the bringing forward of papers of an elaborate nature. There is too much hurry and bustle to allow of the

required attention being given. A brief exposition of a subject, the more oral the better, and with illustrations hung on the wall, is what suits the occasion best. Let it not be supposed, however, that on this account the Association is a scene of trivialities. Even if we were to discount the proceedings of the sections altogether, we must remember there is a serious scientific work done by committees throughout the course of the year, and which, being reported to the general committee, takes its fitting place in the annual volume. There is certainly something interesting in the idea of so many little parliaments of the ingenious and thoughtful of the land sitting all at once under one roof, in deliberation on their several groups of subjects, trying to inform and to obtain information, and doing what in them lies to promote the apprehension of nature's truths by a community liable to be so much benefited by knowledge.

Such as it is, the Association furnishes the most delightful occupation for a week that any person of intelligent mind could anywhere obtain. As a mere holiday, it is unsurpassed. One rises in the morning with a pleasant curiosity about the proceedings of the day—to gratify which he must instantly walk to the Reception Room, where programmes are gratuitously distributed to all who list. Provided thus, and having also purchased the newspaper of the day, he hies home to breakfast. Or perhaps he attends one of the numberless morning-parties given by the gentlemen of the place, and there enjoys an hour of hurried but agreeable conversation among men whose acquaintance he is pleased to form. At ten, if he is an office-holder, it is time for him to go to the committee-room of his section, and assist in making needful arrangements. At the least, he is required at eleven to attend the meeting of the section. For several hours we shall suppose him enchained by the papers and discussions. About three, he is tolerably saturated with knowledge, and desires the relief of a pâté or a jelly, which the neighbouring confectioner affords. An hour of lounging, or making calls, or seeing the sights of the place, makes it time for him to dress for the evening. He dines at a table d'hôte, with forty or fifty savans of all nations, some of them men of the widest reputation. At half-past eight, there is an evening meeting of some sort, either a simple *conversazione*, or a lecture given by some eminent man on an interesting popular subject. So he is carried on to bedtime. So entirely is he thus engrossed, that, instead of there being time for ennui, one scarcely can snatch a moment to read newspapers or write a letter home. Thus it goes on day after day, till towards the close one rather wishes to be done with it and at rest.

At the Dublin meeting last month, where there were upwards of two thousand members, the liberal institutions of a large capital city insured that the evenings should be spent as agreeably as the mornings. There was first, on Wednesday, the general meeting in the Rotunda, to hear the president read his address. Then, on Thursday, there was a *conversazione* in the halls of the Royal Dublin Society, amidst beautiful objects of natural history, curious mechanical apparatus, and walls all eloquent with illustrations of science. In the same place, on Friday evening, Professor William Thomson of Glasgow, a young mathematician of distinguished attainments, gave an exposition of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, illustrating the subject with diagrams, apparatus, and experiments. The Royal Irish Academy—the chief scientific society in Ireland—gave a *conversazione* on Saturday, using for this purpose not only their own spacious museum rooms, but also the adjacent halls of the mayoral establishment, connected across a garden by canvas-covered passages. On Monday evening, there was another assemblage in the Museum of the Royal Dublin Society, to hear Dr Livingstone give an account of his

African travels. Being a long narrow room, it was remarkably ill adapted for the two lectures which were given in it; but this was an evil which there seemed to be no remedying, and we all felt that some disappointment might be put up with, where there was so much enjoyment. At all these *conversazioni* and lectures, there was a liberal provision of tea, coffee, and ices. There was not on this occasion a President's Dinner; but the want was more than supplied by the liberality of the lord-lieutenant, who on Tuesday evening entertained a hundred and forty select members, chiefly strangers, at dinner in Dublin Castle, and afterwards received the whole remainder of the Association—nineteen hundred ladies and gentlemen.

Dublin Castle! name associated with so many sad and strange affairs in our history—whence Elizabeth's officers went forth to meet the rebel O'Neills, whither the notices came of universal rebellion and massacre, making lords-justices look pale in their council-room—where James took his last leave of state and power in the dominions no longer to be called his—the fortress which poor Emmett dreamed he could take, and so lost his young life. This centre of a rule so long hated as alien and antagonistic, is now only the scene of those pleasant vice-regal pageants which soothe the spirit of Ireland as the sole memorial of her former individuality. It may be described as a set of state-apartments, associated with one or two ancient Norman towers, and surrounded by high walls. There were, nevertheless, a few things to remind us of what English government has till recent times been in Ireland. It was almost startling to drive up to a banquet-hall amidst lines of troops; to ascend a staircase furnished like an armoury; and to be ushered into a drawing-room through sentries and military bands playing martial music. These, however, were but shadows of the past. When we looked to the things of the present, all was peace, hope, and happiness. There were the men whose destiny and whose duty it is to try to make this world a scene of improved joy to all their fellow-beings. Here was high rank and official dignity coming gracefully forward to render these men an homage from which itself derived fresh lustre. It was fortunate that on this occasion the representative of Majesty in Ireland should himself be a man of literary and statesmanlike gifts, about whose ability to appreciate the character of his guests there could be no manner of doubt. It appeared as if, during the short interval before dinner, the amiable viceroy had come into personal converse with nearly the whole of the company. The scene in the banquet-hall was most magnificent and beautiful—a superbly decorated room, containing a horseshoe table, adorned with piles of flowers, statuettes, and towering silver candlesticks. Not a single dish of meat or decanter of wine ever appeared upon it: these requisites came before the guests by a silent unobtrusive process, which it required some effort to analyse and understand. The company, after all, was the most interesting part of the entertainment. I will take it upon me to say that nine-tenths of the men present had been elevated to the social level at which they were now arrived, solely by their intellectual and moral gifts. In the case of some whose origin was known, the contrast between the natal circumstances and the present position was calculated to raise some most gratifying reflections. There was Whately, the amiable though eccentric prelate—there was Whewell, with his wonderful head that seems to know everything—there was the accomplished Bogen of Boston, a man who has subdued wildernesses to science in his own country, and now come to be the instructor of another—there was Bianconi of the 'cars,' a singular genius in useful enterprises, and one whose name will be historical in Ireland—there were the Abbé Moigno of Paris, Professor Faye of Christiania, Schlagentweit the Oriental traveller, D'Abbadie

the last explorer of the Nile—all men of high attainments and remarkable history. One gratifying feature of the evening was the sight of a group of the clergy of the unestablished church—men of profound learning and esteemed character—most fit in all respects to be here, but who we know would a few years ago have been admitted to no such place. In such little facts one reads the coming of an improved social spirit in a country heretofore singular for its divisions. The cheerful urbanity of the host was conspicuous through the whole evening, but particularly shone out at the last, when he rose and expressed his gratification that this hall, which had heretofore been wont to receive the great, the brave, and the fair, should have been destined, under his presidency, to entertain a company distinguished by qualities more admirable still, the cultivators of the bright fields of learning and science.

About all such things as the British Association, there is necessarily a considerable amount of formal ceremony and speech-making—all very right and proper, but sometimes a little tiresome. It is perhaps from a sense of the need of some relief from such dull and stately work, that there has arisen, in connection with the Association, a secret society of the most outrageously buffo character, which holds one meeting during the week under the name of the Red Lions. A new member of the Association, who hitherto has never dreamed of it as anything but a fraternity of calm-blooded philosophers, is taken to the large back-room of some hotel, and there ushered into a society who proceed to dine together on fare more substantial than elegant; after which there breaks out a tempest of drollery, in the form of enigmatical speeches and merry songs, such as makes his senses reel. The president is Lion-in-chief; all the company regard themselves as brother-lions, and whenever a toast has been drunk, the whole company fall a roaring and growling in the manner of the feline compartment of a menagerie. There is nothing more in the whole matter than this; yet it is surprising through what a variety of quaint metaphor and joke the Red Lion idea can be carried in the course of an evening among men, nearly all of whom are possessed of lively and versatile talents. There are of course a few who greatly outshine the rest in the power of turning out this idea in new and comic shapes; such become presidents and croupiers. But the serviceableness of even those whose part, like Bottom's, is nothing but roaring, is not to be despised. It is perhaps the greatest fun of all to see a quiet member of section F brought into such a scene, and gradually wakening to a sense of its pleasant absurdity—beginning towards the end actually to make jokes himself, and even perhaps to sing a song! The origin of all this is said to have been the accidental grouping of a set of men round the late Edward Forbes in a hotel styled the Red Lion, when the Association met at Birmingham in 1839. They found themselves so happy there, that they resolved to keep together as much as possible in subsequent meetings, thus forming a kind of club, though one of very loose texture, and adopting a name from their first place of meeting. While Edward Forbes lived, the fraternity had the benefit of his singular powers of pleasantry. He never failed at each meeting to bring from his pocket a set of droll verses turning upon some reigning scientific idea of the day, and which was sure to throw the whole party into convulsions of merriment. Alas, how much of innocent comicality, as well as graver talent and accomplishment, has been interred with the amiable, inimitable Edward Forbes!

Jocose hæc, as Logan of Restalrig said in his treasonous letters. Let us, before concluding this very superficial glance at the Dublin meeting, advert in a few words to a serious matter—the great improvement which our visit has shewn to us as distinguishing

the Ireland of the present day. The people are now, to all outward appearance, an industrious, well-clothed people, like their neighbours. Their towns wear an air of commercial activity; their fields exhibit an immensely advanced culture. The language of complaint has died down. Instead of that constant reference to something wanting on the part of England towards Ireland, which was formerly so conspicuous, one hears men congratulating themselves on the prosperity arising from its only true source, a self-relying spirit. It was particularly gratifying to visit the model national schools, and learn how triumphant a non-sectarian system of education has been over all its difficulties. It is now giving instruction to six hundred thousand scholars—a tenth of the whole community—while eighty thousand more are educated by a Protestant society. It will sound strange to English ears, but there is ample reason to believe that there is now less crime in Ireland than on the other side of the Channel. Mercantile morality has of late exhibited fewer blots. May we not, in part, ascribe this good result to the operation of the superior schooling which the Irish people have had during the last twenty-four years?

THE BENEFICENCE OF PAIN?

THE fidelity with which a favourite opinion may be maintained, or a favourite pursuit followed, quite irrespective of its importance, or of the disparaging estimate of others, has been too frequently illustrated for a fresh example to occasion much surprise. Numerous instances will readily occur to every reader's recollection of the zeal displayed by even men of acknowledged abilities in urging views that to their contemporaries or successors appeared whimsical or erroneous. Newton believed his theological speculations were of superior importance to the sublimest of his discoveries. Frederick the Great held the production of a certain number of insipid verses more satisfactory indications of genius than the ablest measure of diplomacy, or the glory of a hard-won battle. Goethe imagined that he had a better chance of future remembrance through his theory of colours, than from *Faust* or *Wilhelm Meister*. Political hobby-riders seem at all times to have abounded; and that the order is still in full vigour, fashionable clubs and pot-house parlours alike bear witness. In letters, we not unfrequently encounter a writer whose sole aim is to exalt an age or a character that mankind have hitherto been unanimous in regarding as base or cowardly. Hobby-riding, contrary to what we might perhaps at first sight expect, prevails extensively among the cultivators of science. The vastness and diversity of the study, the facility with which individual facts may be collected, and the natural bias of each observer towards independent generalisation, are among the causes that contribute to this result. Geology has often been taken advantage of as a favourite field for developing the crotchets of such timid observers as were alarmed at its progress. In astronomy, we need not seek a better example than that afforded by the recent controversy concerning the moon's rotation.

From the great degree in which a certain theory possesses the characteristics of its class,* we should have hesitated to notice it, had the author not informed his readers that the sole exception to its favourable reception, when first announced, appeared in the pages of this Journal.† We are, in consequence, induced to inquire whether, during the intervening ten years, such fresh light may have been

* *An Essay on the Beneficent Distribution of the Sense of Pain.* By G. A. Rowell, Honorary Member of the Ashmolean Society, &c. Oxford. 1837.

† *Vide* New Series of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, vol. viii. (1847).

thrown upon the subject as ought to affect our former verdict. We trust that we hardly need to express our perfect readiness should such be the case to retract any depreciatory criticism. To determine this matter with due impartiality, we shall consider our author's views in greater detail than before; and hope in doing so to preserve that becoming air of judicial gravity which some of his illustrations are occasionally calculated to upset.

Mr Rowell contends for the existence of a special sense of pain, just as there is a special sense of sight or hearing, which, 'instead of being an infliction, is one of the most important senses we possess.' He further asserts that man is above all other beings most largely endowed with this sense; the lower animals having it in a less degree, and that only in its protective character: indeed, many of them do not possess it at all. The higher susceptibility of man is ascribed to his peculiar liability to injury from those various destructive agents which his superior intelligence has enabled him to discover. Without such protection as a sense of pain affords, our author assures us that our life would be constantly endangered. There are undoubtedly certain conditions of life during which such an apprehension may with justice be entertained, but men are not all either children or fools. On this reasoning, we presume we should be always pulling out our teeth, getting rid of our eyes, amputating our limbs—all considerations of utility in these organs being insufficient to insure their safety. Moreover, continues Mr Rowell, since nature has not provided man with any covering, he would inevitably perish from exposure in cold, or from heat in warm climates, unless the sense of pain forced him to the use of clothing. We certainly agree with our author in thinking that 'no instrument would suffice for this purpose,' and believe that even 'the thermometer would be comparatively useless.'

Mr Rowell urges that pain is beneficial as an indication of disease. It is by no means a sure indication, however, as might be proved in a variety of ways. Let us take an example from the familiar instance of hysterical pain. Patients thus affected may for many years complain of excessive pain, which is in truth nothing more than disordered sensation in the part, and unattended with the slightest vestige of disease. Again, considerable pain may be present without its directly indicating the seat of disease; thus, in spinal affections, patients invariably refer to some other part, while in inflammation of certain joints, the surgeon's attention is not drawn to the one affected, but to its neighbour. When Mr Rowell declares that the sensibility of certain internal structures is less acute than that of the skin, he is quite correct; but he errs in overlooking the important difference which exists between the slender capacity for sensation of an organ in health, and its extreme sensitiveness in disease. No pain is more intense than that attending inflammatory action in the eye, and other deep-seated textures. Indeed, according to so excellent a pathological authority as Dr Alison, the pain of certain internal diseases is of itself frequently fatal. Further proof of the correctness of our proposition is afforded in the fact that, in the severest surgical operations, the mortality, which, previous to the introduction of chloroform, was as high as one in two, is now reduced to one in four.

We shall next consider Mr Rowell's view of pain in the lower animals, among whom, it will be borne in mind, the sense, according to him, is only partially developed; and here we must notice an ingenious peculiarity in his reasoning, very favourable to an evasion of troublesome facts. He has a special test, as well as a special sense, the application of both being almost universal. The special test is that of beneficence; through it every fact in the economy

of life is viewed and arranged. He informs us, that appalled with the amount of destruction incessantly occurring in the different departments of animated nature, he was forced to assume that the process was painless; hence his sensitiveness is never uncomfortably agitated upon seeing a horse flogged, a hare shot, or an ox felled. This agreeable theory is supported by several plausible illustrations, one of which is as follows: 'Frogs appear to have but little sense of pain, and it is in accordance with the merciful designs of Providence that this should be the case; for of all deaths, that of the frog, when swallowed by a snake, seems the most horrible, if these creatures are susceptible of pain.' This insensibility is assumed from the fact that their cries cease after capture by their formidable foes; but surely the state of intense terror into which they must be thrown, affords a natural and simple explanation of this silence. The following view regarding the fate and sufferings of pigs is too original to be omitted. 'Pigs,' says Mr Rowell, 'make a sad outcry when being killed; but I believe it is caused by fear, and the uncomfortable way in which they are held, rather than by pain.' A little further on, we are assured that, 'if stuck skillfully, without taking hold of them, there is no more noise than a mere grunt or squeak, about the same as there would be if the pig had a slight blow with the end of a stick.' Horses that have been seen to eat heartily after severe accidents, rabbits and hares that exhibited after being shot no more remarkable sign of pain than running away at their greatest speed, are not to us very striking proofs of what Mr Rowell wishes to establish. Nor is our faith in his opinions much fortified by introducing in their support that instinct whereby certain animals are led to destroy such of their number as are disabled from illness or old age. This instinct, he argues, would not exist, as contrary to the beneficent arrangement of things, unless its fulfilment were a perfectly painless process; indeed, regarding it from any point of view, our author holds it a merciful provision for alleviating by a speedy death the wretched condition of animals unable to assist themselves. This reasoning strikes us as marvellously similar to that pursued by those African tribes who habitually destroy their infirm or imbecile relatives.

The comprehensive adaptation of his theory which Mr Rowell attempts, leads him occasionally to suggest opinions regarding animals that give a humour to his essay, not the less appreciable from its complete unconsciousness. Besides including such animals as shrimps, oysters, prawns, whose utility, apart from any special beneficence they represent, admits of demonstration, he claims a special function for a class of animals that have never before been held elegant or useful. What purpose does the reader suppose bugs were created for? Mr Rowell assures us that a bug contributes more to the general health of the community than all the sanitary measures ever devised by parliamentary wisdom. And how? Just because an apprehension of the presence of the insect causes thousands of bedsteads to be taken down, that would otherwise—repudiate the ungenerous insinuation, all good housewives!—be allowed to harbour dust the whole year round. We are also told to regard the presence of fleas on dogs in a similar light, since dogs would otherwise be sure to neglect the scratching and biting necessary for their soundness of health. There is a little animal even more offensive than a flea which obtains honourable mention on like grounds. We must give one more illustration of the importance of parasites, and we shall take it from the occupant of another element. We believe that the following allusion to a whale represents the mighty animal in a position that will be novel to the most imaginative reader. The whale is introduced to us at 'its toilet, scraping itself clean against the edge of a rock or

iceberg,' to get rid of its tiny attendants. Mr Rowell does not scruple to insinuate that the monster, if let alone, would remain shamefully indifferent to those sanitary measures so much talked of above water. We are not to suppose, however, that our author's opinions all at once attained to their present stability; for he acknowledges to have been, at the commencement of his inquiries, occasionally puzzled to explain the benevolent purpose which the creation of certain animals was intended to serve. The use of venomous serpents was for a long time very perplexing; but at length it occurred to him that their function might be to arrest the increase of the larger carnivora (a view unsupported, so far as we know, by naturalists), and since, of course, the victims encountered their fate without pain, the view was accepted.

Our readers will have gathered by this time that we find no reason to modify our former estimate of Mr Rowell's theory, and are rather inclined to class the latter among the hobbies. Although he protests against any such inference, we believe the result of its adoption would be to increase the already too great amount of cruelty in the world, make hackney-coachmen more hard-hearted, encourage wicked boys given to plunder nests, and generally justify other unmanly pursuits. As for the proof that animals feel pain, we advise Mr Rowell to look out for that himself. Let him only tread on the cat's tail, and inquire whether the startling scream with which she bursts away is in commendation of his pleasantry; let him watch the proceedings of a dog whose leg has been hurt by a missile, and try to ascertain whether the wild yells of the creature as he limps off are expressive of self-gratulation. It is not impossible that the lower we descend in the scale of animal organism, the less sensitiveness we may find either to pain or pleasure; but wherever we meet with a nervous system like our own, we are bound, by all the analogies of life, to ascribe to it the same uses. As to the religious part of the question, there are, of course, difficulties, but none that are insuperable to *humility*. We prefer viewing the operations of divine beneficence, as they are eternally represented, rather than through such vague theories as Mr Rowell's.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER IX.

MONSIEUR SICARD is an original,' I remarked, as the pangs of struggle and expostulation died away in the distance; 'but he appears to be thoroughly in earnest.' Moreover, he speaks sooth, your model maiden could seem to be little better than a capricious flirt.'

'Jacques Sicard is certainly in most profound earnest,' said Webbe; 'but being in both love and juor, can scarcely be expected to speak sooth, as you phrase it. Supposing, however, that he has by accident told the exact truth, it just amounts to this, that, coerced by Madame de Bonneville, of whom, I have informed you, she stands in extreme awe, éméence has been civil to the enamoured bootmaker.' 'And that you have filled her young head with dreams of riches and grandeur, with visions of *luxe en Espagne*, that have no better foundation than a vague surmise, the evanishing whereof may, vertheless, darken her future life.'

'If you go on in that spooney, sentimental fashion, Linwood, I shall begin to think Sicard must have been you unawares. I have suggested no dream of éméence that may not be realised, including the blime one of becoming in the fulness of time Mrs William Linwood—a magnificent possibility, which, by the way, I have never more than incidentally glanced at, in conversing with her. It is, besides, consoling

to reflect that, failing that, which I can't believe she will, there are lesser heavens that may suffice for the modest felicity of Mrs Waller's recovered daughter—of Anthony Waller of Cavendish Square's assured heiress.'

'A few grains of common-sense would be an improvement to that heap of chaff, Mr Webbe.'

'That which you are pleased to call chaff is common-sense, my dear fellow, if somewhat chaffingly expressed. A more acceptable variety of the article to your taste may, however, be set forth in the printed handbill to which I was calling your attention when that boot-making buzzard broke in upon us. Mrs Waller, you must understand, would persist, spite of all evidence to the contrary, in believing that her child might have been stolen, abducted, instead of drowned, and this was one of the advertisements issued to humour her fancy. I found it, by mere chance, the other day, amongst some old papers. It offers, you observe, five hundred pounds' reward for the recovery of the child, and contains a description of the little Lucy's person, and the dress and ornaments she wore on the day of her disappearance.'

'This is indeed a valuable document,' I exclaimed, after glancing over the handbill; 'not on account of its description of the child's person—"fair complexion, blue eyes, light hair"—which would apply to thousands of children, but for the list of articles worn by the little girl, and which, as you suggest, may have been preserved by Louise Féron for an ulterior, if now abandoned purpose. "A necklace composed of five rows of seed-pearls; attached thereto a gold Maltese cross, set with pearls, and having the letter L engraved on the back. Two sleeve-loops of seed-pearls; pale-blue silk frock—morocco shoes of the same colour"—Ha! here also the indelible mark you have spoken of is alluded to—not described: "The child has a natural mark difficult to discover if sought for, which will always be decisive of her identity, and may at any moment bring about the detection and punishment of the person or persons who, after this notice, shall conceal or assist in concealing and withholding the child from her parents."'

'You informed me, Captain Webbe,' I remarked, 'that Louise Féron had charge of Mrs Waller's child for several months: she must, therefore, one would suppose, be cognizant of this mysterious mark—a knowledge which, it occurs to me, would do away with any motive she would otherwise have had to preserve proofs of the child's identity—especially proofs which, traced to her possession, would fatally compromise herself.'

'One would, as you say,' replied Webbe, 'suppose that Louise Féron must be cognizant of the said indelible mark; and yet, I am confident, from the covert inquiries she, to my knowledge, set on foot relative thereto, previous to her safer course of action being finally resolved upon, that she is as ignorant in the matter as you or I. I repeat that I am morally certain some, at least, of the articles enumerated in the handbill have been preserved, and may be obtained possession of by Clémence, with the connivance of Fanchette—a purchasable connivance, as I have before intimated, provided always that no harm shall possibly accrue therefrom to her darling Clémence.'

'What harm could therefrom possibly accrue to her darling Clémence?'

'Ruinous harm—harm without remedy would befall Clémence, should you refuse to carry out the honourable understanding, by means of which can alone be accomplished the great object we have both in view. And now, young man,' continued Webbe, with assumed sternness, 'let us, once for all, thoroughly comprehend each other. We are on the immediate threshold of an undertaking for the success of which I have ventured much, and resolutely. One false step now would be

fatal, irremediable. We must walk, therefore, warily, as well as boldly; with a clear perception of the course to be taken, and whither that course will lead. I have apprised you that Clémence is under the absolute domination of her supposed mother: I mean, that Lucy Hamblin has been drilled, disciplined, into habitual fear of Louise Féron; and nothing, be sure of it, but a sentiment stronger than that habitual fear will enable her, when the decisive moment comes, to do that which will give Louise Féron mortal offence. Clémence, you must be aware, cannot remain in St Malo after placing in your hands the proofs of her supposed mother's crime, and of your father's innocence. If she did remain here, what do you suppose would follow the discovery of the poor girl's treachery, as Louise Féron would call it? Simply the immediate disappearance of the so-called mother and daughter; and of what value, let me ask, would your dearly obtained proofs then be? It would, of course, be said that your father had placed them in your hands; and a very silly, transparent trick on his part the wise world would pronounce it to be. Yes, Clémence—no relative of yours, remember—must flee with you; but no assurance, however solemn, that she would be welcomed with joy by a parent she has never seen—whom she does not remember, I mean, to have ever seen—will induce her to take that decisive, compromising step: of that be perfectly assured. The prospect before her would be too vague, too undefined, too shadowy. It would, however, be quite another affair to elope with a betrothed lover, or as she, I have little doubt, will peremptorily insist, with a husband, and the ceremony can be quite as easily managed here as in Jersey. I have, as Jacques Sicard's ravings prove, successfully prepared the way for that consummation. Clémence—than whom a more charming, amiable girl does not exist—knows who you are; has heard the story, with variations, of your *Scout* Quixotism; knows and honours the motives that have prompted the noble temerity of your present enterprise; believes also that a portrait of her sweet self, missed by Madame de Bonneville soon after I left St Malo's, and which I have unfortunately lost or mislaid, has in some degree influenced your adventurous—

The entrance of a waiter interrupted Mr Webbe. 'A note,' said the grizzled gargon, 'for Monsieur Jacques Le Gros, from the Sieur Delisle, *courtier maritime*, whose messenger waits for the answer.'

'Very well. Tell him he will not have to wait long.'

The note appeared to both disconcert and excite Captain Webbe. A brief one—not more than a dozen lines, I could not help observing, as he threw it upon the table with an affectation somewhat overdone, it seemed to me, of ill-humour.

'I cannot yet,' he exclaimed, 'wash my hands, as I hoped to do, of these rascally dodges. Pope was right: the devil, taught wisdom by his failure with the man of Uz, tempts now by enriching, instead of ruining men: by lying promises to enrich, more properly—judging from my own experience hitherto—fiend, like fairy money, having, I have found, an uncontrollable propensity to make unto itself wings and flee away. My return to Virtue must, it is evident, be postponed for a while; and it may be that this positively the last infraction, on my part, of the laws of national morality, will enable one of the most interesting, in my poor judgment, of Virtue's vagrant sons to take something home with him that will considerably enhance the warmth of his welcome.'

'All that is Greek to me, Mr Webbe, except that it has the sound of a swaggering defence of something you are really very much ashamed of.'

'A wiser man might have made a sillier guess,' retorted Webbe. 'I must forego the pleasure of your

company for the remainder of the evening,' he added, as he buttoned up his coat and put on his hat and gloves. 'Delisle, the ship-broker, is anxious to introduce his friend Captain Renaudin to one Mr Tyler, an American gentleman and shipowner, who is desirous of ascertaining the course a richly laden bark, hailing from New Orleans, should steer in order to safely reach one of the French northern ports—Havre de Grace, if possible; and it is said Delisle's opinion, which I freely endorse, that Captain Renaudin can insure the arrival of Mr Tyler's ship at her destination with greater certainty than any other man he is acquainted with.'

'Monsieur Delisle is, then, one of the few persons in St Malo who knows you as Captain Renaudin, of *L'Espiegle*.'

'Yes. *L'Espiegle* has never been at St Malo, and Captain Renaudin only once before; when he came on a business visit to Monsieur Delisle, and chanced to run against, and find his disguise pierced through by the spitfire eyes of that Jezebel, Louise Féron. Good-night. I shall see you early in the morning.'

So saying, the privateer captain left me to the society of my own thoughts. I might have had pleasanter company. Whatever else appeared doubtful, it was abundantly manifest that I was a mere puppet in the hands of a reckless, unprincipled man, who, avowedly for his own interested purposes, had led me into dark and tangled paths whence there might be no issue, save through the portals of disgrace, of ruin, of death quite possibly! His insistence that I must, and forthwith, marry Lucy Hamblin—if Lucy Hamblin, Mademoiselle Clémence proved to be—once perplexed and irritated me. What could be his motive for persisting in that outrageous proposition? The bare idea of marriage with a girl I had not seen, and who, it seemed, was so eager to unite herself with an utter stranger, revolted, disgusted me! Maria Wilson's romantic notion of the heroic qualities desirable in a husband, which to me, familiar with the sunny side of the heroism that had caught her fancy, appeared so extravagantly absurd, contrasted brilliantly with the sordid marrying motives of this much vaunted demoiselle Clémence. Attractive—handsome she might be—her eyes, hair, complexion required, I was told, the same adjectives to describe them as did Miss Wilson's; but the pure soul-light which diffused so inexpressibly pensive a charm over the countenance of the Jersey maiden, must, I was sure, be utterly wanting to the feature-comeliness of a dame who could coquet with a conceited, vulgar snob; and, a supposedly favourable chance occurring, throw herself at the head of a wealthier swain, not at all covetous of, or flattered by her preference! Perhaps, however, Webbe had misrepresented her sentiments, as he did most things. I should see and judge for myself before condemning her. That were but equitable, more especially if she really was the long-lost Lucy Hamblin. My doubts upon that all-important point had not been vanquished by Webbe's hectoring assertion that such doubts were absurd, ridiculous—very far, indeed, from being vanquished by that bold talk. My grandmother, Mrs Margaret Linwood, a shrewd observer, had suspected Webbe to have been all along confederate with Louise Féron. If that conjecture was well founded, the proofs indicated by the printed handbill, which had turned up at so remarkably opportune a moment, and alleged to be only obtainable by such preposterous expedients, might be mere devices for imposing a supposititious daughter upon rich Mrs Waller—a wife who certainly would not be supposititious, upon William Linwood, the heir to at least his grandmother's wealth!

The indelible natural mark—that ineffaceable one which was to guide us safely through any labyrinth of deceit that cupidity and imposture could invent, I strongly suspected to be a myth. Mrs Margaret

Linwood had, however, promised, that if she could, without danger of exciting chimerical hopes in the shaken mind of Mrs Waller, arrive at a knowledge of what that mysterious mark might be, she would forward me the important information without delay, through Mrs Webbe, under cover to that lady's husband, as arranged by the captain before he left the Wight. Should she do so in time, and Mademoiselle Clémence be thereby identified, beyond cavil, as Lucy Hamblin, what insuperable difficulty could there be in persuading the aspiring damsel to forsake a mean dwelling in the Rue Dupetit Thouars, St Malo—and the vile woman that had stolen her—for a wealthy home in Cavendish Square, London, and her own true, unforgetting, loving mother, without encumbering herself with a hobble-de-hoy husband, tricked off in bright yellow pants, puce-red redingote, blue vest, round earrings, and hair à la Brutus. Hair à la Brutus, by the way, was hair tortured to stand upward and outward, so as to form a rim for the hat to rest upon; and nicely graduated downward to the nape of the neck. I remember à la Brutus well; and the nervous shudder—as from a paroxysm of hydrophobia—which ran through me whenever I encountered my variegated image in the pellucid surface of a mirror. It was, at all events, impossible that the harlequin figure reflected there could excite an interest in the young lady's mind subversive of her future peace. I might be civil to the most susceptible of maidens without the remotest danger of acquiring an embarrassing hold of her affections. That was something—nay, it was much! Clémence would repudiate marriage as determined as myself—

At about this point of the maundering soliloquy, which might else have droned on till daylight, I discovered that the fire and decanter were both out; and forthwith crept, cold and comfortless, to bed.

I did not see Webbe till near noon on the following day. He came direct from Madame de Bonneville's, and invited me to immediately accompany him thither.

'The bootmaker's bristles,' said Webbe, 'have, I find, been smoothed down by Fanchette's assurance that Messieurs Le Gros will remain but a very short time in St Malo, and that the refusal of Mademoiselle Clémence to accompany him to the theatre, was solely prompted by a suddenly recovering sense of the impropriety of accepting his escort to a place of public entertainment during Madame de Bonneville's absence from home. We are consequently safe from the shoemaker, which is as well, inasmuch, that albeit a goose's cackle saved the Roman Capitol, it might exert a less salutary action anent the safety of Captain Jules Renaudin, and aliases too numerous to mention. The feeling of decorum, intimated to Jacques Sicard, will also cause the ceremonious dinner, to which we were invited, to be dispensed with, and we shall drop in at the magasin for a gossip now and then, *par hasard*, as it were.'

'That will be quite as well. Your pattern protégée is, it seems, apt at expedients.'

'The desirableness of pacifying Jacques Sicard was my suggestion; the manner thereof, Fanchette's. But come; Mademoiselle Clémence awaits with natural impatience her introduction to the chivalrous knight who comes to rescue her from Madame de Bonneville and the bootmaker.'

'Well, my ingenuous young friend,' exclaimed Captain Webbe on the evening of the same day, as he drew his chair towards the roaring wood-fire before which I was seated. He had left me, I should explain, with Clémence and Fanchette, after a few formal words of introduction, and had been since engaged on business matters with his friend Delisle and the American shipowner. 'Well, my ingenuous young friend, what think you now of my pattern protégée? I hardly

need ask,' he added. 'There is a flush on William Linwood's cheek, a light in his eye, that are not, I dare wager large odds, caused by the fire-blaze, or by the wine he has drunk.'

'Mademoiselle Clémence is a charming girl,' I replied. 'Honest, truthful too, or I strangely deceive myself.'

'Whoever has looked upon her, or heard her speak,' said Webbe, 'must unhesitatingly endorse that eulogium. And her person—what is your opinion of that; of the characteristics of her person, I mean? English, Saxon, you cannot doubt?'

'I should altogether doubt it, were it not evident from a few words that escaped her, that she believes herself to be an English girl, and the daughter of Mrs Waller. True, the young lady has blue eyes, a fair skin, brown hair; but, for all that, a more thoroughly French, or at least foreign, maiden I cannot imagine. An English girl of her age and class in society, introduced to a stranger under such peculiar, and, it must be admitted, embarrassing circumstances, would have been all bashfulness and blushes; whereas Clémence was impassive as a statue, comported herself with the most perfect propriety, and an *aplomb*, a *savoir-faire*, that in an English maiden would be effrontery, brazen-facedness—simply, I imagine, because in her case it would be assumed, and awkwardly, for an evident purpose.'

'*Mauvaise honte*, which you call bashfulness, is not tolerated in any class of French society.'

'So I comprehend. Her French education has, at all events, thoroughly Frenchified Lucy Hamblin, as I verily believe her to be, so deeply has the truthfulness of Mademoiselle Clémence impressed me. Fancy, now,' I added, 'as I could not help fancying all the time our interview lasted, Maria Wilson in the same position as Clémence; fancy the changing colour—the downcast, suffused eyes—the tremulous speech of that genuine English girl, and?'

'Fudge about fancy and Maria Wilson!' interrupted Webbe. 'What just comparison can be instituted between that namby-pamby wench and a girl of sense and spirit like Clémence?'

'A very curious comparison, Mr Webbe; or, more correctly, a strikingly illustrative contrast is suggested by?'

'Fudge! Twaddle!' again broke in Webbe, with marked asperity. 'Let us, in the name of all saints, talk of something more interesting than Maria Wilsons. You, Linwood,' he added, with quick transition to a more *suave* tone—'you, Linwood, have seen and conversed with Clémence. You admire—you believe in her! That is sufficient. The rest will come as surely as shadow follows substance. When shall you see her again?'

'To-morrow afternoon, when we shall exchange confidences. I am already "*mon ami*" with the frank-spoken, and, I have no manner of doubt, frank-hearted damsel.'

'Excellent! Still, be on your guard, Linwood: we must have evidence clear as proof from holy writ that your wife is the true Lucy Hamblin.'

'Fudge about wife, say I, in humble imitation of Mr Webbe, who?'

'You will find marriage to be an indispensable element of success,' interrupted Webbe, with renewed asperity. 'In fact, it is only on that condition that I will render any further aid in the business. Unscrupulous as I may be in many respects, I will not have the ruin of that young girl's character and peace of mind upon my conscience.'

'Character! Conscience!' I mentally exclaimed. 'Strange words from the lips of Mr Webbe; not meaningless, however, I am quite sure. Significant, too—though of what I cannot as yet comprehend—must be the privateer captain's querulous insistence upon

marrying me, out of hand, to Mademoiselle Clémence! I must quietly, dissemblingly, await the solution of that riddle.'

'Well, well,' I said aloud, 'your conscience will not, I dare say, have to bear any very heavy load of my laying on. And there is one thing, Mr Webbe,' I added with vehemence, 'which I will not bear for another hour of daylight, and that is, these abominable *Pas de Calais* pantaloons. If *l'air à la Brutus*, earrings, and a puce-red redingote are not sufficient disguise for an Englishman, Auguste Le Moine must do his best and worst, for draw on again these yellow inexpressibles, I will not, come what come may.'

The captain's good-humour was restored at once; he laughed heartily, genially, and for the remainder of the evening, overflowed with jocund spirits. I silently scored myself a chalk, and had, I think, a right to do so.

The reader must not suppose, from my description of Mademoiselle Clémence, that she was a bold or forward maiden; on the contrary, she was a remarkably modest-mannered damsel; but it was the modesty of principle, of education, rather than that of nature or instinct, so to speak. In other words, she was a well-bred French girl; modest, but by no means bashful; self-possessed, not shy. Very pretty, too, was Mademoiselle Clémence; of most winning, graceful manners; and there was a caressing tenderness in her gentle, truthful voice, that was inexpressibly attractive. I was greatly taken with her, though not at all in the sense which Webbe supposed. In truth, much as I soon came to admire, esteem, ay, and to love Clémence, she was about the last person in the world I should have sought for a wife. I felt towards her as a brother would for an endearing, pure-hearted sister; and I often caught myself mentally comparing the calm, tranquil affection which so grew upon me for the gentle, confiding Clémence, with the passionate emotion that, circumstances favouring, would be inspired by such a person as Maria Wilson, to whom, oddly enough—as I had seen her but once—my thoughts, when engaged by such reflections, persistently reverted.

Clémence was alone, as she had promised to be, when I called according to appointment; and entering at once with the most perfect frankness upon the subject uppermost in both our minds, I was dismayed to find that the only proofs she could afford me of being the child of Madame Waller were a dim, fading recollection that she had once lived in a strange country, amongst strange people—some fragmentary hints, that had fallen from Madame de Bonneville, and Captain Webbe's confident and confidential assertions, upon which Mademoiselle Clémence placed implicit reliance.

Nothing, positively nothing more in the way of evidence, could I elicit; and I was fast making up my mind that Webbe had bamboozled himself as well as others, when it occurred to me that it would be well to shew Clémence the printed bill given me by the captain: I did so, and doubt, uncertainty was at an end.

'O, mon Dieu!' exclaimed Clémence, who read English very well, 'I have seen these things, and lately too.'

'How—when—where?'

'In the *armoire* up stairs, about a month since, when mamma—a very imperfect rendering of *maman*—when mamma was absent in the island of Guernsey.'

'Tell me about it, dear Clémence—all about it, to the minutest detail.'

'It is very simple, mon ami. Mamma is, you know, very strict, severe even, with me; and yet I love her!' exclaimed Clémence, impulsively diverging from the all-important topic; 'and it will be a bitter grief for me if—if—Ah,' she continued disjointedly, 'I remember how kind, loving she was when fever attacked me, and I should, but for her, have died. It would be ungrateful of me, then—nay, unnatural,

even supposing she is not my own real mother—if I did not love her—would it not?'

'Yes, yes. But pray, speak of your finding the articles mentioned in this printed bill.'

'Willingly, mon ami. When mamma was absent in Guernsey, as I said, Fanchette asked me one day what had become of my turquoise brooch—this which I now wear. I said mamma had not given it to me when she left; but Fanchette was certain she had seen me wear it twice since then; and where, therefore, could it be? We were both terribly frightened, for mamma attached a great value to the brooch, and if it had been lost, would have punished me severely. Well, we searched everywhere for the brooch—vainly searched: it could not be found. Poor Fanchette was greatly distressed, and tried to believe I was right in thinking mamma had not given it to me when she left St Malo. Could we only be sure of that, our minds would of course be at rest. But how make sure of it? The *armoire* where mamma kept all her valuables was locked; there was no key that would fit it, and we were in despair, for mamma was expected every day. Suddenly, Fanchette rushed into my chamber one morning before I was up. She had found a key that would fit the *armoire* lock, and directly I was dressed, we would make a search, and satisfy ourselves. We did so, carefully replacing each article as we found it. Presently, we came to a neatly folded and tied-up parcel, which I opened, and found therein not only the missing brooch, but a necklace made of rows of seed-pearls, with a gold pearl-set cross attached; other twisted rows of seed-pearls, which, no doubt, were the sleeve-loops mentioned here; a faded blue silk frock, shoes of the same colour, and a child's tiny underclothing. My heart swelled with emotion as I gazed,' continued Clémence; 'for it occurred to me that those were precious memorials of a sister who died young, and whom mamma often said, when she was angry, she had loved much better than she did me. But the brooch was found,' she added, hastily brushing away her fast-falling tears, 'and we, Fanchette and I, were happy.'

'And those precious proofs are still, you say, locked up in an *armoire* of which Fanchette has a key?'

'O yes, I am quite sure of that. But how pale you look, and you tremble as with ague!'

'With joy, rapture, ecstasy, Clémence! Listen to me, dear girl, and you will comprehend why it is that this discovery, to which the finger of an overruling Providence guided you, so agitates, bewilders, well-nigh overpowers me.'

Clémence listened whilst I told her all—told her of the mother's maddening agony at the loss of her only child, of my hapless father's persecution, with the correlative circumstances already known to the reader. The narrative, as it proceeded, cruelly agitated the gentle maiden, her head sank upon my shoulder, and she wept aloud in the fulness of her pity, her grief, her love, her indignation, as these passions of the soul ruled her by turns.

Fanchette had helped the weeping girl to her chamber, and returned to where I sat, when I thought me of the indelible mark hinted at in the advertisement. Fanchette was in our interest—heavily bribed to be so; and although I did not like the woman, I could speak to her with perfect confidence.

'Clémence has no natural mark that I know of,' said Fanchette in reply to my question.

'No mole or moles?'

'None—certainly none.'

'No stain of blood—no malformation of limb—no peculiar scar?'

'Nothing of the kind that I am aware of; and I should know if any such existed.'

'That is perplexing. You will tell Mademoiselle Clémence that I shall see her early to-morrow,' I added, as I rose to leave.

'I will, monsieur. Attendez,' added the woman, as if with sudden recollection. 'Yet no—that cannot be called a mark.'

'What do you speak of?'

'Nothing, I fear, monsieur, of any importance, though I may as well mention it. Clémence, some years ago, was reduced to a skeleton by fever, from which it was for a long time thought she would never recover. She was attended by Dr Poitevin, who, I heard one day tell Madame de Bonneville, that, by a curious freak of nature, her daughter Clémence had been born with one rib less on her right than on her left side. Surely that cannot be'—

'It can surely be,' I interrupted with a burst—'it must be the natural mark spoken of. Hurrah! Do not forget to tell dear Clémence that I shall call early to-morrow. Adieu.'

Singular coincidence of discovery and its confirmation! Webbe awaited my return to the Hôtel de l'Empire with a letter in his hand from Mrs Margaret Linwood; hastily opening which, I read: 'The indelible mark of Mrs Waller's child I have ascertained to be, that, by a strange caprice of nature, it was born with one rib less on the right than on the left side!'

THE DYAKS.

BY A PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE OF THEIRS.

THE Dyaks live in communities of from ten or twenty to forty families, all of them residing in one house under the headship of one *tuah*, or elder, whose influence among them depends very much on his personal qualifications. The house in which each community lives is an edifice of from fifty to a hundred yards in length, and raised on posts eight or ten feet high. Its framework is constructed of posts lashed together with split rattans; while the roof and partitions are composed of *attaps*, a kind of thatch, so simple and useful as to merit a distinct description. It is made of the leaves of the Nipu, a palm which grows in the mud on the banks of the rivers, and differs from most other palms in having no trunk, being merely a collection of fronds proceeding from one root. Each frond consists of a stem or mid-rib, about twenty or thirty feet in length, on each side of which grow a series of leaves, two or three feet long, and two or three inches broad. To form *attaps*, the Dyaks cut off these leaves, and wind them over a stick a yard long, making them overlap each other, so as to become impervious to rain. They then sew or interlace them all firmly with split rattans; thus forming a sort of leaf-tile, at once strong and light, and well adapted for excluding both sun and rain. The house is divided longitudinally in the middle by a partition, on one side of which is a series of rooms, and on the other a kind of gallery or hall upon which the rooms open. In these rooms, each of which is inhabited by a distinct family, the married couples and children sleep; the young unmarried women sleep in an apartment over the room of their parents, and the young men in the gallery outside. In this gallery likewise, which serves as a common hall, their principal occupations are carried on; and here the planks of their war-boats, their large mats, and all their more bulky articles, are kept; and the grim trophies of their wars, the scorched and blackened heads of their enemies, are suspended in bundles. The floor is a kind of spar-work, composed of split palm-trunks, and raised ten or twelve feet from the ground, access being given to it by a ladder, or more frequently by a log of wood cut into the form of steps. Connected with the gallery, and running along the whole length of the house, there is a broad platform on the level of the floor, upon which the Dyaks spread out their rice after harvest, and other articles they wish to be dried in the sun.

Thus, a Dyak house is rather a singular structure; and when imbosomed, as it often is, among cocoanut, plantain, and other fruit-trees, forms a quietly pleasing and picturesque object, suggestive of much social happiness enjoyed in a simple state of society. It awakens, moreover, ideas of a higher kind, for it is a sign of the presence of all-subduing man on the confines of the jungle that is yet to fall before his axe.

The materials of which these edifices are constructed are so fragile that they require to be rebuilt every five or six years, and when this necessity occurs, the Dyaks, instead of erecting the new house in the immediate vicinity of the old one, generally remove to a considerable distance.

From the above description, it will be seen that a Dyak house may with more propriety be called a village, as it is the residence of a score or two of families who live in a series of rooms under one roof, and all of whom look up to one *tuah*, or elder, as their head. These houses are sometimes in groups of two or three, but more frequently they stand alone; and thus it happens that if the tribe is populous, it may be scattered over a very great extent of country.

Besides the *tuahs*, there is another and superior class of chiefs called *orang kaya* (rich men), grave steady old men of good family, who, when young, have distinguished themselves by their courage; and who, in their riper years, are regarded as discreet judges in weighty matters of the law. Even the power of an *orang kaya*, however, is extremely limited. He has no actual authority over his followers, so as to compel them to do anything against their will; his superiority is shewn only in leading them to battle, and acting as a judge in conjunction with other chiefs. In other respects, the chiefs have scarcely any distinction. They work at their farms and their boats as hard as their own slaves; they wear the same dress, and live in the same manner as the rest of the community; their only token of chieftainship being the respect which is voluntarily accorded to their personal qualities, and the deference paid to their opinion. To an assembly of chiefs, all disputes are referred, and their decisions are given in accordance with their own customs, which, besides guiding the verdict, generally settle the penalty which shall be inflicted on the aggressor. Cases which, from want of evidence or from uncertainty of any kind, cannot be thus decided, are settled by an appeal to superior powers in an ordeal by diving.

When both parties in a dispute have agreed that it should be referred to the diving ordeal, preliminary meetings are held to determine the time, place, and circumstances of the match. On the evening of the day previous to that on which it is to be decided, each party stakes in the following manner a certain amount of property, which, in case of defeat, shall come into the possession of the victor. The various articles of the stake are brought out of the litigant's room, placed in the verandah of the house in which he lives, and are there covered up and secured. One man who acts as a kind of herald then rises, and in a long speech, asks the litigant whether he is conscious he is in the right, and trusts in the justice of his cause; to which the latter replies at equal length in the affirmative, and refers the matter to the decision of the spirits. Several more speeches and replies follow, and the ceremony concludes by an invocation of justice. In the meantime, the respondent deposits and secures his stake with like ceremonial in the verandah of his own house; and early in the morning, both parties, accompanied by their respective friends, repair to the bank of the river to decide the contest. Either party may appear by deputy, a privilege which is always taken advantage of by women, and often even by men, for there are many professional divers who, for a trifling sum, are willing to undergo the stifling contest.

Preparations are now made: the articles staked are brought down and placed on the bank; each party lights a fire, at which to recover their champion, should he be nearly drowned; and each provides a roughly constructed grating for him to stand on, and a pole to be thrust into the mud for him to hold by. The gratings are then placed in the river within a few yards of each other, where the water is deep enough to reach to the middle; the poles are thrust firmly into the mud; and the champions, each on his own grating grasping his pole, and surrounded by his friends, plunge their heads simultaneously under water. Immediately the spectators chant aloud at the top of their voices the mystic, and perhaps once intelligible word *lobön-lobön*, which they continue repeating during the whole contest. When at length one of the champions shews signs of yielding, his friends, with the laudable desire of preventing his being worsted, hold his head forcibly under water. The excitement is now great; *lobön-lobön* increases in intensity, and redoubles in rapidity; the shouts become yell, and the struggles of the unhappy victim, who is fast becoming asphyxied, are painful to witness. At length, nature can endure no more; he drops senseless in the water, and is dragged ashore, apparently lifeless, by his companions; while the friends of his opponent, raising one loud and prolonged note of triumph, hurry to the bank, and seize and carry off the stakes. All this, however, is unknown to the unhappy vanquished, who, pallid and senseless, hangs in the arms of his friends, by whom his face is plastered with mud, in order to restore animation. In a few minutes, respiration returns; he opens his eyes, gazes wildly around, and in a short time is perhaps able to walk home. Next day, he is in a high state of fever, and has all the other symptoms of a man recovering from apparent death by drowning. The result of the trial, whatever it be, is regarded as the verdict of a higher power, and is never questioned. Even in cases where the loser knows he is right—when, for example, a man is unjustly accused of theft, and conscious of innocence, appeals to the ordeal, and loses his cause—he never thinks of blaming the decision, but attributes his defeat to some sin, for which the superior powers are now inflicting punishment.

I may here mention a method of divination employed by the *malas*, or tinkers, of Borneo, a race who, from their skill in working metals, travel and are welcomed almost everywhere, and by whom—for they are the most superstitious race with whom we have come in contact—are told stories wild as any in the *Arabian Nights*. In a case of theft which happened at Banting, suspicion was divided among three persons, and the principal *malu* man of the place, by name Ramba, undertook to discover which of them was the culprit. For this purpose, he took three bamboos, partially filled with water, and, assigning one to each of the suspected persons, arranged them round a fire with mystic rites and barbaric spells, in the full belief that the bamboo assigned to the culprit would be the first to eject a portion of its contents by ebullition. One of them at length did so, and it so happened that it was the bamboo assigned to him against whom the little evidence that could be collected bore hardest. Shortly afterwards, another also boiled over, while the third would not do so at all. The possessor of the first was accordingly declared by Ramba to be the culprit, while the possessor of the last was declared to be certainly innocent. Fortunately for the credit of the Dyaks, they would not act upon the information thus obtained; and unfortunately for the credit of the diviner, it was afterwards discovered that he whose bamboo would not boil over was the thief.

Next to the chiefs, the most important class among the Dyaks are the *mannangs*, who combine the functions of doctor and priest, and who are in great request in

all cases of public or private calamity or rejoicing. They are composed of both sexes, some of the males being dressed as women—an innocent relic of some forgotten custom. *Mannangs* marry and work at their boats, houses, and farms, in all respects like other Dyaks, from whom they would be undistinguishable, except when employed on important occasions for their services, for which they are paid. Many of the candidates for admission into the fraternity are blind, and choose it as a profession; while others are tempted by ambition. *Mannangs*, however, are not held in much respect; they are looked upon in a great measure as a set of pretenders, whose principal object is to extract money from those who employ them; and are regarded as the degenerate descendants of a former race of powerful ghost-expellers, soul-compellers, prophets, priests, and healers of bodily ailments, whose mantles have not fallen upon their successors.

I cannot describe from my own knowledge the manner of making a *mannang*, as I purposely avoided witnessing it, but I believe the ceremony to be as follows: A number of *mannangs* assemble at the house of the candidate's father, and seating themselves in a circle, with the candidate in the centre, one of them begins a low monotonous and dreary chant, which it is most dismal and irritating to be compelled to listen to, while the rest at stated intervals join in chorus. This portion of the ceremony takes place in the presence of a large number of spectators, who on its conclusion are excluded from the room, and the subsequent initiatory rites are performed in private. The door is shut, the apartment is darkened, and a solemn silence prevails; a fowl is sacrificed, and its blood sprinkled around the room. The head of the candidate is 'split open' with a sword; in order that his brain may be cleansed from the obtuseness which, in the generality of mankind, precludes the knowledge of future events. Gold is placed in his eyes, to enable him to see the spirits; hooks are inserted into his fingers, to enable him to extract, from the bodies of the sick, fish-bones, stones, and other foreign substances; and his senses generally are in like manner supernaturally strengthened. He then escapes a perfect *mannang*; and in order to complete his education, requires only to be taught the tricks and chants of the brotherhood.

The custom the Dyaks have of head-hunting has been frequently mentioned; but I am not aware that any account has as yet been given of the ceremony attending the capture and storing up of the trophy. When a head has been taken, the brains are removed, and the eyeballs punctured with a parang, so as to allow their fluid contents to escape. If the boat in which the fortunate captor sails is one of a large fleet, no demonstrations of success are made, but he should excite the cupidity of some chief; but if she has gone out alone, or accompanied only by a few others, she is decorated with the young leaves of the *nipu* palm. These leaves, when unopened, are of a pale straw colour, and, when cut, their leaflets are separated and tied in bunches on numerous poles, which are stuck up all over the boat. At a little distance, they present the appearance of gigantic heads of corn projecting above the awning of the boat, and amongst them numerous gay-coloured flags and streamers wave in the breeze. Thus adorned, the boat returns in triumph; and the yells of her crew, and the beating of their gongs, inform each friendly house that pass of the successful result of their foray. The din is redoubled as they approach their own house. The shouts are taken up and repeated on shore. The excitement spreads: the shrill yells of the women mingle with the hoarser cries of the men; the gongs in the house respond to those in the boat, and all hurry to the wharf to greet the victor. Then there is the buzz of meeting, the eager question-

the boastful answer, the shout, the laugh, the pride of triumph; and the gallant warriors become the cynosure of every eye—the envy of their equals, the admiration of the fair. When the excitement has in some degree subsided, the crew, leaving some of their number in the boat, go up to the house, where a plentiful supply of siri, pinang, and tobacco are produced, and over these Dyak cheerers of the social hour, the event is related and discussed in all its breadth and bearings. At length they prepare to bring the trophy to the house. A long bamboo is procured, and its lower joint split into several pieces, which are then opened out and wrought by means of rattans into a sort of basket. Into this basket the head is put, and is carried by the chief man in the boat from the wharf to the house, in the doorway of which, and at the head of the ladder, the principal woman of the house stands to receive it. The bearer, standing below, presents it to her, and as she endeavours to take it, withdraws it: he again presents, and again withdraws it, till, at the seventh time, he allows her to obtain it. Thence she carries it to the bundle of skulls which hang in the open gallery, and it is there deposited along with the rest. As night approaches, preparations are made for drying, or rather roasting it. A fire is lighted in a little shed outside the house; the head is suspended close above the flames; and when it has been dried to satisfaction—that is, well smoked and partially scorched—it is taken back and redeposited in the bundle, to remain there till it is feasted. 'And what becomes of the flesh?' I asked of an old warrior, who was displaying to me a recently captured head, to which the scorched and shrivelled integuments still adhered, while from the earlier skulls all trace of flesh had long since disappeared. With the utmost nonchalance the savage replied: 'The rats eat it.'

In the meantime, friends, chiefly the young of both sexes, resort to the house to congratulate the successful warriors. Siri and pinang, the never-failing accompaniments of a Dyak meeting, are produced in great quantities; the gongs and drums are beaten throughout the whole night; and the victors, amid scenes of gaiety and sport, rejoice in the admiring cry of the youths, and bask in the smiles of the fair. During the few succeeding days, feasting proceeds to a certain extent, and a basket of offerings to the spirits is suspended on the top of the house; but the grand entertainment is delayed till an abundant harvest should enable them to celebrate the head-feast in a manner suited to the dignity of the occasion.

For this important event, which frequently does not take place for two or three years after the head has been taken, preparations are made some weeks previously. Large stores of cakes and sweetmeats are provided, and many jars of tuak, or native beer, are prepared; much siri, pinang, and tobacco collected, and every preparation made for an extensive display of hospitality. On the morning of the appointed day, the guests, dressed in their best, and ornamented with all their barbaric finery, begin to assemble, and rarely, except on such occasions as these, are their savage ornaments seen. Such, at least, is the case among the Balos, a tribe who are in a sort of transition state between ancient barbarism and modern civilisation, and whose young men would now on ordinary occasions be ashamed to appear in those fantastic ornaments, which a few years ago were the elights of their hearts. I cannot say they have gained much in appearance by the change. A handsome savage, in his embroidered chawat, and pure white rapiers shining on his dusky arms with his brass-wire racelets, his variegated head-dress of blue, white, and red, hung with shells, or adorned with the crimsoned air of his enemies, and surmounted by the feathers of the argus pheasant, or by some artificial plume of

his own invention, girt with his ornamented sword, and bearing in his hand a tall spear, as with free step he treads his native wilds, is a sight worthy of a painter. The same individual, clothed in a pair of dirty ragged trousers, with perhaps a venerable and well-worn shooting-jacket, the gift of some liberal European, suggests ideas of anything but the picturesque or the beautiful. Many of them, however, have adopted the Malay costume, which is both civilised and becoming.

But whatever costume they adopt, whether Dyak, Malay, or pseudo-European, all are clothed in the best garments they can procure; and they come in troops from the neighbouring houses to that in which the feast is to be held. As they arrive, eight or ten young men, each with a cup and a vessel of tuak, place themselves in a line inwards from the doorway, and as the company enter, they are presented by each of the tuak-bearers with a cup of the liquid. To drink is compulsory, and thus they all run the gauntlet of all the cups. As tuak is not a pleasant liquor to take in excess—the headache from it is tremendous—it is to the majority of them a penance rather than a pleasure, and many attempt, but in vain, to escape the infliction. In this manner the male guests assemble and seat themselves in the gallery, the chiefs being conducted to the place of honour in the middle of the building, and beneath the bundle of skulls. All the rooms are at the same time thrown open, and each family keeps free house for the entertainment of the female guests. These, as they arrive, enter and partake of the dainties that are provided for them; and many of the men being likewise invited to join them, the feast of reason and the flow of soul proceed as triumphantly as in similar cases in Europe. Cakes, sweetmeats, eggs, and fruit are produced, discussed, and washed down with tuak, and occasionally with a little arrack; while siri, pinang, gambier, and tobacco serve the purpose of devilled biscuits, to give zest and pungency to the substantial dessert. Conversation never for an instant flags; the laugh, the joke, the endless chatter, the broad banter, and the quick reply, pass unceasingly round the circle, and a glorious Babel of tongues astounds the visitor. Outside, in the gallery, the same scene is enacted, but with less animation than in the rooms, for, as there, the ladies form no part of the company—the assembly wants all its soul, and much of its life. The girls of the house, however, dressed in their gayest, and looking their best—'beautiful as stars,' a Dyak once told me—have formed themselves into a corps of waitresses, and hand round the viands to the assembled guests. As it is not according to Dyak etiquette to take a thing when first offered, the young ladies have it very much in their own power as to who shall be helped, and to what extent—a privilege which, I have been told, they are inclined to exercise with great partiality.

The mannanga, male and female, next take part in the ceremony. They congregate in the gallery, and seating themselves in a circle, one of them begins his dreary and monotonous chant, while the rest at stated intervals join in the chorus. They occasionally intermit their rhyme, in order to take a little refreshment; after which, another of the brotherhood takes the lead, and they continue their dismal monotone as before. After some time, each of them is furnished with a small plate of raw rice, dyed a bright saffron colour, holding which in their hands, they perambulate the crowded gallery, and, still continuing their chant, scatter the yellow grains over the seated multitude, 'for luck.'

In the meantime, the object of all this rejoicing, the captured head, hangs along with its fellows in the bundle almost unnoticed. In the morning, before any of the guests have assembled, some one has stuffed a half-rotten plantain into one eye, and fastened a piece

of cake and a little siri and pinang near (not into) its mouth. It is then replaced in the bundle, and no more notice taken of it throughout the whole feast, unless a few boys, warriors in embryo, occasionally advance to inspect it. It has been said by former writers that it is stuck upon a pole, and its mouth filled with choice morsels of food, but I never saw this done, nor did any Dyak whom I have questioned know anything of such a custom. As to the opinion that they endeavour to propitiate the souls of the slain, and get them to persuade their relatives to be killed also, or that the courage of the slain is transferred to the slayer—I am inclined to think that these are ideas devised by Malays, for the satisfaction of inquiring whites, who, as they would not be satisfied till they had reasons for everything they saw, got them specially invented for their own use.

Offerings, however, are made to the superior powers. A pig has been killed early in the morning, and its entrails inspected to furnish omens, while its carcass afterwards serves as materials for a feast. Baskets of food and siri are hung up as offerings to the spirits and to the birds of omen; among which latter, the burong *Penyala*, or rhinoceros hornbill, is reckoned especially the bird of the spirits. The grand event of the day, however, is the erection of lofty poles, each surmounted by a wooden figure of the burong *Penyala*, which is placed there 'to peck at their foes.' These figures are rather conventional representations than imitations of nature, and do not convey a very exact idea of the bird they are intended to represent. Eight or ten such posts are erected, a fowl being sacrificed upon each; and about half-way up the largest, which is erected first, a basket of fruit, cakes, and siri is suspended, as an offering to the spirits.

Meanwhile, those who remain in the house still continue the feast, and those who have been engaged in erecting the posts, return to it as soon as their labour is finished. The festivities are prolonged far on into the night, and they are resumed and continued, though with abated vigour, during the two following days.

The Dyaks are a comparatively sober people; they spend neither money nor goods upon the indulgence of drinking; and now, that their constant fighting is put a stop to, and the destruction of each other's property thus prevented, I think it very likely that many of them may rise to considerable wealth; and that they may ultimately become a more important social body even than the Malays. The life of a Malay is a succession of expedients. If he can meet a temporary want by a temporary contrivance, he is satisfied, and contentedly allows each day to bring its own necessities and its own supplies. But it is not so with the Dyaks; they are much more provident, and seldom hesitate to undertake a little present trouble for the sake of a future reward.

SWISS RIFLES.

'Book you a place to Soleure, sir?' said the waiter of the *Sauvage* at Basle; 'you had better see the Grand Federal Shooting-match, sir.' 'I haven't time,' I replied; 'I'm going to Bienne by the Munsterthal.'

And so, early the next morning, I set off. Of all the pleasant things in the world, commend me to the beginning of a pedestrian tour. Alone and unencumbered, with the unknown land gleaming in front, how thoroughly you enjoy everything!—how you revel in sights and sounds that have no power to charm the luggage-depressed or bore-companioned man!—how you pity the individual whom yonder dust-storm with a post-chaise inside is sweeping along!—and what a reef is taken in at once in the sails of your spirits, if you find you have lost the way!

Such a discovery did I make when I sat down at a doubtful point and consulted 'Keller,' that faithful

map and friend, with whom then first began an acquaintance which soon ripened into intimacy—whose back is somewhat bent with toil now, and whose colour has somewhat deepened as time has passed, but with whom I would not part for many times his intrinsic value. How many associations are there connected with every line in his features!—that thumb-mark on the Bernese Oberland is the only relic I have of my old companion Gramper; and I never look at that smudge in the middle of the Lake of Geneva, without having recalled to me—at second-hand, as it were, through the remembrance of a picnic—that dark-eyed English girl, whose grave I went to see this year at Lausanne.

I had gone out of Basle by the wrong gate, and as I could not think of returning, there was nothing for it but to walk on to Balsthal, and next day proceed to Soleure. This I did accordingly; taking advantage of the diligence to forward my at first loved, then disliked, and finally detested knapsack. Carrying one's luggage in Switzerland is a great mistake; a small parcel goes all over the country for threepence, and a moderate carpet-bag for about as many francs. And it is wonderful what a difference in one's happiness a few pounds-weight will make; an additional coat will often veil the whole beauty of a mountain-range, and an extra pair of shoes walk off with one's good-humour for a week. It is just the same with one's bill, the item of which all day dog the traveller's steps: the magnificence of last night's charges dwarfs the magnitude of this morning's mountains; that everlasting vir-candle fills up the yawning defile, and the clamour of the waiter silences the thunders of the avalanche.

With the early morning I leave Balsthal for Soleure. The road soon becomes enlivened with groups of holiday-makers bound for the shooting. Everything and everybody speaks of the festivities ahead. Every village has erected a triumphal arch, gay with banners, ribbons, and flowers. Here, arriving travellers are greeted by inscriptions of welcome; on the other side, the departing guest is wished a happy journey, and a joyful return-home. Everywhere shine the great words 'Brotherhood' and 'Fatherland.' They serve as an overture to the coming drama; suggestive of all Swiss history, and old songs of the people.

As we draw nearer to the town, the road becomes gayer and gayer. Every one is in good-humour; the sun shines brightly; the sky is cloudless: there is no fear of the 'Sundayrie' being spoiled to-day. Here goes a troop of walkers, a score or so keeping company—the sum-total of the inhabitants of that cluster of cottages up yonder, at the end of the car-way from which our friends have just issued on the road. How the full white sleeves of the women shine, in contrast with their short black bodices! At a distance, they look for all the world like great cabbage butterflies—white wings and black bodies. And how strange a fat little old woman appears when got up in this style! Her dashes by a troop of riders, mounted on rough Irish ponies, strong and lively; and every now and then there rattles past a singular conveyance, made to all appearance by setting a plank on wheels; ~~frankly~~ sides out of a couple of ladders, and filling their interstices with small trees, foliage, and flowers. This rustic kind of open omnibus conveys a dozen Basle maidens, escorted by a gentleman in his shirt-sleeve, perched upon the shafts. It has a very pretty effect, looking something like an elongated fire-engine, womaned by ballet-dancers, and conducted by William Tell. Now one after another jog a dozen of the regular country gigs, steady-going vehicles; so English ~~humble~~ like is a man driving, that you expect to see the Farmer by his side, and are almost shocked when you do see him accompanied by a lady in an all-weather straw hat, coquettishly adorned with flowers, a black velvet pair of stays laden with silver chains, and

skirts, and any amount of linen-drapery. He really would look as if he were running away with an opera-dancer, if he would only go a little quicker.

The sun has climbed high up in the sky; there was not a breath of wind, and the few clouds within sight appeared to be too lazy to move. The far-off hills became indistinct, and down in the valley the air grew hotter and hotter, and the dark firs and the gray castle-walls, and the green fields and the long white stripe of road, appeared to swim and dance to and fro. The dust was all but intolerable; irritated by the perpetual assaults on its repose, it revenged itself on the innocent pedestrian—filled up his eyes, tickled his nostrils, and rushed into his throat. Every other minute, a gigantic horsefly settled on his hand or face, or thinly protected leg: in an instant, he felt as if a pitchfork had been stuck into him, and perceived his best blood rushing into the animated cupping-glass. The assassin was slain on the spot; but that was little consolation.

Fortunately, there was no lack of water, or the heat would have been unendurable; every hamlet had its fountain—clear, cold water purling out of the long metal spout into a trough of wood or stone, splashing away on these broiling days with a most grateful music, ever seeming to say: 'It is so hot, so hot! and I am so cool, so cool, so cool!'

Here we are at length in the town. The streets swarm with people; the space outside the walls accommodates a fair. Here are the dear old yellow houses on wheels so familiar to our infancy—here, as at home, the abodes of nomade giants, and peripatetic dwarfs, and circulating monsters, each a sort of fairy domain or unknown Nile-watered region. Trumpets are blowing, drums are beating, Columbine is dancing, and Jack-pudding is playing tricks exactly as they do in England. Fairs all over civilised Europe seem to be pretty much the same. You recognise here at Soleure the pig-faced lady whose horrors froze your blood at Greenwich; that forty-six inch Polish count has not altered a bit since you saw him at Paris; but his friend, the tall Goliath von Gadabout, is perceptibly weaker in the knees. Alas! the showman's wife looks sadder than ever: poor thing! even the constant society of a giant and a nobleman will not render life utterly destitute of cares.

But let us proceed. Shall we revolve on that merry-go-round, or witness the siege of Sebastopol? or indulge in the recreation of having a tooth drawn by that sharp-eyed Italian? Why is it that people so much enjoy a joke connected with that most abominable of operations? Every visitor to Paris has seen the polite gentleman who migrates from place to place in a vehicle half-way between the lord-mayor's coach and a fire-engine—locates himself for a time in a favourable neighbourhood—plays a tune on the piano, calls on his gorgeous footman to sound a trumpet, and then displays to the crowd a series of odontological pictures, gravely, much with the air of the P. R. A. conducting august visitors on the private view-day—pictures representing the agonies of a patient in the hands of a bungling dentist, who tugs and tugs—now in front, now behind—now above, now below: now they are both on tiptoe, now they writhe in close embrace, now they are down together. Last scene in this eventful history—the patient's head comes off, and the extractor is hauled to instant execution by the hands of indignant justice. Something of this kind was exhibited at Soleure, but it did not produce much effect. Except on canvas, there were no drawings of teeth.

But if the Swiss have good jaws, they must surely have very bad eyes. Spectacles here, spectacles there, spectacles everywhere—white, blue, green; glass, pebble, wire. Intelligent traveller, jot down this fact in your note-book; it will afford a subject for an

inquiry into the effect of mountain air and snow-water on the sight. Not being familiar with any but your native tongue, you will probably not discover that the glasses are for the marksmen, who may now be heard thundering away incessantly. Let us go and see them. Come this way, up this road, under this arch, and we are in the precinct sacred to the rifle.

A piece of ground, about as large as a good cricket-field, was surrounded by a low wall. On entering, you saw before you two wooden buildings, something like the stands on a race-course. The left-hand one is the shooting-station; that on the right hand is devoted to the purposes of conviviality. The clock is just striking half-past twelve, and dinner is on the point of commencing. Two rows of plain deal-tables, with benches to match, run the whole length of the building; each table has a board affixed to it, on which is displayed the name of one of the cantons: each district having a space reserved for its representatives at dinner, as well as in the shooting-house.

Now came the diners—men and women all in holiday array and high spirits; specimens of Swiss nationality from every part of the republic. Every valley and lake and mountain was represented here; and as we roamed from table to table, we noted the characteristics of each locality; not only the varieties of costume, though these are never seen elsewhere to such advantage, but also those of feature, speech, and custom. Here were semi-Parisian Swiss from Geneva, voluble talkers of doubtful French, and much more fashionably got-up than their comrades; slow, round-faced Teutonic Swiss from the banks of the Rhine; and dark-eyed, lithe Italian Swiss, whose homes look down upon the Lago Maggiore: men of different races, of different creeds, of different tongues, but all united in the love of freedom and the fatherland.

Many travellers, or rather tourists, passing hastily through Switzerland on their way to Italy, or sauntering wearily from sight to sight, speak scornful words of the Swiss, and set them down as a nation of grasping, unpatriotic extortioners. They compare the men with the mountains, greatly to the disadvantage of the former; and declare that the race of other days is extinct, and that an invader of the country would no longer meet with any opposition worth speaking of. The affair of Neuschâtel has afforded the best contradiction to these charges. No one can any longer affirm that the Swiss love their money dearer than their country. The call to arms has again, as in olden times, resounded along the rushing Rhine, across the dark waters of the lake of the forest cantons, and amidst the icy peaks of the Oberland, and the reply has been as hearty as ever it was. While such is the spirit of the people, the liberties of the country rest secure, and our children's children may be able 'to see the cantons dine together.'

Shooting recommenced at two o'clock. The tide of life ebbed from the dinner-table, and flowed into the 'grand stand.' The lower part of this building was divided into a series of compartments—one to each canton. Others were appropriated to the use of members of the great Swiss Shooting Society. The chief division bore the title, 'Vaterland,' and was generally the centre of attraction. The targets were placed in a row parallel to the stand, about two hundred yards distant from it, and about five yards apart one from another. Wooden screens were so arranged that each shooter could see only the target at which he aimed, while the whole row was visible to the spectators in the gallery that formed the upper story of the building. Whenever a 'palpable hit' was made, the target sunk into the depths of the earth, where the marker examined the wound, and telegraphed to the umpire the numerical value of the shot. The shooter received a ticket bearing the number, which he straightway stuck in his hat.

The practised shots bring their own rifles, and as they are sure to be members of the society, they usually prefer the large compartment. Any one is at liberty to shoot, but only members can carry off the prizes. The rules allow any foreigner who has resided six months in Switzerland to join the society, and Lord Vernon not long ago won the chief prize. There is no lack of rifles for those who wish to shoot; the charge is threepence a shot, and a trifle at the end to the loader. It is no easy matter, however, to use these Swiss rifles; they weigh about sixteen pounds, their barrels being about half an inch thick at the muzzle, and they have such hair-triggers that, as their owners themselves say, a wink will set them off.

Here are a couple of tourists, evidently Cockneys, about to shew off. The English have a reputation abroad as sportsmen, so our two compatriots soon become 'the cynosure of neighbouring eyes.' Young Geneva pauses in its career to watch the proceedings of the islanders who have invaded its domain. 'Genf,' remarks one of these gentlemen to the other; 'Arry, what's the meaning of Genf?' 'Don't know, I'm sure,' replies his friend. 'Never mind. Quel est le dommage pour un — What's the French for shot? Combien chargez vous?' Fortunately an interpreter arrives, and the Briton relapses into his vernacular. 'Careful, eh!—d'ye suppose I can't shoot. Give us hold.' The muzzle of the rifle rises slowly from the ground, wavering on its course in such an uncomfortable way, that the bystanders beat a precipitate retreat, and before 'Arry' has brought the sight to bear on the target, an unlucky touch on the trigger lets the gun off. The tourist is almost knocked down by the recoil, the bullet flies singing cheerily over the field, and the reputation of the English as good shots suffers an eclipse. 'They may well call them air-triggers; a puff of wind would set them going any day,' says the discomfited 'Arry,' as he quits the spot with his friend. 'I vote this precious dull sport; let's cut it, say I.' And they retire, much to the relief of their neighbours, who are able to recommence operations in safety.

Presently the storm of popping lulled, and a procession formed to the sound of martial music. First came a fantastic individual, clad in a gold-laced scarlet coat, and wearing a sort of huntsman's cap. He led the way with wild gestures, bounds, and exclamations, much with the air of a cannibal conducting victims to the stake. Behind him marched the musicians; then came the markers from their posts in the trenches, one from each canton. Behind them went the winners of prizes, walking two and two; mostly mountaineers—steady-looking, gamekeeper-like, middle-aged men—after them flocked the populace. We were carried away in the stream, and after a while came to a stand-still in front of a pagoda-like building at the summit of a gentle slope. Here the prizes were on view. There were plenty of them, and of all kinds, from a five-franc powder-horn to the gem of the present meeting, which was a present from the Swiss in California. It was simple and valuable, consisting of a number of twenty-franc pieces formed of Californian gold, and arranged in the figure of the letter S. It is very pleasant to see so many presents from the Swiss in foreign lands; however distant they may be, they take an honest pride in contributing some token of their affection. The procession returned to the stand, and the shooting recommenced. For three days, it will continue with little variation, ceasing only at meal-times and at the approach of night. So far as I am concerned, I begin to feel somewhat wearied of the din, and am glad to retire for a while to the hospitable *Couronne*. The house is gay with decorations, and full of guests; the peasantry and *voituriers* throng the lower rooms; the aristocracy of the cantons dine up stairs; the streets are more full than ever; and the

scene is so gay, so romantic, the costumes so strange, the deep-eaved, flower-wreathed houses so picturesque, that the weary traveller, half-dozing in the comfortable bow-window of the inn, may easily fancy himself at the opera, and expect every moment to hear the entire band join in a grand chorus.

The day is drawing to a close; the sunlight deserts the splashing fountains in front of the church, through whose open doors one can see the lights twinkling at the end of the cool and shadowy aisles. A parting glow suffuses the old Roman clock-tower, and gilds the leaves of the trees which overhang the ramparts. The visitors begin to depart. Gig after gig rattles out of the courtyard; carts full of merry girls jolt away over the rough pavement, amidst a storm of adieux. Here and there towers the elephantine bulk of an omnibus bound for Bern; I bargain for a lift with a *voiturier*, and away we go. At first, the road is all alive with walkers, riders, and drivers, but they gradually fall off, and at last we are alone. The sun has set, and the evening-star trembles in the sky as we reach the summit of a hill; the *voiturier* points with his whip far away over the plain; and there at last are the Alps! like faint rose-coloured stains on the pale-green sky; a little further, and there lies Bern beneath us in the embrace of the Aar. So ends a pleasant day: one may often gain a good deal by judiciously losing his way.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

For a time the eager anticipations of success in laying the telegraph-cable across the Atlantic have been disappointed; not by any hinderance which amounts to impossibility, but by an accident which we are assured may be avoided on a future occasion. The experience, however, is costly. We have heard that the breaking of the cable may in part be attributed to the haste with which it was manufactured. Be this as it may, the projectors look on ultimate success as certain; and have—if we are not misinformed—made up their minds to try again in October. The Atlantic is said to be tolerably complacent during that month, after getting rid of its ill-humour in the gales of the equinox. We sincerely hope that Neptune and all his blusterers will be content to lie quiet for about a fortnight. We hear, however, at the last moment, that the cable will be used for a line to India, and a new one made for the Atlantic, to be laid next year.

The meeting of the British Association at Dublin has gone off satisfactorily, having attracted thither a small number of savans, British and foreign. The reports made on the subjects specially selected for investigation testify to the fact of advancement in science. As the president, Dr Lloyd, remarked, in his opening address, the progress made since the Association met in the Irish metropolis twenty-two years ago, is such as would at that time have been judged impossible. Himself a first-rate cultivator of several branches of physical science, he sketched ably and clearly the advances of astronomy from the discovery of the little planet *Atalanta*, four miles in diameter, to the researches into the physical constitution of the sun, and its sources of light and heat. He mentioned the important and highly refined discoveries by which the undulatory theory of light has been confirmed, and those which shew that heat is convertible into mechanical power, and *vice versa*. The latter question is one involving applications and consequences of which it is as yet impossible to foresee all the value, but it exceeds all others in richness of results in mechanical science. Geology, chemistry, and electrical magnetism were also noticed; and the papers read in the subsequent business of the

eting fully maintained the spirit inspired by the excellent president's address.

Bad news again from Africa. Dr Barth lived to me home and write three large volumes about his ives and adventures; but Dr Vogel, who followed n, and whose progress we have from time to time iced, was beheaded at Wara by order of the sultan e country. By this deplorable murder, the hopes science and commerce are alike frustrated; and the clor was not the only victim; for his companion, rporal Maguire, while returning to the north with e papers and instruments, was murdered near Kuka e Taaricks. These calamities make Dr Living- me's adventures appear still more remarkable, and p to confirm the notion, that by the great rivers e interior of Africa may be most safely explored. ropos of Dr Livingstone, his book is not to be blished till November.

An answer to the cotton question has come from xico, where, it appears, the cotton-plant grows wild d of excellent quality. With cultivation, says the ort, any quantity may be produced, for the climate favourable. If the unlucky Mexican bondholders uld bestir themselves in the matter, they might shape get their long-standing claims satisfied in ton.—Concerning the silk question, M. Guérin eville shews that the disease among silk-worms caused by a disease to which, as he has now ascer- ned, mulberry-trees are periodically liable. Cure e and you cure the other.

M. Mathieu de la Drôme has published a scienc- e report, in which he states that careful study of e sixty years' observations made at Geneva and the at St Bernard, has rendered him weather-wise, and e he can tell beforehand what the weather will be. e have not yet seen his data or the conclusions drawn n them; but when they come before us, our readers ll have the benefit of the information.—One fact is ain: the weather this summer has puzzled and enished meteorologists: so high a degree of heat h so long a continuance of dry weather has not e known for nearly half a century. And the rain, en it did come, was attended by phenomena much e common in the tropics than in our temperate ie. Sudden floods of unusual height rushed through e of the northern counties. At several places, e than three inches of rain fell in three hours! A ntity most extraordinary. The average rain-fall e whole year is about twenty-four inches; and e we have one-eighth of that quantity in one edred and eighty minutes! In Devonshire, on the trary, scarcely a shower fell for three months, and e landscapes of that usually green county looked all wn and scorched. An observer in the camp at lershot noted a thousand flashes of lightning in an ur; in Ireland, seven persons lost their lives by nder-storms in one day; and in Germany, the season e been marked by the appearance of numerous blue, nson, and yellow meteors. In the United States, e fearful storms have prevailed, attended by fatal sequences. Fifteen persons were killed by light- g in one week in Ohio. With such weather in rope and America, it is the more remarkable to r that at Bombay they are 'alarmingly short of e.' In all respects, the summer of 1857 will be an e resting study for the Meteorological Society.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences at Toulouse offer rize—a gold medal—for *Researches on Atmospheric lectricity*, in which are to be embodied a discussion of e observations from which the existence of atmo- eric electricity is deduced; to determine the sources his electricity; to shew what influences are pro- ded thereby on the physical constitution of clouds, icularly as regards the formation of hail. Here is e interesting inquiry: if trustworthy answer can be n, the advantages will be manifold.

The Board of Trade have published a quarto of nearly two hundred pages, entitled *First Number of Meteorological Papers*, which, as one of the earliest instalments from the great oceanic survey, must be regarded as a highly promising commencement. It contains reports and tables of weather from various parts of the world, besides wind-charts for the great oceans, among which is a large one called a 'first approximation' towards illustrating that disastrous storm in the Black Sea in November 1854. The volume is to be freely distributed. Admiral Fitz Roy, under whose superintendence it has been brought out, says: 'Numerous scientific journals and registers kept on board her Majesty's surveying and exploring ships contain information in manuscript well worth circulating among those to whom it is of value. Scarcely a log-book has been examined in this office in which remarkable occurrences have not been noted for extraction with a view to publication . . . and some are rendered interesting as well as valuable, independently of statistical details, by remarks which recall to mind the writings of Dampier, Cook, or Flinders. It would indeed be ill-judged economy to consign such observations to the shelf, instead of placing them speedily within the reach of inexperienced men just commencing their sea responsibilities.' We publish this statement because the survey is a work in which the nation at large is interested, seeing that its main object is to facilitate navigation and lessen its dangers.

The last *Proceedings of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society* contains certain communications worth making known to other than professional readers. In one, Dr H. Benze Jones gives an account of a lady, who, while walking across her bedroom, felt a sudden pain in her great toe, which was supposed to be caused by the penetration of a broken needle. The pain was great, but nothing could be seen, and an attempt at discovery was made. A small piece broken from a fine sewing-needle magnetised was attached to the end of a filament of cocoon silk, and with this the toe was explored. The signs of a needle buried in the flesh were, however, not very positive, and recourse was had to a bar horseshoe magnet for the purpose of inducing magnetism in the piece within the toe. Now, the indications of the feeler, as it may be called, shewed plainly that such a piece was buried, its position, and gave also a notion of its length. Once informed on these points, the operator had no difficulty in extracting the hurtful fragment of steel. By exploration, a needle might be discovered in any other part of the limbs or body; but great care and knowledge of magnetic phenomena are essential to success.

Dr Pidduck, in a communication *On Dietetic Medicine*, shews that the vital principle, if proper means are supplied, is safer to rely on than mechanical appliances. The weakly and undersized growth of many who live in large towns, arises from improper diet. Other things being equal, a growing child fed on brown bread will have larger and stronger bones than one fed on white bread. The insufficiency of white bread, moreover, becomes prejudicial when alum is an ingredient. Here we let the doctor speak for himself:

'Acting upon the design,' he says, 'of supplying the vital principle with the materials to *strengthen*, and, as a consequence, to *straighten* the bones, I procured a large quantity of ivory turnings, and had them deprived of gelatine by long boiling, and dried, that the bone-earth phosphate set at liberty might be more easily acted upon and readily dissolved by the acid in the stomach. To this bone-earth phosphate was added a fourth part of the saccharine carbonate of iron, and flour, butter, ginger, and treacle in proper proportions to form gingerbread-nuts; each nut, containing twenty grains of the bone-earth phosphate, and five grains of the saccharine carbonate of iron, was a dose, of which one was given twice a day.'

The doctor administered these nuts to girls afflicted with curvature of the spine in a 'school for servants,' and with the happiest effects; and has treated a sufficient number of cases satisfactorily 'by this alimentary method, to justify the conclusion, that the vital principle, duly supplied with the proper materials, is able to cure all cases of laterad, sternad, and dorsad curvature in growing children—not arising from caries of the vertebræ—without mechanical appliances; and that those appliances are a hindrance rather than a help, by diminishing muscular exertion, and, as a consequence, weakening muscular power.'

The doctor brings forward the case of a young lady of sixteen, who, after three months' treatment, had almost lost her 'spinal deviations,' and pursues: 'I am extremely desirous of directing the attention of orthopædic surgeons to this mode of treatment, because into their hands the greater number of cases of spinal curvature fall; assured that if medicinal were entirely to supersede mechanical means, the result, in most cases, would be much more satisfactory. In cases of delayed dentition, the growth of the teeth is promoted, and they are speedily protruded through the gum, under a course of the bone-earth phosphate. It might very probably be administered with success in cases of false joint from un-united fracture of the long bones, and in cases of rickets.'

It will surprise some readers to hear of iron in Ireland, but there, nevertheless, the mineral exists, in the mountains near Lough Allen, and with coal in the same range. The returns have of late been so encouraging, that the works at Arigna and Creevelea are increasing in activity. The ore contains sixty per cent. of iron, and the proprietors are exerting themselves to produce iron from their furnaces which shall equal the best qualities of English. Sir Robert Kane spoke truly when he shewed that the mineral deposits of Ireland had been too long neglected among her industrial resources.—But for long years to come, Cleveland—the north-eastern corner of Yorkshire—will yield more ironstone than any other part of the kingdom. The results there are already astonishing.

Mr Horner is still working at that important geological inquiry—the rate at which the valley of the Nile has been filled up by the annual inundations. The excavations and borings, specimens of which have been regularly forwarded to England, have brought to light some very remarkable facts, which will be made known in Mr Horner's next report. One of his objects is to ascertain whether the French geologists, in their scientific survey of Egypt, were correct in their conclusions as to the age of the alluvial deposits in the valley of the Nile, and the rate of their deposition. Abstruse as this inquiry may seem, it is intimately connected with the questions most interesting to all who think, as will by and by appear.

The *Curaçoa* has arrived at Woolwich, having on board some ten or twelve tons of mosaics, sculptures, architectural remains, and such like, collected by the Rev. N. Davis, near Tunis, all of which are supposed to be relics of ancient Carthage. More specimens for our museums and schools of art.—The Admiralty have sent out a circular, requiring all commanders on service in the royal navy to make periodical returns of all the merchant-ships they speak at sea; giving the names, port of departure and destination, and the tonnage. These particulars can be communicated by means of four signal-flags, with which British registered vessels are provided, and foreigners may have them by applying at the Board of Trade. By this means the shipping-lists published at our various ports will be much more complete and trustworthy than at present, and every communication from a Queen's ship will increase the number, with benefit to merchants, and often with pleasure to those who have friends on the deep.

The material progress of the nation, as shewn by the reports of trade, is little less than amazing. The number of steamers in course of building at the principal yards in the kingdom is so great, that some of the chief builders have orders three years in advance. Our exports for the month of July amounted to L.12,201,532; in the same month of last year they were L.9,968,226. We find from a recently published blue-book that the total imports in 1856 were valued at L.127,917,561; and the total of exports, L.291,867,333. In the same year, 1855 ships—422,859 tons—were built; and the total number of registered vessels was 36,106, or 5,316,736 tons, employing 267,759 seamen.

Since the new reading-room was opened at the British Museum, the number of readers has doubled. —The South Kensington Museum continues to attract numerous visitors.—A project is now on foot for a great West-end railway-terminus, which when completed will be five times larger than that of the Great Western at Paddington. The basin of the Gower Canal is to be the site: the canal is to be drained, and four lines of rails are to be laid down to connect all the metropolitan railways north and south of the Thames with the grand terminus. We only hope the scheme will be carried out by honest people.

MUSIC.

Music floating from the waters, ebbing through the vale slowly,

Music where the shattered torrent rises in a surge of hail,
Music where the bee returning cleaves some silent mid-glade holy,

Music where a maiden wanders singing softly through the vale.

Music in a roadside cottage, from the evening group assembled,

Children gathered round their elders, manhood, age, and limping child,
And the willing breeze, that near the door with wooing tone has trembled,

Bears away the psalm's last accents up the mountain pathway wild.

Music in the stately mansion, where the banquet passed is given,

Midst the portraits of ancestors, armour grim, and sword and shield,
And the music seems to wake to life foes that long ago have striven,

And the prancing charger champs his rein across the conquered field.

Music where the blooming maiden, with sweet hope of summer standing,

Hears the minstrel of the village piping forth his native tale,
And the youth who meet together, in light groups of laughter standing,
Join the maidens dancing with them round the Father's old oak-tree.

Music where the child is asking its first accents of its mother,

Music where the mother stoopeth softly o'er the cradle dear;
Sweeter songs are on her lips than can be sung by any other,
Who hath also not been gladdened by a mother's sweetest tear?

Music where the spirit only thinketh what it would be in heaven,

Music in the student's labours, in the poet's early dawn,
Music even in those sorrows unto which by nature given,
With the darkest currents mingling, flow sweet volutes of life's stream.

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THE OLD COMMENTATOR.

To see the old commentator *in situ*, we must go back good way. He is sitting in his high-backed oaken arm-chair; the table before him is a low one, that he pile of books which he is in the habit of placing on it may not absolutely bury him; besides which, he has a fancy for stooping at his work. He has an old cap upon his head, and an old fur-coat upon his shoulders. Both are dusty and worn; but both the coat and wearing have something great and venerable about them, like those upon an old well-read classic of the sixteenth century. His brow is brought down far over his eyes by constant study, and his face is full of lines; but they are the lines of toil, not of care or thought. Care he has scarcely known; and he has had too much to do with the thoughts of others, to have much call for thoughts of his own: hence his cheeks retain their plumpness, and his features and limbs their power and elasticity. His look is fixed and steady, but not bright. The natural good-humour of his mouth has been twisted into a kind of fierce doctorial defiance, arising from the perpetual warfare in which he passes his life. As he looks up from the ponderous old folio, of which he appears to have mastered six ages in as many minutes, he presents to you one of those rude massive magisterial faces which Rembrandt loved to paint, and even Vandyck, that artist of kings and senators, could transfer to canvas, with an energy which he did not always exercise in the case of more signified personages.

I must confess a peculiar fancy for the works of the old commentator, all the more that he is so utterly out of fashion. I am told that his observations on the classics are not what literary slang chooses to call 'critical,' which means, being interpreted, that they did not refer to metrical canons, nor trouble themselves about the niceties of moods and tenses: nor do I, for that matter. So far, we are sympathetic. I am still more sympathetic with the dry old sage in the second reproach brought against him—namely, that he raddles—that his gossiping meanderings round and about the regions of ancient history and mythology are verile and inane—that he cannot meet with a sentence about a god or a hero, but he must needs launch out into a lengthy prattle about all sorts of incongruous circumstances pertaining to such god or hero. Whether these things are puerile or inane, whether they are mere gossip or not, detracts not from a peculiar interest that they possess. It is the spirit of one great past age illustrated by the spirit of another. The Greek and Roman are dressed up in the professional cloak and cap of a Dutch scholar of the

sixteenth century. The effect may be somewhat incongruous, but it is at least more piquant than dressing the said Greek and Roman up in the white waistcoat and kerseymere trousers of a modern literary magnate of the university of Cambridge.

Our commentator has just laid down the seventeenth folio, which he has opened within the last hour, and taken up the eighteenth. It is wonderful how the man matches with his folio. The same massiveness, the same intensity, the same dusty respectability and uncompromising fixity of form; both of them look as if they could never shut when they were once open, and never open when they were once shut. The ancients had their golden, their silver, and their iron age; with still more justice, the moderns might have their folio, their quarto, and their octavo age. The present is eminently an octavo case—octavo in its habits, forms, and fashions. Our successors will very probably be duodecimos. But the old commentator is eminently a folio: he looks as if anything smaller would be crushed under his ponderous fingers—as if it would be lost in the immensity of matter, physical and intellectual, which he is gathering around him.

Our scholar, once seated amongst his folios, looks as if he never could rise again; but he looks round with an unexpected vivacity at the tall stalwart form which has just entered the room. It is a man richly dressed, yet with a sober hue about his somewhat solemn attire. Neither lace nor ruffles appear on his velvet doublet. You look at him, and at the first glance you set him down for a statesman; at the second, for a rich merchant, who had that day been made provost. He places himself at the table, takes up one of the books with the air of a man who is used to them, and proceeds to converse about them with such a strange mixture of the scholar, the gentleman, and the man of commerce, that you are fairly at fault to find out what he is. He is one of those chieftains of the literary class—a publisher of the seventeenth century. He takes up the manuscript on which our commentator has been engaged with the air of a man who knows all about the matter, and is quite as capable of sustaining a contest as to the real nature of the Pyrrhic dance or the Eleusinian mysteries as his learned friend. He has just come from a visit to the pope or the king of France; he has been exhibiting to them specimens of his types, and has talked with them for an hour about the details of the edition which he is about to publish after the labour of our commentator. He has read to them the dedication which he intends to prefix—one addressed to no less a personage than themselves—but in which he has addressed them with perfect freedom, not to say indifference. They

have been jesting with him about the Latinity of his phrases, a point upon which he is extremely tender, and on that account his magnificent patrons make sport with him occasionally. The pope has given him the exclusive privilege of printing his proposed great book, 'under pain of excommunication to all those who shall infringe it.' The sacred arms of the Roman hierarchy have been employed in less noble causes; but, in these degenerate days, we might perhaps smile at the publisher who guarded his copyright by an excommunication. Such, however, were in those days the usual mode of supplying the constitutional guardianship of an act of parliament; and, to say the truth, it was more picturesque, and quite as effectual.

Our visitor has brought him a pamphlet, which he presents to our commentator; the writer of which has treated the said commentator's opinion of the form of the acropolis at Athens as 'the squalling nonsense of some effete baby.' The learned man looks at the book with perfect placidity, talks about it with unconcern, and lays it down; but as soon as his visitor is gone, he instantly seizes his pen, and adds to his notes something in this strain: 'A certain grunting pig has found fault with what we have here advanced. This intolerable cow, this essence of all that is most asinine in asses, not content with living in his own filth, which so well suits him, thinks proper to bring his messes into our garden. A kick or two will send the brute howling into his own sty.' This same 'brute' is, nevertheless, like himself, one of the great men of the age—a friend of popes and princes—their superior, in his own estimation, and one who has deserved as well of the world, in the opinion of posterity.

This tendency to furiousness of abuse is wonderfully facilitated by the enormous command which learned men of those days had of the language in which they all wrote—the Latin. Were vile words wanted, they had them without stopping, like Falstaff, 'for breath to utter.' The torrents of abuse they could pour out are perfect marvels of Latinity. Their mode of proceeding on this, as on every other occasion, is simply that of a child. The old scholar, in his business matters and in his religious matters, is just as mere a baby as he is in his controversial. In the latter, he scatters epithets as they rush into his mind, just as a child in the nursery would, if it had the same command of language. For his religion, he is pretty sure to have changed it two or three times over, without any reason which would avail with anybody but himself. It is a fact, that of the old scholars more than half changed their religion with perfect indifference, and apparently from mere whim, for they shewed none of a convert's zeal about their new creed, and in very few instances seem to have understood it. The rival opinions of Papist and Protestant are shared out among them with tolerable evenness; and the only evidence any of them shew that they ever thought on the subject, is their proneness to do what every one else is so slow to do—namely, to forsake the creed which they sucked in with their mother's milk. It would seem that their conduct was a mere childish way of proving their independence; and we really believe that, in most instances, it was nothing more.

There is another mania which has taken possession of our commentator, besides that of changing his religion: nothing will serve him but a decent from a crowned head. We remember one of his fraternity, who, not contented with claiming his descent from a sovereign prince of Italy, actually took his name—a whim which, by the way, has alone preserved that of the sovereign prince in the recollection of the world. But for the learned man, no one would ever have heard of the prince. Another declared himself an offshoot of a house which founded the imperial dynasty of Austria, and rivalled the kingly dynasty of France—

namely, the House of Burgundy. Nothing less than this will satisfy the ambition of our learned man. Why should it? Nothing less would add to his dignity. He has been accustomed to play the great man so long, that his dreams of greatness extend.

Our learned man, amongst other honours, receives a royal invitation to repair to one of the principal courts in Christendom. The invitation he receives with his wonted sense of his own dignity: he sees nothing extraordinary in the fact that kings or queens should desire to know one of the greatest men on earth. Anybody, he declares, may be a general or minister of state; but it is not given to every one to be a great commentator. If left to himself, he might, very probably refuse the invitation. But his wife interferes; she has a woman's ideas about appearing at court, and is resolved to make a figure. After some hesitation whether her husband shall make his appearance in Greek pallium or a Roman toga, she cuts the knot by deciding that he shall exhibit himself in complete armour. By this means, he is the representative of all the old nations of antiquity at once; besides which, he is assuming the right to which his descent from princely lineage entitles him. The limbs, therefore, of the old scholar, stiff with long sitting, are cased in greaves and targets; his venerable head, too, for so many years cognizant of the old fur-cap, is surmounted with a brass helmet, new polished for the occasion. It was in this attire that one of the most awkward and learned of the old scholars actually appeared at the court of Christina of Sweden. If that curious personage had seen in the learned man's whim a satire on her own proceedings with learned men in general, it would have been no more than she deserved. But the learned man is guiltless of satire; nothing could make him conscious that he was playing anything but a dignified part, peculiarly becoming his position and circumstances.

In money-matters, our learned man is a perfect baby. When he first began to teach, many of his scholars, who soon found out the weak side of learning, not only omitted to pay him, but borrowed his money into the bargain, perfectly certain that he would never ask for it again. This went on till the matter became notorious; some one interfered, and the pupils were prohibited from obtaining any further supplies for their follies from this quarter. The professor finding his money accumulate, and not knowing what to do with it, took it to the gaming-table, partly to get rid of the burden, and partly from a vague idea of gaining a philosophical insight into the human character, which would enable him better to understand the Epicurean philosophy, upon which he was then writing a treatise. He got his ideas, but with them so much loss and ill fame, that he was forced to leave the town, where, said one of his admirers, he was worshipped like a god.

The *ménage* of our commentator is a curious one. Lion as he is amongst his own race, fiercely as he can repel any attack upon his theories respecting the Greek phalanx or his version of a Latin ode, he is a mere house-lamb in his own family. Socrates was not the only sage that had a Xantippe. His learned labours are carried on in the midst of a host of squalling children, whose clatter is not at all improved by the sharp tone of the mother, who is scolding and belabouring them by turns. In the first years of his union, the hapless scholar, who found more than one of his best ideas spoiled by the noise, actually did venture on a mild remonstrance, but it was received in such a manner that he never ventured upon it again. His only resource has been in his notes, wherein he pours out his whole soul to his intimate friend, the reader, to tell the said intimate friend how his lucubrations have in some instances fallen short of the mark; 'because his affectionate child would insist upon playing about his knees.' 'If I had been in his place,' observes a

learned modern upon the note, 'I should have sent young master out of the room.' Alas, how little did the modern understand the position of his renowned predecessor!

In a corner of the room are stowed away a mass of letters, of which many men might well be proud, but which our professor looks upon as a mere matter of course, and a simple tribute to his deserts. Half of them are from royal or princely personages, who have just established a new university or remodelled an old one. They write to our professor in Latin; it is a shame they do not write to him in Greek. They—the royal and princely personages—are just as fulsome in their expressions of adulation as their own flatterers; we would think that they were parodying the follies daily addressed to themselves, or that they were poking fun at the learned man. They are doing neither; they are only conforming to the general style, with a secret feeling that the learned man is more necessary to them than they are to the learned man. Princes can adopt just as mean a style as other people, when they have similar reasons for it.

In truth, our commentator cares much more about dead kings and princes than he does about live ones. He lives and breathes with the ancients; he has no other models to admire, no other authorities to quote. No specimens of good histories, of fine poetry, even of accounts of ordinary facts, existed in his day from recent pens. If a farmer talked to him about one of his sheep, his mind would instantly revert to a Greek naturalist; if his wife talked to him about a dinner—there was no *Almanach des Gourmands* in his days—all that would occur to him would be the feasts of some Roman epicure in the devouring days of the first emperors. Who can complain of his taste, if in philosophy or poetry he preferred Plato and Homer to the writings of the schoolmen or the rhyming legends of the monks! All that was worth having, knowing, or thinking about, came from antiquity. The modern scholar has a thousand things of his own day to master: there is, in the first place, the literature of modern times, which now stands in fair competition with those of the ancients; but besides this, there is a vast quantum of science, politics, philosophy, and theology which your modern professor must know, if he would not be the laughing-stock of decent society. All this was quite out of the way of our commentator. Talk to him about politics in his day, and all you would get would be a goodly shower of those epithets of 'ass, cow, swine, hedgehog,' of which he had so vast a profusion in his linguistic quiver. Modern science, to him, was made up of the freaks and follies of the alchemists—no wonder he preferred Aristotle.

He was once told that the remains of Petronius were to be found entire at Bologna. Petronius was a Latin author whom he especially admired: the old scholar had something of a hankering after loose morality. The idea of finding the entire works of an old author hitherto found only in part, put him instantly in a fever; it was one of those prizes which are rarely drawn in the literary lottery. He scarcely stayed to pack up his clothes, and journeyed day and night in winter, from the north of Germany to Bologna, where was the treasure in question. On his arrival, his first demand is if the remains of Petronius are not to be found in the city? 'Certainly: they are the glory of the place. Go to the sacristan of the church of St John.' He goes, and requests to be shewn the remains of Petronius. The sacristan takes him into the vault. 'What!' says the scholar, 'do you keep your manuscripts in the vault?' 'I don't know what manuscripts mean,' replies the sacristan; 'but here lies the body of St Petronius, our guardian saint.'

Homer says that it would take nine men of his degenerate day to lift a stone thrown by a single warrior of the heroic ages. We know not how many

men of our own time it would take to equal the labour of our commentator—certainly not less than a dozen. In truth, his were the heroic days of literature. See how the pile of manuscript grows under his indefatigable fingers! If he has sat at work less than sixteen hours in the twenty-four, he considers, like Titus, that he has lost a day. 'Fits,' says Bernard Lintot in Pope's squib against Dennis—'a man may well have fits and swollen legs who sits writing fourteen hours a day.' Alas! the degenerate days had already set in; in the time of Bernard Lintot, our commentator sat writing for sixteen hours, for six months in succession, without having fits or swollen legs. There was a time when he allowed himself only one night's rest out of three. He was warm with youth in those days, and found that he had gone too far: there are stones too heavy even for Homeric heroes. No wonder that piles of folios grow up out of his labours. No wonder that authors in those days did not print in duodecimo. Why, a single work would have required a long travel to get from one end to the other of the series; and as for the entire works of our author, it would only have been possible to reach the last volumes on horseback.

The humour of the learned man would be just as antique and dusty as everything else about him. If he goes to supper, and gets lively, he will pour out Greek epigrams by the dozen; and on going home, he will exhort his feet, in an extempore Latin distich, to keep steady under him. He has often stopped in the middle of his lecture to cook an ancient dish, by way of illustrating the meaning of his author. If he meditates a gay book, as some relief to his heavier labour, he writes the lives of the ancient cooks, illustrated by an essay on the action of the stomach on the mind, and a dissertation on the Epicurean philosophy.

Such were a race of beings more completely passed away than the high-priest of Baal in the Nineveh marbles. The last has perhaps a representative in some of the far corners of the globe; but the learned man of the sixteenth century has no representative upon the face of the earth. He has left his works as memorials of his existence, which hand him down to posterity by their weight, if by nothing else—ponderous folios, that once startled society, but are now selling for waste paper from the groaning shelves of the booksellers. If he does meet with the classical poets and historians in the Elysian fields, how he will wrangle with them over the construction of their sentences! A meeting of the commentator and his author in the next world will certainly be a curious one. We will let this transient glimpse of the old worthy pass from us, hoping that the earth lies more lightly upon him than his own works upon it.

THE MOUNTAIN IN THE MAIN.

Out in the Arctic Sea, somewhat more than 400 miles to the north-east of Iceland, there rises, apparently projected by volcanic agency, the mountain-island of Jan Mayen. It shoots straight up out of the sea to the height of nearly 7000 feet, having from certain points of view the appearance of a peak, not unlike the enormous spire of a church. As seen from a distance, it seems impossible to land upon it, yet, on approaching nearer, there is found to be a narrow line of coast, and several small harbours, which offer a tolerable anchorage when the state of the surrounding ice admits of entrance. The island was originally discovered by Captain Fotherby, who stumbled upon it through a fog in the year 1614. Sailing southward in a mist so thick that he could not see to the length of his ship, he suddenly heard the noise of waters as if breaking on a great shore, and getting a glimpse shortly afterwards of the gigantic bases of Mount Beerenberg, which is the name given to the eminence, he thought he had discovered some new continent.

Since then, it has been frequently sighted by homeward-bound whalers, though, on account of its ordinary inaccessibility, it has rarely been landed upon. Once, however, shortly after its discovery, an attempt was made to inhabit it, that was attended by tragic consequences; the particulars of which, till recently, have been very little known.*

About the year 1635, the Dutch government, wishing to establish a settlement in the actual neighbourhood of the fishing-grounds, where the blubber might be boiled down, and the spoils of each season transported home in the smallest bulk, prevailed on seven seamen to remain the whole winter on the island. Huts were built for them, and they were liberally supplied with salt provisions, and there left to resolve the problem as to whether or not human beings could support the severities of the climate. Standing on the shore, these seven men saw their comrades' parting sails sink down beneath the sun; then watched the sun sink as had sunk the sails; and as the long arctic night set in, must have felt themselves left to a perilous and questionable fate. As is the manner of seamen, they kept a log or diary of their proceedings, noting down from day to day what seemed most worthy or desirable to be recorded. 'The 26th of August,' they wrote, 'our fleet set sail for Holland with a strong north-east wind and a hollow sea, which continued all that night. The 28th, the wind the same; it began to snow very hard; we then shared half a pound of tobacco betwixt us, which was to be our allowance for a week. Towards evening, we went about together, to see whether we could discover anything worth our observation, but met with nothing.' To the like effect is their experience for many a weary day—cold dreary days of sleet and storm, which differ little one day from another.

On the 8th of September, they were 'frightened by a noise of something falling to the ground'—probably some volcanic disturbance, or descent of a loosened glacier. A month later, it becomes so cold that their linen, after a moment's exposure to the air, is frozen like a board. Huge fleets of ice beleaguere the island, the sun disappears, and they spend most of their time in 'rehearsing to one another the adventures that had befallen them by sea and land.' Ere long, this resource of story-telling fails, or the relation becomes bald by repetition. On the 12th of December, they have the fortune to kill a bear, having by this time begun to feel the effects of a salt diet. Slowly, drearily, the time goes by, and every day 'most weary seems the sea'—

Wearily the wandering fields of barren foam.

At last comes New-year's Day, 1636. 'After having wished each other a happy new year, and success in our enterprise, we went to prayers,' say they, 'to disburden our hearts before God.' They had yet two months to wait before the reappearance of the sun. It was some slight relief to the prolonged dullness when, on the 25th of February, they once more saw him rise. But now to dullness and the pains of cold succeed sickness and debility. By the 22d of March, they were suffering from the scourge of scurvy: 'For want of refreshments we began to be very heartless, and so afflicted that our legs are scarce able to bear us.' Alone on that dismal rock, they were 'out of humanity's reach'; slowly, miserably perishing, and in conscious dread of perishing, before help could come. On the 3d of April, there being no more than two of them in health, they killed for the others the only two pullets they had left; the sick men feeding 'pretty heartily upon them, in hopes it might prove a means to recover part of their strength.' 'We were sorry,' says the record, 'we had not a dozen more for their sake.' On Easter-day, Adrian Carman, of Schiedam, their clerk,

dies. 'The Lord have mercy upon his soul, and upon us all, we being very sick,' is the entry on this sad occasion. During the next few days, they seem all to have got rapidly worse, only one being strong enough to move about. He had learned writing from his comrades since coming to the island, and it is he who concludes the melancholy story. 'The 23d (April), the wind blew from the same corner, with small rain. We were by this time reduced to a very deplorable state, there being none of them all, except myself, that were able to help themselves, much less one another, so that the whole burden lay upon my shoulders; and I perform my duty as well as I am able, as long as God pleases to give me strength. I am just now a going to help our commander out of his cabin, at his request, because he imagined by this change to ease his pain, he then struggling with death.' For seven days this gallant fellow goes on 'striving to do his duty'—attending on his helpless comrades till they were all past help, and making entries in the journal as to the state of the weather, that being the principal object they were charged with when left upon the island; but on the 30th of April his strength too gave way, and his failing hand could do no more than trace an incompleted sentence on the page.

So, sinking one after another, the forlorn band had all fallen. As the season advanced, however, ships were getting ready; and on the 4th of June, up again above the horizon rose the sails of the Zealand fleet; but when search is made for those who it was hoped would have been found alive and well, lo! each lies dead in his own hut; one with an open prayer-book by his side; another with his hands stretched out towards the ointment he had used for his stiffened joints; and the last survivor with the unfinished journal still lying by his side.

Since this grim tragedy, Jan Mayen has had no inhabitants. Mount Beerenberg raises his head with an awful majesty above the storms, but looks down on voyaging adventurers who pass his borders with too inhospitable a frown to induce them to tarry long within his presence. Nevertheless, the island has been occasionally visited by enterprising navigators, some of whom appear to have explored it more completely than its early Dutch discoverers. Twenty-two years ago, the late Dr Scoresby effected a landing there, on his return from a whaling cruise. He had seen the mountain a hundred miles off, and on approaching, found the coast quite free from ice; and, by a subsequent survey, ascertained that the island is about sixteen miles long by four wide. The last and most complete account of this singular mountain is given us by Lord Dufferin, who went in search of it in his yacht, in the summer of 1854. The particulars are given in his recently published voyage-narrative, entitled *Letters from High Latitudes*; from which very interesting work we select such passages as may serve to complete the picture of Jan Mayen, and to shew the difficulties and dangers of approaching it.

Lord Dufferin sailed from Iceland in his schooner-yacht, the *Foam*, a little vessel of about eighty tons burden, being accompanied in his expedition by a French steamer of 1100 tons, the *Reine Hortense*, on board of which was his Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon. The prince suggested that the *Reine Hortense* should take the *Foam* in tow; and in this way upwards of 300 miles of the voyage to Jan Mayen was performed. At this point, however, the French vessel, falling short of coal, was obliged to return, leaving Lord Dufferin, who was unwilling to go back to buffet his way forward amidst fog and ice, as well as the skill and hardihood of himself and crew, and the sailing powers of his little schooner, might enable him. 'I confess,' says he, 'our situation, too, was not altogether without causing me a little anxiety. We had not seen

* *Letters from High Latitudes.*

the sun for two days; it was very thick, with a heavy sea, and dodging about as we had been among the ice, at the heels of the steamer, our dead reckoning was not very much to be depended upon. The best plan, I thought, would be to stretch away at once clear of the ice, then run up into the latitude of Jan Mayen, and, as soon as we should have reached the parallel of its northern extremity, bear down on the land.'

The ship's course was shaped in accordance with this view, and as about mid-day the weather began to moderate, there appeared a prospect of getting on for some time favourably. By four o'clock in the afternoon, they were skimming along on a smooth sea with all sails set; and this state of prosperity continued for the next twenty-four hours. 'We had made,' says his lordship, 'about eighty knots since parting company with the Frenchman, and it was now time to run down west and pick up the land. Luckily, the sky was pretty clear, and as we sailed on through open water, I really began to think our prospects very brilliant. But about three o'clock on the second day, specks of ice began to flicker here and there on the horizon, then large bulks came floating by in forms as picturesque as ever—one, I particularly remember, a human hand thrust out of the water with outstretched forefinger, as if to warn us against proceeding further—until at last the whole sea became clouded with hummocks, that seemed to gather on our path in magical multiplicity.'

'Up to this time, we had seen nothing of the island, yet I knew we must be within a very few miles of it; and now, to make things quite pleasant, there descended upon us a thicker fog than I should have thought the atmosphere capable of sustaining: it seemed to hang in solid festoons from the masts and spars. To say that you could not see your hand, ceased almost to be any longer figurative; even the ice was hid—except those fragments immediately adjacent, whose ghastly brilliancy the mist itself could not quite extinguish, as they glimmered round the vessel like a circle of luminous phantoms. The perfect stillness of the sea and sky added very much to the solemnity of the scene; almost every breath of wind had fallen; scarcely a ripple tinkled against the copper sheathing as the solitary little schooner glided along at the rate of half a knot or so an hour, and the only sound we heard was a distant wash of waters; but whether on a great shore, or along a belt of solid ice, it was impossible to say. At last, about four in the morning, I fancied some change was going to take place; the heavy wreaths of vapour seemed to be imperceptibly separating, and in a few minutes more the solid roof of gray suddenly split asunder, and I beheld through the gap—thousands of feet overhead, as if suspended in the crystal sky—a cone of illuminated snow.'

'You can imagine my delight. It was really that of an anchorite catching a glimpse of the seventh heaven. There at last was the long-sought-for mountain actually tumbling down upon our heads. Columbus could not have been more pleased when, after nights of watching, he saw the first fires of a new hemisphere dance upon the water; nor, indeed, scarcely less disappointed at their sudden disappearance than I was, when, after having gone below to wake Sigurd, and tell him we had seen bonâ-fide terra firma, I found, on returning upon deck, that the roof of mist had closed again, and shut out all trace of the transient vision. At last the hour of liberation came: a purer light seemed gradually to penetrate the atmosphere; brown turned to gray, and gray to white, and white to transparent blue, until the lost horizon entirely reappeared, except where in one direction an impenetrable veil of haze still hung suspended from the zenith to the sea. Behind that veil I knew must lie Jan Mayen.'

'A few minutes more, and slowly, silently, in a manner you could take no count of, its dusky hem first deepened to a violet tinge, then gradually lifting, displayed a long line of coast—in reality but the roots of Beerenberg—dyed of the darkest purple; while, obedient to a common impulse, the clouds that wrapped its summit standing in all the magnificence of his 6870 feet, girdled by a single zone of pearly vapour, from underneath whose floating folds seven enormous glaciers rolled down into the sea! Nature seemed to have turned scene-shifter, so artfully were the phases of this glorious spectacle successively developed.'

'Although—by reason of our having hit upon its side instead of its narrow end—the outline of Mount Beerenberg appeared to us more like a sugar-loaf than a spire—broader at the base and rounder at the top than I had imagined—in size, colour, and effect it far surpassed anything I had anticipated.' The glaciers were quite an unexpected element of beauty. Imagine a mighty river of as great a volume as the Thames, started down the side of a mountain, bursting over every impediment, whirled into a thousand eddies, tumbling and raging from ledge to ledge in quivering cataracts of foam, then suddenly struck rigid by a power so instantaneous in its action, that even the froth and fleeting wreaths of spray have stiffened to the immutability of sculpture. Unless you had seen it, it would be almost impossible to conceive the strangeness of the contrast between the actual tranquillity of these silent crystal rivers and the violent descending energy impressed upon their exterior. You must remember, too, all this is upon a scale of such prodigious magnitude, that when we succeeded, subsequently, in approaching the spot—where, with a leap like that of Niagara, one of these glaciers plunges down into the sea—the eye, no longer able to take in its fluvial character, was content to rest in simple astonishment at what then appeared a lucent precipice of gray-green ice, rising to the height of several hundred feet above the masts of the vessel.'

As soon as they had got a little over their first feelings of astonishment at the panorama thus suddenly revealed by the lifting of the fog; Lord Dufferin and his companions began to consider what would be the best way of getting to the anchorage on the west side of the island. They were still seven or eight miles from the shore, and the northern extremity of the island, round which they would have to pass, lay about five leagues off, bearing west by north, while between them and the land stretched a continuous breadth of floating ice. We need not detail all the elaborate manœuvres by which they worked the vessel among the hummocks; finding, more than once, after making some little progress by arduous efforts, that there was 'no thoroughfare' in the direction chosen, and nothing was left them but to return back, and try their fortune through some other passage. They could effect no landing on the western coast; they put about and tried the eastern, and had no better success. Worse than this, on attempting to retrace their course, they found themselves in danger of being ice-locked. The wind having shifted, it was now blowing right down the path along which they had picked their way; and in order to return, it would be necessary to work the ship to windward 'through a sea as thickly crammed with ice as a lady's boudoir is with furniture.' 'Moreover,' says the noble navigator, 'it had become evident, from the obvious closing of the open spaces, that some considerable pressure was acting upon the outside of the field; but whether originating in a current or the change of wind, or another field being driven down upon it, I could not tell. Be that as it might, out we must get, unless we wanted to be cracked like a walnut-shell between the drifting ice and the solid belt to leeward; so, sending a steady hand to the helm—for these unusual phenomena

had begun to make some of my people lose their heads a little, no one on board having ever seen a bit of ice before—I stationed myself in the bows, while Mr Wyse [the sailing-master] conned the vessel from the square-yard. Then there began one of the prettiest and most exciting pieces of nautical manœuvring that can be imagined. Every single soul on board was summoned upon deck; to all, their several stations and duties were assigned, always excepting the cook, who was merely directed to make himself generally useful. As soon as everybody was ready, down went the helm, about came the ship, and the critical part of the business commenced. Of course, in order to wind and twist the schooner in and out among the devious channels left between the hummocks, it was necessary she should have considerable way on her; at the same time, so narrow were some of the passages, and so sharp their turnings, that unless she had been the most handy vessel in the world, she would have had a very narrow squeak for it. I never saw anything so beautiful as her behaviour. Had she been a living creature, she could not have dodged, and wound, and doubled with more conscious cunning and dexterity; and it was quite amusing to hear the endearing way in which the people spoke to her, each time the nimble creature contrived to elude some more than usually threatening tongue of ice.

'It had become very cold; so cold, indeed, that Mr Wyse—no longer able to keep a clutch of the rigging—had a severe tumble from the yard on which he was standing. The wind was freshening, and the ice was evidently still in motion; but although very anxious to get back again into open water, we thought it would not do to go away without landing, even if it were only for an hour. So having laid the schooner right under the cliff, and putting in the gig our old discarded figure-head, a white ensign, a flag-staff, and a tin biscuit-box, containing a paper on which I had hastily written the schooner's name, the date of her arrival, and the names of all those who sailed on board, we pulled ashore. A ribbon of beach, not more than fifteen yards wide, composed of iron sand, augite, and pyroxene, running along under the basaltic precipice—upwards of a thousand feet high—which serves as a kind of plinth to the mountain, was the only standing-room this part of the island afforded. With considerable difficulty, and after a good hour's climb, we succeeded in dragging the figure-head we had brought on shore with us, up a sloping patch of snow, which lay in a crevice of the cliff, and thence a little higher, to a natural pedestal formed by a broken shaft of rock; where, after having tied the tin box round her neck, and duly planted the white ensign of St George beside her, we left the superseded damsel, somewhat grimly smiling across the frozen ocean at her feet, until some Bacchus of a bear shall come to relieve the loneliness of my wooden Ariadne.'

Meeting with nothing of interest, they soon determined to return to the vessel; 'but—so rapidly was the ice drifting down upon the island—we found it had already become doubtful whether we should not have to carry the boat over the patch which, during the couple of hours we had spent on shore, had almost cut her off from access to the water. If this was the case with the gig, it was very evident the quicker we got the schooner out to sea again the better. So immediately we returned on board, having first fired a gun in token of adieu to the desolate land we should never again set foot on, the ship was put about, and our task of working out towards the open water recommenced.' It was a difficult matter to get extricated from the ice; but after many hours' struggling, the little *Foam* got free from it, and went spanking away at the rate of eight knots an hour in a direct line for Hammerfest—a port which was gained after eight days' sailing, at the rate of 100 miles a day.

The reader who has followed us thus far will know as much of Jan Mayen and its history as is known by anybody who has not visited the island. As Lord Dufferin himself only knew of its existence four years before he went in search of it, there can be no reason why anybody should blush for the deficiency of his geographical knowledge, should this be the first time he may have heard of it. Though one of the curiosities of the world, Jan Mayen has been so rarely visited, that few persons, even among arctic mariners, could render any account of it; and the belief has been current in some quarters that for many years it has been wholly inaccessible. M. Babinet, of the French Institute, made a statement to this effect in the *Journal des Débats*, as lately as the 30th of December 1856—he, apparently, having not then received intelligence of Lord Dufferin's exploit in the previous summer. It is now, however, an established fact that the island can be reached; and it is not unlikely that other spirited yachtsmen, emulating his lordship's bold example, will seek a new excitement in making it the object of some of their seafaring excursions.

A CHEAP TRAIN.

'WELL, Fred., and where are you going to? You're never very locomotive, I know; but you're surely never intending to run yourself to seed here all the autumn, browsing, Nebuchadnezzarlike, among the grass crops of modern Babylon, in September.'

The speaker was my friend Mr Spooner; the occasion, an evening visit with which he favoured me, in Pumphandle Court, in the early part of the present month. The air of quiet self-complacency with which this rather flippant address was associated, induced me to surmise that its object was rather to elicit some evidence of curiosity on my part as to his own plans, than to obtain information in regard to mine; and I rejoined, therefore, in the true spirit of friendship, by a similar inquiry.

'Well, do you know, I rather think of cutting over to Paris by "the cheap train,"' was the reply, enunciated with a glibness which agreeably confirmed my impression of my own sagacity. 'It's too late for Scotland'—this was a piece of gentle swagger. Mr Spooner's foot never having pressed the 'native hills' of the grouse in his life, and his acquaintance with that bird being exclusively a dinner-table one—and too early for Brighton; and I've got an odd ten-pound note, with which I calculate—with management and economy, and that's the true secret of enjoyment, mind you—I shall be able to knock out a fortnight very jolly.'

Never having had the good-fortune to perceive in my acquaintance with my friend, any particular evidence that management and economy were his peculiar forte, my curiosity as to his plans was rather awakened.

'Yes, I've got a return-ticket—two pound there and back, or something of that sort; third class and a carpet-bag, you know. Nobody knows me; and I'm not proud,' he continued—rather defiantly, it struck me, for so true a philosopher. 'Bedroom in the *marais*. Breakfast, a cup of coffee and some fried potatoes. Palais Royal dinner, two francs fifty, with half a bottle of "*Macon vieux*," eh! and the thing's done, you know. As for amusement, bless you, I shan't want any knocking about. They translate so close up in England now-a-days, that there'll be nothing at the theatres I shan't be able to see here between now and January, with the advantage of understanding it; and there's the Louvre and the singing cafés, and lots of fun to be had in Paris for nothing.'

A recollection of an amiable weakness on my friend's part for little dinners, and the relaxations, not always inexpensive, of Cremorne and M. Laurent's

conversations, induced me the more highly to appreciate the self-denial with which he proposed to associate the enjoyment of foreign travel; and after I had inspected his passport, which, embellished and ratified as it was by two engraved coats of arms, and the signature of Lord Clarendon's private secretary, he appeared to regard as a sort of pocket palladium—our colloquy terminated.

A few days ago, I chanced to encounter Mr Spooner at a popular dining establishment on the confines of Westendia, and was gratified to observe, from a downy moustache, and a new scarf-pin of unmistakably Parisian origin, that the proposed trip had been duly accomplished.

'Ah, Fred,' he observed, when he saw me, 'shady place this, after Vefour's and the Café de Paris. Pretty notions we have of dining in England. Waiter! look here—get me some more saddle of mutton, and the currant jelly, and a pint of Bordeaux.'

'It's ill talking,' says the proverb, 'between a full man and a fasting;' so having completed my own modest two shillings' worth, I proposed hearing the details of my friend's excursion when he had completed his, and adjourned to the smoking-room, whither he soon followed me.

'By Jove, Fred, this won't do, mind ye, after Philippe's: I can't stand this two-shilling business now; as for the Bordeaux, it's not drinkable. Bonaparte, Hannibal, or whoever it was, might have cut through Mont St Bernard with it. It's as sour as vinegar, I give you my honour; it's only fit to make salad dressing or sauce piquante.'

I hinted that the choice vintages of France, of which he seemed to have acquired so keen an appreciation, were not as yet attainable in this country at three shillings a bottle; and then inquired the particulars of his trip, the economy of which impressed me the more from the valuable experiences *in re prandiarum* which, notwithstanding, he appeared to have derived from it. I give them, to do him justice, in his own words.

'Well, sir, I started the morning after I saw you, and got down to Boulogne very jolly by the middle of the day.'

I had thought the 'cheap train' went by the Dieppe or Newhaven route.

'Well, yes. But you see, when it came to the point, I thought, you know, that what with the time it would take on the journey, and the additional eating and drinking—we must consider all these things—I shouldn't save much; so I sold my ticket to Tom Wye or Wake for a pound, and concluded to go down comfortable.'

'I see. First class—express.'

'Yes. I wanted, besides, to see Amiens cathedral, which I should have missed by the other routes.'

Mr Spooner, I feel bound to remark, had never before evinced, to my knowledge, the most remote interest in or desire to make himself acquainted with the mysteries of church architecture.

'Well,' he continued, 'I got down very well, and, mind you, it's much the pleasantest way of doing the thing, put up at the Hôtel des Bains, and had a stunning fricandeau and a bottle of Burgundy. Better for a fellow to begin with Burgundy before he gets on to claret; and Beaune's a good half-way house between sherry and Château Lafitte.'

I admired my friend's perspicacity; told him so, and he continued.

'Well, sir, I started for Paris the next morning.'

'Third class?'

'Why, no. I had fully intended now to have begun economising; but the fact is, I travelled from London with some remarkably nice people, who were going to winter at Rome; and after passing one day with the family, I couldn't make up my mind to the society for

the next of the courier and lady's-maid. Besides, upon consideration, I thought it better not to fatigue myself. There's no economy, you know, in a fellow fatiguing himself; and as they charge extra for luggage, and allow you precious little in the third class, that, you see, would have made a difference.'

'To the family who were going to winter at Rome, I dare say; but you were only going to take a carpet-bag, weren't you?'

'Well, I was; but I thought, upon consideration, I had better go comfortable, and a fellow must have clothes wherever he is; so I got some new toggery, and a box or two of cigars—for there's no standing those five sous weeds in Paris—so that what with one thing and what with another, I had rather more luggage than I had intended.'

'And Amiens cathedral?'

'Oh! I was obliged to cut that, and got into Paris about six o'clock, after a remarkably pleasant day with the remarkably pleasant family. *Pater familias* very civil, and said they should be happy to renew the acquaintance. Uncommon nice connection, mind you, and worth the difference between first and third class fare any day.'

'Perhaps so, if the family had been going to winter in London instead of Rome. As it was, the investment was perhaps hardly so good. However, get on.'

'When I got to Paris, I cut 'em, and determined then to begin doing the economical. By the way, they were no end of civil at Boulogne about the cigars. Depend upon it, if I had not been travelling like a gentleman, I should have had nobody knows what duty to pay for 'em at the custom-house, and there would have been a further expense. True economy, my dear Fred, must be discriminating.'

I yielded my fullest concurrence to this proposition.

'Well, sir, I soon routed out a cheap hotel; and thus ended my second day.'

Mr Spooner now fell to his Bordeaux, the demerits of which he had apparently forgotten, and then continued:

'I was up pretty early the next morning, and paid my hotel bill.'

'Cheap?'

'Well, to say the truth, it wasn't. I suspect, if you are vagabondising for only a night at an hotel, the best is the best; but one must carry out one's principles.'

'With discrimination,' I ventured to suggest.

'Quite so. With discrimination, of course. Well, the next day I devoted to lodging-hunting, and a pretty turn I had of it, for I was resolved now to begin to economise, and secure the right thing cheap, you know. At length, I hit upon it; and after nearly losing the thing by sticking out for attendance included, found myself the proprietor of an apartment with a sloping roof, a cracked glass over the chimney-piece, a cracked marble table, a cracked marble washing-stand, a bed with a game leg, and a *chiffonnier* that wouldn't shut—for seven francs a week. Not bad that, I think.'

'Economical enough, in all conscience. What then?'

'Why, then, I went off to the Palais Royal to get some dinner.'

'I see: two francs fifty!'

'Well, I had intended; but it was rather late for Richard's, and having unluckily to pass the Trois Frères Provençaux—'

'You very naturally turned in there.'

'Why, to confess the truth, I did, for having, you see, made such a cheap arrangement for my lodging, I thought I might indulge a little.'

'Exactly: *bisque* and a cutlet à la Provençale.'

'Well, something of the kind, I must admit.'

'And a *plomberie*, perhaps, with a little dry *Sillery*.'

'Well, I had a little ice-pudding and some champagne, certainly.'

'To be sure. And then?'

'Nothing else, upon my honour, except a little Chambertin to top up with, and some black coffee and maraschino. Home to bed, and spoiled a new hat, by the way, against the ceiling going in.'

'So much for the economy of a *mansarde* at seven francs a week; but the principle is the thing.'

The further detail of Mr Spooner's experiences, though interesting to me, might scarcely prove as entertaining to the world at large. Suffice it to say, that they all exhibited more or less the same disproportionate mixture of the mean and the magnificent; the same 'cheap train' of idea, and profusion in practice, with which he seemed to have initiated them. His home for the day had cost him a *franc*; his dinner, ten! He had economised, by avoiding the Italian Opera, to spend twice the saving in bouquets and pistol-shots at the Salle Valentino! He had expended as much in overproof brandy, which made him ill, to see nothing of life, at a dingy wine-shop in the Rue Traversine, as would have given him a very fair glimpse of its reality at the Variétés! He had not been able to join three English friends at an excursion to Versailles, because he had treated as many Frenchmen, whom he knew and cared nothing about, to supper and rum-punch the night before at the Bal Bullien.

How Mr Spooner wrote home for some more money on the Friday of his first week, fasting that day, and indeed the following, with a severity which would doubtless have infinitely gratified the ecclesiastical authorities of the district, it is painful to me to record; how, upon his 'resumption of cash-payments,' he revelled afterwards, I need not detail. Suffice it to say, that he arrived at London Bridge on the tenth day from that on which he had taken leave of it, with only a twenty *centime* piece in his pocket, and disturbed the parental home ungracefully at two o'clock in the morning for the payment of his cab.

'And what's the dearest part of the whole thing, Fred,' my friend concluded, 'I don't think somehow, upon my honour, that I really enjoyed myself. I don't know how it was, but I suspect that I got wrong at the beginning, and was never able somehow to work round again. It's a bad plan, mark ye, for a fellow to alter his arrangements when he has once made them. I do believe—I give you my word—that if it hadn't been for the going down first class, in the first instance, I should have done the thing as I told you with the ten pounds, and jolly too!'

During the enjoyment of the solitary half hour which succeeded the conversation I have detailed, I endeavoured to reduce Mr Spooner's experiences to something like a principle, which resolved itself finally into this: that nothing in life is easier than a 'cheap train' of ideas, but that its development into the desirable results which are its ultimate object, can only be secured by as much careful forethought and practical self-denial as are required for other things. Sure it seemed to me that the best designs for economy on the occasion of an autumn tour or any other, if not carried out practically *ab initio*, are scarcely likely to develop themselves subsequently, such operations of nature, like most others, bearing fruit of the seed originally sown 'after its kind.'

Mr Spooner, though not wiser than his neighbours—and there was probably no reason why he should be so—was perhaps, after all, not much less wise than many of them. Half the world of us who do claim to see a little beyond our noses, are as prolific in 'cheap trains' of idea born to die, as that honest but unsuccessful young philosopher. Edwin and Angelina, for instance, agreeing that it is not worth while to wait any longer—and quite right too—make their start in life with 'cheap trains' illimitable of ideal economy; commencing with a wedding which, for luxury of detail, might serve

as a prelude to L.3000 a year instead of L.300; and appliances for the adornment and glorification of 'The Hermitage, Kensington Gravel Pits,' which would not discredit the 'splendid family mansion, adapted to a nobleman or gentleman,' in Palace Gardens, to which they are not without hopes—for these are days of ambition—of some day attaining, and which they are inaugurating a system of life so ingeniously calculated to secure. Alas! the twelvemonth is not over before Angelina, with *modes* enough in her *trousseau* to furnish a shop, is sighing over the labours of a home-made *bassinet*; and Edwin, regardless of the delight of the Hermitage, is converting that bower of bliss into a pandemonium to himself and everybody else, because butcher's meat is ninepence a pound instead of sevenpence. With ten years more experience, we shall find the gentle pair developing the more matured view of the same system of domestic economy, by giving careful dinners, which you and I who eat them know they cannot afford, and saving to make up for them by the educational establishments of Monsieur Patis and Madame Pailon, Rue des Enfants Trouvés, Boulogne-sur-Mer, where there are no extras, for holidays, and the living is as light as the terms, for Frank and Fanny. While further still, could we penetrate the mists of half a century, we might see them, though

Soon that year morn come
Will bring 'em to their last,

developing further fruits of the seed originally sown 'after its kind,' as full of project for the little time remaining for practice, as when they were 'first acquant'—just beginning to suspect, perhaps, like Mr Spooner, when the mischief is done, that they had 'got wrong at the beginning, and were unable somehow to work round again;' surmising their want of wisdom; resolving and re-resolving to end as they commenced.

Here I was awakened from my day-dreaming by the waiter putting the gas out; and upon calling for my bill, discovered that while moralising upon the fallibility of resolution of Mr Spooner and humanity in general, I had extended the single cigar, to which I had vowed to confine myself, into a plurality, upon the precise extent of which, as I am giving up smoking, I refrain from expatiating; and my modest cup of coffee into more of the agreeable summer beverage which my friend had so emphatically denounced, than, unless I develop my own 'cheap trains' of idea a little more practically, the wisdom arising from them is ever likely to pay for.

ALEXANDER SMITH'S 'CITY POEMS'

WHEN a poet's first book has been very successful, the second is hardly likely to get justice done to it. He is held responsible for all the exaggeration of enthusiastic admirers, who inevitably lead the way for disappointed purchasers. His claims are sternly challenged by all those whose dissenting voices were drowned in the general applause, and who have been lying in wait for any turn of the tide. Then, each of the various sections of the public, who supported the new author for the promise they found in his book, expects as a matter of course that he will fulfil his promise in that special direction, and according to their personal choice; whereas he must go his own way, and if he has made progress, and does not repeat himself, it will be in a new direction. The result is certain; his new *style* will be responded to by a chorus of disappointment, and the author will be abused for not doing what he was expected to do, rather than fairly judged by what

* *City Poems*. By Alexander Smith. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1857.

e has done. Mr Smith's second venture was especially perilous, he had so large an amount of success to answer for. A poet whose first volume sold 10,000 copies at home, and 80,000 abroad, is not likely to come off scot-free a second time. Nevertheless, we elieve that in the minds of all calm judges and fair calers, these *City Poems* will be considered far superior to the *Life Drama*, and will win for their author more real honour. The detraction they have drawn own upon him will work less harm than did the and folly of the injudicious and unskilled critics of is earlier effort.

The vagueness of the *Life Drama* became in the inds of many synonymous with vastness, and with ach the present poems will appear poor in comparison, ecially because they are more within bounds. Those ho overrated the one, will underrate the other.

But vagueness is not necessarily vastness, and law is a far higher thing than lawlessness. Similes, images, nd jewels might have been gathered from the *Life Drama* as the Carthaginians gathered rings from the attle-field of Cannæ, by the bushelful, so great was heir profusion. These are used more sparingly in the *City Poems*, but with a far truer effect. The manner f the writer is much less spasmodic, by which we can less sudden in transition from thought to bought, and from thing to thing. There is more omogeneity of style; greater mastery has rendered it aluable. And instead of our being so often blinded ith a whirlwind of gold-dust, we see the gold flowing to form, calm, and sometimes strong, and often plendid. The author comes nigher to the business nd the bosoms of men who think and suffer. The eat of passion is more covered in, and breaks out less a fancies of fire. Throughout, the poems impress us as eing the work of a man who is honestly trying to do is best in all matters wherein he has any choice. He as pruned his lavish leafage and rank overgrowth, hecked many extravagant tendencies, curbed his egasus when wantonly wayward or in a voluptuous ein; and for these things he is to be commended and ccouraged. Many of his earlier admirers will desert im because he has not out-heroded Herod in the pasmodic sublime. They have yet to learn what Mr mith appears to have learned, that the subtlest and epest things in poetry do not leave us blinded, but lumed—not breathlessly startled so much as quietly ontent. He can afford to forego their cheers, having hosen the worthier way to fame, to be followed by he approbation of the wiser few. The great want of e new book is the want of new and varied experience f life. This is unfortunate, but no personal fault. A an who is not yet twenty-seven, and who is only st married, is not expected to reproduce the whole und of human experience. What we urge is, that a has done the best he could do for the time being, quired more knowledge, purified his thinking, astened his expression, and altogether improved his t; so that, when the new experience comes, as me it will with coming years, he can transmute it to song with a perfecter freedom, and a larger ver.

With regard to the cry of plagiarism which has been used, we have only to say, that it might be raised gainst the most original poet that ever lived. All ung poets reproduce, more or less, the thoughts nd images of others. Mr Smith has done this not ore than many others, only his 'private eating' has en obvious. The young writer does not consciously ke possession of the thoughts of others, so much as ey unconsciously take possession of him, and compel m to reproduce them, in the faith that they are his own. e has so thoroughly felt them that they become, in ct, his own. Still, many of the thoughts and images the *Life Drama*, which have been attributed to ordsworth, Keats, and Tennyson, do not specially

belong to those poets, having been used by others before them, and become a sort of common property of thought, a portion of that stock which, when we meet with it, we recognise it as being somewhat the worse for wear; but we do not call in a detective, or start on any Quixotic crusade in search of the original possessor. Of course, we are now speaking only of that which has been ground down into the undistinguishable diamond-dust of thought, and not of those gems which every poet perfects as his own, and which will be identified as his wherever they are found. If a writer reproduce these, so much the worse for him, for they will tend to throw suspicion on whatsoever is really his own. Young authors whose memory is apt to play false, cannot be too jealously watchful in scrutinising whatever arises in their mind, and canvassing its claims to originality. Mr Smith's second book is far more original than was the first; and it would be a cruel discouragement if full credit were not given to him for an effort so entirely right. There are fewer startlingly fine things, but this we do not regret, the finest things are so apt not to be original. Generally, fine things only arrive at their perfection by passing through many minds, being touched by each; and when these come very thickly, they have more the look of being gathered than of being grown. Instead of these, there is more maturity, and often a quiet continuity of thought, and one or two touches of pathos, which give more certain sign of power than anything in the previous work. For example:

The past is very tender at my heart;

Full, as the memory of an ancient friend

When once again we stand beside his grave.

Raking amongst old papers thrown in haste

'Mid useless lumber, unawares I came

On a forgotten poem of my youth.

I went aside and read each faded page

Warm with dead passion, sweet with buried Junes,

Filled with the light of suns that are no more.

I stood like one who finds a golden treas

Given by loving hands no more on earth,

And starts, beholding how the dust of years,

Which dims all else, has never touched its light.

Then, again, we are reminded that few things can be finer than the conclusion of the following lines, although it does not startle us with surprise, but satisfies us with its sweetness:

Love, unreturned,

Hath gracious uses; the keen pang departs,

The sweetness never. Sorrow's touch doth ope

A mingled fount of sweet and bitter tears,

No summer's heat can dry, no winter's cold

Lock up in ice. *When music grieves, the past*

Returns in tears.

And surely the author sounds the deeps of feeling when he describes the mother, who in her mortal agony presses her dead child with more than the living love—

And pours more passionate kisses on the lip

Than when they kissed again.

Here is true thought admirably expressed; musical in its movement, and beautiful in its repose:

We sit together at a rich man's feast,

When, as if beckoned by an unseen hand,

The man whose laugh is loudest in his cups

Rises with a wild face, and goes away

From mirth into a shroud without a word.

With what pale faces, and how still they go!

What visions see they, and what voices hear?

We only know this buried root of life

Holds still, it knows not why, within its heart

A vague tradition of an upper light,

To which it strives, and, dying, spent and foiled,

It feebly feels it should have borne a flower

'Neath some propitious heaven.

And while upon the subject of 'thought,' we may instance the following as an insight far beyond the raptures of the *Life Drama*, at once truthful, manly, and necessary, seeing that first love is not the only love with common flesh-and-blood humanity in this everyday world of ours:

Is this Love

An unseen god, whose voice is heard but once,
In youth's green valleys, ever dead and mute
'Mong manhood's iron hills? A power that comes
On the instant, whelming like the light that smote
Saul from his horse; never a thing that draws
Its exquisite being from the light of smiles,
And low sweet tones, and fond companionship?
Brothers and sisters grow up at our sides,
Unfelt and silently are knit to us.

Would love not grow
In the communion of long-wedded years?
Would not an infant be the marriage priest
To stand between us and unite our hands,
And bid us love?

Such lines as these also shew that his Muse can walk with firmer feet:

With the invariable and dread advance
Of midnight's starry armies, must we set
Our foolish wandering hours.

And here is steadier grasp and subtler perception:

The right hand learns its cunning, and the feet
That tread upon the rough ways of the world
Grow mercifully callous.

Mr Smith is admirable in description; his pictures are often full of power and beauty, and equally felicitous, whether done at a stroke or two of broad-handling, or finished with delicate touches. We might fill a page or two with such as these:

A wide gray windy sea bespecked with foam.

A LANDSCAPE.

He lay upon a tower in leafy Kent
Watching a lazy river; glorious leagues
Of woods yet gleaming with a falling shower,
O'er which a rainbow strode; a red-tiled town
Set in a tender film of azure smoke,
And here and there upon the little heights
A wind-mill turning its preposterous arms.

FIRE.

That maniac, Fire, is loose; who was so tame,
When little children looked into his face,
He laughed and blinked within his prison-grate.
His fit is on; the merry winking elf
Has rushed into a hungry crimson fiend:
Now he will seize a house, crush in the roof,
And leap and dance above his prey.

ARRAN.

Change melts in finer change from clear green light
To purple thunder-gloom.

HIGHLAND SCENERY.

O'er rude unthrifty wastes we held our way
Whence never lark rose upward with a song,
Where no flower lit the marsh: the only sights,
The passage of a cloud—a thin blue smoke
Far on the idle heath—now caught, now lost,
The pink road wavering to the distant sky.
At noon we rested near a mighty hill,
That from our morning hut slept far away
Azure and soft as air. Upon its sides
The shepherds shouted 'mid a noise of dogs:
A stream of sheep came slowly trickling down,
Spread to a pool, then poured itself in haste.
The sun sunk o'er a crimson fringe of hills:
The violet evening filled the lower plain,

From which it upward crept and quenched the lights—
A while the last peak burned in lingering rose,
And then went out. We toiled at dead of night
Through a deep glen, the while the lonely stars
Trembled above the ridges of the hills;
And in the utter hush the ear was filled
With low sweet voices of a thousand streams,
Some near, some far remote—faint trickling sounds
That dwelt in the great solitude of night
Upon the edge of silence. A sinking moon
Hung on one side and filled the shattered place
With gulfs of gloom, with floating shades, and threw
A ghostly glimmer on wet rock and pool.

EYES LIGHTED WITH GENIUS.

That with their brightness held you from his face:
The thought stood in them ere 'twas spoken; *Wü*
Laughed on you from the window ere she danced
Out on you from the door.

THE FLOWER-POT ON THE WINDOW-SILL.

I dwelt within a gloomy court,
Wherein did never sunbeam sport;
Yet there my heart was stirred—
My very blood did dance and thrill,
When on my narrow window-sill,
Spring lighted like a bird.

Tennyson has a very lovely image of the water-lily folding itself with the closing day:

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom, and be lost in me.

But we cannot afford to forego this simile of Mr Smith's because the image has been used before:

By sweet degrees
My slumberous being closed its weary leaves
In drowsy bliss, and slowly sank in dream,
As sinks the water-lily 'neath the wave.

If the author should think we have interpreted his book with sufficient sympathy to permit us to give a word or two of counsel for the future, we should say, let him write nothing until he is absolutely impelled—his mind '*being of child with glorious great intent*'—and the subject within him, having been fed with the sunshine of spirit, and watered with the dew of the heart, is ripe for poetry. Then let him shape it as much as possible lyrically. We say this, because the most sustained, effective, and satisfactory things in the *City Poems* are the lyrics '*Barbara*,' '*Glasgow*,' and the '*Night before the Wedding*.' These shew the afflatus, and ring with the certainty of true inspiration; they are more congruous, coherent, and concrete than the poems in blank verse. And for these reasons we think—blank verse offers fatal facilities for piecemeal work; it can be wrought like mosaic; but the lyric requires a more mounting and continuous impulse, a more lifted mood of mind, so that thought and feeling must flow in music; beside which, the restraints of rhyme, and varied verse, help to hold the poetic substance as in a crucible, until it is fused down to flowing-point in the opposing heat of the impelling power. Let him be on his guard against a vague generalisation, which sometimes nullifies the special truth previously uttered. For instance, after bewailing his lot in being shut up in a city far away from the mornings of spring in the country and the coloured glory of its summer world, in a sweeping generalisation at the end of the poem, he tells us that in the City's noise alone dwell

All raptures of this mortal breath.

If so, what becomes of the meaning of the poem, which is a sigh for raptures that do not dwell there?

He must also endeavour to check a tendency he has of flying off into space for reference to external nature, at the very moment that we require the culminating human interest. This is shewn in the last stanza of 'Barbara,' where the writer avoids the real difficulty, loses the crowning success, by reeling off into the air when near the top of the hill, and never touching it. He begins talking about the 'dreary hills,' 'fringe of rain,' and 'hurt and wounded sea'—the last being a vile tautologous specimen of the 'pathetic fallacy,' where he ought to have given us the pathetic truth.

Our author has an evident personal predilection for the dramatic form; but we do not think he proves himself to be in possession of the dramatic faculty. He does not disguise himself behind the dramatic mask, and we easily recognise the exalted stature to be made up of him and the stilts; therefore, we should say, fling aside both mask and stilts, and do not trouble yourself about *dramatis personæ*, but utter what you have to say straight out in your own personal presence. And, lastly, when you have written your next book, before going to press, send the manuscript to your critic of the *Athenæum*, if you have any niggings on the score of originality, and so make use of his detective talent by turning it to better account than he has done himself.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER I.

Nothing but the perfect guilelessness and candour of Clémence de Bonneville, associated in my illogical precipitation with the circumstances which appeared to place her claim to be the daughter of Mrs Waller beyond controversy, could have rendered me disreputable of the surprising aptness of discoveries or relations following each other in such dramatic sequence. The seed-pearl necklace and other of the stolen child's articles of dress, carefully concealed during fourteen years, had been found a few days previous to my arrival at St Malo, in an armour, of which Fanchette, suddenly overtaken by anxiety to add a brooch that had not been lost, possessed, or slyly procured, a key! Fanchette, Mr Webbe's well-versed confederate, moreover, relates—attaching, however, in her ingenuous simplicity, no importance to the attemt—that she had once heard a Dr Poitevin mention the remarkable anatomical fact which, a letter on Mrs Linwood placed in my hands ten minutes afterwards by the privateer captain, apprises me is an infallible test by which the most cunningly conducted attempt at fraudulent personation would be exposed and defeated! Not, by the way, in my hands, and under the actual circumstances, could that test prove so instantly decisive. Dr Poitevin, I ascertained, had been dead some months; and it was out of the question that I should insist upon a young lady giving her ribs scientifically counted for my especial satisfaction! I doubted that Clémence herself, being, anything, the plumpest of us two, could do so with accuracy, for I certainly could not mine; and after any trials, was unable, for the life of me, to determine whether popular belief and Jeremy Taylor were correct or not, in insisting that, since Adam, every man was minus one, taken for the creation of his other-half, 'from nearest his heart that he may love, on under his arm that he may protect her.' Fanchette, however, fully corroborated by Clémence, before whom, by way of proposing the question in as seemingly manner as possible, I placed Mrs Linwood's letter, the passage I have quoted strongly underlined. 'Ah, it is very true!' exclaimed the sweet girl with a charming blush and smile, after glancing at the lines. Dr Poitevin declared so when I was ill of the fever.'

'Dr Poitevin declared so in your hearing, dear Clémence?'

'O yes!—or, stay; let me reflect a moment. Certainly,' she presently added, 'it seems to me that he must have done so; but it is a long time since, and having frequently heard Fanchette and maman mention the doctor's remark, I may, you know, have come to erroneously imagine that I heard it from his own lips.'

'Be that as it may, I have not the slightest doubt, believe me, of the fact,' was my reply. Nor had I; and it was that intimate conviction which rendered me contemptuously indifferent to the clumsily cunning artifices employed to confirm a truth, so manifest to my apprehension, that disbelief was impossible. Webbe had persuaded or terrified Louise Féron into restoring Lucy Hamblin to her mother, and he had adopted a deceptive, roundabout method of carrying their mutual purpose into effect, in order to enhance the value and consequent reward of his services—a reward which Féron was of course to share. To be sure, this hypothesis did not account for Webbe's unappeasable anxiety to have us married before leaving France; but he might be really afraid that Clémence—innocent as myself of all that underhand, behind-the-scenes work—would refuse to abandon her actual home except under the protection of a husband; in which case, Webbe would be under the disagreeable necessity of confessing that the difficulties and dangers attendant upon our enterprise were, primarily, of his own seeking. Subsequently, indeed, when summoning to the session of calmer thoughts, the mass of confused and contradictory statement with which my ears had been filled by Webbe, the fallacy of such reasoning appeared palpable enough; but at the time, the strong impression upon my mind must have been as stated—a density of apprehension, which the ascertainment beyond doubt that proofs of the abduction by Louise Féron of the child my father was accused of having drowned, were really extant, within reach, if I blundered not, of my eager, trembling hand, may, by monopolising all my perceptive and reasoning faculties, have considerably aggravated.

To the same absorbing pre-occupation of mind must also, in fairness, be attributed another manifestation of perceptive obtuseness, the recollection of which, though the frosts of three-and-forty winters have since then chastened my pulse and cooled my blood, causes me even now, as I write, to glow and redden to my fingers' ends; and which, but that its omission would obscure my narrative, should certainly remain untold.

It will be readily believed that I deeply sympathised with the gentle-hearted Clémence, not only because of the grievous, irreparable wrong she had suffered by being stolen in her infancy from a loving parent and wealthy home, and subjected during twice seven years to comparative indigence and stern control; but with her deep sorrow at discovering that the woman whom she had loved as a mother was wholly unworthy of an affection, which she could not, as her tears testified whenever the subject was touched upon, subdue at will, or readily transfer to another.

Well, I expressed that natural sympathy with a warmth which it never once occurred to me would be almost certainly misconstrued, coming from a young man to a still younger maiden, who, concurrently with that young man's appearance upon the scene, had discarded a former lover. The reader is already aware that I was mightily free with such expressions as 'Dear Clémence'—that my tears mingled with those of the sobbing girl whose drooping head rested upon my shoulder. Other endearing, innocent familiarities recur to memory as I write; of which the legitimate interpretation and tendency was all unperceived by me during the first intoxication of spirit excited by the achieved success, as I supposed, of the momentous mission with which I was intrusted.

The only excuse I could make to myself when Webbe, affecting to look as fierce as a dragon whose golden fruit had been filched whilst he slumbered over his charge, called my attention to the obvious result of my thoughtless conduct, was that I could not, under any circumstances, have imagined the possibility of such a catastrophe. My previous intercourse with the better sex afforded no warning of the peril I incurred of inadvertently awakening the susceptibilities of young and gentle hearts. The damsels of the Wight must have been strangely unimpressible, seeing that, in the words of the old song,

I had kissed and had prattled with fifty fair maids,
And changed them as often, d'yo see—

and the dence of one of them had, to my knowledge, cared a straw about the matter! There was, indeed, every excuse for my inconsiderate behaviour, for, good Heaven! who that saw me come shining forth in the trim previously described, save that pale blue replaced bright yellow pants, from the Hôtel de l'Empire upon those unfortunate visits, could have believed that such a Guy might, by possibility, agitate, except with laughter, the most sensitive of maiden's hearts!

Yet, I could not deny the flattering impeachment. It was only too true that the dear girl's charming spirits had wholly forsaken her—that her appetite was gone—that at the slightest hint of the peremptory necessity of flight from St Malo before Madame de Bonneville's return, her complexion was one moment celestial rosy red, the next, pale as the lily. Too true that her soft eyes were constantly suffused with tears, and that, when speaking to me, her voice was inexpressibly tender and caressive—her smile so sad, so pitiful, that it would have touched the heart of a tiger!

And this moral ruin was my unconscious work! So at least declared Webbe, who had frequent private interviews with her. The conflict between love and maidenly pride was destroying her, and, unless I soothed that wounded pride by feigning to reciprocate her love, I had discovered Mrs Waller's long-lost daughter only to consign her to an untimely grave!

This was a delightful dilemma to find one's self suddenly placed in; and how to act I knew not. I essayed what effect a total change of demeanour on my part might have; substituted, during two whole days, moroseness, gloom, fretfulness, for the winning ways which must—it could be nothing else—have led captive her too yielding soul. Bah! The infatuated girl was more tearful, tender, caressive than ever.

Meanwhile, time pressed. Madame de Bonneville would soon return; and Captain Webbe, who was getting perfectly ferocious, could not remain with safety to himself forty-eight hours longer in St Malo; whilst to every hint of flight, dear, susceptible Clémence replied by a burst of tears!

Now, what, in such a case, let me ask the candid reader, could I do? A young fellow may live over twenty years unscathed by the tender passion, and yet not have a heart of adamant. Mine, at all events, though not pierceable by any power of Cupid, as I believed—having in that regard all my troubles, like a young bear, to come—was not insensible to the pleadings of generosity and compassion; and after much woful cogitation, I made up my mind to capitulate—upon terms. As thus:

Having in the process spoiled about a quire of paper, I achieved a note, in which, after expressing the esteem and admiration I felt for the young lady, in terms sufficiently general to be literally true, but which Clémence would no doubt read and interpret by the fervid light of her own ardent feelings, I expressed a hope of being permitted to more formally declare how essential her favour was to my future happiness, when she, being restored to her true home, and having

realised the vast change in social position that awaited her, I could do so without incurring the suspicion of attempting to surprise her into an acceptance of my suit before she had been able to appreciate that change of position, or take counsel of her parents.

This I thought very clever, inasmuch as it would leave her at liberty, after reaching London, to take a fancy to somebody else; and it would be odd indeed if she did not there meet with some one she would prefer to me! Hitherto, she had practically the choice only of Jacques Sicard and myself, which could not, of course, be doubtful; but Miss Hamblin, daughter and heiress of the Wallers of Cavendish Square, would have a wide circle of eligible admirers, in the blaze of whose adulation her slightly rooted liking for me would, I earnestly hoped, wither up and disappear.

I was myself the bearer of the note; and finding her at home, and disengaged, I placed it in the young lady's hands, with a whispered intimation that I would, with permission, see her again in the evening. She seemed to instinctively comprehend that I had brought her a declaration; and the dear, sensitive girl would, I feared, have fainted with the violence of an emotion that as often arises from sudden joy as grief. She, however, by a strong effort, mastered her feelings, and I took hasty leave.

This occurred at about one o'clock in the day; and as the dinner-hour was still three hours distant, and I felt extremely fidgety, ill at ease, dissatisfied with myself, I left the hotel for a stroll on the ramparts. The day was fine and mild, though we were but in the second week of March; and it being some imperial anniversary or other, soldiers were parading, and military bands playing there. Besides, I should be pretty sure to fall in with Webbe, whom I was particularly anxious to have a word with before he again saw Clémence, or, as I should say—Lucy.

Whom should I see upon the ramparts but Jacques Sicard, on duty as a lieutenant in the National Guard, and really a smart-looking officer! I should hardly have recognised him in such splendid guise, but for the glance he shot at me of dislike and disdain, fiercely expressive, moreover, of an inclination, restrained only by the bonds of military discipline, to then and there inflict exemplary chastisement upon the presumptuous rustic that had dared to thrust his insignificance between Mademoiselle de Bonneville and Monsieur Sicard, an established bottier, de Paris même! Poor fellow, thought I, if you knew but all!

I found Webbe with his old friend Delisle, and Mr Tyler, his recent acquaintance, to whom I was introduced as 'My nephew, Monsieur Jean Le Gros.' Webbe was in a jocular mood; he had just taken a rise out of the American shipowner, a neat some foolish vapouring by that gentleman relative to a Yankee frigate-victory over the Britishers. Few could do that with more causticity than Webbe; and Mr Tyler, one could see at a glance, was dreadfully ryled and wrathful. Nevertheless, he and the privateer captain exchanged an apparently hearty business hand grasp, and Webbe returned with me to the Hôtel de l'Empire.

I told him that I had made Clémence a formal offer, and that I was to see her again in the evening, but without entering into particulars. He was hugely delighted at the news. 'Henceforth,' he said, 'all will be plain sailing, and the necessity I am under of leaving St Malo the day after to-morrow, can have no hurtful consequence.'

'But zounds, young man,' he exclaimed, 'you are strangely down in the mouth for a valiant hero and successful lover! I suppose, however, that Shakspeare's remark—

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream—

applies as forcibly to marriage as to murder. We

can't then, I think, do better than strive to solace the few hours we have yet to pass together, with brandy, cigars, and a fire; if a fire be obtainable at this hour of the day in a French hotel.'

Brandy, cigars, and a fire were supplied, and Mr Webbe favoured me with a programme of the arrangements that, in contemplation of my acquiescence before it was too late in the marital preliminary—failing which, nothing could be done—he had concerted with Fanchette. The essential points were, that the marriage was to be privately celebrated by a priest, spoken with or retained for that purpose; that on the evening of the bridal-day, I, the bride, and Fanchette, should set out by diligence for Granville, and on arriving there, lose not a moment in betaking ourselves to the dwelling of Baptiste, who had a lugger-boat in waiting to convey us to Jersey, where we should in all probability meet Captain Webbe himself.

Webbe's boisterous glee whilst running over these interesting details grated on my ear, like the exulting scoff of a victor. It was evident he knew that Clémence could not leave St Malo except as my wife, and after that clever note of mine, a refusal to marry her would be absurd. These comfortable reflections did anything but raise my spirits, which Webbe perceiving, he proposed to redeem his promise of placing me in possession of the how and why he became Captain Jules Renaudin.

'That will do,' I said; 'go on.'

'Of course, anything would do that promised to lighten the sadness which lengthens Romeo's hours'—

'Fish! Pray, let me have your story, Mr Webbe, without other frippery or garniture than is inseparably inwoven with the woof and warp of the story itself.'

'You are a trifle waspish, my young friend. But that, taking into account the afflictive tortures of suspense you are now of course suffering— Don't, for Heaven's sake, jump up and jabber in that frantic fashion, Linwood. Really you are the most touchy popgun I ever handled. However, if a plain tale will put you down, be reseated at once, for here you have it, without further preface.'

'Once upon a time,' proceeded Webbe, 'I was a strictly orthodox privateer. I slew and pillaged upon the high seas only those whom the *London Gazette* proclaimed to be natural enemies, and the articles of war, and thanksgiving-for-victory sermons, enjoined all loyal subjects and Christian men to sink, burn, or otherwise destroy to the extent of their ability. Days of innocence and virtue, whither have ye fled! Shall I never again feel the sweet serenity of soul which attended upon the consciousness of knowing that the fellows I blew to kingdom come were natural enemies; that the cargoes I made prize of only ruined rascals that had the impiety to be born out of God-fearing, orthodox England!'

'Mr Webbe, I am rather crabbed in temper just now, and mouthy attempts to confound legitimate, loyal war with piracy—your persiflage means that or nothing—will only increase that irritation. Either let me hear your "plain tale," or hold your peace: I am indifferent which, to be quite candid.'

'Your politeness, I have before observed, Master Linwood, is, for your years, surprising. Nevertheless, as I happen just now to be in quite a heavenly frame of mind, I readily excuse an infirmity which, judging from your very bilious aspect, must be more offensive to its owner than to any one else. Seriously, though, I can't believe you have reason to be so nervously apprehensive that Clémence will have the cruelty to refuse— There, there, don't jump out of the window or into the fire, and I'll steer as steadily as a flat broad-bottomed Dutchman.'

'Once upon a time, then, as before explained, I was a strictly orthodox privateer; and for several years

orthodoxy and a full purse kept, as is their natural wont, each other company. But all that's bright must fade; and slowly but surely the blockade of continental ports, constantly increasing in rigour and effectiveness, by the British cruisers, frightfully diminished the profits of that respectable line of business. Things, however, were not come by a long way to their present miserable pass ten years ago, or thereabout, when the baptism of fire and flood by which I became a child of France and a sharer in the glory of "*Les Victoires et Conquêtes des Français*" took place. It was precisely at the time when Bonaparte, whose blazing star now seems so near its final setting, had assembled an immense army in the neighbourhood of Boulogne for the invasion of England. There is an old one-armed capitaine de corvette,' continued Webbe, with out-lauding gaiety of heart, '*living en retraite at Avranches*, and who, by the by, was present at that blessed banquet, who has often explained to me how that little affair would, should, must, according to all scientific rules—but for one or two provoking illogical accidents—have come off. Had Villeneuve, he used to explain, persisted, in accordance with his bounden duty and positive instructions, in coaxing Nelson to continue seeking for him where he could not be found; and if Calder had not fallen in with and crippled a division of the French fleet, that fleet, favoured by a steady favourable breeze, would have safely convoyed the French troops across the unguarded Channel to the shores of Albion, and landed them quietly there, in excellent condition. Those soldiers, as definitively arranged in the imperial programme, would, on the following day, have beaten, pulverised the English army; London would have been sacked, the House of Guelph and the British constitution abolished; England, Scotland, Wales, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed parcelled out into departments, and the great emperor and the grand army have got safely back to France, whilst the British fleets were nowhere! A humbling lesson to the sublimity of intellect,' added Mr Webbe, 'to reflect that one or two wretched accidents should have power to disconcert the most splendid conception of genius that has dazzled mankind since the days of that royal peer whose breeches cost him but a crown, which he held sixpence all too dear, and!'

'Confound your ceaseless nonsense! It is irritating enough at all times, but especially so when the mind, torn, lacerated by conflicting doubts and fears, is'

'Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,' interjected Webbe. 'Just so. I remember that in the days of my youth, my own mind was in a similar condition, arising, in my case, from my being reduced for several weeks to a diet of weevily biscuits and foul cockroach water, and not an over-supply of that—I've done—I've done. Stay where you are, and I'll run the remainder of the story off the reel without a hitch.'

'Once upon a time, I resume—that time, as aforesaid—I was unsuccessfully dodging about in the *Wasp*, privateer—a craft of about the same tonnage and armament as the *Scout*—off Ushant, till early one morning, it then blowing half a gale of wind, with every sign of more hands being clapped on to the bellows, when a large schooner hove in sight. We took her to be a French or Spanish merchantman—a mistake, as we too late discovered. The schooner was, in fact, the privateer *Passe-partout*—a queer name, given her by her somewhat famous captain, Jules Renaudin—an unconscionable individual, who, not content with the exalted glory of being blown up with the *Orient*, of which he was a petty officer, at the Nile, had got himself appointed commander of the said *Passe-partout*, not so much with a view to commercial profit, as for the ungrateful purpose of having a shy at the nation that had given him such a hoist in life.

'You may depend upon it,' continued Webbe, 'that if I had known my customer, I should have given the *Passe-partout* a very wide berth. Gain, not glory, is the object of every privateer captain that understands his business. Fighting is not our vocation, and should always be avoided, unless the prize is not only well worth the powder, but pretty sure to be won, at little cost. That was far from being the case with the *Passe-partout*, from which nothing but hard knocks was to be looked for. There was, however, no help for it, so at it we went ding-dong, and continued blazing away at each other for perhaps half an hour, when the *Passe-partout* caught fire—by what chance was never known—and ten minutes afterwards, blew up. There was so wild a sea running, that we could only pick up nine of the unfortunate Frenchmen, amongst whom was Captain Renaudin himself, dreadfully scorched and otherwise injured.

'Our own condition was a perilous one. The enemy's shot had told with terrible effect upon both the hull and spars of the *Wasp*. She made water fast; and during the following night, the gale having meanwhile increased to a hurricane, both the masts, which had been badly wounded, went by the board. We managed to rig up a jury-mast; the men worked bravely at the pumps; and by the middle of the third day after the fight, the *Wasp* had so far staggered—unguidedly staggered up Channel, that she was off Gris Nez, a point northward of Boulogne. By that time the pumps had become unserviceable; the jury-mast and a portion of the bulwarks had been swept away, and the raging sea made a clean breach over the struggling, straining ship, which no one but myself believed would float an hour longer. That was not my opinion, because I had noticed that for some time she had not sunk deeper in the water, whence I concluded that the leak was effectually choked by some substance, one of the sails probably, flung overboard for that purpose, having been sucked into the opening. No argument or persuasion could, however, persuade the men to remain; and as the *Wasp's* boats had sustained no material injury, the English crew, which, fortunately as it had turned out, were far short of the usual complement, took to them, happily without accident, though the operation was a very ticklish one, and pulled off, after vainly entreating me to accompany them, for the English coast. They were soon lost sight of; and next the French prisoners determined on trying their luck in a small boat, which had belonged to the unlucky *Passe-partout*. Renaudin was dying, and could not be removed. It was as well so, for the boat had not gone two hundred yards from the brig, when she capsize, and every man in her was swallowed up in the raging waters.

'The *Wasp*, though buried in the sea, still floated, and would no doubt continue to do so if she were not flung upon the shore, or bumped against one of the numerous rocks thereabout. During the night, Renaudin died; and when morning dawned, I was consequently the only living man on board. The tempest had meanwhile greatly abated; and as the day grew stronger and clearer, I saw that the brig had drifted considerably southward, was then off Boulogne, and that numerous telescopes were directed towards her from that place. Renewed hope—I may say renewed assurance of life, once more pulsated vigorously in my veins, and I began casting about as to how I could best turn to account the fortunate deliverance which seemed to be at hand. I soon made up my mind, and the more speedily from seeing that boats were preparing to put off from Boulogne for the dismantled brig. I stripped Renaudin, bundled the body overboard, arrayed myself in his clothes, managed to fasten a tricolor to the mizen-stump, and awaited my deliverance. It was not long delayed. The heroic Renaudin was safely conveyed on shore, and so

sedulously ministered to, that on the following day he was able to favour his admiring auditors with the charming story published in *Les Victoires et Conquêtes*, under the head of "Le *Passe-partout* et Le *Wasp*."

'How he, Jules Renaudin, had engaged the British privateer off Ushant, in the *Passe-partout*, which, taking fire during the engagement, had left him and his gallant sailors no other chance of success other than that of taking to the boats and boarding the enemy. That was done; and victory, faithful to the glorious tricolor, crowned the audacious attempt. Then came the tempest; and Captain Renaudin relates how it happened that the French and English crews, persisting, spite of his commands and supplications, to quit the ship, had all miserably perished.

'This,' said Webbe, 'is a meagre outline of the precious plan which I, under stress of utter ruin and a French prison, extemporised, and, helped by my knowledge of poor Renaudin's antecedents, derived from broken conversations with him since he had been on board the *Wasp*, nicely filled up and rounded off with many interesting details, to the great satisfaction of my applauding auditory. Renaudin was, I knew, personally unknown in Northern France, or I might hardly have risked so audacious a ruse. It succeeded, fortunately, to admiration. I was flattered, fêted, a handsome subscription was raised for me, and the hull and stores of the *Wasp*, which was cast on shore during the night, were sold for my benefit. Admiral Duca, the French minister of marine, visited, warmly complimented me, and in frank compliance with a suggestion of some of my new friends, penned a certificate—I will shew it you some day—which sets forth that the bearer, Jules Renaudin, formerly one of the équipage of *L'Orient*, is a gallant seaman, who has deserved well of France and of all Frenchmen. I went in,' added Webbe, 'for the cross of the Legion of Honour; but Napoleon happening to be extremely busy just then with his own pet make-believe, mine missed that distinguished recognition, which was a pity. Still, I had done pretty well under the very awkward circumstances; and I have since, off and on, played in the honoured name of Renaudin a fairly successful, but deucedly delicate game, which I am not at all ready to fast drawing towards a close. And now, my dear Linwood, we will, with your permission, adjourn to the table d'hôte—Ah! you have no appetite! The idea of dinner even disgusts a sensitive organisation over which the divine passion exercises just now despotic influence.'

'Go to the devil!'

'All in good time. Meanwhile, may I ask the favour of being informed, as soon as you return from the charming, and I will hope, not inexorably cruel Clémence, how— Have a care, my dear friend, homicide, even if effected with a decanter, is punishable in this country by the galleys! Good-bye. My compliments to dear Clémence.'

ELECTRO-METALLURGY.

LAST year, we introduced to our readers a simplified method of silvering, by the electric process, of articles of household use, now known as 'substitutes for silver,' and also of replating worn-out Sheffield ware, &c. We are gratified to know that attention has been extensively drawn to this subject in its domestic application; and we think it only due to our pupils to lay before them now some results of further experience, and to lead them on to new applications of this attractive and really useful art. We shall, in as small a compass as possible, endeavour to render the present paper a manual for those who may be disposed, even now, to make a

well as a useful supplement to what we have written before.

Our system is based upon the idea of employing any such *apparatus* as may be found in almost any inhabited house, as being both the safest and most economical; and of giving such plain directions for manipulation, as still further to remove the difficulties which would deter the domestic practitioner from applying to the art of silvering. We omit all scientific explanations here, and come at once to the practical details.

To prepare the silver bath, chloride of silver is necessary. The best general direction for obtaining this is to purchase the *crystallised nitrate* of silver, the price of which is now more moderate than formerly; dissolve it in water, just sufficient, in a decanter, and then fill up the decanter with strong salt and water. This will precipitate the chloride in a white sediment. Let it settle, and carefully pour off the water. The same result, so far, may be obtained a little cheaper, by dissolving bits of old silver, or small silver coins, in nitric acid, and precipitating the chloride from the solution as above. For this purpose, the acid must *not* be chemically pure; and it is best to dilute it with water—about 1 of water to 4 of acid—and put, say one ounce of silver to four ounces of the diluted acid in a large bottle or decanter; and apply a little heat by placing it in a sauce-pan of hot water. As a certain effervescence takes place at times, it is well to have good room in the bottle, to prevent loss by overflowing. Avoid the fumes which arise from it, and let it stand until all bubbling from the metal has ceased. If all the silver is not dissolved, add more acid, and so on until it is so; then fill up with salt and water, to obtain the chloride, which must be washed six or eight times with fresh water. We think, on the whole, that the former of these methods—that with the purchased nitrate—is, in general, preferable; but, being accustomed to it, we ourselves adopt the latter method. An ounce of silver dissolved, we consider about equivalent to one and a half ounce of bought nitrate; and the chloride from either will take twelve to sixteen ounces of yellow prussiate of potash, and about three or four common bottles of water. They should be put together as soon as possible, and boiled gently in a clean tin vessel, for about twenty minutes to half an hour. Extreme accuracy in these details is not important. The object is to get potash enough to dissolve the silver; but no harm is done by having more; and, when desired, an ounce of silver will make a gallon of bath, as well as a smaller quantity.

When the boiling is over, the liquid must be allowed to settle in pigs or bottles, and the clear liquor poured off for use. We recommend keeping it in bottles. The dregs must be put together, a little water added, allowed to settle again, and poured off; and a third washing of the dregs may be made in this way, to prevent loss of silver; and all articles should be carefully washed before being returned to domestic use.

In a former article, we entered slightly upon the important subject of the bath itself; we suggested a common delf foot-bath, such as are found in most houses; and since then, we have used one ourselves with great satisfaction. But we found that the liquid penetrated the delf, the salt rising in crystals on the

bath than delf, it must be prepared with a proper coating on the inside before using. Stoneware is not liable to this objection, not being porous; but it is very easy to prepare the foot-bath with a composition made as follows:

Take two parts—say ounces—of resin, one of yellow bees-wax, two of finely pulverised (washed) yellow ochre; beat these together in a pipkin; let your bath be quite dry, and give it several thin coats of the mixture with a brush. This will render also common crockery, and even wooden or tin vessels, as good for the purpose as delf; but care must be taken to renew the coating of tin vessels, if it should happen to be rubbed off. An ingenious person might make an excellent bath of sheet *gutta-percha*, but we have not tried it ourselves. Also our attention has lately been drawn to an array of earthenware vessels of the common glazed sort, which would answer admirably as baths, if properly prepared with the above composition. As this ware is very cheap, we should be disposed to recommend its use, so prepared, for all the purposes for which a bath is required on the large scale. It is best to have plenty of room for the complete immersion of large objects.

A practical difficulty is, how to suspend the articles in the liquid, when they are large; and we shall endeavour to describe a contrivance by which to overcome it.

Supposing the bath established on a shelf or table. Set up at each side of it an upright piece of board, secured to the table by an 'angle bit' of wood or tin, some inches higher than the bath itself. Each piece should have a hole, through which a strong iron or brass wire may be passed, so as to overhang the bath. From this wire, at one end, suspend the tube of the pile, either by cords or as follows: take a common lamp chimney-glass, and tie strongly a bit of wet bladder on one end of it; tie to the other end, *outside*, a strong slip of tin or zinc five or six inches long; bend this so as to hook on to the wire, and allow the bladder-end to be immersed, some inches at least, in the liquid bath. The zinc of the pile itself should be suspended, of course, in this glass tube, and should consist of strips of sheet zinc, so long as to go down *nearly* to the bottom of the tube, and to hook on also to the iron wire; or shorter bits may be hung from a brass or copper wire, which should itself be twisted round the principal wire. It may be well to add, that the glass tube should be nearly filled with salt and water.

It will be seen that the main wire is thus in connection with the pile; and that any object hung from it into the liquid bath will be so as well. It is only necessary, then, to suspend by wires *from it* whatever is to be plated; and for this its strength and position afford great facilities. It must be recollected that all the wires to be used should be kept free from rust, which may easily be done by using a little sand or emery paper.

It is important to understand the principle on which the regulation of the electricity depends.

The effect produced in a given time will depend upon the relations to each other of three different agencies: these are—the surface of zinc exposed in the pile, the strength of the saline solution in the tube, and the metallic strength of the bath.

By attending to *one* of these only, we can retain entire command over the whole process—that is, by exposing more or less zinc in the tube, we can regulate the electric current. Taking the slips of zinc at one inch wide, we should say that a slip of four inches, *immersed* in the tube, will suffice for a gallon of bath; and so on in proportion either way. One tube will do for several gallons, but it may be necessary

beginners is, that they go too fast, using too much electricity, when employing the simple pile. We have found, on further trials, that on the principle we are now explaining, the current may be so weakened that the work may be left for many hours without injury, with this as well as with Daniell's pile. Thus, we should expose, not *four*, but *one* inch of zinc per gallon in such a case; and if, after leaving it all night, there was much deadness in the plating done, we should expose less another time; but we should not venture to leave it so long without first ascertaining, by practice, what four, five, or six hours would effect. It must not be forgotten that, when a stronger current is used, the objects should be taken out frequently, and rubbed clean and bright. It is impossible to say beforehand how often; but it may easily be known by observing when the surface assumes the dead-white or frosted look.

A word about metals and their preparation. We gave, formerly, a mode of making the acidulated mercurial preparation. It may also be made by purchasing a little nitrate of mercury at the chemist's, and dissolving it in water, adding a few drops of nitric acid. When enough of acid is added, the liquid gives a bright silvery colour to any metal on which it is laid. It is the result of our experience, that, while the substitutes, known under various names, may be plated *thinly* without this preparation—and, of course, require renewal frequently—it would be impossible to lay on them a *strong* coat of silver without it. It is, therefore, in our opinion an invaluable substance in connection with our art, and its cost is quite inappreciable.

With this preparation, any one of the metals alluded to may be plated to any thickness desired; but we still object strongly to the use of albat and all the inferior sorts. Their points and edges will, sooner or later, come through even the thick and expensive coating given by the great houses, and then the contrast of colour spoils the whole. By using the best nickel silver or argentine, the goods will wear but evenly to the last; but for the benefit of those who possess albat—a veritable *lucus a non lucendo*—and do not wish to sell it as old metal, and purchase the better sorts for plating upon, we have recently experimented upon the subject of nickelisation, under the impression that if a *strong* coating of nickel itself is given in the first instance, it will, at small cost, add greatly to the durability of the plated goods afterwards. After various trials, we have succeeded in our object: our difficulty was to obtain a good adhesion, for the precipitation of nickel from a solution of one of its salts is easy enough. The salt employed is the 'ammoniacal sulphate of protoxide of nickel,' dissolved in water, to which we add about a tenth of silver bath. In this way, and by not using too strong a current, we have obtained a good and adhesive coating of the nickel. Its use, previously to plating, must remove, so far, the objection to the yellower metals. We use the above mercurial preparation even for brass and copper; not that it is necessary for adhesion, but we think that it preserves the purity of the bath, and prevents the metals being dissolved when first immersed. Of course, the nickelised goods must be prepared in the same way before plating.

We would remind our readers that vast quantities of handsome Sheffield ware are annually broken up for the sake of the metals it contains; the copper surfaces being quite exposed, while the silver edges are still perfect. We have at present a really beautiful cruet-stand in use, which we purchased some months ago, in that state, for the price of the bottles, the seller throwing in the frame as a *bonus*. It may have taken five or six shillings worth of silver to give it a very strong coating, as it is a large article; and, with fair usage, it will now last a very long time. Most of the Sheffield

ware is of fine design and pattern, and it is a pity to allow it to be lost. This may be a good place to observe that servants appear to be in the habit of grossly misusing plated ware. We have seen handsome ware, which looked as if all the silver had been rubbed off with sand or coal-ashes. Housekeepers should remember that it is not enough that plated powders should not contain mercury; they should also be carefully prepared in impalpable powder, say, one part of tripoli to two of whiting—and sparingly used. If plate is well washed with soap and water, and wiped dry, a very little cleaning with leather and powder will suffice. It may also be used to observe that, in cases where a little copper appears on the angles of plated goods—and it may not be possible to replating them—they may be used by touching the coppery parts with a little of the mercurial liquid described above.

Such is the famous 'silver solution,' sold at about two shillings the ounce bottle by vendors in London and Paris, at a profit of about 500 per cent., if more. Its effect is only for a day or two, but it may be laid on again in a few minutes; and when made at home, costs almost nothing, and so may have its place as an economic agent.

'IN REMEMBRANCE OF DOUGLAS JERROLD'

At the death of Mr Jerrold in June last, it was understood that his surviving family were left in condition far short of penury, but which yet scarcely reached that pitch of comfort in which the friends and admirers of the deceased were anxious to see them placed. In these circumstances, Mr Charles Dickens came forward, and, with the assistance of a number of literary and other friends, gave a series of small theatrical performances, readings, and lectures, and, delicately said, 'in remembrance of Douglas Jerrold.' These were so heartily patronised by the public, before the end of August two thousand pounds had been realised and expended in the purchase of government annuity for Mrs Jerrold and her married daughter.

Taking this pleasant little affair in connection with the similar exertions made by Mr Thackeray and others not long since in behalf of the widow of A. B. Reach, we feel prompted to remark the increasing power and influence of literary men in our day, and the greatly improved mutual feeling now existing amongst them. Forty years ago, there was much less power for good, nor the inclination so to use it. In an earlier age, the descendants even of a nobleman had to be sought for after a few years in the humble life. Now, a Dickens or a Thackeray could be in like an angelic messenger, and with the heart of one, to re-illumine the desolated hearth of a less fortunate literary *confères*. Nothing, we believe, could be further from the hearts of these men than the desire to see their acts of this kind noted; it has appeared to us that the Jerrold Remembrance in particular was too remarkable a feature of literary life in our day to be passed over in silence. We shall, all, use not a word of mere praise; we desire to have no roll of applause. We only congratulate Mr Dickens, that, in addition to all the results of his well-earned literary fame, he can reckon on the power of effecting so much good to his fellow-creatures.

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IN THE NORTH AMONG THE HERRINGS.

THE herring-fishery of Scotland presents aspects so picturesque and exciting, that from our own personal observation and experience, we would cordially recommend a view of its doings to the used-up: to any Sir Charles Coldstream, dying for a new 'sensation,' we would at once say: 'Go to Wick!' Although there are other large fishing-stations both in Scotland and England, such as Dunbar and Yarmouth, Wick is the true herring metropolis, the place where this capital fish with its belongings is the one staple article of commerce, and where, during the season, a nightly fleet of about twelve hundred boats, upon which some ten thousand human beings are dependent, proceeds to sea to engage in the lottery of herring-fishing. Both at Dunbar and Yarmouth, there are large fleets engaged in the fishery; but these places having been caught in the network of our railways, the produce of their boats is rapidly whirled away, fresh from the bosom of the deep, to the mighty metropolis. It is at Wick alone we can see the process of the *cure* in all its completeness; and here we find other sights and sounds of interest and excitement besides the herring drave and the death-cheep of the fish.

On the sea-beaten cliffs that frame the coast, are traces of mighty convulsions of nature, and striking geological phenomena stud the shore. Further north, and easy of access from hence, there are the wonderful islands of Shetland, the primitive home of a primitive people, a hundred and fifty miles from the mainland, and nearly a thousand from London. And there, far away in the living waters of the North Atlantic, are to be seen men who perform wondrous feats on the face of the rocks—fowlers who peril their lives for the sake of a few eggs or a handful of feathers. Let the *bliss* Sir Charles bowl over to Shetland, and view men hanging to the slippery and crumbling rocks by their toes and fingers, the ravening waters surging hundreds of feet below them, and the mighty eagle flapping his wings round their head: and then let him say, if he can, 'there is nothing in it.' Some gentlemen who possess yachts have the pluck to venture among the icebergs of the high latitudes; and there are hundreds who annually 'do' the fjords of Norway, the isles of Greece, the Mediterranean, and Mount Vesuvius: but there be few who know thoroughly our own land of the mountain and the flood, its scenery and employments; who have fished for piltachs in Shetland, or fowled on lone St Kilda, ay, or seen Wick in the herring-season.

Of the many chapters which compose the romance of natural history, there are none more interesting

than those which treat of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of the great deep. It was only the other day our *savans* decided the parr question, a well-known branch of the great salmon controversy; and now we are in the very midst of speculation as to the natural history and proper *habitat* of the principal member of the *clupea* family. Only a few years ago, we still believed in wonderful theories as to the sources whence we were supplied with this multitudinous fish. We took it for granted, that the herrings were natives of far-away seas, and generated amid the icebergs of Greenland; and that, leaving their frozen home, in one gigantic shoal of hundreds of millions of fish, they turned their snouts to the south, and reaching Britain, delivered themselves up for the benevolent purpose of feeding the people of these islands. Even now, we know little more than this: although we suspect the herring to be a native of our own seas—that it comes into shallow water at certain seasons to spawn; and, having fulfilled this great purpose of nature, that it again retires to the nearest deep water. It is at this period we commence our onset; the 'full fish' being the most esteemed in the market; and here we must notice the strange anomaly, that during the spawning season we protect our salmon, and avoid all kinds of white fish, which is precisely the period we choose for rushing upon the herrings, and destroying them in myriads.

As an instance of the very limited knowledge we possess of the natural history of even our most favourite fishes, we may state that at the recent meeting of the British Association, a member, who read an interesting paper 'On the Sea-fisheries of Ireland,' introduced specimens of a substance which the Irish fishermen considered to be the spawn of the turbot; stating that wherever this substance was found, trawling was forbidden; the supposed spawn being in reality a kind of sponge, with no other relation to fish except as being indicative of beds of mollusca, the abundance of which marks that fish is plentiful. It follows that the stoppage of the trawl on the grounds where this kind of squid is found, is the result of sheer ignorance, and causes the loss in all likelihood of great quantities of the best white fish.

We have called the herring-fishery a lottery, and it will presently appear how it deserves this character. Some years the take is very large, and at other times it does little more than pay expenses. The present season has been considerably under the usual average at all the stations in Scotland. This, coupled with the fact of many places being now barren of fish that in former times yielded a good supply, has given rise

golden eggs. The originator and principal advocate of this view is Mr John Cleghorn, who, being resident in the place where our greatest fishing is carried on, has had the most ample opportunities for observation and research. The points of Mr Cleghorn's doctrine are the following: 1. That the herring is a native of the waters in which it is found, and never migrates. 2. That distinct races of it exist at different places. 3. That twenty-seven years ago, the extent of netting employed in the capture of the fish was much less than what is now used, while the quantity of fish caught was, generally speaking, much greater. 4. There were fishing-stations some years ago which are now exhausted; a steady increase having taken place in their produce up to a certain point, then violent fluctuations, then final extinction. 5. The races of herrings nearest our large cities have disappeared first; and in districts where the tides are rapid, as among islands, and in lochs where the fishing-grounds are circumscribed, the fishings are precarious and brief; while, on the other hand, extensive sea-boards having slack tides, with little accommodation for boats, are surer and of longer continuance as fishing-stations. 6. From these premises it follows that the extinction of districts, and the fluctuations in the fisheries generally, are attributable to overfishing. In 1818, with 2,000,000 square yards of netting, we caught 116,000 barrels; and this year in Wick, with nets to the amount of 22,000,000 square yards, we have only some 82,000 barrels. Upon the whole, Mr Cleghorn's statements deserve attention; and under present circumstances, the controversy may be expected to go on with warmth. 'Herrings,' says one of the belligerent journals, 'will very soon be as rare a fish as the salmon, and found only on the tables of the wealthy.'

The information which even our most intelligent fishermen can impart as to the natural history of the fish is so scanty, as to be of no practical value. They go out in their boats to catch them, not to observe and note their habits. Of course, they have in general acquired a certain knowledge of the places where their prey most do congregate; but even in this respect, the falling in with the shoal is quite a chance affair. The usual mode of determining the whereabouts of the fish is very primitive, consisting principally of observations as to where the gulls are roosting. If these are found high on the rocks, then the herrings are supposed to be out at sea; if, on the other hand, the birds are low down, or at the water's edge, then the shoal is thought to be close inshore. However, our business for the present is with the actual *modus operandi*, and a night or two at sea, and a long and interested gaze at the land operations, have made us somewhat familiar with the subject.

It was about half-past four when we left the harbour of Wick, a little speck upon the waves, dancing along with 1100 other little specks, all on the same errand. When we got fairly out of the harbour, the question was how to turn, to the east or the west; after a consultation, we bore away to the right hand—why I cannot tell—our brown sail well filled, and our boat in full career before the spanking breeze. Soon we passed the little harbour of Sarclet; and in about an hour and a half were off Lybster, streams of boats pouring like bees out of both of these places. Tacking about, we made a run back to what we thought a suitable place; and as the sun in gilded majesty was retiring into the bosom of the waters, we commenced preparations for the shooting of our nets. A few cautious persons were still rowing anxiously about, not inclined to be at the trouble of shooting till they saw whether or not their neighbours were

rewarded with fish; but most of the others had taken up their stations, and their partially furled sails denoted that the great business of the night had commenced: in these the men having crept under the sail, were already comfortably asleep, their boats drifting with the tide, and their trains filling rapidly with the glittering treasures of the deep. Now it became our turn; and having selected a spot—a rather difficult task amid the crowd of boats—we commenced our labour. Away flew net after net, over the side, till a train was formed, like some great sea-serpent, floating in our wake—the corks and bladders dancing up and down almost as far as the eye could reach; in fact, our train must have been fully a mile long—and on that night there could not have been less than 1000 miles of netting floating around us. Having hauled down our sail, we waited patiently for some token of success; but wearied at last, after an interval of about four hours, we hauled our nets, and were rewarded with one solitary fish! Although much disheartened, we resolved to try again; but before doing so, we pulled up and down among our neighbours, peering into their nets, to ascertain whether they had been more fortunate. At last we found some with fish in them; and again we threw out our marking-buoy—over went the first sinker, and away flew the net, breadth after breadth, till again our whole train was floating far upon the sea. Fortunate neighbours were by this time hauling in and filling their boats with herrings. Hark! in the distance there is a mighty noise, as if ten thousand thunder-showers were rattling down on the ocean; and see, the distant flashing of the waters—they are bright with light, and vivid with life—for a 'spot' of the herring-shoal has risen to the surface, and the waves are flashing in their brilliant phosphorescence. A stone is thrown from a boat right into the centre of the fiery tumult, and in a moment the spot has disappeared; the light has vanished, and the waters are again dark and still. It was a brief but beautiful sight; an ample reward of itself for the night's labour.

Not one of us had spoken during this little scene, but at last one of the Harris people, taking the pipe from his mouth, exclaimed: 'Och, och, but she'll get plenty of fish the next haul!' And he proved to be a true prophet. At the next haul, we had great luck, and the fish came splashing over the side of the boat as thick as hailstones. It took us two good hours to haul in the nets, and then we had time to look round, and observe the operations of our neighbours. The sea for miles around was one mart of industry; and as the early village cock in distant barn-yards was proclaiming the advent of morn, the fleet was on the move, and all making harbourwards. Some, high out of the water, took the lead, and dashed gallantly home with great rapidity—empty. Others, deep sunk in the sea, heavy laden with their miraculous draughts, crept slowly along, joyously dipping an occasional ear to speed them on their way. Such were the results of the Lottery. The herrings, it would appear, do not swim in an unbroken mass, but in tribes or nations—or at least in regiments and divisions—and the luckless boat between any two of these aggregations, fishes only the empty waters. One of our neighbours had not even a single fish, whilst another, more fortunate, was laden to the gunwale. About six o'clock, we made the harbour, and found hundreds of boats already berthed, and commencing operations for landing their freight.

We are now at a point where the herring ceases to be an object of natural history, and becomes an article of commerce; and we must, as we have said, resort of necessity to Wick, in order to see all the business operations of the fishery brought into a focus. Here, during the heat of the season, that is, from the end of July to the first week in September, when the local fishermen

are assisted by hired hands, are congregated all who have an interest in the fishing; and the *coup d'œil* is full of animation. The herring fleet, when the weather is favourable, begins to move out of harbour about four o'clock, and, as it is some hours before the whole fleet are dispersed on the waters, before this is accomplished perhaps some are already returning laden with fish. And again, it sometimes happens, that as the last boats are coming in, those who like to start early are pushing away for a new campaign. From six o'clock A.M. till about three in the afternoon, the bustle is at the thickest; and strangers visiting the hillside which overlooks the harbour, will see the sight in all its glory.

Viewing the harbour and quays from this vantage-ground, which commands the greater portion of the scene, the spectacle is striking, as all the hurry and bustle incidental to the cure is here concentrated. Scores of boats are already in, and the various crews have begun the process of carrying ashore the fish. Men clad in picturesque oilskin leggings and original-looking overcoats, and boots that might be coffins to ordinary humanity, are busy with great wooden spades shovelling the herrings into the baskets, four of which make a cran. These are rapidly carried—for everything is done in a desperate hurry—by the gangs of hired men to the gutting-places, which are of the dimensions of an ordinary-sized room, but with low sides—and the glittering contents of the baskets poured in like a torrent; then a person who is on the watch to keep an account of what is brought, rushes like a madman to a barrel containing salt, and spreading out the herrings with a spade, scatters large handfuls over them. If the take has been large, this goes on for hours; the quay-roads then become ankle-deep in brine, the men are dripping herring-water all the way from the boats to the troughs; and the atmosphere is laden with the *versch* perfume of the fresh fish. Upon the arrival of each boat, the same routine has to be gone through, till all the fish have been brought on shore. By this time, the operation of gutting and packing is in full force, and constitutes a highly curious element in the picture.

For some time before, we had seen lounging about the curing-yards, and wandering among the piles of empty barrels, a rather incongruous but not uninteresting portion of the assemblage: groups of Highland girls dressed in white short-gowns and black petticoats, and with uncovered hair in smooth and glittering braids. They had a bright independent look, which was very piquant, and seemed to observe, with a sort of careless curiosity, the coarse labours of the men. But where are they now? A sound as if of the slap of Harlequin's sword, and short-gowns, petticoats, and girls are suddenly transmogrified into veritable witches, 'so withered and so wild in their attire,' that we start almost in terror, wondering what part they are to play in the drama. We have not long to wait, however, for they are at once seized with the tarentular phrensy of the men, and fling themselves headlong into their business. The operations performed by them are indeed carried on with singular speed and dexterity. Yonder woman with the blood-bespattered visage, a very fiend incarnadined, guts a herring every two seconds; and her neighbour at the barrel, when kept well supplied with fish, packs it in the regulation style in eleven minutes: that is, she rouses the fish in a large tub, takes them out in handfuls, and then arranges them in mathematical order in the barrel, sprinkling a portion of salt on each layer. And so they proceed till the trough is at last emptied; and then they forthwith resume their natural shape and costume; and with their white short-gowns, black petticoats, and braided hair, and with the flush of exercise and triumph on their cheeks and in their eyes, turn their backs upon the scene and return to

their homes. This occupation being of the nature of piece-work, is very lucrative, and these nymphs of the herring-trough, being able to realise considerable sums of money, are among the gayest belles of the town; but when posted round the trough, dipping their brawny arms deep among the scaly treasures, seizing each a fish, ripping it up, heaving it into a basket, and throwing the viscera into a box, at the rate of thirty a minute, they form a group easier to imagine than describe. It is Saturday, and the quays are thronged with carts, busy carrying away the nets to be spread out and dried on the neighbouring fields, and there they remain till Monday, there being no fishing either on Saturday or Sunday nights. During the season, the brae of Pulteneytown, which adjoins Wick, is crowded with spectators looking down on the animated scene below, and in the afternoon, watching the going out of the fleet to sea.

The commerce in herring is different from most other kinds of trading, inasmuch as the whole of the goods are bought months before they are brought to market. In some of the German or Prussian ports, there lives a merchant whose business consists in sending salted herrings into the far interior of the continent, where they are luxuries which sometimes only the rich are able to purchase: he knows the markets which are open to him, and the number of barrels he can readily dispose of. He is generally a person of some capital, and able to advance money to the curers when required. He corresponds with them, and bargains for a certain number of barrels at a certain price; and it is these curers who come in between the merchant and the fisherman to deal for the 'green fish.' Then the fisherman, having made his bargain, which is generally so much per cran, and a bounty to each boat in addition, proceeds to supplement his regular crew, which may consist only of himself and his two sons, by hiring two or three of the sturdy men who annually visit Wick from the islands for the purpose of assisting in the fishery. These 'hired men' receive perhaps L.5 or L.6 for the season, besides lodging and food; and as to bounties and prices, they vary considerably. Thus one of the local papers informs us, that 'the bounties paid last year ranged from L.20 to L.30 and upwards, besides perquisites. Those given for the present season's fishing, we were told, varied from L.30 to L.50, in addition to 14s. and upwards, per cran. The complement of fish agreed to be delivered to the curer, provided they are caught, is 200 crans. All beyond that quantity is at the fisherman's disposal, and the curer generally enters into a new contract for the surplus.' There is generally an influx of about five or six thousand of the hardy islanders of Skye, or the Lewis, accompanied by numerous female relations, who find employment at the troughs. The bargains with curers are made, perhaps, at the close of one season for the next. The curer has to bring home the billet-wood, get it sawn up into staves—for which purpose there are several water and steam mills at Wick—and then have it converted into barrels, of which many hundreds have to be kept in stock. Then he is obliged to have on hand a large stock of salt. A staff of coopers is also necessary to make up the barrels, and to head and hoop them when they are filled with fish, and have the various parcels ready to be examined and branded by the officer of the Board of Fisheries; after which they are ready for shipment to the various home and continental markets.

The scenes presented, even at our smaller fishing-stations in the herring-season, are well worth seeing; but to view the great picture in perfection, requires a visit to Wick, or a tour of the Moray Firth, where there are also a great number of harbours for the fisheries. Let tourists take our advice, and spend a

fortnight at Wick, making a run to John o' Groat's, or a visit to Shetland, to diversify the scene a little. We offer this as a prescription that will kill one year's ennui as dead as a cured herring.

ANATOMY OF A LITERARY FORGERY.

ALTHOUGH, doubtless, all the world, or at least all the reading part of it, has heard of that most audacious of literary forgeries, *Vortigern, a Tragedy*, yet, as we suspect that very few even of the few who have seen it have ever read it, and that only a small minority of our readers generally is at all likely to be acquainted with its history, we purpose to avail ourselves of the recent acquisition of a copy of the rare reprint of 1832,* to supply—in many places in the forger's own words—such an account of the circumstances which led to the perpetration of the fraud as shall be wanting, we fully hope, neither in interest nor instruction.

Samuel Ireland, the father of the unhappy lad whose career we are about to trace, was emphatically one of those madmen who make men mad—one of those idolaters who esteem the book above the life, and who, without an eye to see or a heart to understand wherein lies the greatness of him whom they adore, prefer some filthy, worm-eaten, useless relic of their deified mortal to the body of genius and wisdom, which is in the better testament of his works. Even such a divinity, according to the testimony of the son, was Shakespeare to Samuel Ireland. 'Four days at least out of the seven' were his writings made the after-dinner theme of the old man's conversation; while in the evening, still further to impress the subject upon the minds of his son and his visitors, certain plays were selected, and a part allotted to each, in order that they might read aloud and—commune, doubtless, with the soul of their divinity, and extract the heart of the mystery? no—but in order that they might 'thereby acquire a knowledge of the delivery of blank verse articulately and with proper emphasis!' 'The comments to which these rehearsals, if I may be permitted so to call them, gave rise, were of a nature to elicit, in all its bearings, the enthusiasm entertained by my father for the bard of Avon. With him, Shakespeare was no mortal, but a divinity; and frequently, while expatiating on this subject, impregnated with all the fervour of Garrick, with whom he had been on intimate terms, my father would declare that to possess a single vestige of the poet's handwriting, would be esteemed a gem beyond all price, and far dearer to him than his whole collection.' At these conversations, young Ireland was always present, 'swallowing with avidity the honeyed poison; when, by way,' he says, 'of completing this infatuation, my father, who had already produced picturesque tours of some of the British rivers, determined on commencing that of the Avon, and I was selected as the companion of his journey. Of course,' he adds, 'no inquiries were spared, either at Stratford or in the neighbourhood, respecting the mighty poet. Every legendary tale, vended anecdote, or traditionary account, was treasured up. In short, the name of Shakespeare ushered in the dawn, and a bumper, quaffed to his immortal memory at night, sealed our weary eyelids to repose.'

Induced by the reiterated eulogies rung in his ears respecting Shakespeare, by his father's enthusiasm, and, above all, by the incessant remark on the old man's part, 'that to possess even a signature of the bard would make him the happiest of human beings,' it occurred to young Ireland to take advantage of his residence in a conveyancer's office, environed by old deeds, to produce a spurious imitation of Shakespeare's

autograph. Having supplied himself with a tracing of the poet's signature, he wrote a mortgage-deed, imitating the law-hand of the time of James I., and affixed thereto Shakespeare's sign-manual. This mortgage-deed, purporting to be between Shakespeare and one Michael Fraser and Elizabeth his wife, not only transported the sage elder into the seventh heaven of felicity, but attracted crowds of other connoisseurs and antiquaries. To the question where the deed was found, Ireland the younger replied, that 'he had formed an acquaintance with a gentleman of ancient family, possessed of a mass of deeds and papers relating to his ancestors, who, finding him very partial to the examination of old documents, had permitted him to inspect them; that, shortly after commencing his search, the mortgage-deed in question had fallen into his hands, and had been presented to him by the proprietor.' He added, 'that the personage alluded to, well aware that the name of Shakespeare must create a considerable sensation, and being a very retiring and diffident man, had bound him by a solemn engagement never to divulge his name.' Whereupon—so completely had this young rogue's skill and plausibility produced the effect he wished—Mr Byng, afterwards Viscount Torrington, Sir Frederick Eden, and many others, gave it as their decided opinion that, whosoever he found the deed, there, no doubt, the mass of papers existed which had been so long and vainly sought after by the numerous commentators on Shakespeare!

Thus urged to make 'further searches,' as he modestly called them, the young scapegrace proceeded to pen a few letters and 'The Profession of Faith of William Shakspear,*' the whole of which passed muster, although, in many instances, the documents produced as two hundred years old had not been fabricated many hours previous to their production. On the pretended 'Profession of Faith,' particularly, Dr Warton, after having twice perused the important document, pronounced a pompous eulogy in the presence of Dr Parr: 'Sir, we have many fine things in our church-service, and our liturgy abounds in beauties; but here, sir, is a man who has distanced us all!'

Well might the precocious lad be excited by these old ass-heads to more ambitious efforts! Anon, he announced the existence of a drama—the *Vortigern* we have already referred to—although, if he is to be believed, he had never essayed a pen at poetical composition, and had not at the time written a single line of the play which he purposed producing. Prior to its completion, the fame of his discoveries had resounded from one extremity of the country to the other; and on the completion of the drama, strenuous applications were made by the lessee of

* It is curious enough that a somewhat similar fraud had, a quarter of a century before, been played off by Stevens upon Malone. Thomas Hart, a descendant of Shakespeare's sister, Joan, employed, in the year 1770, a bricklayer of the name of Mooley to new-tile his house—the same house in Henley Street, Stratford, bequeathed by the poet to his sister 'for the term of her natural life, at the yearly rent of twelve pence'; and here, between the rafters and the tiling, he discovered, or is said to have discovered, a manuscript of six leaves, purporting to be 'The Confession of Faith of John Shakspear (the poet's father), an unworthy member of the holy Catholic religion.' Mooley gave his prize to Mr Poyten, an alderman of Stratford, who sent it to Malone, through the Rev. Mr Davenport, as a curiosity of great importance. Malone was completely deceived. 'I have taken some pains,' he says, in 1781, 'to ascertain the authenticity of this document, and am perfectly satisfied that it is genuine.' But the paper, as we have said, was a fabrication, and a clumsy one—a trick of Stevens to mislead his rival editor. Malone, however, discovered his error at last. 'I have since obtained documents,' he says in a subsequent publication, 'that clearly prove it could not have been the composition of any of our poet's family.' Boswell quietly and judiciously dropped the document from his edition, treating it as a paper that had never existed. Malone himself was not guiltless of this unworthy fraud. The drawing of Shakespeare's house of New Place, which figures in his edition of 1790 as taken 'from the margin of an ancient survey,' is, by his own confession, a forgery.

* *The Shakespeare Forgeries. Vortigern, a Tragedy.* Reprinted from the edition of 1796, with an Introduction. By W. H. Ireland. London. 1832.

Covent Garden Theatre to secure it; but the elder Ireland, from his long intimacy with the Sheridan and Linley families, preferred Drury Lane, where the play was subsequently represented.

Malone, whose experience of deception had given him some caution, now stood forward as 'generalissimo of the unbelievers.' 'Some pamphlets *pro* and *con*. had also issued from the press, while the newspapers incessantly teemed with paragraphs written on the spur of the moment, and dictated by the particular sentiments entertained as to the papers by their authors. Malone having, in the interim, collected his mass of documents intended to prove the whole a forgery, committed them to the press, under a hope that he should be able to publish his volume before the representation of *Vortigern*. The bulkiness of his production, however, having defeated that object, he, the day the piece was to be performed, issued a notice, to the effect that he had a work on the eve of publication which would infallibly prove the manuscripts in Mr Ireland's possession mere fabrications, and warning the people not to be imposed upon by the play advertised for that night's representation, as being from the pen of Shakspeare. 'My father'—it is young Ireland who writes—'having procured a copy of this notice, though late in the day, instantly forwarded to the press the following handbill, and distributed an immense number amongst the assembled multitudes, then choking up every avenue to Drury Lane Theatre: "VORTIGERN.—A malevolent and impotent attack on the Shakspeare MSS. having appeared on the eve of representation of the play of *Vortigern*, evidently intended to injure the interests of the proprietor of the MSS, Mr Ireland feels it impossible, within the short space of time that intervenes between the publishing and the representation, to produce an answer to the most illiberal and unfounded assertions in Mr Malone's *Inquiry*: he is therefore induced to request that the play of *Vortigern* may be heard with that candour that has ever distinguished a British audience."

John Philip Kemble, who was then stage-manager at Drury Lane, and had had the hero's part in the tragedy assigned to him, saw at a glance that such rubbish as composes *Vortigern* could never have emanated from the mind of Shakspeare, even in his babyhood, and passed that sentence upon it which he felt the public ought, and did afterwards most effectually pronounce. He therefore did his best to procure its representation on the *first*, instead of the *second*, of April 1796, 'in order to pass upon the audience the compliment of *fools all*.' Foiled in this by the interposition of old Ireland and Mr Sheridan, Kemble, however, so managed that the farce of *My Grandmother* should follow the tragedy, 'intending that all the bearings of that production should be applied by the audience to the subject of the Shakspearian papers.' He is also charged by the younger Ireland with having preconcerted a signal when the opponents of the papers were to manifest their disapprobation. For this purpose, the following line in the fifth act was selected:

And when this solemn mockery is o'er.

However this may be, no sooner had he arrived at this line, which he delivered in an exceedingly pointed manner, than 'a deafening clamour reigned throughout one of the most crowded houses ever recollected in theatrical history, which lasted several minutes. Upon a hearing being at length obtained, instead of taking up the following line of the speech in rotation, Mr Kemble reiterated the above line with an expression the most pointedly sarcastic and acrimonious it is possible to conceive. Added to this, the late Mr Dignum was purposely placed by Mr Kemble in a subordinate part, wherein, speaking of the sounding

which words were uttered with such a nasal and tin-kettle twang, that no muscles save those of adamant [*sic*] could have resisted the powerful incentive to laughter.'

So far the Irelands and their adherents were scotched, but not slain. Malone's *Investigation* was at length published, and was answered by George Chalmers, first in his *Apology for the Believers*, and next in his *Supplemental Apology*, wherein he refuted, to young Ireland's satisfaction, every position laid down by Malone. After the avowal of the forgery, the author of *Vortigern* forwarded two very humble letters to Mr Chalmers, who, maintaining a prudent silence, never answered them.

This avowal was made from a stroke of conscience. The forgery had been charged upon the elder Ireland instead of the younger. It was argued that the latter's youth—he was but nineteen—precluding all possibility of the papers being his, the whole must have been fabricated by his father, who had made the son the vehicle of introducing them to the public. It seems, however, that the former was a total stranger to every proceeding in the composition of the papers; and George Steevens, who had been also suspected of participation in the fraud, is stated by Ireland to have been equally innocent. Urged by the imperious motive of rescuing his father's character from unmerited obloquy, he came forward with the truth, having first abandoned the paternal roof, and relinquished a profession for which he was studying. 'With the wide world before me,' he says, 'and a host of the most implacable enemies at my back, ere my twentieth year, I entered upon the eventful pilgrimage of life, without a guide to direct my steps, or any means of existence save those which might result from my own industry and perseverance.' Of his after-career we know nothing.

INDIAN SERVANTS.

THERE has been an occasional gleam of sunshine in the lurid horror of the terrible revolt of the sepoys. Many instances have occurred of fidelity and humanity amongst a people whose prejudices and devotional feelings are all against their alien rulers. These have chiefly been found amongst domestic servants—the men who have been brought into close home contact with the English. It may not be uninteresting to our readers, just at this moment, to hear something of the habits and offices of this race, to gaze upon a rude sketch of our Indian servants; and we can best draw it by recalling our first impressions and observations concerning them. Two days after our landing, a feverish attack confined me to my chamber and the adjoining sitting-room. As yet, I had only seen the servants *en masse*, as it were, without absolutely distinguishing one from the other. Now, as it was not clear whether my illness was infectious or not, I was left to the care of the native ayah and a European maid. After sunset, thinking they would both be glad of a little cool air, I told them they might leave me, and go on the house-top or into the garden for a change. They accepted the offer gladly, and I soon after fell asleep on the sofa of the sitting-room. I awoke with eager thirst; and as I slowly opened my eyes, beheld what appeared to me, at first, a strange vision. On a mat on the ground, at the foot of the sofa, sat the tall figure of a very handsome native, his arms crossed on his bosom, and his large black eyes fixed earnestly on my face. He was dressed in a peon's attire—that is, a sort of short white blouse girt round the waist by a sash; a turban on his head, and a sword beside him. That he was devout, a short strip of paint between his eyebrows testified. I felt at first a little uneasy at finding myself the object of that fixed stare;

careful attendant. The moment I stirred, the dark eyes fell, and the lithe form rose with noiseless grace. He went outside the crimson silk screen which stood at the door, and returned with a glass of toast and water, which he held kindly, but very respectfully, to my lips. When I had finished drinking, he replaced the tumbler, and again seated himself, this time with drooping eyes and folded arms, for I was awake, and could speak if I needed anything. Still not a movement escaped him. I was restless, and he smoothed and arranged my pillows; I dropped my handkerchief—it was restored instantly; I looked flushed, and he brought a punkah of painted feathers, and fanned me. A kinder nurse than this poor peon I never saw.

He was, I found, the sepoy who waited in the young ladies' apartments; and at night, with his drawn sword beside him, slept at our open chamber-doors, ever ready, if called on, to destroy an insect or bring a cup of tea. A civil, quiet, amiable man was Juan the sepoy—a Mohammedan, we believe, though, as we were not allowed to talk on religious subjects with the servants of the palace, we could not be sure.

His service was a gentle one. He was always—except at his hours for eating, &c.—to be found seated near the sitting-room door, ready to go errands, pull the punkah or fan which hangs across the room, pick up a handkerchief, wipe our pens, and render every sort of miscellaneous service which English languor or luxury might exact. And his 'spiriting' was done in a style worthy of Ariel, so graceful was it, and noiseless, and calm.

There were two hundred servants altogether in and about Parell. The head domestics were Parsees. The major-domo, a fat, portly personage, ruled all the others. He was a good-looking man, with a very intelligent countenance, handsome, though disfigured by the high purple cotton Guebre cap. All the men who waited at table, or brought food, when at any time required, were Parsees. I found, when we travelled, that I had to commit the custody of my rupees, in their heavy bag, to Cursetjee, the under butler, or major-domo's assistant, who doled my money out to me when required, and was treasurer in like manner to the whole family. These servants were very superior to all the other domestics. Handsome, active, intelligent, and kindly, they shew superiority of race in a very extraordinary degree. One of them was called the 'Count d'Orsay' of the establishment, on account of his studied elegance of manner, which was at times very entertaining. He went to the governor one day, and with profound humility requested 'a letter of introduction' to the staff-surgeon, the talented and excellent Dr McLennan. The governor, amused at the request, asked why he wished to have it. 'To ask for some pills,' was the reply. *N.B.*—The pills were of course supplied to all of the household who asked for them. Another time, when we were travelling, and I had unwittingly rested my feet on a covered basket at the bottom of the carriage, an act which caused him, as *provedditore*, some uneasiness, he came up to the door, bowed profoundly, and observed 'that it was not good for *misses's* health to sit with her feet in the butter!' Our own especial Parsee, however, the 'ladies' favourite,' was superior to all the others. His name was Arjesia; he was active in fulfilling the slightest request; honest, kind, and intelligent, and took apparently a greater interest in us than the other servants did. He liked to explain customs, to teach us Hindostanee words, to inform us about his own faith. Once, on occasion of a total eclipse which took place during our stay in India, we asked him why the people of the adjoining village were tam-taming and making such a noise. He replied: 'Ignorant people think that great serpent come to eat up sun, so they beat tam-tam to frighten him away.'

'And what do you think the darkness is, Arjesia?'

'Parsee know, Ma'am Sahib. Sun angry 'cos men wicked; he *hide* him face.'

Once a European maid-servant asked him why he sighed so deeply, as he came out of the lady's room.

'Ah, because me like Ma'am Sahib, and she so wicked; I know God be angry with her.'

'Why, what has she done wicked?'

'She blow out candle, like nothin' 't all. Oh!'

This lamentation of poor Arjesia reminds me that it is—at least on the Bombay side of India—the peculiar office of a separate servant to light and extinguish the candles and lamps. This man is called a massall; and it was his office I thoughtlessly usurped when I blew out the taper, and shocked my kind Parsee friend. It is this man, the massall, who steals noiselessly through the chambers at nightfall, and lights the wicks floating in a tumbler of cocoa-nut oil, which stand on the floor of every bedroom. If a light is required at any other hour in the twenty-four, it is the massall who is sought to light it. I once nearly lost an English mail by requiring a taper to seal my letter. The massall had to be found before light could be obtained at all; and when the taper was lighted, it was stopped by every Parsee it met on its road to me, that the *first* kindled fire might be duly revered.

Parsees, peons, massalls. Who come next? Oh, the ayah! In order of precedence, she should have been first. We can see that important personage even now, in our mind's eye—a small woman, rather old too, gaily dressed in a yellow satin jacket, and a voluminous veil falling all round her, of white muslin edged with gold. Her office was to attend her young ladies after the bath, braid hair, which she did to perfection, and otherwise attire them; but she could not work as an English lady's-maid does, and therefore an essential member of the feminine staff was a *dirgee* or tailor.

Our *dirgees*, hired at fifteen rupees (L.1, 10s.) per month, was a Portuguese half-caste, rejoicing in the name of Giuseppe Maria Emanuele da Silva. Seated on a sheet in one corner of our bedroom, he waited quietly for anything to mend or make, and did his work beautifully. His genius was, however, rather imitative than creative. He always made dresses by a European pattern, save in one instance, when, to please him, we allowed him to make up an Indian muslin just as he chose. It was, when finished, of a pretty fancy, though very singular, being trimmed all over with small fans of muslin, fastened with bows of ribbon. He worked beautifully, his stitches being nearly invisible. When he left me for another place, he brought a certificate for my signature; this paper, evidently written by some professional scribe or letter-writer, stated that the said Giuseppe Maria Emanuele da Silva was 'honourable, discreet, honest, clever—an unequalled *dirgee*,' and, in fact, possessed of every virtue under heaven. I demurred a little at having to make, or rather sign, such assertions; but I was told the certificate would only be taken at its real value, as it was a mere form; so I added thereto my name.

'Ayah' proved to be the least trustworthy of our Indian servants. Having taken offence at one of her 'young ladies,' she changed a bottle of red lavender for one of laudanum; and but for a mistake of the hakim or native doctor, who dispensed medicines in the house, the dose thus taken might have been fatal, and a very charming young lady have been lost to English society; but the laudanum had by accident been mixed with tincture of rhubarb.

Our 'housemaids' were men—hamals, as they are called (an Arabic name) in Bombay. Their office was to make beds, clean the rooms, &c. It was strange to see them at their feminine tasks, some few of which only appeared worthy of their strength; and when their work of this kind was finished, stranger still to

behold them seated on the ground making, perhaps, a satin jacket for their wives! They filled the baths. A low-caste woman, born to her office, which is hereditary, emptied all slops from the basin and bath. In fact, the division of labour was absolutely intricate.

Our washerman or dobee was also a constant servant. No change of laundresses in India! Your dobee goes where you go, taking his train of *employés* with him, and washing your scarcely tumbled garments in the tank, with such energy, that their beatings on the stones cause the dirgee's services to be very frequently in request.

Then come the mollies—an appellation which would better suit the masculine housemaids than the caste to which it belongs—that is, the gardeners. Low-caste they are, and very poor, as may be seen by their slight figures and scanty garments, for your 'native,' as he rises in the scale of rupees, waxes ponderous as well as prosperous, and wears clothing in accordance with his estate. We saw but little of our poor molly; only once a day, in fact, when we left our bedrooms, and found him waiting outside with the pretty morning-offering of a bouquet of large roses, full blown, tied round a stick in the form of a large plate, and well sprinkled with rose-water.

They rank as outdoor servants with gorawallahe (grooms), &c., and perhaps should scarcely be included amongst household servants; but that graceful little morning visit has given them, in our mind, a place within the threshold.

All other domestics are almost constantly within sight and hearing; for as there are no bells to summon them, their attendance is nearer and more personal than that of European attendants. One or two are constantly in the apartment, or just outside it, like the 'confidants' of an old French comedy; and must thus become more intimate with the feelings, habits, and interests of the family than our English servants do. It is amongst this class that much faith, kindness, and gratitude have been displayed in the late dreadful revolt; as indeed might naturally have been expected. But for their habitual timidity, they would probably have done much more. We remember the only instance in which the question of whose place it was to do a thing, occurred in an establishment where every man was born to his work, and did it. This was an *embarras* proceeding wholly from want of courage. I was reading in the young ladies' parlour in our Deccan bungalow, when a voice from the next room called me. I obeyed the summons, which came from a brave-hearted lady who was on a sofa, and unable to move from indisposition.

'I think,' she said softly, 'there is a tiger in my bedroom; I have seen a shadow like one through the open door. Will you shut it, and call the chobdhar?'—her 'silver-stick.'

I complied, not without a little trepidation, and then called to her attendant: 'Chobdhar! a tiger in lady's room; come and shoot him!'

'Eh, me! missee—no, not my place; I call sepoy.'

Sepoy made the same objection; Parsee ditto: at length a large party, armed with guns, assembled, and in great force entered the sitting-room. Then came the tug of war: it was nobody's place to open the door, and I was finally compelled to do the deed with my own hand, which, after all, required no great valour, as it opened towards me, and was in itself a cover. No rush of a tiger followed. There was a pause, and then slowly, with guns levelled, they advanced and discovered—not a tiger, but a large cat, whose magnified shadow had thus betrayed to English eyes their want of pluck.

Our servants slept on mats outside our rooms, in case of nightly service being required, well wrapped from mosquitoes in veils of different degrees of smartness. We used to walk through a gallery of sleeping

attendants on our way to our own rooms every night, and slept ourselves with open doors, confident in their protection and good faith. We trust this confidence will still continue, and that when we think of the Bengal sepoy's cruelty and treachery, we may at the same moment recollect how kind, how gentle, and, in most instances, how faithful have been our Indian servants.

OUR CURATES.

We have had a great number of these in our parish, and from my position as churchwarden, I am tolerably well fitted to speak upon the subject. Under 'Preferences and Appointments,' in the church newspapers, you may have seen, about once in every six months or so, 'the Rev. Somebody Something to the curacy of Little Biddlebrigham, Devon,' and have been under the mistaken impression that the young man had got a good thing; but this is far from being the case. 'A title given' and 'a sole charge' are the baits with which we allure juvenile divines into our parish, and we have found them very killing—the baits, I mean, not the divines; but since we are upon that subject, I may state at once that the word might have been not seldom applied to our curates themselves.

Perceval Smarte, B.A., of the university of Oxford, was a great example amongst us of this sort. It was almost a pity that a gentleman with so accurate an eye for colour, and with so chaste a notion of costume, should have been restricted in the choice of vestments by the nature of his profession. The canon relating to ecclesiastical attire might have been suspended in his particular case with the greatest safety, and without risk of the case so carefully guarded against, of a scarlet clergyman with yellow stripes. He once shewed me a whole drawerful of lemon-coloured kid-gloves, almost all new, which he had amassed during his lay career, and which he had no intention whatever of wearing again.

'It seems hard, does it not?' sighed Perceval Smarte—and I think there was a dewiness in his large blue eyes when he said it—'but we must all make our little sacrifices.' What, however, the strict letter of the highest church-discipline did permit him in garments, he took the fullest advantage of. I never yet saw a curate in canonicals who had such an exceeding resemblance to a bishop. Upon one occasion, when the clerk was indisposed, I went into the vestry with our curate to assist him in attiring himself, and I shall not easily forget it. I only wish I knew the technical names for half the things—the under-garments—in which I invested him. A certain black silk waistcoat, which reached down to his hips, was fastened—I remember *that*—at the back of his right shoulder; and there was an enormous agate brooch, with a black cross upon it, the pin of which, in my clumsy attempts to fasten it, I ran into his neck. His surplice was, I suppose, lawn of a dazzling whiteness, made to stick out in all directions, as though inflated: this, while he remained at Little Biddlebrigham, was washed every week. His immediate predecessor had not been so particular in this matter, and wore one of a very different material. Perceval Smarte, who assisted him upon the last Sunday of his stay with us, is said to have observed to him sarcastically: 'I think, my friend, if I did borrow a table-cloth to read prayers in, I would try to procure a clean one.' Besides attending to his duties in the parish very assiduously, Mr Smarte took the taste of our young ladies under his entire control; not a gown was chosen without an eye to his

approbation, not a bonnet selected without the inward reflection: 'Now, I wonder what will our curate say to this!' I must confess that I think he abused his elevated position in the pulpit to scrutinise, before the service commenced, the 'novelties' recently imported by his fair parishioners, for I always noticed that he was most severe upon them on Monday mornings. He was not a poor man—or he could not have stopped so long as he did at Little Biddlebrigham, where a non-resident rector offers the hope of 'a recompense far higher than any mere pecuniary reward,' and indeed does not, I believe, ever insult our curates by the proffer of a stipend. He had a very comfortable little bachelor establishment; and his sister sometimes came and stayed with him, who was the superior of some sort of amateur convent in the north, and wore a very becoming dress, which distinguished, as she loved to call it, her 'order.' While she remained, there was a series of festivities given by Mr Perceval Smarte: such snowy napkins, such glistening plate, ay, and wine, too, of such first-rate excellence, as was not to be surpassed at the squire's (Mr Broadland's) own table at the hall. I remember but one mischance at these entertainments of our curate, and that, I think, happened the winter before last. Mr Smarte had an infinite deal of trouble in getting men-servants to his liking out of our parish, and the one he had then, a certain Samuel Scroggin, was only upon trial. This poor fellow had never seen such things as hot-water plates before, nor did he at all imagine that their duty was to keep our food warm: he opined, indeed, from their form and character, that they were intended for quite another purpose; and when we trooped down into the dining-room, we found them garnishing each individual chair—Samuel had thought they were to sit upon in that cold weather. That was the only occasion upon which the Rev. Perceval was ever known to use a naughty expression, and the lady-superior strove in vain to drown it by a cough.

He was a very good man, and a very kind man, I do believe, although he had not much judgment in managing the vestry, and made a great deal of fuss about a parcel of saints and martyrs, whom nobody at Little Biddlebrigham had ever so much as heard the names of. I, for one, was very sorry when that tremendous disturbance took place about the wax-candles, with which the whole world is now sufficiently acquainted, and our parish in particular was convulsed. He was a better man, I believe, after all, than the Rev. Curte Sharpely who succeeded him.

Mr Sharpely was a scholar of that magnitude, that one could never understand above half his sermons, and the other half was devoted to personalities. Upon the very second Sunday of his preaching, he flew at the poor squire for having a guest in his house who had peculiar opinions, and did not come to church. He asked us all what was our opinion of that man who could take tea with a deist; and the squire and his family walked straight out of their pew at once, followed by all their servants, and by the sexton, who is also the squire's gardener. The clerk himself was seen to vacillate at his desk, doubtful whether his allegiance was most due to his temporal or spiritual head. Altogether, the scene was of a character not easily to be erased from the mind of a Little Biddlebrighamer. Mr Curte Sharpely had a great deal to contend against in our parish after this; and it was wonderful that he effected so much good as he really did. He had, however, a very strong will, and frightened our village schoolmaster a great deal more than the schoolmaster could ever frighten the boys; the mistress alone stood up against him womanfully, declining to work his somewhat exacting behests, upon the ground that she 'was not a clergyman, nor able to perform impossibilities.' He made himself acquainted with the weak points of everybody's character, with the

skeleton in everybody's house, with the unpleasantnesses that had taken place in every family in Little Biddlebrigham, and by these means attained considerable power, without making a single friend. The neighbouring clergy disliked our little curate; but at their district theological meetings he took the lead, and was by no means to be put down. The bishop, it was rumoured, had asked his opinion upon a Hebrew passage, when he came down hither to confirm; the archdeacon did not venture to patronise him; the rural dean desisted from his usual rubber upon the night when our curate dined with him. Nobody dined with Mr Curte Sharpely; he had cold meat at his meals in preference to hot, and drank with them some peculiar effervescent mixture of his own contriving, which, I believe, turned acid upon his stomach, and in some degree accounted for his disposition. His study and accurate knowledge of the classics and divinity did not soften his manners, nor indeed prevent them from being absolutely ferocious. People sometimes never spoke to him more than once; nobody ever differed from him after the first time. He had a rug at his front-door with *Cave canem* stamped upon it, and Mr Broadland used to say it meant, 'Beware of the curate;' most of the Little Biddlebrighamers adopted a still freer translation, and held it to signify, 'Please to wipe your shoes.' When Mr Curte Sharpely left us, we were certainly most of us pleased, but were yet obliged to confess that he had taken the parish by the shoulders, and shoved it along the roads to health and education further than any curate who had come before him.

A very horrible thing happened in our parish after his departure. A young gentleman, the Rev. Julian Montacute, tutor in the squire's family, consented to take the services for a few weeks, until we got a minister to suit us, for our non-resident rector had been too terrified by the letters of Curte Sharpely ever to appoint another man without some trial. Mr Montacute was handsome, elegant, and had attained high honours at the universities; but he was of very tender years. We doubted whether, transferred as he was about to be from private to public life, he would muster courage enough to read and preach before Little Biddlebrigham; it was agreed among the most influential families that it would be quite excusable if he declined preaching a sermon at all. We need not, however, have given ourselves any concern about this matter, as Mr Julian Montacute not only read with great judgment and perfect nerve, but also astonished us with one of the most beautiful flights of extempore pulpit oratory with which our parish has been favoured. As learned as Curte Sharpely, as dignified as Perceval Smarte, this young man had, besides, a store of pathos and a charm of delivery that were peculiarly his own. There was scarcely a lady without a pocket-handkerchief; and in the squire's pew, Miss Eleanor— But there, I will repeat no domestic scandal; the misadventure of our whole parish with Mr Julian Montacute is surely of itself sufficiently interesting. The whole congregation, in short, was delighted; nor was there a tea-party in Little Biddlebrigham for weeks where the eloquence of our young divine was not the unflinching theme of praise.

On the next Sunday, the Wesleyan chapel was deserted; and the Ranter at the slate-quarry on the hill preached to empty air. The church was filled to its porch with a crowd of eager listeners, and again the Rev. Julian Montacute won every ear and moistened every eye. Two young ladies, who were about to be married in our parish, entreated as a particular favour that they should be united by his graceful hands; but he delicately declined to perform this ceremony for them. Several young ladies not about to be married— But again, let me confine myself to our public misfortune—in a word, our minister was the

idol of Little Biddlebrigham, and the epithets applied to him ranged through the whole pet-curate scale, from 'so unaffectedly devout,' down to 'such a dear darling duck of a man.' What need for any more advertisements? Was there any man, whether 'strictly Anglican' or 'purely evangelical,' for whom we would exchange the Rev. Julian Montacute? Most certainly not; but as he still refused either to marry, to bury, or to christen, upon the alleged ground of his mere temporary appointment, and as self-willed persons went on marrying, and dying, and being born in the parish just as usual, it became necessary to look out for another curate. Our secret design, indeed, was to restrict the new man to the performance of these routine duties, and to keep our cherished Montacute on, if it were possible, for preaching purposes. Upon the very day, however, that the Rev. Decimus Green and his mother—who was almost another curate, dear good soul, as it turned out afterwards—came down to Little Biddlebrigham, Mr Montacute fled. He left a letter upon the squire's breakfast-table to say he was very sorry, but that he had never been ordained at all, and was not a clergyman; and the squire brought it down to the vestry, and almost turned us into stone with the news. The two young brides congratulated themselves very considerably that 'the wicked wretch, about whom, to say truth, they had always had their suspicions,' had not performed that ceremony about which they had been so anxious. The Wesleyan minister remarked with a chuckle that he had always understood that clergymen of the Church of England were recognisable to the faithful by some infallible sign; while the Ranter assured his again overflowing audiences the whole affair was a judgment upon Little Biddlebrigham. Nobody else, I hope, was pleased in our parish.

Poor Mr Decimus Green, than whom no mortal was ever simpler or more truthful, was pestered to death about his credentials after this, and our theological table-door most carefully locked after the stealing of his steed. He had not the eloquence of the late usurper of our pulpit, and we were inclined to be dissatisfied with him just at first; but when we got to know his earnestness and intrinsic merit, we somehow learned to like his discourses too: they were good, indeed, of themselves, only he could not preach them, in account of his being so shy and nervous. It was one of the pleasantest sights in the world to look at dear Mrs Green while her son was delivering his sermons; her pride in them and him was so entirely unaffected and undisguised, and, at the same time, as it seemed, so right and agreeable.

'What did you think of my son Mus, this morning?' was what she would say to me every Sunday while we waited for him to come out of the vestry, after service, in order that we three might walk home together, for we lived in the same quarter of the little town, quite in the midst of it, and away from the sea: or 'Mus is rather long at times; don't you find him so?' she would now and then observe; and when you said, 'No, certainly not,' as of course you did, she would smile as only mothers can when their boys are praised. In the summer-time, when Little Biddlebrigham was rather fashionable, and strangers came down to bathe and enjoy the sands, she was doubly interested in what the congregations thought about him; and it was our slight to represent them as being enthusiastically admiring; for we all loved Mrs Green, I think, and the poor most of all. While Decimus went out among them with his supply of spiritual comforts, his mother made her regular rounds with a great basketful of moral ones, and she was certainly not less welcome to her son. Of all the curates which Little Biddlebrigham ever had, indeed, these two, who worked so well together, were certainly the best. The old lady did no fault—or at least, now that she is gone, we will

not confess that much—the young man had but one. Mus or Decimus Green was obstinate—obstinate as a pig, as a jackass, as a man with a scientific theory; in fact, despite his modesty, no man who did not know him could tell how obstinate Decimus Green was. Last summer, our town became so fashionable, that its ordinary accommodations proved insufficient for its throng of visitors. The gentlemen, therefore, gave up the use of our half-dozen bathing-machines entirely to the ladies, while they themselves migrated into a neighbouring bay, taking their own towels with them, and keeping their sixpences in their pockets: among them, of course, was the Rev. Decimus Green. Being somewhat delicate, and having a good deal of indoor work to do, he had lately possessed himself of a horse, in which he took much pride and pleasure. It was a handsome, well-bred mare, but exceedingly self-willed; and our curate, although a tolerable rider, was not quite the man to subdue her. She was somewhat tender in the legs, and salt-water had been recommended for them daily by the equine faculty. 'You may bring a horse to water,' says the proverb, 'but you can't make him drink;' and you may also bring one to the sea-beach, without getting it into the sea. Mr Green's man had been thrown in pretty deep places more than once already, and had given it as his opinion that he was engaged to be a groom, and not to be a merman. The mare, he said, was quite unmanageable in the water; and our curate, of course, said she was nothing of the kind. To prove this, moreover, he determined to ride the mare in himself. She was to be brought to him while he was bathing, which was not very early in the morning; and then, whether he stuck on her or not in the sea, it would be but of little consequence. Myself and several other friends were present upon the first occasion, curious to see whether the trial or the curate would come off. The animal was led willingly enough to the sands, and suffered her master—who, however, had to swim in and land for that purpose—to mount her unresistingly; but her complaisance extended no further. Now with her fore-feet planted resolutely on the beach, she protested with her hind-legs against moving seaward, and now rampant upon these hind-legs, she sparred furiously at ocean with her remaining two; but the Rev. Decimus Green sat her like a centaur, or as if he had been fastened on Mazeppawise with cords or cobbler's wax. At length, putting her head right for the waves, he called out to the groom to give her the whip; the order was obeyed by a most tremendous cut with a hunting-thong. Griselda—that was the docile creature's name—gave one terrific bound into the air, turned short about almost before she touched ground again, and flew, with the unfortunate unclothed Decimus upon her, straight back for her stable in the High Street. The poor fellow had no time to throw himself off: past the beach where the ladies were sitting and knitting; by the post-office, where the mail had just come in, and the crowd were inquiring for letters; through the little square, where the market-women were bargaining with the fashionables; by the squire's lawn, where Mrs Broadland and the Miss Broadlands were gardening after breakfast; by the National School, just emptying its throng of pupils and amateur teachers; and so to his own stable-door, where the sagacious Griselda stopped. This is what I hear from other sources. I never saw Decimus Green from that hour to this, nor has he since then been seen by mortal Little Biddlebrighamer. For the remainder of that day, he shut himself up in his own house, and departed from us, with his mother, under cover of the ensuing night, for ever. He derived, or seemed to derive, no comfort from my written suggestion that the thing was, after all, not so unusual, or had been done before at least, for a good purpose, by Lady Godiva. 'Never,' he writes, 'never can I look that congregation in the face again.'

This was the last but one of our curates at Little Biddlebrigham; and a delicacy, which I trust will be appreciated, causes me to postpone for a while any description of our present one.

A GLANCE AT THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

TAKING the distinguished botanist Schleiden for our guide, we will make a hasty survey of the world of plants, and note a few of the wonders to be found there.

Since the microscope has revealed the intimate structure of flower and leaf, of root and stem, which without it was as impenetrably veiled from our eyes as a remote star in the Milky-way without the telescope; and chemistry, analysing, weighing, measuring, has lent its aid to investigate the substance out of which these are formed, botany has taken a stride upwards in the scale of the sciences—has become, in fact, physiological instead of merely systematic.

On old damp walls and palings, and stagnant water, we often find a delicate bright green velvety coat. 'This is the first beginning of vegetation. It is composed of small spherical cells filled with sap, colourless granules, and chlorophylle or leaf-green.' The noble forest tree, the delicately shaped and tinted flower, is but an assemblage of such cells: each cell complete in all its functions, a little independent organism, imbibing and assimilating nutriment—absorbing and excreting; the vitality of the whole plant being only the sum of all these minute vitalities. Fresh layers are continually deposited on the cell-walls, but 'the new layer is never a similar entire membrane.' Sometimes it is perforated all over with little chinks, or with long slits; sometimes it is a network, or winds round in a spiral band, or forms distinct rings. Some cells have the power of forming new cells within them, when the nutrient matter accumulates up to a certain point, and then the mother-cell gradually disappears. How the endless variety of form, and texture, and colour are produced by means apparently so simple and monotonous, we shall better understand if we consider that the shape and grouping of the cells is modified in a thousand different ways: sometimes elongated and pressed close together laterally, so as to form fibres, as in the wood and bass-cells—the latter being those flexible threads we weave into textile fabrics; sometimes they become cylindrical, or star-shaped, or prisms. Add to this, the varying of the minute particles and fluids deposited within the cells, colouring matter of every hue, all the nutritious substances the vegetable kingdom yields to man—the caseine, gluten, fibrine, starch, sugar—all are manufactured in these wondrous little cells. And out of what?

Mediately or immediately, man is wholly dependent on vegetable products; his mutton and beef are made of the sweet grass, the turnip, the mangel. His bread, his sugar, all his drinks, the plant furnishes him with. Out of what does it make so bountiful a provision? Out of earth, air, and water; but chiefly out of air.

Our atmosphere is composed of about four-fifths of nitrogen, one-fifth of oxygen, $\frac{1}{1000}$ of carbonic acid, and a small but at present unknown proportion of ammonia. Besides this, it takes up variable quantities of foreign matter; watery vapours, large additions to its stock of carbonic acid, and ammonia, emitted by soils redolent with decaying organic substances, &c. When we say that the plant derives its chief nourishment from the air, it is natural to conclude that the process is a direct one; that those parts, leaf, stem, flowers, which come in contact with the air, are furnished with the means of appropriating the supplies deposited there. But this is by no means the case; all, or at least 99 per cent. of all the plant assimilates reaches it through the roots; evaporation and excretion are carried on by means of leaf and stem, but

through the root alone it is fed. The soil absorbs the gases and vapours of the air, and conveys them to the roots of the plant; and one of the main differences between a productive and a barren soil, is the degree in which it possesses this absorbent and assimilative nature. Humus, which is decayed organic matter, or, as we commonly call it, manure, possesses it in the highest degree of all; it incessantly imbibes the watery vapours and ammonia out of the atmosphere. Clay comes next. Science says, therefore, a soil liberally supplied with these two substances ought to be especially fertile. Practical experience says it is so.

Very curious and difficult calculations have been made to ascertain what portion of all the water supplied to the soil by atmospheric precipitation—rain, snow, hail, and dew—is left to vegetation, after the streams, springs, and rivers have taken their share. The result of these experiments and calculations is to prove that at least one-third is carried by the great rivers to the sea, and the residue is further diminished by the evaporation from the ground heat causes. Another series of careful experiments has been instituted to discover what quantity of water a plant consumes. A sunflower absorbs 23 ounces of water daily; an acre of them, therefore, allowing each plant four square feet of ground, would require 1,826,706 pounds in the four summer months; an acre of cabbages, more than 5,000,000; and of hops, 7,000,000 pounds. In England, the average amount of rain that falls on an acre in summer does not much exceed 2,000,000 pounds, and of this vegetation does not get perhaps a quarter. Now, we see why the capacity of a soil for absorbing watery vapour is one of its most important characteristics.

Does it occur to the reader as an anomalous thing that bog-soil, which abounds both in humus and in water, produces only the most useless formless plants: sedges, rushes, rank grasses, to which the farmer gives the opprobrious name of sour pasture? The explanation of this phenomenon compels us to take account of what earth, as well as air and water, yields for vegetable sustenance. When fire consumes a thing, its organic constituents return into the atmosphere, whence they were originally drawn. The residue, the ashes, are the inorganic constituents—that which mother Earth has supplied. Combustion dissolves their union, and enables the chemist to analyse. The ashes of plants consist of lime, phosphorus, magnesia, silic, alkaline salts, in varying proportions. These are conveyed into the little cells of the living plant in the water it takes up. Deposited in the cell-walls, they cause endless modifications of hardness, brittleness, tenuity, &c. 'The slender stalk of the wheat could not lift itself to ripen its grain in the sun's rays unless the soil furnished it with silic, through which its cells acquire that solidity necessary to enable it to maintain an erect position.' The deficiency in bog-soil is occasioned by the redundancy of water dissolving and carrying off these invaluable salts and earths; while, on the other hand, it is beginning to be believed that the chief developments and transformations which culture effects—varieties that become stable in the course of time, gradually passing into sub-species—are due to these inorganic elements. Wherever a soil is rich in the peculiar salts or earths prevailing in the ashes of any given plant, that plant will gradually alter its nature and aspect. The little dry woody stem of the wild carrot will turn into a sweet juicy vegetable weighing five or six pounds. The thin-branched flowering stem, with green bitter buds of the wild cauliflower, become the soft, succulent, snow-white head that makes its appearance upon our tables. The dry stony nature of the soil—looking as if it were only fit to mend the roads—that produces the fine Burgundian grape, is a strong instance of the fertilising power possessed by certain earths.

Botany yields a liberal quota to 'the fairy tales of fience'—true 'tales,' that make the wildest or the most grotesque creations of fancy look timid and commonplace.

The traveller in South America is haunted at every turn with some one or other of the four hundred species of the cactus tribe. Sporting with ugliness, lighting in the quaintest variations of it, they constantly arrest his attention by their entire unlikeness to all other vegetable forms. Without leaves, mostly without branches, their dull green, dropsical-looking stems, pinched in here, bulging out there, yet bedecked with glorious flowers, rise often to the height of thirty or forty feet. There is the hedgehog cactus, a small round prickly ball; and the old-man cactus, with tufts of venerable-looking gray hair. There is the thin, hip-like serpent cactus, a parasite which climbs from bough to bough; and the torch-thistle cactus, rising in round column, mostly branchless, but occasionally misfired in the strangest way, just like a clumsy gaitic candelabra, forty feet high. Sometimes the dead stems remain standing erect, white and mostly among the living stems, after the green fleshy one is decayed. The benighted traveller thankfully calls himself of them, in that scantily wooded region, 'make a fire or burn as a torch'—hence the name—the dark tropical nights. There are melon-shaped cacti, and some that look in the distance like reposing Indians, but on near inspection prove low shapeless saps of a cactus that is thickly set with yellowish red lines. Though growing for the most part under the burning rays of a vertical sun, on dry sand nearly void of vegetable mould, and beneath a sky that for three-quarters of the year yields them not one drop of rain, they are tumid with a watery acid juice of inestimable value to the parched traveller. Even the wild as, cautiously stripping off the dangerous spines with its hoof, knows how to help himself to a delicious draught when traversing the desolate steppes. The physicians of America make use of it in various ways. The thick leathery cuticle with which the cactus is covered prevents evaporation, and enables them to ward the scantily supplied moisture; and they are further assisted in this by that absence of leaves which characterises nearly all the species; for it is through the leaves that plants chiefly evaporate their surplus moisture. Another peculiarity is the abundance of beautiful little crystals of oxalate of lime deposited in the cells of all the cactaceæ. Some species contain no less than 85 per cent. of it. Nearly all produce small but palatable fruits—a sort of tropical gooseberries and currants. The wood of the torch-thistle is so firm, though light, as to be available for beams and posts; and if we add that the invaluable little cochineal insect inhabits and feeds upon the cactus only, and that the spines of one kind are so dangerous that even buffaloes are killed by the inflammation following a wound from one, we shall have enumerated all that is most important concerning them.

There is a little plant with which every school-boy is familiar, the spurge or wolf's-milk, in the efficacy of whose milky juice to cure warts he has great faith. This juice, or milk-sap, as it is called, occurs in many different families of plants, increasing in number as we approach the tropics. Its properties vary from the most useful and nutritious down to the deadliest poison. All the plants possessing it are distinguished by a peculiar anatomical structure. In the bark and the pith are long, curved, and branched tubes, not unlike the veins of animals containing this thick juice, which is generally milk-white; but there are yellow, red, and even blue milk-saps. It consists, like animal milk, of an albuminous fluid with small globules floating in

All milk-saps contain more or less caoutchouc, and only beneath a tropical sun do those qualities

that make it so invaluable to man perfect themselves. Here, even in hot-houses, it more resembles the birdlime obtained from our mistletoes. If the sap is left to stand, the caoutchouc globules rise to the top and coalesce exactly in the same way the butter globules (or cream) do in milk. The list is a long and interesting one both of useful and of noxious milk-saps. The cow-tree furnishes the Cingalese with a sweet and pleasant drink, which he uses exactly as we do milk. In Brazil there is a spurge whose milk, when flowing forth from the stem in the dark hot summer nights, emits a bright phosphoric light. The root of the yucca or mandioc plant blends in close union the most wholesome nourishment and potent poison; and the process of dissolving this union and turning each to its appropriate purpose, is a very curious one. The Indian pounds the roots to a thick pulp with a wooden club in the hollowed trunk of a tree, ties it up in a tight bundle with a stone attached to the bottom, and hangs it up so that the weight of the stone squeezes out the milk-sap. The pulp is further freed from the volatile poison contained in it by exposure to heat, then powdered between two stones. And this is the celebrated cassava meal, so important an article of diet in South America. After the Indian has poisoned his arrows with the sap thus pressed out, it is set to stand for a considerable time; and the fine white powder deposited by it is—tapioca.

Strychnine and brucine, two of the most active vegetable poisons, occur in other milk-saps; and there is a tree—the manchineel—which infects with poison the very rain-drops that pass over its leaves, to such a degree, that the luckless traveller who takes shelter beneath, speedily finds himself covered with blisters and ulcers. The natives avoid it with as superstitious an awe as if it were the fabled upas-tree of Java; and apropos of the upas-tree, that venerable tale which blends three real but separate things into one fictitious whole, it comes in our way to be explained here, because one of the three facts jumbled up together, is the existence of a tree from the milk-sap of the roots of which the upas radia or sovereign poison is concocted. A tiny arrow dipped in this, and blown through a hollow reed, 'makes the tiger tremble, stand motionless a minute, then fall as though seized with vertigo, and die in brief but violent convulsions.' In that island of beauty, fertility, and horror, grow gorgeous flowers whose dimensions are reckoned by feet instead of fractions of an inch—the Lianes, Paullinias, and Rafflesian lilies. True, primeval forests open in majestic aisles, and the bare hundred-foot-long stems of the lianes coil about and stretch from tree to tree like the rigging of a ship. The antiar, with tall, smooth, slender stem, sixty or eighty feet high, crowned by a circlet of glossy leaves, pours forth from its easily wounded bark, like the manchineel, a sap that causes blisters and ulcers to him who heedlessly touches it. Apes chatter among the boughs, and pelt the traveller with fruit. The melancholy orang-outang wanders gravely about leaning on his staff. The awful mountains send out a fiery molten flood; and lower down, mud-volcanoes break out suddenly without fire or light, swallowing up in filth fertile valleys with all their men and oxen. There are streams that petrify the neighbouring trees; springs white with sulphur; little cones of gypsum spouting unceasingly hot or cold water; and, above all, there is a narrow flat valley, nearly bare of vegetation, where the ground is strewn with the skeletons of all kinds of animals: the tiger and his prey side by side, overtaken by their common foe, death; the vulture in search of carrion, turned to carrion himself; dead beetles, dead ants lying in heaps. Man only can traverse unharmed this valley of the shadow of death, because his erect posture raises him above the fatal exhalations of carbonic acid gas, which, being heavy,

diffuse themselves slowly, and cause death by asphyxia to all near the surface of the soil. It is the same gas as in the celebrated Grotto del Cane at Naples, and in the vapour caverns of Frymont. And now we have the three terrible phenomena which led to the belief in a tree whose very shadow was deadly, and from its boughs the birds that settled dropped down dead. No wonder the natives, and the equally credulous, though brave and enterprising travellers of the seventeenth century, should attribute to a tree yielding so virulent a poison—the slightest particle of it introduced into the blood by a mere scratch caused instant death—the destructive action of the intangible, and, to them, quite undiscoverable carbonic acid gas emitted from the soil. No wonder they thought it a vapour issuing from the deadly poison-tree; and to complete the wonder and terror of their tale, further endowed it with the noxious milk-sap of the tall slender antiar.

But we need not travel so far from home for examples of plants yielding milk-sap of a noxious kind; our own ugly nettle is possessed of as marvellous a little apparatus for mischief as the serpent's tooth, and so similar to it in structure, that it might almost be called the vegetable serpent. A snake has in the front part of its jaw two long thin curved teeth, movable like the claws of a cat, and perforated lengthways by a minute canal, which terminates in an aperture at the point, and in a little gland containing poison at the root. When the animal bites, the resistance of the thing bitten pushes back the tooth, so that it presses into the gland, and squeezes out the venomous fluid, which runs along the little duct into the wound. The hairs on the leaf of the nettle are its teeth; each hair consists of a single cell, with a small knob at the tip, and expanded at the other end into a sac containing the irritating milk-juice. The slightest touch breaks off the brittle knob, and, as with the serpent's tooth, the pressure of the cell-canal in puncturing the hand that has rashly touched it, forces up the juice out of the sac, and discharges it into the tiny wound. The injury is but slight from our nettles; but the burning sun of the tropics, which matures the venom of the snake into a weapon of death, ripens too the poisonous sap of the nettle: the suffering from the slightest touch of one lasts many weeks, causing the arm to swell; and there is one species by which acute pain, lasting for years, is caused, and death itself often can only be avoided by amputation.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XI.

It was less from lack of appetite, than as affording a respite from Webbe's blistering banter, that I declined accompanying him to the table d'hôte. I dined alone; not very heartily, to be sure; a depressing sense of helpless involvement prevented that. I was perplexed in the extreme, but it would be scarcely worth while to recite the moony meditations in which I remained plunged till evening had for some time set in, seeing that they resulted in the forlorn conviction that to boldly repudiate the absurd marriage urged by Webbe's overbearing insistence, and the tears and tenderness of Clémence, would not only break the heart of a gentle girl, whose only fault, within my knowledge, was loving too well and most unwisely, but might be in effect to pass sentence of death upon my father. My only hope, therefore, was in the girl's concurrence with the delaying suggestion embodied in my note, the answer to which it was full time I should seek.

Voices in loud altercation caused me to pause as I was passing forth, and I looked in for a moment at the guests assembled round the table d'hôte. There were

several officers of the line and national guard there; amongst them the warlike bootmaker. The company appeared to be in a state of considerable excitement. Sicard was upon his legs, nearly opposite Webbe, declaiming with lively gesticulation upon Bonaparte and Bourbon politics in general, as well as I could make out, and with especial and malignant reference. It seemed, by the fixed direction of his flaming face and eyes, to M. Jacques Le Gros. The privateer captain, whose back was towards me, had, I supposed, presumed to differ in opinion from the shop-keeping warrior; but feeling quite satisfied that Webbe was able to hold his own against a regiment of very assailants, I went on my dismal way to the Rue Dupetit Thouars.

Truly a dismal way! A cold, driving rain was falling; and dirty, dingy St Malo, darkly visible by the dull light of lanterns swung on ropes across the narrow streets, looked dirtier and dingier than ever. I had no umbrella, and as the distance was not very great, preferred hastening on to returning for one. It thus happened, that butting blindly ahead against the wind and rain with my hat pulled down over my eyes, I missed the right turning; and after splashing along for more than the time that should have brought me near Madame de Bonneville's magasin, I found myself nowhere that I knew of, or could immediately ascertain, the streets being completely deserted. I made several starts in directions which I fancied should lead to the Rue Dupetit Thouars, without result, till I ran against an *autorité*, as he came sharply round a corner. The collision was violent, and a little irritated the gendarme.

'Sacré bleu!' he exclaimed; 'who is this?' To which I replied by asking him how far off and where the Rue Dupetit Thouars might be.

'How far off? Where? At least a quarter of an hour off, if you walk fast. Go to the top of this alley; then turn to the right, traverse the Place, ascend the Rue St Jean, and inquire again.'

The cocked-hatted functionary, who was apparently bound upon pressing business, stayed no further parley. I went off, as directed, at the top of my speed, and was traversing the Place, when I was suddenly brought to a stand-still by a glimpse of two women as they rapidly crossed over at some distance from me, and disappeared up a narrow street. One of them, there could be no doubt, was Fanchette: the face of the other, as I for a moment caught it by the light of a lamp close to which she passed, seemed to be that of the fierce Frenchwoman I had once seen in the Isle of Wight—of Louise Féron, *alias* Madame de Bonneville!

So sure was I of this, that I impulsively called out and ran towards the women; with what intent, had I come up with them, would have puzzled me to say; when, having lost sight of the chase, and hot, steaming with excitement and exertion, I stopped to take breath and consider what I was to do, or had purposed doing. I didn't know at all. Probably a vague desire to cut in some way or other the Gordian-knot by which I was enmeshed and hampered, had caused the inconsistent pursuit. As the reader already knows, I was ever rash and headlong. Should I meet and be recognised by Madame de Bonneville, our fine scheme would of course fall to pieces at once, not to speak or think of other correlative possibilities. And might not my inopportune return to St Malo have the same result? Certainly it might, and it behaved me therefore to be trebly wary and circumspect; and first of all, to ascertain beyond doubt that I had not been mistaken—that Fanchette's woman-companion was really Louise Féron.

This step in mental demonstration was nearly past with that, I having quickly resumed walking, which brought me to the corner of a street I knew, by

the *épicer's* shop on the opposite side, to be the Rue upetit Thouars. Fanchette and Madame de Bonneville—if Madame de Bonneville it was that I had en—did not, it instantly occurred to me, turn down, ; more properly, up that street. They had gone on a straight direction. Most likely, then, fancy had led me. Besides, when one came to think of it riously, was it likely that a person just arrived home after a long, fatiguing journey by Diligence, could go owling about the town at such a time id in such weather? The notion was absurd. I ight therefore venture, at all events, to call at the agasin, and end all misgivings upon the subject. saw by the faint light cast into the dark street m the window, that it was still open, and in a few inutes, after peering in, and seeing only the two orkwomen sewing away as usual at the further end, opened the door and walked in.

'Is Madame de Bonneville within?' I asked.

'Madame de Bonneville!' was the reply in a tone surprise. '*Mademoiselle*, no doubt, monsieur means,' led the woman with a smile. 'Yes.'

'Madame is not then returned from Paris, as I ought she might have been?'

'No, monsieur. I do not think she is expected for several days.'

I had been mistaken. There could be no longer ession of it, and I passed on with a more assured step. Clémence received me with a kind of gracious, nsive ceremony. She was alone, nicely dressed, id there was positive enchantment in her blushing nile, and the trembling tears which, as seen by the mp-light, kindled her sweet blue eyes with a pen- ating, softened lustre. 'After all,' thought I, as I sed the tips of her fingers to my lips and returned r low-toned, agitated greeting—'After all, since it my destiny to be wedded in my own despite, Fate ight have served me a scurvier trick—have mated e with a much less agreeable partner. I shall nsole myself after a while; never fear. Time will ore than reconcile me to a young and charming ife, whose disinterested devotedness would excite a teful tenderness in the coldest, most obdurate of man hearts.'

'You are wet, mon ami,' said Clémence, without ithdrawing her hand, which trembled very much, om mine. 'Shall you not take cold?'

'O, dear no, *mademoiselle*. Water to us amphibious landers is a kind of second atmosphere.'

The girl sighed, blushed, drooped her sad eyes, id resealed herself upon the *canapé*. Evidently her oughs were painfully preoccupied. Female instinct id, it was plain, detected the false pretence of my te, and she felt, sweet, sensitive child, that I did t love, though I might esteem, respect, even admire r. I would have given much to have been able to use away that green and yellow melancholy by rid words—true words I doubted not in a future ough not present sense—that might deceive her to happiness. Just then, however, I could not, had y life depended upon doing so, I felt so down-in-e-mouth, so altogether damp, limpid, uncomfortable. I broke an embarrassing pause by asking if Fanchette as at home.

'No, mon ami: she wished to go out, rude as the ght is; I also,' added the maiden looking up and garding me with a penetrating, puzzling look—'I so was desirous she should be away, in order that this decisive epoch in our lives we might be secure om interruption.'

'You reason with judgment, with delicacy, *mademoiselle*, under all circumstances,' said I, hardly owing in truth what I did say, so much had the ung woman's peculiar look disconcerted me. I ognised in it a world of tenderness and purity; it, as it seemed to me, a compassionate tenderness,

such as I, under the circumstances, had I been savage enough, might have expressed towards her.

Again a most embarrassing silence, which I put an end to by plunging desperately in *media res*.

'You have read the note, *mademoiselle*, which I had the honour of placing in your hands to-day?'

'O yes, many times over, and believe me, mon ami, with many bitter, bitter tears! I am very young; entirely without experience of the world; still I feel, acutely feel the cruel grief which must ever wring the heart of one whose devotion is met with the chilling repulse of at best a sorrowing, sympathising compassion—a regretful pity, which.'

'Dear Clémence!' I exclaimed, starting up, and taking her passive hand in both mine. 'Be assured that'

'Do not persist, mon ami,' interrupted the sobbing girl. 'Captain Webbe has been your faithful, eloquent interpreter. Me, with all his practised acuteness, he has not so well understood. It is true, however, that I agree with him in his appreciation of the manifold advantages that will be derived from our marriage. May I not, dear friend, cast aside at this supreme moment the affectations of girlhood, and speak out frankly, honestly, as all honest human souls should to each other? Yes, I fully appreciate the desirableness, the indispensability of this marriage: that it will not only insure justice, but temper that justice with mercy. I yield to that paramount consideration; and to-morrow, since it must be so, I will pledge you my faith at the altar of God—a faith, mon ami, which you need not doubt will be kept as sacred as if our hearts beat perfectly in unison with each other. To-morrow be it then, monsieur; and if'

'Permettez, *mademoiselle*,' I exclaimed, bewilderedly interrupting a proposal, equivalent, as interpreted by the young lady's look and tone of heroic self-sacrifice, to an offer on her part to be chopped into little bits at the command of cruel, imperious duty—'Permit me, *mademoiselle*, to say that I would not for the wealth of worlds take advantage of the peculiar, the extremely delicate circumstances in which you are now placed, and which cannot but influence a decision of lifelong consequences. It would be unpardonable to do so. Once restored to your true home—able to appreciate the vast change in your social position—within reach of maternal counsels, you will better'

'Ah, my poor friend,' interrupted Clémence, with perplexing graciousness; 'Captain Webbe has revealed to me that generous nature; shewn how fully capable you are of concealing, for my sake, the wound, which would nevertheless continue to bleed and fester inwardly. I may not selfishly accept that sacrifice. The brilliant future of which you speak, would not, if this moment realised, change or colour my sentiments in the faintest degree. It is true that, at first, I did not, as it were, feel the beatings of my own simple girl's heart amidst the throbbings of anticipative pride and exultation; and this is a remorse to me, since, had it not been so, the fancy excited by my portrait would not probably have grown to a passion which, be assured, though I will not pretend I can at present return, commands my liveliest sympathy, and will hereafter, I do not doubt—neither must you, dear friend—compel my warmest affections.'

'Plait-il?' said I, using a French idiom which it is impossible to precisely translate, but expressive, in this instance, of unbounded mystification and astonishment. 'Plait-il?'

Another explanatory word or two will be necessary before proceeding further with this confounding colloquy. I had risen, as previously stated, and taken the soft little hand of *Mademoiselle Clémence* in both mine. I continued so to hold it, and being a tall fellow benignly bending over a disconsolate damsel seated upon a French *canapé* or sofa, very low upon the feet,

the musical low murmur, moreover, of the stream of eloquence with which I was favoured, obliging me to place my ear as close as politeness permitted to the sweet lips through which it welled, my upright legs and sharply inclined body formed two sides of an irregular square, of which the salient angle was towards the door leading from the magasin. The reader will now have realised my position *vis-à-vis* the amiable Clémence and the door opening into the shop, when uttering the interrogative exclamation of 'Plait-il?'

'True,' resumed the damsel, in continuation rather than reply—'true, you have a right to be surprised that one so inferior in position and other social advantages, should have forestalled you in the affections of one whom a combination of romantic circumstances has invested, in your partial eyes, with imaginary charms; but in excuse, remember, dear William, how true, how devoted he was to me when I was in reality but little better than a poor *ouvrière*, with no prospect beyond—Ha! Ciel!'

Simultaneous, and mingling with the young lady's abrupt exclamation, was a sudden rush of feet, furious cries of 'Scélérat!' 'Coquin!' 'Sacré Tonnerre!' and the application of the toe of a boot to the seat of my pale-blue pants—the before-mentioned salient angle—so vigorously administered, as to pitch me into the arms of the screaming girl in the most indecorous manner.

My comprehension of it all was as instantaneous as the uproar and assault. I recognised by a flash of thought that it was the 'true,' 'devoted' Jacques Sicard who had 'forestalled' me in the affections, and kicked me into the lap of a damsel, who, I had been gulled into believing, was pining to death with unrequited love for my precious, booby self. All this, I say, with the correlatives, rushed in a moment with my flaming blood to the tips of my ears and fingers, and I sprang round with the rage and yell of a tiger.

The white wrath, under such circumstances, of an athletic young man, must have had a somewhat terrifying aspect; certainly it at once took the bounce out of Master Sicard, who was, I saw, accompanied by a 'National' officer, with whom I had a slight speaking acquaintance. The bootmaker leaped backwards with a cry of alarm, and whipping out his sword, poked at, whilst he dodged me round a table. I had no weapon, not even a stick, nothing but my bare hands, with which I could not reach him; no missile, but the brass lamp, was available, and seizing that, I hurled it, after one whirl round my own head, with all the strength that rage supplied, at Sicard's cranium. The fellow turned away his face avoidingly, and the blow, which must else have descended upon his brow or temple, struck the back part of his skull, and he fell upon the floor as if struck down by a pole-axe.

A torrent of blood gushed from the wound, and I thought I had killed the unfortunate bootmaker. So did Clémence, whose agonising grief as she clasped the insensible Jacques in her arms, and called upon all the saints in heaven to save him, was decisive of the hold he had obtained upon her heart; and although I had not felt, did not feel, the slightest love, in its conventional meaning, for the girl, I could at that moment have torn him to pieces—so fierce, so demon-like, under certain conditions, is outraged personal vanity.

'Monsieur cannot go away for the present,' said my acquaintance, the officer of the national guard, mistaking a movement of irritability excited by the girl's wild ravings.

'I have no desire to go away,' I replied. 'The insolent fool, as you cannot but bear witness, brought the misfortune upon himself.'

'I do not say the contrary,' said the officer. 'Still, monsieur, justice must take legal cognizance of the affair before you can be free to depart.'

'That is but reasonable,' I said; and seating myself, I moodily awaited the termination of the unfortunate business.

The shopwomen had run in with lights, lifted Sicard from the floor, placed him upon the camp, and sent off immediately for a surgeon. The coming of that gentleman was not long delayed; and after carefully examining and probing the wound, he exclaimed:

'Reassure yourselves, my friends; the wound is nothing—that is to say, it is not in the least dangerous. Maître Sicard is only stunned, and will be well as ever to-morrow, I answer for it.'

This was an immense relief to me—infinite more so to Clémence, as her rapturous sob abundantly testified. 'Upon my word,' thought I, 'the favour that magnanimous damsel proposed conferring upon me to-morrow morning—her hand, while her heart was that blustering bootmaker's—was a highly flattering one. By — But swearing is of no use. Yet that ever Mrs Waller's daughter should be enamoured of a vulgar cordwainer! Still, what can be said? It is proverbial that misfortune brings strange bedfellows together.'

'There is nothing, then, to detain me here any longer,' said I.

'Nothing whatever, monsieur, that I am aware of,' replied the surgeon.

'Maître Sicard,' observed the officer, who left the house with me, 'is a really good fellow at bottom, but at the same time, it must be admitted, rash in temper, which has also been unusually tried this evening. He had already crossed swords with your relative, Monsieur Jacques Le Gros, before leaving the *Hôtel de l'Empire*.'

'Indeed! Pray, how happened that?'

'They had a dispute at the table d'hôte, and Sicard, who had been drinking freely, insulted and challenged your uncle. Bah! It was over in a twinkling. Monsieur Le Gros, a *lapin*, as one can easily see, borrowed my sword, and that of poor Sicard was sailing out of his hand the instant the blades touched each other. Your relative,' added the officer, 'must be confessed, a tongue which stabs like a point, and I was not surprised at poor Sicard's rage at finding himself not only so easily disarmed, but mocked over the market.'

'He should bear himself more discreetly, if he would avoid such hazards.'

'It is true. Cupid, at all events, favours him, Mars does not. The sentiments of Mademoiselle Clémence towards him are no longer doubtful.'

'Possibly. I think my road lies in this direction, does it not?'

'To the *Hôtel de l'Empire*?—Yes; but the distance is considerable, and I have thoughtlessly brought you out of your way.'

'I do not mind that, now that the rain has come. Good-night, monsieur.'

'Au plaisir, Monsieur Jean Le Gros.'

I walked hastily on, but, absorbed in thought, missed the right direction for the second time that evening. Providentially so, a superstitious person would say for again I caught sight of Fanchette with her strolling woman-companion—and—yes—my eyes did not deceive me, Captain Webbe had joined them! They crossed the street a considerable way ahead, and I walked swiftly from me; I followed with eager, cautious steps; it was, I felt forebodingly, to the night of strange revelations.

Captain Webbe and his two associates stopped before a respectable *cabaret*, and presently went in. I went to the opposite side for the purpose of reconnoitring before attempting a closer approach. In a few minutes there was a light in one of the rooms on the first floor into which the three new-comers, as I could see by

their shadows on the blinds, were presently ushered. They took seats close to each other, and were about, I subtlet not, to enter upon a conference, at which it as highly desirable I should make one, unseen by the makers.

It might be managed, I thought; and crossing over, entered the lower, or, as we should say, the bar-room 'the cabaret, and called for a glass of liqueur.

'Can I speak privately with you for a minute?' said addressing the garçon, who brought an order for wine and oysters from the party in the first floor.

'Certainly, monsieur,' replied the man readily, with some surprise. 'This way, if you please.' The negotiation, marvellously quickened by the asser of two Napoleons from my purse to that of the garçon's, resulted favourably, and I was placed without loss of time in a dark closet close to the part the room where he proposed laying the supper; and a partition between being of thin wood-paneling, I could hear pretty distinctly for a time all that passed, indeed as was the tone in which Webbe and his companions conversed.

First, I discovered that Madame de Bonneville had been no further off than Dol all the while, there awaiting in ambush, as it were, the fruition of the plot concocted by her and the privateer captain, with the live connivance of Fanchette. The precise bearing purpose of that plot was not so easily gathered from scraps of discourse relating thereto. Madame's sudden arrival at St Malo was, I also found, prompted by a misgiving as to Webbe's fidelity, of which she sought to more thoroughly assure herself by a personal interview before he went away.

'So many promising schemes,' said Louisa Féron, in English—Fanchette having, I supposed, been originally admitted to the conspirators' confidence—so many promising schemes for utilising the bold ad you and I carried through fifteen years ago, have been wrecked almost as soon as launched, that my anxiety—my suspicious anxiety, if you will—for the success of this last one, is quite excusable. It is full, too, that the business should be brought to a conclusion. The state of my affairs, and of yours too, plainly demand its speedy settlement.'

'That settlement—a marriage-settlement,' replied Webbe, 'will, I repeat to you for the hundredth time, be off before forty-eight hours have passed away.'

'That is everything. If Clémence be once married young Linwood, I shall have taken hostages of time.'

No doubt of it: and Clémence will be a fortunate girl too. Linwood, though easily led by the nose as we are, is a trump of a young fellow, as young fellows go.'

He will be rich—that is the main consideration. And, dites-donc, Monsieur le Capitaine,' added the man in French, 'what is all that I read in the newspapers of your son, who had slain one Le Moine, being detected in the disguise of an American naval officer at a banquet given at Avranches in honour of Captain Jules Renaudin?'

'That is a droll story,' said Webbe, 'which I will relate to you after we have finished the oysters.'

Their conversation during the consumption of the oysters referred to matters of no interest to me; but supper done, they removed further off, so that I could only hear what was said when their voices were usually raised. I knew by the frequent occurrence of the names of Linwood, Le Moine, Harry, and, as I noticed more than once, that of Maria Wilson, that Webbe was relating my adventures, no doubt with his usual ad libitum variations. The narrative greatly amused his auditors, and the *entente cordiale* appeared to be re-established between the mutually mistrustful federates.

Webbe rose to go, and then madame, who intended

sleeping at the cabaret and returning to Dol on the following morning, said with absolute tone and emphasis:

'Remember, Captain Webbe, that I will not be juggled with; that you cannot play your own game out successfully without first winning mine. This marriage first, or, by all that is sacred or infernal, I'—

'Madame, your suspicions are absurd, childish,' interrupted Webbe. 'Do you suppose I need to be reminded that we are both embarked in the same boat, and must float or founder together?'

'Well, I merely remind you that I will not be fooled, happen what may. And now, before you go, as to'—

I did not catch the remainder of the sentence; and at the end of another ten minutes' low-toned dialogue, of which I could hear a confused murmur only, Webbe and Fanchette left the house: I did the same soon afterwards, reaching the Hôtel de l'Empire a few minutes before Webbe.

'THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE.'

THIS is almost a proverb, and applicable to many things on this side of the Channel: in none is it more true than in that of the Nail-manufacture.

As long as nails and tacks were made by hammers alone, things were pretty much on an equality. Thousands of anvils resounded night and day in smoky Brummagem, at which men, women, and boys toiled with large hammers, or with small, producing every variety of work, from the tiny 'twenty penny' and upwards, down to the little 'saddler's tack,' so minute and beautifully finished that it was a real marvel of female handicraft. Now, nearly all this is the work of the steam-engine; and in both countries, the anvil with its clinking sound is, so far as nails are concerned, silent for ever.

It is true that so much of our work here in England is performed with soft wood, in which it makes but little difference which end of the nail goes foremost, that the bits of sheet-iron cut off from the edge of a sheet by machinery, and which have no points, and often no heads, may answer the purpose well enough. Thus, in nailing down the floor of a room to the joists, and in similar rough work, these clumsy nails may answer the purpose; but if it be desired to clench such nails, or to use them in putting together anything of hard wood, or of slender dimensions, it will be found that they are vastly inferior to the old sorts, or to the wire-nails so extensively used on the continent. The great fault of all nails cut by machines from sheet-iron, is this one of extreme brittleness; but it is also greatly against making neat work when the bluntness of the point, if it comes through the timber, breaks away a large splinter of the wood, just as a bullet would do.

The foreign nails, on the contrary, are beautiful specimens of their kind. Being made of bright wire, cut into lengths, pointed, and headed in the same machine, they can be had of any length or thickness desired.

Every one at all accustomed, even as an amateur, like myself, to the workshop, will easily know that the varieties of nail required for different work and different woods are almost endless. Thus, the 'pointes de Paris' may be had of a given thickness, and four or five various lengths: the same wire will be seen as a short *stump*, or as a long 'brad,' requiring a nice hand to guide it straight to its resting-place. The chief advantage of these 'wire-brads' is, that they hardly ever split even the most difficult sorts of wood. Avoiding altogether the wedge shape of the

other nails, except within the narrow limits of the actual point, they confine the space within which the wood might be disposed to give way, to a length represented by that of the point itself. This, in a nail an inch long, would not exceed, probably, a twentieth part of the whole, while the remaining nineteen parts are exerting their natural tenacity in resistance. It seems puzzling why they have not been adopted in England. The principle of the machinery employed in manufacturing them is the same as that used for the solid-headed pins, which have so completely superseded the old form; but to which of the two nations the honour of the discovery belongs, is a question I am not competent to decide.

It may interest some of my brother amateur-mechanics to hear that these wire-brads may be manufactured at home, and at a very cheap rate, quite sufficiently well for all ordinary purposes. The mode of doing this is to take a coil of wire of the proper thickness, and let an assistant supply it as required to a small iron anvil set on a block or bench. Suppose nails an inch long are needed, I take a very cheap 'cold chisel'—that is, a steel chisel of hard temper—and cut the wire with it at an inch from the end, but holding the chisel as much as possible in a slanting direction. This forms two sloping points, and a cut straight across being given at the proper distance, two nails are thus formed. They sometimes require to be gone over with the hammer afterwards, and the points arranged a little; but in rough work, I have used vast quantities of them just as they were after the chisel. As they have no heads, I always turn down a small portion of the nail upon the wood. This makes an excellent bond for boxes, packing-cases, and all sorts of ordinary work, where the absence of a slightly head to the nail is of no consequence. So superior, in point of convenience, are these nails, that some friends of mine actually purchase all the fig-boxes they can lay their hands on, quite as much, or very nearly so, for the sake of the wire-brads they contain, as for the wood.

The change of system, so general now throughout Europe, from hand-made to machine-made nails, must have created quite a revolution in the trade, and displaced thousands of industrious hands; but I have as yet met with no statistical information on that subject.

A WET DAY AT BRIGHTON.

WHEN London's growing dark and dull, the atmosphere with vapour rife,
So heavily consistent you might cut it with a paper knife;
When the mental air's so thick it sinks the spirits down to noodledom;
And Rotten Row is a morass, Belgravia a Boodledom;
When the head is heavy, the pulse is low, and at 'muggy' the thermometer;
And the only thing that's lively is the hand of the barometer:
When for ball or dinner, vainly, your acquaintances you beat about;
And the lamplighter and linkman are the only men you meet about;
Defiantly you rush away, and take the train to Brighton, in
The hope, by change of scene and air, the intellects of lightening!

Bow! wow! wow!

At first, you vote the place a bore, because you haven't got about
Your room a hundred useless things you do not care a jot about;
And it isn't for a day or two you manage to think of it less;
You want the bustle of the town you had pronounced so profitless,

Till, ceasing, by degrees, to miss each habit, aim, and haunt of you,
You give up wondering how the world at home gets on for want of you;
And, imitating folks around, resolve to make the best of 'em,
Become soon as industriously idle as the rest of 'em;
And to one thought devote yourself—you'll scarcely be too bright for it—
What you'll have for dinner, and, how best, to get an appetite for it!

Bow! wow! wow!

Then out you'll stroll to see if there is any one you know, about—
You don't care who—you only want some one with whom to go about;
And chat with those amphibious men who want to go to sea with you—
A proposal you dissent from, for you know it won't agree with you;
You get your toes run over by Bath chairs, until you frown again,
And wish that man you owe a bill to would go back to town again;
On the tailors of the men you meet enjoy a quiet criticism; Or listen to the nursemaids' objurgations of their *missies*;
And conclude with a conclusion, that you won't be long a coming to,
That Ladies' faces *do* exist that Hats are not becoming to!

Bow! wow! wow!

Then you fancy that at breakfast you're beginning to be great, to-day;
And ask the waiter why on earth the *Times* should be a late to-day;
Then take a canter on the Downs, on horseback if so be you dare—
You may do it, for there's room enough for nobody to see you there—
Then shudder at the gale, at night, that makes some sad hearts weep again,
And sympathetically sigh—and turn—and go to sleep again.
All these are merely things of course! In these, there's nothing new to us;
It's merely change of scene and life; and much good may it do to us!
But there's something else, I think, that we must agree together to,
Although we bring our weeds from town, we need bring its weather too.

Bow! wow! wow!

ALFRED WATTS.

HONOUR TO SUICIDES.

The frequency of self-murder in China is to be explained in part from the fact, that it is generally considered either as expiatory or meritorious. We find the Censorate has lately recommended to the emperor the Memorial of a family residing in one of the metropolitan districts, praying for the bestowal of posthumous honours on a female member whose husband, a literary graduate, fell fighting against the rebels in Hupeh. Her claim to distinction consists in her inconsolable grief, as manifested by suicide (apparently by opium), for her deceased husband. The emperor expresses pity and commendation, and directs the Board of Rites to deliberate on the proper designation for the heroine. The object of the petitioners in this case is either to get authority for the erection of an honorary portal, or to procure for her tablet a place in the Hall of Worthy Women in her district, where she will be sacrificed to semi-annually by the magistrates.—*North-China Herald*.

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MILLINERY FOR THE MILLION.

'WELL, Charles,' said my dear Kate to me the other evening, when our parlour-maid had brought in the tea-tray—'well, Charles, I should hope that even you, in spite of your ridiculous ideas on such subjects, will think *that* going a little too far.'

'Upon my word, my love,' replied I, looking up from my newspaper, 'I really don't know what the "that" is at which, it seems, I ought to be so indignant; and, to say the truth, I would rather not know, for strong emotions, with the thermometer somewhere near eighty degrees, are not to be indulged in with impunity. I am quite disagreeably warm at the very thought of being indignant about anything. Don't tell me—there's a good girl—till the weather becomes cooler, and— But since you look so angry, what is the matter?'

'Matter indeed! That's right, Charles; pretend, as you always do, not to see, and you'll soon find what will be the consequences. There are none so blind as those who won't see, Charles; and that is your case whenever I am in trouble with my servants. I am sure that no woman in the world has more to contend with than I have in that respect; and as you never interfere to support my authority, it is wonderful, as my dear mamma says'—

At the mention of 'my dear mamma,' I at once saw the necessity of treating the matter, whatever it might be, seriously. Whenever my wife begins quoting 'dear mamma' in our little domestic differences, I know that she is in earnest; so, adopting a conciliatory tone, I replied:

'Really, my dear, I was so much interested in what I was reading when you first spoke, that I did not observe what was passing in the room. In fact, how could I do so? Look here—when I am lying on my back, with the newspaper held up so, I cannot even see so far as where you sit. But tell me what has occurred to displease you.'

'If you had been sitting up like a Christian, Charles, instead of lolling on the sofa like a Turk, and dirtying it with your nasty boots, you would have seen better, I daresay; but you *must* have seen Caroline bring in the tea.'

'On my honour, my dear Kate, I did not. I was certainly aware that the tea was brought in by somebody, but I did not see by whom—I presume, however, by Caroline, as that, I believe, is part of her work.'

'How provoking you are, Charles. Surely you must have observed'—

'No, indeed, I observed nothing; and I assure you

that I have not the remotest notion of what you mean.'

'Why, what should I mean, but that this is a striking instance of what your dreadfully lax notions must inevitably lead to. Now, you may see that *we* were right when we said that it would go on from bad to worse, although you laughed at us in your sneering, contemptuous way. *We* always said how it would end. *We* always knew that you were in the wrong; and now you may be convinced of it if you will only take the trouble to open your eyes, and not hide yourself behind that horrid newspaper.'

'Why, what can have happened, my dear?' said I, now really anxious to know. 'I hope that nothing'—

'O no; nothing at all, Charles; only that that creature, Caroline, wears a hoop!'

'Is that all, my love?' said I, quite relieved. 'I certainly did not observe *that*; and as for my horrid paper, if you had been reading this splendid article about Palm'—

'And, pray, what more would you have?' said my wife, remorselessly cutting the premier in two. 'It would be very much better, Charles, if, instead of thinking so much about those stupid politics, you would learn to think a little reasonably on matters which interest us all much more nearly, and have much greater influence on our comfort.'

'I wish, my dear Kate, that you would learn to take trifles like these a little more quietly. We cannot alter them, if we would—of that I am persuaded, and I really don't think we ought to try.'

'Of course not, Charles, let the creatures go on until they dress as fine or finer than their mistresses. Perhaps you, with your horrid liberalism—vulgarity, dear mamma calls it—would like to see your servants dressed out in the latest fashion, while your wife looks like a provincial dowdy. But I won't permit it. Dear mamma says, that when she began housekeeping such things would not have been tolerated for a moment. Caroline, I am determined, shall go this day month, for I will no longer be subject to such humiliation in my own house.'

'Come, come, my love,' replied I, 'don't allow your temper to be ruffled by a matter of so little importance. You would be much more comfortably situated with regard to your servants, if you would shut your eyes to what is inevitable now, whether we like it or not; and would look on such changes in our manners a little more philosophically.'

'I have no patience with you, Charles. What in the world, I should like to know, has philosophy to do with my parlour-maid's sticking out her petticoats with a hoop?'

'It has very much to do with it, my dear. Parlour-maids didn't follow the fashions fifty years ago, and now they do. That is a fact which none can deny; and it is a phenomenon which undoubtedly marks a very considerable change in the social conditions affecting large masses of the people. In this view of the matter, then, the change, whether we like it or not, ought to be looked at in a philosophical spirit, and not summarily condemned, as if the cause of it and the thing itself were wholly evil. A little rational inquiry won't be thrown away on the subject, take my word for it.'

'I am sure, Charles, I always endeavour to do my duty by my servants, and to make them happy and comfortable, and no one can say with truth that I am a harsh mistress. But, as dear mamma said only the last time she was here, this kind of thing I neither can nor ought to put up with.'

'Who denies, Kate, that you are a kind mistress? I am sure I should be the last to do so; but, I must say, that on the subject of servants' dress, you are often, like most ladies, both unjust and unreasonable. How is it that you can't see that it is most unwise to attempt enforcing the discipline of your mother's youthful days upon the domestics of our own? If my good mother-in-law had to deal with young women instead of with those veterans, Jane and "Old Hannah," who have lived with her these five-and-twenty years, she would soon find how impossible it would be to carry out her ideas. The ideas of the maids having undergone a great change in the matter of dress, the ideas of the mistresses must adapt themselves somewhat to the new state of things, or perpetual changes and collisions will be the result. This anti-stiff-petticoat feeling of yours is pure Toryism, an unphilosophical reluctance to *marcher avec le siècle*.'

'For goodness' sake, Charles, don't give me any scraps of French. Your accent, you know, is not good; and if there is one thing I detest beyond all others, it is to hear a man eking out his poverty of words with the odds and ends of another language. In spite of your philosophy, I still say that servants ought not to dress as they do. To see a girl like Caroline, with a tray in her hand, and her skirt sticking out like a balloon, is utterly absurd and very improper—very improper indeed.'

'But you know the old saying, my dear Kate: "What can't be cured must be endured;" and unless, in these days when everything is made for the million, we can bring ourselves to look calmly on fashionably dressed domestics, we must always expect to be in hot water. As for the humiliation you were talking about just now, if you mean that you will be eclipsed by your servants, I don't think you need feel much alarm on that score. I will not be so rude as to say that you ever appear absurd, but I do say that, although you have no tea-tray in your hands, your dress sticks out like a very large balloon indeed.'

'How can you talk so, Charles? Why, the last dress I had made, that French *foukard* you admire so, had only nine breadths in it, and'—

'I don't care how many breadths it had, my love. I only know that the bill tells me that you cram as much material into one dress as would have sufficed to clothe your paternal and maternal grandmothers both together, and have made your two grandfathers a waistcoat apiece into the bargain. While, as to crinoline and things of that nature, there is no end to them.'

'I am sure,' said Kate, quite in a miff, 'you cannot call me extravagant. I only have my dresses made in the fashion, and surely you would not have me look particular.'

'I would have you continue to do, my love, what you have always done—that is, please yourself. I would have you remember, however, that poor

Caroline, the "creature," and her class, are women like yourself; that they, too, have the love of dress, so strong in your sex; and that so long as they only spend the wages they fairly earn, you have no more right to despise them and call them "creatures," than they have to despise you and your mamma for staying as you do the *Magasin des Modes*.'

'But, Charles, you surely don't mean to compare Caroline's station with mine? Things which are harmless in my station of life, may be very unbecoming in hers.'

'A sensible remark, Kate, but it won't do to construe that principle too strictly—an error of which I think you are guilty. Now, when you call Caroline a "creature," you don't say whether you think that the wrong she has done consists in the desire she has to stick her petticoats out with that strange machine of wadding and tape, or whether it lies in her doing so in your august presence. Which is it?'

'Don't sneer, Charles. It is a bad habit you have, particularly when you know you are wrong. I mean, of course, that a creature like that has no business to wear it.'

'Just so, my love. Another cup of tea, if you please. Our little dispute has made my throat quite dry, I declare. Just so. You say that she has no business to wear a hoop. But why? Unless we are a little more precise, we may talk till midnight without getting any further.'

'Well, then, Charles, since I must be so very careful of my words, I say that such things are ridiculous for one in her station of life.'

'I see, my love,' said I, 'that you know how to make use of the ladies' favourite argument, that a thing is because it is; but answer me this: do you mean to imply some moral turpitude on the part of Caroline, when you call her a "creature;" or do you mean to imply merely that her crime consists in wearing a hoop in your august—Ahem! before her mistress?'

'Why, Charles, how absurd you are. I mean of course that she ought to be ashamed of herself to come into the drawing-room with that thing on; and I also mean, as dear mamma says, that for girls in her rank of life to fill their heads with such things is perfectly ridiculous.'

'And why, pray, is a love of dress more ridiculous in them than in you? I fear, Kate, that you talk want to keep all the finery to yourselves, and that a feeling of jealousy is at the bottom of your hostility to smart maid-servants. Ducks of collars, laces, bonnets, darling mantles, sweet little caps, gay dresses and bright ribbons, you would monopolise as much to be enjoyed by your class only; and if you only would even forbid those beneath you to wear these things, much more to wear them. But what, ask you, is there in domestic service which should change a woman's nature that she should be ignorant to dress?'

'A sense of propriety, Charles—of what is becoming in her station, and of what is due to those above her.'

'A sense of fiddlestick, Kate! Your idea of connection existing between you and your servants appears to be the feudal notion of dependence, whereas that connection is a purely commercial one. Kindly feeling and good offices, not bargains, are not excluded on either side—God forbid that they ever should be; but L. s. d. is your bond of union, and unless at the hiring you stipulate for a particular style of dress, paying accordingly, you cannot reasonably expect that, out of mere awe of our superiors of us—our servants should forego their own free inclinations.'

'I'm sure I don't know, Charles. Why do women dress in a sort of livery like men? It would be a very good plan.'

'It is true, my dear, that men-servants do consent to wear the badge of servitude; but would they consent to do so if the practice had been until now that they should wear plain clothes? I think not. Your idea of putting female servants into a kind of livery would certainly be quite impracticable.'

'Fifty years ago, female servants dressed quietly and becomingly at any rate, and that is what I would enforce now. Our grandmothers' maids didn't strive to imitate their mistresses.'

'They did not; that is, not to the extent well-paid servants do now; but the cause of the change is plain enough. The class from which servants are drawn have acquired tastes and ideas very different from those which satisfied them a generation or two back, and of course those tastes and ideas will shew themselves even in domestic service. Education, imperfect and partial as it is, has certainly somewhat refined the tastes of the lower classes, and the "Betty" who would have been enraptured with a cherry-coloured cap ribbon, has given place to the "Miss Elizabeth" who cuts her dresses out by the prints in the *Illustrated London News*. In short, as education advances, the tastes of all classes will more nearly assimilate. The age is a levelling one; but one in which, happily for all, the level is produced rather by raising the low, than by pulling down the high.'

'Really, Charles, I had no notion that you would run on so merely because I object to the width of Caroline's dresses; but this, I suppose, is what you call treating the subject philosophically?'

'Certainly, my dear, I wish to discuss this question with you calmly and without prejudice. I am anxious to convince you that your determined hostility to the taste for dress which now exhibits itself in the class of domestic servants, is unwise and inexpedient; and I am desirous that you should reconsider your determination to part with a servant against whom, as you freely declare, you have no other fault to allege than this—if fault it be.'

'It certainly is a fault, Charles; and if education tends to awaken in the lower orders a taste for fine dressing, it seems to me that they won't gain much by it, and I am sure that we shall not.'

'I can't agree with you there, Kate. Education, undoubtedly, has this tendency in many ways, and the result was not difficult to be foreseen. We must expect that the refinements of manners and ideas consequent on the spread of education, will shew itself most distinctly in those things which commend themselves most readily to ordinary minds, and which find the most favourable soil prepared for them. It would be most unphilosophical to expect that when refinement penetrates the masses, it will shew itself only in their virtues, and not in their vices. This would be to expect to create a class beneath us having all our good qualities, and none of our failings—a most chimerical notion truly, and one arguing, in the person entertaining it, great ignorance of human nature. Now, love of personal adornment is universal; and Caroline's taste being more refined than that of her class half a century back, instead of buying a dress of a flaming pattern and half-a-dozen yards of blue ribbon, she aspires to petticoats as wide as her mistress's. If that were the only evil inseparable from education, it would surely be but a very small drawback on its immense benefits.'

'Well, Charles, a poor ignorant woman can't be expected to be a match for such a philosopher as you pretend to be; but I do say that what with one thing and what with another, it seems to me, as dear mamma says, that the world is turned upside down.'

'I presume, my dear, that your mamma means that other classes are treading on the heels of our class rather too closely. Well, there is no denying that we must go ahead ourselves, if we wish to keep ahead.

The advantages we have hitherto enjoyed exclusively are being largely shared in by others. There is no longer a monopoly of education, nor a monopoly of communication, for example; and we must keep our position by extra exertion, if we keep it at all. The locomotive plunges through the land at forty miles an hour, and drags behind it both peer and peasant; the penny-stamp franks the letter of "Jeames" as well as that of "my lord;" and soon we may hope that a more or less liberal education will be within reach of all but the lowest. We must progress ourselves, and not attempt to keep down those beneath us, even in such a thing as dress—an attempt which will certainly fail, and deservedly so. How should we of the middle class like to be told that we ought to confine our tastes to the standard which prevailed in the middle class in the days of our grandfathers?'

'I don't know, Charles, why you should call us of the middle class. You know that dear mamma's maternal grandmother was descended from a younger branch of'—

'I know all about that, my dear; indeed, your mother takes care I shan't forget that fact, if I forget everything else; but we are of the middle class, nevertheless; and a few years since, even so simple a luxury as muslin window-curtains was thought too good for us. My grandmother's first pair of muslin curtains were considered quite as absurd in one of her station as you consider Caroline's hoop is in hers.'

'Nonsense, Charles. How you run on!'

'Run on, my love. I was never more serious in my life. My grandfather rented a large farm under a wealthy peer; and on one of her excursions to the market town, my grandmother purchased some muslin window-curtains. My grandfather, good man, thought they were almost too grand for such folk, but they were forthwith put up in the best parlour—middle-class people had no "drawing-rooms" then—to the great admiration of the whole house. Now, it chanced that "my lady," in taking her airing on horseback, rode past my grandfather's farmhouse that very day, and being struck with astonishment at the sight of the white drapery at the windows, at once galloped back to the hall, and thus addressed her lord, who came forth, wondering at her sudden return: "Wail, my lord, what do you think I've seen? Haw! haw! why, muslin curtains at Fawmer Bra-w-n-s, my lord. Pawsitively! fawmers with muslin curta-i-n-s. Haw! haw! haw! It's almost as absurd as their asking last year for bells—pawsitively."'

'Very funny indeed, Charles,' said my dear Kate, with rather a forced laugh, as if not quite relishing the application of my anecdote; 'and I suppose I ought to give up opposition to hoops for my servants, and agree to'—

'That's a good little Kitty,' said I. 'I knew you were too reasonable a girl not to see the thing in a proper light, when it was once set before you. Nobody thinks muslin curtains a luxury only fit for the rich and great now; and so it will be, nay, is, with the dress of our female servants. All classes are now clothed much more alike—a change not without advantage even to the most elevated. When gentlefolks were broadly distinguished from their inferiors by their dress, they could afford to be coarse in manners and vulgar in mind. Now, they must be superior in order to look so. But I won't moralise any more; I think I have said enough to convince my dear Kate that she has been somewhat hasty in her determination with regard to the dismissal of a servant who has no other fault than a little natural love of dress.'

'Upon my word,' replied my wife, 'you assume very coolly that you have the best of the argument; but now, that you have done philosophising, I should like to ask you a question, to which I must have a plain answer. We poor women, you know, can't argue a

bit, and always go round in a circle, as you call it; so I will only ask you a plain question. Will you answer it?"

"I'll do my best, my dear," said I, as cheerfully as I could; for I did not quite like the triumphant look Kate had suddenly assumed, and I began to have some misgivings as to the security of my victory.

"Now, then, Charles," said my wife, "you have proved entirely to your own satisfaction, if not exactly to mine, that a taste for personal adornment being common to all my sex, it is neither just nor expedient to oppose that taste, now that it shews itself so strongly in our household servants. I believe I have stated your argument fairly; have I not?"

"You have put it very broadly, Kate; but that most certainly is the substance of what I maintained. Taking, you see, a philosophical view of—"

"Of my parlour-maid's dress," interrupted Kate, laughing heartily, for she thought she was getting the better of me, "we ought to say nothing about it. But now for my question. You are, of course, quite prepared to carry out your own doctrine to its legitimate consequences. Having come to a most philosophical conclusion, you are prepared to abide by it. I ask you, then—Will you permit your servants to indulge their taste for dress to any extent they please; and if not, why not? If not, why not? Tell me that, Charles."

"My dear," I began, "I don't—that is, if I am to—"

"No, Charles, no ifs, if you please. As you remarked just now, let us be precise in our language, or we shall talk till midnight without getting any further. I have asked a plain question, and I want a plain answer to it. Why do you hesitate to give it me?"

"But, my love—"

"No buts, Charles; I want neither ifs nor buts. I want you to tell me where you would stop, and why you would stop, without any ifs or buts whatever. Surely a philosopher cannot be at a loss to answer a poor simpleton like me."

"Why, my dear, you will admit that the best rules of conduct may be pushed to absurd extremities; and when I said that servants should not be scolded because they indulge in a taste common to all womankind, of course I did not mean that their taste should be carried to an outrageous excess. In that case, I should remonstrate kindly with the offender on the impropriety of her conduct."

"Impropriety! Gracious me, Charles, why, you seem to have come quite round to my side of the question. At last, then, even you will admit that there is a point beyond which a servant cannot be suffered to indulge a love of dress. You see, I am not so illogical and absurd, after all, and have already reduced the question between us to one of degree. Pray, now, at what point will the philosopher stop? Your point is not at skirts eight-breadths wide—at jackets, at tucks, at flounces—dear mamma hates those flounces!—at smart little caps, at lace sleeves, at silks, at muslins, at parasols!"

"For Heaven's sake, my love!" cried I, "don't talk so fast; you fairly take away my breath. Do let me get a word in edgewise."

"No, Charles—not a word till you tell me where you will stop. What do you consider going too far?"

"Well, my dear," said I desperately, "I would stop when the dress is not—I *must* use a French word, I can't think of any English word which will express my meaning so accurately—when, then, the dress is not *convenable*. Yes, that's the word. When a servant's dress does not appear to me to be *convenable*, I should interpose with my authority, not before. For example, I should interpose at —e, at —e-e-e. Dear me, how very absurd I am—at —e-e."

"Short sleeves and low dresses," said my wife maliciously.

"Well—yes," I replied, somewhat relieved even by such a suggestion as that, for I began to feel considerable embarrassment in defining the exact point at which I should consider the *convenable* to have been disregarded. "Yes, at short sleeves and low dresses, as you say, or at anything of that kind."

"You will excuse my laughing, Charles!"—and the little minx did laugh most provokingly—"but really it is amusing to see the philosopher obliged to adopt a plain common-sense view of this weighty matter, after all. However, I don't complain. Why should I? We are getting nearer every minute. I agree to the word *convenable*, and it only remains for you to strike out a few of the articles you include under that word, and for me to admit—you see how reasonable I am—a few to which I object; and we shall be able to come to some ground of common action."

"My dear Kitty," said I, "you really would make an excellent man of business. Nothing can be fairer than your proposition; and precedent, perhaps, will be our safest guide as to what we ought to allow, and what to forbid. What other people's servants wear, let ours wear."

"No, Charles, I can't agree to that, and I wonder you should propose it. You must think me very stupid, for it is you that are arguing in a circle now. I maintain that certain articles of dress are not proper for my servants to wear, and thereupon you protest that they are proper, because the same things are worn by others in the same rank of life. No, no. It is easy to find a precedent for anything, however disgusting. Didn't your brother tell us the other day, that in the far west of America the servants at the inns waited on him with bare arms, and low, very low dresses? What others do, therefore, will be no guide for me. We ought to decide on principle, Charles, not on precedent."

"My dear girl," said I, in a mild way—for I perceived that I should have to make very important concessions—"I must own, that, in the heat of argument, I have not been careful to limit the principle for which I have contended within practical bounds. No doubt there is a point at which we should be justified in remonstrating with a servant who indulged a taste for dress; but you cannot deny that mistresses are apt to be somewhat unreasonably severe. If, therefore, I am prepared to concede the existence of a point, dividing that which is, from that which is not, *convenable* in the dress of our female servants, you must be prepared to allow of a wider latitude to Caroline and her class than you have hitherto consented to do. I have taken what may be called the philosophical view of a by no means unimportant question, and you have regarded it from what may be said to be the practical side of it. But is there not some truth in both? Between—I won't say the short sleeves and low bodies of the "helps" in *Winnam*—but between very dressy dressing, and the notions of your mother, there is a very wide range; and surely it will never be difficult for a mistress, possessing only half as much kindly feeling and good sense as you do, to find the means, without giving offence, of keeping a good servant within the bounds of moderation."

"But, Charles," said my wife, when I had concluded what I flattered myself was a speech calculated, by its moderation and the little compliments it contained, to bring me respectfully, if not triumphantly out of the contest; "but, Charles dear, what do you say to this creat—to Caroline's hoop?"

"Now, really, my good Kate, you are enough to provoke a saint. I thought the hoop question was amicably settled at any rate."

"Perhaps it is, my dear," replied Kate with a

roking *sang-froid*. 'But in that case, you consent to put the obnoxious article into our common index *expurgatorius*.'

'Consent! Not I, indeed. Why, all my argument went to shew that such trifles ought not to be interfered with.'

'I know it did, Charles; but to my mind it *didn't* shew anything of the kind; and as dear mamma says'—

'Oh con'—

'Charles!'

MY EXTINCT GARDEN.

I LIVE a thousand feet above the sea, perched up on a hill, shut in on every side by dark mountains and dreary moors, the prevailing aspect of which is decidedly black. Black roads, black houses, black faces shew pretty plainly what a black inside the world has. Being fond of gardening, I determined to have such a garden as should outshine all the surrounding blackness; but after a desperate contest with the wind and weather, I gave it up in despair. The frost killed the rhododendra, while the east wind nipped the roses; so I turfed up my beds, and sulkily took to planting potatoes instead; when a happy accident diverted my horticultural exertions into a new channel, and with better effect. My new garden had some decided advantages over the old one. It is unchanged by weather; summer's heat and winter's snow have no effect on its contents; and yet, strange to say, at Kew or the Crystal Palace, they require the most careful tending and the most uniform temperature. My garden is not so neatly kept as some tidy people might like, but yet there is order amidst the rubbish. Instead of walks neatly gravelled and turf-trimmed, we use iron rails, and in lieu of spades and such-like tools, ponderous pickaxes and shovels; yet notwithstanding these formidable weapons, and the stalwart appearance of my numerous gardeners, the flowers themselves are of the most delicate description; even so fine as to require the aid of a microscope to develop their minuter characters. What is, then, the real state of affairs? In the number of *Chambers's Journal* for April is an interesting paper, 'A Day with the Woolhope Field-club.' Now, such a garden as mine comes most particularly under the notice of both botanists and geologists of a naturalist's club, so I will describe as briefly as I can a most interesting spot in the earth's past life, without, I hope, tiring the reader's patience overmuch with geological technicalities.

Low down, then, in the earth's crust, we arrive at the carboniferous formation, whose hidden treasures have contributed so materially to England's greatness. The reader may learn from the paper to which I have referred, that it is divided into three important groups of strata, of which the lowest—that of the mountain limestone, with its numerous characteristic shells and corals—is succeeded by the millstone grit, which is rather barren as regards fossils—although some are to be found—and the latter, in its turn, is overlaid by the coal-measures. The way in which these respective divisions lie in or upon one another, may be exemplified by three basins, placed inside each other, each of which is smaller than the one beneath it, and therefore allowing a belt or rim of the lower one to be visible. These groups are of variable thickness, but always preserve their relative positions. Thus, though one or both may be absent, yet the grit is never found above the coal, or the limestone above the grit; and, as an example of this absence, we may mention the Dudley coal-field in Staffordshire, where the coal-measures rest immediately upon limestone of a Silurian character. As in everything else of nature's handiwork, we are struck

with the utility of this arrangement to man; since without limestone, the iron manufacture would probably come to a stand-still, because to extract and melt the iron-ore—which is usually found in veins parallel to the coal—a *flux* or mixture is needed, composed of the ore, coal (or coke), and limestone.

The millstone grit is of the least commercial consequence in the whole series. It generally consists of a very hard gritty stone, filled with quartz pebbles, and is looked on with a good deal of disgust, both by the colliers below ground and the farmers above ground—the former, because they know that when they arrive at it, they will get no more coal; and the latter, because the sterile character of the stone seems to communicate a similar effect to the soil above, which, as a general rule, only supports a dry, heathery pasturage for sheep. In the north of England especially, there are large districts composed of millstone grit—in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Northumberland, as may be seen on reference to the colouring of a geological map. In the South Wales basin, the thickness averages about 200 feet, and it goes by the expressive name of Farewell Rock, indicating to the colliers that they have come to the end of their tether; though, as there are exceptions to every rule, there are sometimes thin beds, called, in Wales, *Rosser veins*, found interspersed in the grit. Finally, above these groups, we arrive at the coal-measures, which are of very variable thickness; in the vale of Neath, no less than 8000 feet; although this calculation must not be understood to mean the amount of thickness of coal only, but is inclusive of the beds of sandstone and shale which intervene.

The coal-measures are again subdivided into the upper and lower groups by a thick set of beds, called the Pennant grit, a coarse sandstone, filled with carbonaceous specks, and much used for roofing purposes. Amongst these grits are some coal-beds, in most places scarcely worth the working; in the neighbourhood of Swansea, however, they assume a more important character, being 2125 feet in thickness, and possessing a dozen valuable seams. The South Wales coal-measures all belong to the lower group; hence, throughout the district, long ridges of Pennant grit are seen running from north to south, towards the Bristol Channel, dividing the country into narrow parallel valleys, which teem with their hundreds and thousands of population, brought hither by the riches beneath.

As regards my garden, then, we will dismiss the upper coal-measures, which are principally to be seen in the north of England. The number and thickness of the workable seams differ in many parts of the basin, ranging in number from ten to twenty, and in thickness from 2 to 8 feet. The same seam of coal, too, will be of varying thickness at different works: thus, the Bydellog vein is, at Beaufort, in Monmouthshire, 3 feet thick; at Ebbwvale, 3 feet 9 inches; at Nantyglo, 4 feet; at Clydach, 2 feet 3 inches; at Blaina, 5 feet 6 inches; and at Cwm-telery, 5 feet. The seams are separated from each other by layers of shale, iron-ore, or hard rock, also of different degrees of thickness, which are all gifted with some familiar name, according to the locality. Finally, access may be had to the different seams vertically or horizontally—by pit or level. Everybody knows what a pit or shaft is; but a level is not so common. When a country is very hilly, a way can be pierced through the hill to reach the seam of coal, which has the advantage of not requiring the costly apparatus of shaft, engines, or pumping-gear, and which, in fact, is nothing more than a long tunnel. Hundreds of miles are thus scooped out in level, making an easy and inexpensive way of reaching the coal. But when a vein runs very near the surface, as, for instance, round the shoulder of a hill—then the coal and iron-ore are reached *from* the surface—the rock is excavated, leaving, as the work goes on,

precipitous escarpments, from which the ore, or, as they are generally called, 'balls of mine,' are extracted; while lower still, the collier is hewing away at the coal, a sort of work which is called patch-working. Here is then a fine opportunity for the geologist to see, by the light of heaven, how the strata run; and here it was—in the highest seam, called the Ellid Vein—that I found my garden.

The coal-measures have long been favourably known to geologists for the abundance and beauty of the fossils contained in them; indeed, as early as 1697, we hear of a geological Welshman, Llwyd by name, who made an excursion into Breconshire, and remarked on the singular construction of the levels, 'wherebie two horsemen could ride abreast;' but what puzzled him most was meeting with a large mass of shale, fluted regularly, and marked all over with little pits or depressions. He referred to what is now called a *stigmaria*, a fossil which has only of late years found its proper place in natural history. Every seam of coal may be seen to possess three distinct divisions; of which the uppermost, the roof, is a mass of slaty clay or shale, often the most prolific portion as regards vegetable remains in good preservation; in the middle is the veritable coal, which in itself is nothing less than the carbonised remains of trees and plants, of which only the external structure remains. Lastly, underneath it all is a stratum of thick clay, technically termed 'underclay,' which is invariably present in a true coal-seam, and always contains the *stigmariæ*, which are the roots and bases of the gigantic trees which afterwards composed the coal. Many of these trees have been found *in situ*, in Lancashire, Derbyshire, and Northumberland, where, within half a mile, twenty upright stems were discovered on the coast, proving in reality their vegetable nature, and that the underclay was the soil in which they grew.

The number of species of coal-plants is about a thousand, of which the greater part belong to the fern class. Of this number, about two hundred have been found in Great Britain; and, singularly enough, species identical with these have been discovered in America, Australia, and Greenland; shewing how great a change has taken place in the temperature of these regions since the carboniferous epoch. From the slabs of shale, which lie about in my garden in such utter confusion, I have obtained above fifty different forms of fruit, flower, and fern, of the utmost delicacy of form. Most abundantly appear the *sigillaria*, carved in such regular and quaint rows, each little depression marking the place from whence fell off the petiole or leaf-stalk. These are the trees of which the *stigmariæ*, before mentioned, are considered to be the roots, and of which I have five or six varieties—the *oculata*, or eyed *sigillaria*, the reniform or 'kidney-shaped,' the tessellated, and others, named according to the notions of the discoverers. Next comes the *lepidodendron*, or scaled tree, a gigantic member of the *lycopodiaceæ* or club-moss family, which reached the height of sixty feet or more, gradually diminishing, until it finished off with a small tuft or plume. If well examined, each of the innumerable lozenge-shaped hieroglyphics will be seen to be full of a yet more delicate sculpture. Associated with these are numbers of cones or *lepidostrophi*, the fruits of the *lepidodendron*. Very frequent also are the *calamites*, or reed-plants, allied to the mareetail, which, unlike the degenerate reeds of the present day, were upwards of 40 feet high, and 3 feet thick. 'There were giants in those days.' More numerous than all these are the specimens of the fern tribe, of which there are 150 species known, not one of them identical with existing ferns. The *neuropteris*, with its finely veined leaves; the delicate *sphenopteris*, or wedge-shaped fern; the *pecopteris*; the *glossopteris*, or tongue-

shaped; and many, many others, which it would be tedious for the general reader to enumerate. The perfect preservation of this ancient flora could not fail to interest the observer, whether geologically inclined or not.

Before we close this subject, let us take a glance at the state of the earth in which they flourished. We behold, in our mind's eye, huge forests, growing in rank luxuriance under a tropical atmosphere. Every tree strikes us as being vast in size and strange in form. We see strange and wondrous forms of fish peopling the waters which surround this primal jungle; almost the only signs of animal life visible—the mailed *holoptychius*, the fine-toothed *celacanthus*, and the huge *megalicthya*. But a change at length takes place. There is a fearful convulsion of nature, the consequence of which is a subsideance of the forest, which is covered by the waters of a fresh sea. Ages roll on, and a new forest takes its place, and flourishes like its predecessor, only to be engulfed in its turn. This goes on until a new geological system arrives, and the world puts on a new aspect, with new inhabitants, both animal and vegetable. The result of these repeated subsideances is, that each fresh forest has been compressed by an enormous weight, and at an enormous heat, causing the carbonisation of all its contents, and giving us in after-ages a seam of coal for every time the process was repeated.

KIRKE WEBBE, THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XII.

PASSION had not entirely swamped the slight stock of common-sense I was possessed of; and restraining myself by a strong effort from forthwith denouncing Webbe's treacherous villainy to his face, I hurried off to bed, there to reflect quietly upon the course I ought to adopt. But quiet reflection was no more possible than sleep, till the wordless rage of mortified self-love, aggravated by the savage consciousness of what an egregious booby my own absurd conceit had helped to make me, had in some degree exhausted itself, partly, as I remember, by furiously punching the pillows, as imaginary substitutes for the privateer captain's head, and, but less frequently and fiercely, that of M. Sicard. 'As easily led by the nose as asses are,' was I! Why, ay, hitherto; but not quite so easily for the future, he shall find, now that I thoroughly know the gentleman who fancies he has got that prominent feature of mine so securely betwixt his finger and thumb. It strikes me very forcibly, noble captain, do you know, that, clever and cunning as you are, and close upon the winning-post as you and that Jezebel Féron believe yourselves to be, it will not be impossible to trip up the heels of both, for all that's come and gone yet. Very far from impossible; though assuredly whoever would successfully contend with such wily, practised devils, should maturely meditate his plan of battle.

I anxiously sought to do so. One considerable advantage that partially overheard conference certainly gave me: I now knew that Webbe and the woman Féron were not only confederate with each other in the abduction of Mrs Waller's child, but sworn accomplices in the scheme which was 'to utilise' that atrocious deed. I was no longer in the dark, then, as to the sinister complicity of the privateer captain with the pretended mother of Clémence; and I comprehended that, whilst playing into each other's hands

up to a certain point, they had individually a separate game to bring to a triumphant issue. 'Remember, Webbe, that you cannot play your own game out successfully without first winning mine. This marriage first, or, by all that's sacred or infernal'—, quoth the woman, the unspoken threat evidently implying that she would at all hazards mar *his* particular project, should he prove false to her. Yes, but what could be the particular project contemplated by Webbe, to which my marriage with Clémence was the enforced, indispensable preliminary? There I was at sea again, without rudder or compass. The obtaining of the reward promised by my mother, and largely augmented as well as guaranteed by Mrs Linwood! What else could it be? But how, on the other hand, would that marriage, simply because I should be tolerably rich, 'utilise' her crime to the woman-conspirator's so complete satisfaction? She might, it was true, count safely enough that in that case the affection, mingled with fear, with which she had inspired the stolen child, would stand between her and the legal vengeance of the Linwoods; but that, it was now apparent, she had boldly challenged by disclosing, through Webbe, the secret of her pretended daughter's birth. The realisation of the reward, which there could be no doubt she would share, was again the only rational solution I could arrive at; and tiring at length of a barren cogitation in which I only slipped from one untenable hypothesis to another, I bent my mind to the elaboration of a counter-plot, which, if carried out successfully, would effectually confound her knavish tricks, of whatever nature or design those tricks might be.

I must make a confidante of Clémence, to begin with. She would, of course, have already comprehended that, after her impassioned apostrophe, in my hearing, to the rounded bootmaker, marriage with me, were she still herself disposed to acquiesce in that dreadful martyrdom, was quite out of the question. Then Madame de Bonneville's conversation with Webbe would prove to her that that lady was on the verge of ruin, only to be averted by that impossible marriage, or, as I should put it, by her, Clémence's, flight with me to England, under the protection of some respectable female, whose services a handsome *douceur* would easily secure, aking with us the necklace, armlets, and other *pièces d'accusation*; I, on my part, solemnly pledging myself or Mrs Waller and my father, that not only no legal prosecution of Madame de Bonneville should be instituted, but that half the reward, at least, promised to Webbe should be given to her upon the simple condition, that she made a formal declaration, upon oath, of all the circumstances attending the carrying off the child Lucy Hamblin. I could further represent that if he, Clémence, should remain obstinately constant to be cordwainer, the Wallers might, possibly, be brought to acquiesce in her wishes; whereas it was plain that Madame de Bonneville would, for obvious reasons, remain inexorably adverse to such a connection. Finally, resolved that, should all other inducements fail in determining Clémence to take wing at once from France, I would propose that she and Sicard should forthwith united in the holy bonds of wedlock, and that he should accompany us to England. I could not, however, have recourse to that temptation except in the last resort, and after all less potent persuasives had been tried and failed. The rescue of my father's name from ignominy was the great end I

was bound to keep in view; and if that could only be gained by forwarding a *mésalliance* between Lucy Hamblin and Jacques Sicard, the distasteful condition must even be complied with. Sicard bore a fair character. Mrs Waller's daughter did not need to marry a rich husband, and the young people were strongly attached to each other: so that, positively, unless all novel-writers were arrant blockheads—a notion not to be entertained for a moment—I should be doing a highly meritorious act in assisting to legally unite two loving, ardent hearts, which must else be cruelly sundered—broken, perhaps, who knew! Still, in deference to an absurd social prejudice which I could not quite away with, the *bonne bouche* of the bootmaker should, I re-determined, be the last bait with which I would tempt the timid maiden to break the strong fetters of habitual fear and subjection, and boldly seize the fortunate opportunity, which missed, might never again court her acceptance.

A good plot—an excellent plot; one that, unless I blundered grossly, could hardly fail of success; and who then would have been led by the nose?—William Linwood or the valiant captain who arranged the private marriage, bridegroom personally unknown to the retained priest, settled the scheme of flight, and kept Baptiste in readiness to ferry over the happy pair to the British shore and safety!

Really, for a while, I could scarcely credit my own cleverness in devising so glorious a turning of the tables—so delicious a hoist of the engineer with his own petard! Modest misgivings as to the perfect soundness of my calculations did not long disturb or keep me wake; and after a comfortable snooze, I leaped out of bed in a state of entire self-satisfaction, and with a confidence in my own sagacity as cool and clear as the bright wintry morning streaming in broad daylight through the chamber-windows.

If Vanity, O paradise of fools, so frequently leads otherwise sufficiently sensible men into thy dream-domain, it not the less delights to plunge them, while they sleep, into the real and fatallest quagmires which lurk beneath thy cloud-like, illusive surface! As thus with me:

My haste in dressing was arrested by the discovery, that the puce-red redingote and blue silk vest were irretrievably ruined by large patches of lamp-oil. In whirling the lamp round my head on the previous evening, I had managed to plentifully besprinkle those garments with the inodorous liquid, and to wear them again was impossible. I was consequently obliged to have recourse to my original wardrobe; and as the pale-blue pants contrasted abominably with a decent English black coat and waistcoat, they also were exchanged for less gay integuments. The transformation thus effected in my personality mightily pleased me; and necessity having compelled me to so far cast off the piebald costume of the *Pas de Calais*, and as I was, besides, to leave France in a day or two at furthest, it seemed to me that I might even venture to complete the operation. I did so: discarded the atrocious ear-rings, and not without considerable labour and expenditure of soap and water, dis-Brutusised my hair. The change was really marvellous: I was myself again; and having always piqued myself upon being a well-dressed young fellow, the thought flashed through me with a glow of exultation as I surveyed myself to as great an extent as possible in the diminutive dressing-glass, that Mademoiselle Clémence would now see to somewhat better advantage the individual, to accept whom as a husband had involved, on her part, so distressing a sacrifice. There was certainly no accounting for taste; still, as between me and that bullet-headed bootmaker, there could, I flattered myself, be no—

Quick footsteps outside, and a sharp knocking at the chamber-door, suddenly challenged my attention to an

announcement in the voice of the *femme de chambre* that 'une jeune personne' below desired to see M. Jean Le Gros immediately.

'Une jeune personne' desirous of seeing me immediately! Who, in wonder's name, could it be? Mademoiselle Clémence? Hastening to obey the surprising summons, I was met, upon emerging from the chamber, by a little stream from the *femme de chambre*, who started back, exclaiming: 'My God! who is that?'

'Me, assuredly—Monsieur Jean Le Gros.'

'My faith, it is the voice and droll accent, but'—

I was quickly out of hearing, but looking back as I turned down stairs, at the further end of the corridor, I saw the woman staring after me with wide-opened eyes and mouth—a pantomimic continuation, as it were, of her amazed, doubtful 'but.'

The 'jeune personne' waiting in the hall was one of Madame de Bonneville's workwomen, and she too was apparently only convinced by the voice and droll accent that I was really the M. Jean Le Gros to whom she had brought a letter from Mademoiselle Clémence, with strict injunctions to deliver it into his own hands. At the moment she was doing so, and saying: 'Monsieur Le Gros will then have the goodness to read it at once,' a gentleman came out of one of the lower rooms, and was leaving the hotel, but turned sharply round, and looked keenly at the individual addressed by that name. It was Mr Tyler the American. I had seen him but once, and that but for a few moments on the ramparts the day before, and as he, though with somewhat of a puzzled, mystified air, passed on his way without speaking, I concluded that he had not recognised me; and that, it vaguely occurred to me, was all well.

The note from Mademoiselle Clémence ran thus: 'CHER AMI—I pray of you not to speak of yesterday's sad occurrences to any one, especially not to Captain Webbe, till you have seen me. I begin to understand that we have both, to a certain extent, been the dupes of that man's cunning roguery. Please to send word by bearer—simply yes or no—if I may expect to see you at about eleven o'clock this forenoon. C.'

'Say "Yes" to Mademoiselle de Bonneville from me,' said I.

'I shall do so,' replied the woman. 'Good-day, monsieur.'

I had hardly regained my chamber, when the *femme de chambre* again tapped at the door, and opening it, I saw she was accompanied by one of the waiters.

'Monsieur, your uncle,' said the woman, with a peculiarity of tone that jarred disagreeably upon my ear, 'desires me to say that he waits breakfast for you.'

'Very well. And pray, what message do you bring?' said I, somewhat fiercely addressing the waiter, who, whilst the woman was speaking, eyed me with insolent inquisition.

'None,' he replied, turning carelessly upon his heel; 'none at present, Monsieur Le Gros.'

I was a good deal startled by the man's manner, instantly suggesting as it did, that with my usual propensity for running my heedless head against a post, I had done a very rash and foolish thing in resuming the precise dress I had worn at the Avranches banquet, and likely enough described in the newspaper paragraph Madame de Bonneville had spoken of. Webbe would know if I had thereby incurred any real danger, and I hastened to join him.

He was reading a newspaper when I entered the breakfast-room, and seemed to be struck with astonishment and dismay at my appearance.

'What, rash boy,' he angrily exclaimed, 'is the meaning of this fool's trick? Are you tired of your life?'

I explained why I could not wear the puce-coloured redingote and blue vest, but of course without mentioning *how* the accident occurred. The explanation or apology seemed to mollify Webbe's wrath, but not in the least to diminish his alarm.

'Read this,' he exclaimed, handing me the newspaper.

I ran over the paragraph to which his finger pointed. It was a pompous version of the Avranches affair, copied from a Havre journal, and therefore supplied, it might be taken for granted, by Auguste Le Moine. My person and dress, to the very cross-barred satin waistcoat I had on, the fashion in which I wore my hair, as well as the *accent guttural* of my French, were carefully described; and I blushed with shame for the inexcusable folly I had committed in taking pains to realise to the most cursory observer the portrait drawn of the 'infamous spy' by the newspaper. The article concluded by impressing upon all patriotic Frenchmen the duty of assisting to apprehend the said 'infamous spy,' and deliver him into the hands of justice.

'You can now appreciate the extent of your insane rashness,' said Webbe, as the paper dropped from my hands. 'Who has seen you in that dress?' he added with peremptory sternness.

The garçon Edouard, the *femme de chambre* whose face is pitted with the small-pox, and one of Madame de Bonneville's workwomen, who brought me a note from Mademoiselle Clémence. I did not think it necessary to mention Mr Tyler, my impression being that he had not recognised me.

A bitter oath broke from Webbe's ashy, quivering lips. It was plain that he thought the peril deadly, imminent, and of a kind which no courage or readiness of resource on his part might avail to turn aside or elude. Deadly, imminent peril to me only it at first appeared, not to himself.

'As if your position,' he went on to say, 'was not already, after the publication of this accursed paragraph in a St Malo journal, sufficiently critical! Come, however, what may, I am guiltless of your blood: you cannot but admit that. But it is madness to stand idly babbling here. I must see that sly knave Edouard at once. He was reading the newspaper when I came into the room, and you may be arrested, walked off, and done for, before the day is two hours older. Do not stir from this till I return.'

The privateer captain was soon back again, and appeared to be even more excited and perturbed than when he left the room.

'It is as I feared,' he said. 'Edouard has identified you, as he could hardly help doing, with the newspaper portrait. A considerable bribe, coupled with an indirect threat and promise, pointing to the future—he believing, as the newspaper intimates, that you are a confidential agent of the Bourbons, whose restoration is now only a question of a few days or weeks, more or less—has perhaps secured his and Marguerite's silence. Perhaps, I say; for there was a *knowing* glimmer in the fellow's eyes when I placed the portrait of Napoleons in his hand, which forbids trust in his purchased promises. Upon my soul, Linwood, Webbe, I cannot at all understand you. Ten minutes ago, you were as alarmed as I am; and now your cheek has regained its colour, and you listen to me with the coolness of an iceberg. Is this a sign of calm determination or of mere doltishness?'

'I am not going to be scared away from St Malo by Mr Webbe, till the purpose that brought me here has been accomplished; of that be quite assured. Reflection tells me it is preposterous to argue I have made myself amenable as a spy to the sentence of a court-martial, able as I am to prove the pacific nature of the errand that brought me to France.'

'You talk of you know not what,' rejoined

with increasing heat. 'Whether shooting you by sentence of a court-martial would be strictly legal or not, will not weigh a scruple in the matter. The practical consideration is, that Schwartzberg's irresistible march upon Paris, and Wellington's triumphant progress in the south of France, have so exasperated, maddened the French soldiery, that they would sacrifice a hecatomb of Englishmen upon much slighter evidence than that adduced by young Le Moine against you. In this very paper there is an account of the shooting of a French *émigré*, 'caught, poor devil! at Rouen, and suspected only, the proofs being far from conclusive, of being a secret agent of the Bourbons. The inflammable soil of France is on fire,' continued Webbe, 'and had already become much too hot, I must tell you, for the soles of my feet: I am therefore off at once; and unless you are resolved to court destruction, you will follow my example. Of course, you and Mademoiselle Clémence,' he added sharply, 'have come to an understanding?'

'Mademoiselle Clémence and I have come to an understanding.'

'What, then, do you mean by saying you will not be scared out of St Malo till the purpose that brought you here has been accomplished?'

'Can I ask a young girl to take flight with me to England at an hour's notice?'

'I should think so, when her consent has been obtained; the priest is ready at five minutes' notice to do his office, and the life of her beloved *futur* is at stake. It is your modest diffidence, Linwood,' added Webbe, with fast recovering calmness and good-humour, as he reseated himself at the breakfast-table—'It is your modest diffidence, Linwood, which suggests that difficulty. That is an amiable quality of mind, I admit, but not without its inconveniences, and, as I was remarking the other day to my American friend, Mr Tyler, especially so in regard of his countrymen, of whom it is so prominent a characteristic, causing them to so strictly respect the school-copy maxim, of self-praise being no recommendation, as to, possibly, hinder them from obtaining that paramount position in the universal earth which they could, would, should, might, or ought but for that to achieve.'

'Richard's himself again!' said I; 'his appetite for breakfast and banter quite restored, I am glad to see. He has been frightening himself and me with shadows.'

'Warning shadows, my boy, of terrible realities, which we must avoid or perish: still, having ascertained and demonstrated the nature and bearings of the coming danger, and the likeliest mode of avoiding it, there is not the slightest use in whimpering about the matter; and a hearty breakfast is, I assure you, a capital preparation for a day of peril and brave exertion. Let me help you to a slice of this excellent jam; and a cup of hot coffee, a fresh supply of which, if you will ring the *sonnette*, will, I daresay, be brought in by Master Edouard, whose equivocal phiz I should like to catch another and clearer glimpse of.'

'Replenish the *cafetière*, Edouard,' said Webbe, when that worthy answered the bell. 'Whilst we have been discussing the awkward little affair you know of, our coffee has cooled to the temperature of the weather outside. And be sure to bring it yourself, on *brave*, as I have another little word or two to read to you out of the same book that we opened together a few minutes ago.'

'That fellow's grinning, sheepish face,' resumed Webbe, when the door had closed after Edouard—that fellow's grinning, sheepish face being interpreted, means that a struggle is going on in his brain—between the honour-amongst-rogues principle of merely earning the bribe he has pocketed, and an inclination to secure the favour, and, possibly, a few more Napoleons, of *Messieurs les Autorités*, by our betrayal. And if honour,' added the privateer captain, drawing

forth his gold watch, and transferring the long hand to his waistcoat-pocket—'and if honour is not strengthened, honour will, I plainly perceive, go to the wall — Hush!'

'That will do, Edouard; we require nothing more, with the exception of a few last and most interesting words with you. Listen, *mon garçon*,' continued Webbe: 'I am about to place entire confidence in you; at the same time telling you frankly that it greatly annoys me to be obliged to do so.'

'I can easily believe that, monsieur.'

'To be sure you can. You must know, then, that my young friend here, being naturally desirous of living all the days of his life, deems it expedient to quit *la belle France* with as little delay as possible. To do so without incurring the risk of successful pursuit, he will require, or rather, as I shall accompany him, we shall require your assistance.'

'My assistance, monsieur!'

'Your well-paid assistance, Edouard. I propose managing the affair in this way. Both of us have little matters to arrange, which will detain us till late in the evening, and we have settled to start at ten o'clock in a *chaise de poste*, which you will have ready, and have placed our luggage in, by that hour.'

'But, messieurs, it is impossible! Such an act would —'

'Make you a richer man by fifty Napoleons,' interrupted Webbe—'fifty gold Napoleons, *mon brave*, for a trifling service which cannot by possibility compromise you.'

'Fifty Napoleons, monsieur, of course, means in addition to—to —'

'In addition to those you have already received?—Certainly. It is understood, then. You are sure of Marguerite?'

'Perfectly sure, monsieur.'

'That will do, then. Stay; I have lost one of the hands of my watch; and as a correct knowledge of time will be essential just now, I will thank you to get a new one fitted, and if it can be done by the hour we purpose leaving, have it cleaned.'

'It shall be done, monsieur, without fail,' replied Edouard, taking the watch. 'It will be well, too, that no one should have an opportunity of reading this newspaper,' he added, as he thrust the *Journal de St Malo* into his pocket.

'A good thought, Edouard; and now bring us pens, ink, and paper.'

'We shall lose the watch,' said Webbe as soon as we were again alone, 'as well as our portmanteaus and clothes. But nothing less would, I feared, satisfy him, upon reflection, that we should be here this evening at ten o'clock, to present him with fifty Napoleons.'

'You do not then intend to do so?'

Webbe laughed out as merrily as if enjoying an excellent joke in the safe security of the *Scour's* cabin. 'Once upon a time you know,' said he presently, 'there was a gentleman, that in pure kindness to his horse buttered his hay; and now I have so thickly buttered the promised provender of the greedy ass we have to deal with, that the bare imagination of such a feast will seal his lips till you, I trust, are far beyond the range of a French firing-party. Why, man alive, what are you dreaming of? Once permitted to leave this hotel, we should be simply mad to return! In one hour from this, or less if possible, I shall have left St Malo; in three, at furthest, you, your wife, and Fanchette, will, I hope, be on the road to Granville—Ah! here is our friend Edouard with pens, ink, paper, and sealing-wax. All right, Edouard; you will not forget ten precisely, and—the fifty Napoleons.'

The man grinned, bowed, and left the room, fully intending, I was sure, to fulfil his part in the bargain.

'And now, Linwood, my brave lad,' said Webbe, 'I have to make a request which may carry an ominous

sound with it, but is in reality only a matter of common precaution. I go overland to Cherbourg; thence probably, if Auguste Le Moine is not in the way, to Havre de Grace. You with your charming bride proceed to England, *via* Jersey. Now, distressing as the possibility of being cut down like the grass on one's wedding-day must be to the sensitive mind of a youthful bridegroom, it is useless endeavouring to conceal from ourselves that you may be overtaken and summarily shot; in which case you will experience whatever consolation or the reverse may be derived from the fact, that you brought the catastrophe upon yourself. In justice to me, I therefore presume you will not refuse to state that fact in a letter addressed to your mother and intrusted to me, but not of course to be delivered should you safely reach Jersey.'

'I understand. If I lose my life, that is no reason, Captain Webbe thinks, that he should lose the reward he has been promised. Give me a sheet of paper.'

My pen scoured over the paper as I related Webbe's confederacy from the first with Louise Féron, and I should have poured forth all the bitter thoughts that were seething in my brain, had it not suddenly struck me that the letter might be a trick of wily Webbe's to make himself sure of my secret thoughts and plans. He might open it directly he left the hotel, and I should then be effectually baffled as to the scheme which I still hoped to carry through. I tore the betraying scrawl to shreds, and indited a letter which, should he read, would but the more completely mislead the privateer captain as to my real thoughts and purposes; and having sealed, I handed it to him.

He had meanwhile written three letters, two of which he enclosed in a cover addressed to the seaman Baptiste; the other was for Fanchette.

'You will give this to Baptiste,' said Webbe; 'it contains letters for persons in Jersey, and intelligible only to them, which he will deliver. This, as I shall not find it convenient to call at Madame de Bonneville's, you will place in the hands of Fanchette. It instructs her to go immediately after the celebration of the marriage—with respect to which there will be no difficulty or hindrance—to Monsieur Delisle, the *courtier-maritime*, who by that time will have provided a swift conveyance, in which you must all three take your departure from St Malo without the loss of one precious moment. And now I am off; all my papers are fortunately in this coat-pocket, and I will not even go up stairs. You, however, must get the cloak I have seen you occasionally wear; and mind you keep the collar well up as you pass along the streets. Good-bye, my lad; keep your spirits up, and your weather-eye well open, and I shall stand god-father to your first boy yet. By the way, Linwood,' added Webbe, pausing with the handle of the door in his hand, 'a thought strikes me: the wreck of empires and the crush of crowns just now in progress—videlicet, the downfall of Bonaparte and restoration of the Bourbons, will at least have one important and beneficial result—that of recovering my watch and our portmanteaus when you revisit St Malo with your wife. Good-bye once more.'

It then wanted about three-quarters of an hour to eleven; upon the stroke of which I arrived at the magasin in the Rue Dupetit Thouars, and found Clémence anxiously expecting me. To her, I at once opened my whole heart; confided to her its hopes and fears, its wishes, apprehensions; and she, sweet, guileless maiden, with her head resting, after the old fashion, upon my shoulder, and sobbing with almost convulsive agitation, was hearkening, yielding as I thought, to my advice and entreaties, when the door was suddenly flung open, and Jacques Sicard, with his head bound up, and his face white as the paper upon which I am writing, presented himself.

'Monsieur Linwood,' he hurriedly exclaimed, 'you

have been betrayed by a femme de chambre of the Hôtel de l'Empire, and gendarmes are already on your track!'

THE OMNIBUS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

It will perhaps surprise our readers to learn that the omnibus is no new discovery of the nineteenth century, but rather the development of a seed sown in the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV.; that is, nearly two hundred years ago, when the Parisians actually enjoyed for a time this cheap and popular mode of conveyance.

Carriages on hire had already been long known in Paris; Nicolas Sauvage, in the Rue St Martin, at the sign of St Fiacre, let out coaches by the hour or the day; but these conveyances, which were soon distinguished by the name of the saint, were expensive, and quite beyond the means of the middle class. In the year 1657, a Monsieur de Givry obtained letters-patent 'to establish in the crossways and public places of the city and suburbs of Paris such a number of coaches, calèches, &c., drawn by two horses each, as he should judge proper; to be exposed there from seven in the morning until seven in the evening, at the hire of those who had need of them, whether by the hour, the half-hour, day, or otherwise, at the pleasure of those who wished to make use of them, to be carried from one place to another, wherever their affairs called them, either in the city and suburbs of Paris, or as far as four or five leagues in the environs,' &c. This was an improvement on the system of M. Sauvage; but the prices still continued too high for the multitude, and accordingly we find, in 1662, the Duke of Roanès, the Marquis of Sourches, and the Marquis of Crenan, soliciting and obtaining letters-patent for a great speculation—carriages to contain eight persons at five sous the seat, and running in stated routes, at fixed hours—the omnibus, in short.

The first omnibus journey was made on the 18th of March 1662: on that day, seven cheap coaches were driven for the first time through the streets that lead from the Porte St Antoine to the Luxembourg Palace. According to Sauval, in his *Antiquities of Paris*, they were pursued by the stones and hisses of the populace. The truth of this assertion is, however, much to be doubted; and we are far more inclined to believe Madame Perier, the sister of the great Pascal, who, in a letter to Arnauld de Pomponne, describes the public joy caused by the appearance of these low-priced carriages. She writes as follows:

'PARIS, March 21, 1662.

'As every one has obtained some particular office in the affair of the coaches, I have solicited with eagerness that of announcing to you its success, and I have been so fortunate as to obtain it; therefore, sir, each time you see my writing, be assured of good news. The establishment commenced last Saturday morning, at seven o'clock, with wonderful pomp and splendour. The seven carriages provided for this route were first distributed. Three were sent to the Porte St Antoine, and four were placed before the Luxembourg, where at the same time were stationed two commissaries of the Chatelet* in their robes, four guards of the high-provost, ten or twelve of the city archers, and as many men on horseback. When everything was ready, the commissaries proclaimed the establishment, explained its usefulness, exhorted the citizens to sustain it, and declared to the lower class that the slightest insult would be severely punished; and all this was said in the king's name. Afterwards, they gave the com-

* The great Chatelet, a court of justice.

men their coats, which are blue—the colour of the king and of the city—with the arms of the king and of the city embroidered on the bosom, and then they ordered the departure.

'Immediately one of the coaches started, carrying inside one of the high-provost's guards. Half a quarter of an hour after, another one set off, and then the two others at the same intervals of time, each carrying a guard, who was to remain therein the whole day. At the same time, the city archers and the men on horseback dispersed themselves on the route.

'At the Porte St Antoine the same ceremonies took place, at the same hour, with the three carriages that had been sent there, and the same arrangements were made with respect to the guards, the archers, and the men on horseback. In short, the affair was so well managed, that not the slightest confusion arose, and those carriages were started as peaceably as the others.

'The thing, indeed, has succeeded perfectly: the very first morning the coaches were filled, and even several women were among the passengers; but in the afternoon, the crowd was so great, that one could not get near them, and every day since it has been the same; so that we see by experience that the greatest inconvenience is the one you apprehended—people wait in the street for the arrival of one of these coaches to get into it, and when it comes, it is full. This is vexatious, but there is consolation, for it is known that another will arrive in half a quarter of an hour; however, this other comes, and it also is full; and after this has been repeated several times, people are obliged to continue their way on foot. In short, that you may not think I exaggerate, I tell you this because it happened to myself. I was waiting at the door of St Merry's Church, in the Rue de la Yverrie, having a great desire to return home in a coach—for it is pretty far from there to my brother's house—but I had the vexation to see five coaches pass without being able to get a seat; all were full; and during all this time I heard blessings bestowed on the authors of an establishment so advantageous and useful to the public: as every one spoke his thought, some said that all this affair was perfectly well invented, but that it was a great fault to have put only seven coaches on one route; that they were not sufficient for half the people who had need of them, and that there ought to have been at least twenty. I listened to all this, and I was in so bad a temper from having missed five coaches, that at the moment I was quite of their opinion. In short, the applause is universal, and one may say that nothing was ever better begun.

'The first and second days there was a crowd on the Pont Neuf, and in all the streets to see them pass, and it was very amusing to observe the workmen cease their labour to look at them, so that no more work was done all Saturday throughout the whole route than if it had been a holiday. Smiling faces were seen everywhere—not smiles of mockery, but of content and joy; and this convenience is found so great that every one desires it for his own quarter.

'The shopkeepers of the Rue St Denis demand a route with so much importance, that they even speak of presenting a petition. Preparations were being made to give them one next week, but yesterday morning M. de Roanès, M. de Crenan, and M. the High Provost (M. de Sourches), being all three at the Louvre, the king talked very pleasantly about this novelty, and addressing those gentlemen, said: "And our route, will you not soon establish it?"

'These words of the king oblige them to think of the Rue St Honoré, and to defer for some days the Rue St Denis. Besides this, the king, speaking on the same subject, said that he wished those who were guilty of

that he would not permit this establishment to be disturbed.

'This is the present position of the undertaking. I am sure you will not be less surprised than we are at its great success, which has far surpassed all our hopes. I shall not fail to send you exact word of every pleasant thing that happens, according to the office conferred on me, and to supply the place of my brother, who would have undertaken the duty with joy if he could write.

'I wish with all my heart to have matter to write you every week, both for your satisfaction, and for other reasons that you can well guess.—I am, your obedient servant,
G. PASCAL.'

Postscriptum in the writing of Pascal, and probably the last lines he ever penned—he died August 1662:

'I will add to the above, that the day before yesterday, at the king's *petit-coucher* (evening reception), a dangerous assault was made against us by two courtiers most distinguished in rank and wit, which would have ruined us by turning us into ridicule, and would have given room to all sorts of attacks, but the king answered so obligingly and so drily with respect to the excellence of the affair, and for us, that they quickly put up their weapons. I have no more paper; adieu, entirely yours.'

It has been said that Pascal was the inventor of the omnibus. Sauval affirms it distinctly in his *Antiquities*, and Madame de Sévigné seems to allude to it in a passage of one of her letters, where she says: 'A propos of Pascal, I am in the humour to admire the honesty of *messieurs les postillons*, who are incessantly on the road carrying our letters.'

It is certain that he and his sister were peculiarly interested in the affair, and it is possible that it was at his suggestion that his rich friend the Duke of Roanès became one of the principal leaders of the undertaking; but we must not consider Pascal in the light of a vulgar speculator, for earthly interests affected him personally but slightly: he saw in this invention an advantage for the public at large; and if any profits were to accrue, his share was intended for the relief of the poor, as is evident in the following extract from the little work Madame Perier has dedicated to the memory of her brother:

'As soon as the affair of the coaches was settled, he told me that he wished to ask the farmers of it for an advance of a thousand francs, to send to the poor at Blois. When I remarked that the success of the enterprise was not sufficiently assured for him to make this request, he replied that he saw no inconvenience in it, because, if the affair did not prosper, he would repay the money from his estate, and he did not wish to wait until the year was ended, because the necessities of the poor were too urgent to defer charity. As no arrangement could be made with the farmers, he was not able to satisfy his desire. On this occasion, we perceived the truth of what he had so often told me, that he wished for riches only to be able to help the poor: the moment God gave him the hope of possessing wealth, even before he was assured of it, he began to distribute it.'

By an extract taken from the parliament registers in the ninth volume of the *Ordonnances de Louis XIV.*, we learn that these cheap conveyances are permitted 'for the convenience of a great number of persons ill accommodated; such as pleaders, infirm people, and others who, not having the means to hire chairs or carriages, because they cost a pistole or two crowns at least the day, can thus be carried for a moderate price by means of this establishment of coaches, which are always to make the same journeys in Paris from one quarter to another—namely, the longest at five sous the seat, and the others less; the suburbs in proportion: and which are always to start at fixed hours,

and even empty, if no person should present himself, without obliging those who make use of this convenience to pay more for their places,* &c.

These regulations are similar to those of the modern omnibus; but there were restrictions as to the quality of the passengers. In the same registers, volume K., we find it ordered that 'soldiers, pages, lackeys, and other gentry in livery, also mechanics and workmen, shall not be able to enter the said coaches.'

The first route was opened on the 18th of March 1662; the second, on the 11th of April, running from the Rue St Antoine, opposite the Place Royale, to the Rue St Honoré, as high as the church of St Roch. On this occasion, a placard announced to the citizens that the directors 'had received advice of some inconveniences which might annoy persons desirous of making use of their conveyances; such, for instance, when the coachman refuses to stop to take them up on the route, even though there are empty places, and other similar occurrences; this is to make it known that all the coaches have been numbered, and that the number is placed at the top of the *moutons*,* on each side of the coachman's box, with the *fleur de lis*—one, two, three, &c.—according to the number of coaches on each route. And so those who have reason to complain of the coachman, are prayed to remember the number of the coach, and to give advice of it to the clerk of one of the offices, that order may be established.

'The carriages will always carry the arms of the city of Paris, and the coachmen wear a blue coat.'

The third route, which ran from the Rue Montmartre and the Rue Neuve St Eustache, to the Luxembourg Palace, was opened on the 22d of May of the same year; and the placard which conveys the intelligence to the public, gives notice also, 'that to prevent the delay of money-changing, which always consumes much time, gold will not be received.'

Every arrangement being thus made to render these cheap carriages useful and agreeable, they soon became fashionable; so much so, indeed, that an actor named Chevalier wrote a comedy in verse, entitled *The Intrigue of the Coaches at Five Sous*, which was represented at the theatre of the Marais in 1662. Some passages of this play are given in the *History of the French Theatre*, by the Brothers Parfaict. What caused a fashion so convenient to change, seems at first sight inexplicable; but it is certain that after a few years the enterprise failed, and the omnibus was forgotten for more than a hundred and fifty years. Sauval attributes this misfortune to the death of Pascal; but the coaches continued to flourish for three or four years after that event, which took place on the 19th of August 1662.

'Every one,' says he, in a curious page of his *Antiquities*, 'during two years, found these coaches so convenient, that auditors and masters of accounts, counsellors of the Chatelet and of the court, made no scruple to use them to go to the Chatelet or to the palace; and this occasioned the price to be raised one sou. Even the Duke d'Enghien† has travelled in them. But what do I say? The king, then passing the summer at St Germain, whither he consented that these coaches should come, went in one, for his amusement, from the old castle, where he was staying, to the new one, to visit the queen-mother. Notwithstanding this great fashion, these coaches, three or four years after their establishment, were so despised, that no one would make use of them; and this ill success was attributed to the death of Pascal, the celebrated mathematician, still more celebrated for his *Letters to a Provincial*. It is said that he was the inventor of them, as well as the manager, and that he had drawn their horoscope,

and made them public under a certain constellation, whose bad influences he well knew how to turn aside.'

If we now endeavour to discover the cause of the failure of an undertaking which seemed so well begun, we shall find it in the restrictions it was thought necessary to make in the choice of the passengers. At a period when society was still divided into orders most distinctly marked, the upper and middle classes, who alone enjoyed the privilege of travelling together, saw in this invention rather a new mode than the fulfilment of a social want, and got tired of it after a certain time, as fashionable people still get tired of everything fashionable. It was reserved for the present age to adopt the true omnibus—that is, a carriage for the use of all indiscriminately, in which the workman takes his seat beside the gentleman. Thus, this conveyance has become not a fashionable amusement or caprice, but a necessity and a habit, which can never be eradicated from the customs of the people.

Neither drawing nor engraving of this ancient omnibus is in existence, and we can therefore give our readers no description of its appearance; as, however, we know that it contained eight persons, and was hung by long braces, fastened to *moutons*, it is probable it resembled the coaches represented in the pictures of Van der Meulen and Martin.

THE FARM-SCHOOL OF GLASNEVIN.

In driving about the beautiful environs of Dublin, the attention of a stranger is attracted by a large building which rises on a rather bare upland overlooking the city, and distant from it about three miles. This, he quickly learns, is the house connected with the Training Farm of Glasnevin. On making further inquiry, he is likely to be surprised by the recital he gets regarding this farm, and he will be still more so if he alights and inspects the establishment. Strange to say, Ireland is taking a lead in a movement for the scientific training of agriculturists. For several years past, her enviable system of National Education has embraced means for practical instruction in this branch of industry. She has in all 166 farm-schools, as they may be called, and the establishment at Glasnevin is the principal one. The land attached to them is of very various extent, ranging from 2 to 180 acres. Two inspectors have been appointed to visit them, and report annually upon their position, progress, and prospects. One of these inspectors, Mr Donaghy, whose inspection extends over the schools in the northern district of Ireland, says, in his report for the year 1855: 'With very few exceptions, nothing in my mind can be more satisfactory than the gradual progress in improvement which characterises the working of the whole; nor anything more gratifying than the efficient manner in which, in most instances, the indoor and outdoor agricultural instruction of the pupils is conducted.' And again: the schools 'are shewing an example, whether in the reclamation and improvement of the land, the establishment of the pursuit of correct cropping and tillage, or in the superior management of the different departments of the homestead, which has already been copied to a considerable extent, and which cannot ultimately fail to be extensively practised; whilst the valuable course of instruction afforded to the pupils on all the operations, systems, and modes of improved husbandry, must in time have the effect of rooting out those prejudices which have so long opposed a barrier to the onward march of agricultural improvement.'

The Albert Institution at Glasnevin was established in 1838 by the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland; it was considerably enlarged in 1849; and in 1853, it was opened for the reception of a class of about 100 agricultural pupils. The professed design is to supply to young men intending to improve

* *Moutons*—pieces of wood placed perpendicularly on the axle-tree of the carriage, and to which the braces are fastened.

† Henri Jules de Bourbon-Condé, son of the great Condé.

agricultural teachers, farmers, land-stewards, &c., such instruction in the science and practice of agriculture as will qualify them for the proper discharge of their duties. The farm contains about 180 acres; and 'with a view of exemplifying the most approved systems of culture, various rotations of cropping are followed upon separate divisions of it.' The system of house-feeding cattle is pursued both summer and winter. 'The arrangements,' says the prospectus, 'for affording the pupils as large an amount of information as possible upon every branch of the business of farming, including dairy-husbandry, the fattening of cattle, the breeding and rearing of different kinds of live-stock, the various operations of field-culture, and the permanent improvement of the soil, are such as to place within their reach the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the practical details of every department of agriculture.' The training institution is situated on the farm, the buildings comprising dormitories, lecture and school room for seventy-five pupils, dining-hall, museum, library and laboratory, a comprehensive range of farm-offices, and suitable apartments for the various officials and servants. The chief supervision of the entire establishment devolves upon the superintendent, Thomas Kirkpatrick, M.D.; and the practical working of the farm is carried out by the pupils, under the superintendence of an agriculturist, who resides on the premises, assisted by a land-steward. A practical gardener instructs the pupils in horticulture; and instruction in the usual branches of a good English education, together with land-surveying, levelling, and mapping, is imparted by two competent literary teachers. Two sessional courses of lectures are delivered annually on the following subjects: Animal physiology and pathology; botany and vegetable physiology; chemistry and geology; practical agriculture; and horticulture. The pupils perform, under supervision, the whole labours of the farm, such as drainage operations, feeding and cleaning the horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, &c.

To this excellent institution there are two classes of pupils admitted. One is maintained entirely at the public expense, and consists of young men intending to become land-stewards or farmers; the other is composed of literary teachers qualifying themselves for the conduct of agricultural schools.

The prospective land-steward or farmer is admitted on the condition that he has acquired at one of the minor national agricultural, or one of the elementary national schools, such literary attainments as will enable him to read correctly any passage in the *Fourth Book of Lessons*; to write legibly, facilely, and correctly from dictation any passage selected from the *Third Book of Lessons*; to recognise the parts of speech, and parse easy short sentences in grammar; to define correctly geographical technical terms, and to know the general outlines of the map of the world, and the boundaries, rivers, counties, and chief towns of Ireland. He must also be able to repeat the arithmetical tables correctly, and to work with speed and accuracy the elementary rules of arithmetic, and, besides, have a knowledge of fractions. Bookkeeping he must likewise understand, so far as to know the 'nature and use of a cash-account;' and in geometry he must have an acquaintance at least with the first book of Euclid. If he is able to do all this, and can produce satisfactory certificates as to his moral character, and can prove by the testimony of a doctor that he is free from disease, he is admitted, and boarded and lodged for two years, to all the privileges of the institution, provided he has attained the age of seventeen. The literary teachers are admitted on the condition that they have been previously trained in the literary department of the national schools, and are able to produce satisfactory testimonials of character. Their period of training

The second class, who board and lodge at their own expense, are admitted on the payment of a two-guinea entrance-fee, which is expended in the purchase of agricultural books for the library. They are required to perform their share in all the ordinary labour of the farm; to attend punctually with the intern pupils all the lectures, and are amenable like the others to all the rules and regulations of the institution. There is no time specified as the period of training for this latter class of pupils.

The number of pupils receiving instruction in the Albert Institution in 1855 was ninety, all of whom were supported by the state. To systematise the labour and the study, the entire number is formed into two divisions, A and B. Their time is apportioned as follows, during the summer half-year: All the pupils rise at five o'clock; half an hour is allowed them to dress and say prayers; and another half-hour is employed in feeding and cleaning the stock, and working in the yard and on the farm. They then wash, dress, and prepare for study, for which another half-hour is allowed. An hour and a half is spent in the schoolroom, and another hour is spent in listening to the lecture. This brings the time down to nine o'clock, which is the breakfast-hour. Half an hour having sufficed for the morning meal, class A departs to make preparation for construing Milton, or solving a problem of Euclid; while class B proceeds to don its working-robes, and gather up its rakes, hoes, mattocks, or spades. By ten o'clock, these preparations are expected to be complete: A descends into the schoolroom, and B marches into the fields. For four hours, A handles the pencil and the pen, and evolves theories; while, for the same length of time, B manfully wields the various implements of husbandry, and carries out these theories into practice. At two o'clock, both classes are considered fairly to have earned their dinner—the one by the efforts of its brain, the other by the sweat of its brow. An hour is occupied at the dining-table—for slow eating is the wholesome rule of Glasnevin, at the expiration of which, A accompanies B on to the farm, where both work together until six o'clock. At this hour, they return, and prepare for study. Preparation is completed by half-past six, when they enter the schoolroom and engage together in study until half-past eight. Supper is then served, and half an hour is consumed over it. Another half-hour is devoted to the feeding and cleaning of stock. At half-past nine, the pupils enter their dormitories. For devotional exercises and preparations for bed, three-quarters of an hour are allowed, at the end of which time they are all snugly ensconced in the blankets, and the lights are turned out. So end the duties of the day, which is a type of every day during the summer half-year, the duties of class A of course alternating with the duties of B. In winter, the pupils rise at six o'clock, and work till dusk.

With regard to the literary instruction at the institution, it may be stated that the four hours from ten to two are devoted to the study of the usual branches of an English education, and that the hours in the morning and evening at which both sections attend in the schoolroom, are devoted to the reading of agricultural books, and in preparing notes on the lecture subjects. Drawing and singing are taught for an hour on four evenings in the week, and surveying is taught to the advanced pupils three evenings in the week, and also from half-past three to half-past five o'clock every Friday afternoon.

The food is plain, wholesome, and notwithstanding the elasticity of young farmers' stomachs, ample.

General rules and regulations are laid down for the observance of the pupils, in which punctuality and prompt obedience to the orders of the officers are strictly insisted upon. They are required to cultivate

within doors, and school-coats at study, but to divest themselves of both before they go outside. No unnecessary noise is permitted inside the building, and smoking and the use of spirituous liquors are strictly prohibited. The principle of *meum and tuum* is rigorously adhered to, no pupil being permitted 'to wear or injure any article the property of another;' and any pupil who carelessly injures or mislays any article belonging to the institution, is required to bear the expense of repairing or replacing it. Regarding religious instruction as of the greatest value, the neglect of attendance on Sunday worship, and of other religious duties, is regarded as a serious offence. Intimacy with the servants in the institution is prohibited, as is also undue intercourse with persons living in the immediate vicinity of the farm; and also, unfortunately for those who have tastes and ambitions in common with M. Soyer, admission into the culinary department cannot be obtained without the authority of the officers. There is also a strict rule with regard to books and newspapers. 'It is not permitted to become a member of any political society, nor to take part at any meeting of a sectarian character. Newspapers, books, and periodicals of a political or polemical character, are prohibited; also discussions on these subjects.' Yard-officers are, in their turn, appointed to attend to the stock, and keep the farm-yard and offices clean; and in this, as we have seen, they are assisted by the entire class, morning and night, Sundays and holidays excepted. Each pupil is called upon in turn to take charge of a horse, which he cleans and litters under the direction of an experienced ploughman. Such is the process by which young peasants are transformed into intelligent farmers at the Albert Institution, Glasnevin.

The total expenditure of the Institution in 1855 was L.4568, allocated as follows: General farm-expenses, L.178; seeds, implements, live-stock, &c., not included in general farm-expenses, L.809; rent and taxes, L.788; maintenance of agricultural teachers, pupils, and servants, L.1948; and salaries of lecturers, teachers, and servants, L.854. The total receipts for the sale of farm-produce amounted to L.1497, and the live and dead stock was valued at L.8151. The live-stock consisted of 7 draught animals, 65 cattle, 90 sheep, 54 pigs, and 90 poultry. Between January 1847 and December 1855, no less than 270 young men were educated in the Albert Training Institution, and left it to carry out the instruction there received on farms of their own, or on the lands of others committed to their charge; many of them as teachers, who would impart that instruction to hundreds.

There cannot be a doubt that the teaching and example of these model national agricultural schools, is greatly conducive to the material prosperity which Ireland is now beginning to enjoy, and, therefore, to her freedom from those foul outrages which made humanity shudder. They are much praised in the localities where they have been established. The rector of Farrahy, after quoting the testimony of men who have greatly profited by following the example of model-schools in their district in their system of farming, says: 'I can only add that this district has become more orderly and quiet. I see fewer drunken people on the roads than when I first resided here—agrarian disturbances are unknown, rents are not in arrear; there are no religious animosities, to the best of my belief.' Mr Bernard writes regarding the influence of Sallybank Model School, county Clare: 'Such have been the effects of the small model-farm, by rotation of crops, &c., no farmer in the locality is now without his plot of turnips, clover, ryegrass, &c. There is also more attention paid to winter-feeding of stock, and the cultivation and preservation of manure, than formerly.' Similar accounts are given from many quarters, and although some of

the writers may be somewhat prejudiced in favour of the schools, there is, after every deduction on that account, ample evidence of their beneficial character. An outcry has recently been raised against the schools on account of their expense. Their total cost per annum is, according to Dr Kirkpatrick, the agricultural inspector, L.7000, a sum comparatively trifling considering the advantages accruing from them. It is to be hoped that the commissioners will not listen to the cry for their abolition, but that they will rather make greater exertions to establish others.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT EELS.

No inhabitant of the deep has attracted more notice, from its natural character and habits, than the eel. It is associated in our minds with our earliest attempts to gain a knowledge of the 'gentle art;' and there are few persons who have not some lively recollections of their fishing exploits in securing this slippery and troublesome customer. It is not at all improbable that the serpentine form of the eel may have added to the singular interest which has attached to it, particularly since the commencement of the Christian era. Its resemblance to the serpent tribe has, no doubt, tended to deepen the dramatic power and interest of many legends about this fish, which are current both on the continent and in this country.

Respecting the generation of the eel, there have been the wildest and most ridiculous notions. One ancient author supposed that eels were born of the mud; another, that they were produced from particles scraped from the bodies of large eels when they rubbed themselves against stones—that they grew out of the putrid flesh of dead animals thrown into the water—from the dew which cover the earth in spring and summer—from water, and so forth. Among modern writers, we have the same confusion of theories. There is a popular notion in many districts of the north of England, that eels are generated from horsehairs deposited in springs and rivulets. A recent German author mentions that they owe their origin to electrical phenomena; but he is sadly at a loss about substantiating his theory by facts. The great naturalist, Buffon, is said to have remarked, in the latter part of the last century, at a meeting of French savans, that he considered the question as to the generation of eels to be one of the most puzzling in natural history. The late Bishop of Norwich, Dr Kay, read a paper to the Royal Society on this subject. He noticed some small eels in the thatch of a cottage; and he endeavoured to establish the proposition that the spawn of the fish had been deposited on the reeds before they were cut, and had been subsequently vivified by the sun's rays.

The gastronomical qualities of the eel have been extolled from the earliest times. It was prohibited, however, as an article of food among the Jews; and the ancient Egyptians, while rejecting it as such, gave it a place among their deities. The Greeks were passionately fond of the fish, and cooked it in every possible fashion, as we find recorded in Athenæus and other classical writers. Archestratus, in his work on gastronomy, says of the eel:

I praise all kinds of eels; but for the best
Is that which fishermen do take in the sea
Opposite the Strait of Rhegium,
Where you, Messenius, who daily put
This food within your mouth, surpass all mortals
In real pleasure. Though none can deny
That great the virtue and the glory is
Of the Strymonian and Copaic eels,
For they are large and wonderfully fat;
And I do think, in short, that of all fish
The best in flavour is the noble eel.

The conger-eel was offered to Neptune and his divine colleagues, as being capable of imparting immortality to those who partook of it; and Macrobius informs us that it was a common saying among the Grecians that the dead would return to life if it were possible for them to taste a morsel of this delicious fish. Another writer tells us that near Sicyon, a city of the Peloponnesus, there were conger-eels caught of such dimensions as to require a wagon drawn by oxen to carry one of them. Even the head and intestines were eaten, and esteemed delicacies.

The ancient Anglo-Saxon tribes were passionately fond of eels. Grants and charters were often regulated by payments made in eels. Four thousand of them were a yearly present from the monks of Ramsey to those of Peterborough. In one charter, twenty fishermen are stated to have furnished sixty thousand eels to the monastery. Eel-dikes are often mentioned in the boundaries of lands belonging to religious establishments. The Gauls were great consumers of eels; and among their descendants there are many tenures of land in France stipulating for the payment of rent, and the discharge of stipulated public taxes in eels. In one of the capitularies of Charlemagne we find allusions made to the same subject.

There are several places in England which derive their names from the quantity of eels they formerly produced. *Elmore*, on the river Severn, and *Ellesmere*, on the Mersey, were once famous for the production of this fish. The town of *Ely*, too, is singularised in this way. Fuller, in his *Worthies of Cambridgeshire*, has the following remark: 'When the priests of this part of the country would still retain their wives in spite of whatever the pope and the monks could do to the contrary, their wives and children were miraculously turned into eels; whence it had the name of Ely. I consider this a lie.'

Eude, the celebrated cook to Louis XVI., was known all over Europe for his mode of serving up this fish. He says in his book *On Cookery*: 'Take one or two live eels, throw them into the fire; as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is decidedly the best, as it is the means of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable. Note.—Several gentlemen have accused me of cruelty (astonishing!) for recommending in my work that eels should be burned alive. As my knowledge in cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of their taste, and the preservation of their health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin and the oil which remain when they are skinned, are highly indigestible. If any lady or gentleman should make the trial of both, they will find that the burnt eels are much healthier; but it is after all left to their choice whether to burn or skin.' The consumption of eels, as articles of food, throughout Europe, is prodigious. In London, the number imported, chiefly from Holland, amounts to about ten millions annually; and the fish is met with on the most sumptuous as well as on the most frugal tables—food alike for the London alderman and the gamin in the streets.

The ancient and modern physicians have dabbled with the eel, as with most other fish, to a great extent. Hippocrates denounces him to all his patients, and particularly to those afflicted with pulmonary consumption. Galen says he is indigestible to weakly people. Rhases and Magninus maintain that his food is deleterious to persons recovering from fever; and Franciscus Bonaventura, when speaking of rheumatic ailments, forbids the eel, for the general reason:

All fish that standing pools and lakes frequent,
Do ever yield bad juice and nourishment.

Another of the olden medical writers says that he found the oil of the eel highly useful when used as a

mollifying unguent to soothe the nerves when suffering under 'hot rheumatism.' The gall of the fish he employed as a liniment for sore eyes; and the bones of the head were ground to powder, and found efficacious in bleedings at the nose. It is a common practice in the north of England at this hour for young lads to tie a piece of eel-skin round their ankles, to keep away cramps and pains. There is an old ditty, in this part of the country, which reads thus:

Around the shin
Tie the skin
Of full-grown river-eel;
And every sprain,
And cramp and pain,
Will fly unto the dell.

The eel has been a subject of augury in dreams. If a young woman dreams of eels, she may expect to have slippery lovers. To dream of fish generally, is a sign of sorrow; but if you catch eels, and can retain them, it is a sign of your possessing a kind and fast friend. A writer on dreams, in the middle ages, affirms that to dream of eels, portends a large family of children; and if you dream of cooking them, your children will give you a great deal of trouble. The following is stated in a work called the *True Interpretation of Dreams* (Bologna, 1614): One of the kings of Spain dreamed three successive nights that an eel came out of his mouth, and made a desperate struggle to regain a small river which flowed hard by. The king took his sword and endeavoured to prevent it entering the water: but it escaped, got into the water, and mounted up on the opposite bank. It then went into a cliff in a rock. This was in a locality which the monarch knew very well. He called together some of his domestics, told them the dreams he had had; and they all went to visit the clink in the rock, where they discovered a very valuable treasure of gold and precious stones.

The voracity of the eel has been a fertile topic of discussion and romance among naturalists and anglers. It is doubtless great. We have ourselves witnessed this fish devouring each other greedily. There is scarcely anything too delicate, and few things too nasty, for his ravenous appetite. He has often been found with a half-decayed water-rat in his mouth; and it has been recently stated in the newspapers, that at Wimpeon, in Hampshire, the ducks on the farm were denuded of their feet by some large eels that were found in a pond which this species of poultry were in the habit of frequenting. But we find the most remarkable statements about the voracity of the creature in a work called *The Wonders of Nature and Art*, published at Berwick-upon-Tweed in 1780. About the middle of last century, the farmers near Yeovil suffered greatly by losing vast quantities of hay. This could not be accounted for. A reward was offered for the supposed culprits; upon which several soldiers, then quartered at Yeovil, kept watch, and to their great surprise found, in the dead of the night, a monstrous eel making its way out of the river, and setting itself to feed greedily on the hay! It was destroyed, and roasted; and the fat that came out of its body filled several casks and tubs! This work was expressly designed by the writer as a 'useful and valuable production for young people.'

The eel has been a fruitful topic for legendary lore in most European countries. The subject, however, is so voluminous, that we can do little more than merely dip into it. The legend of the 'Lambton Eel' is well known, and fully recorded in the various histories of the county of Durham. The substance of the story is as follows: The heir of the Lambtons, in the early part of the middle ages, fell into a profane habit of angling on a Sunday. On one of these hallowed days, he caught in the river Wear a small eel, little thicker

than a common thread, which he threw into a well. In process of time, this young heir of the Lambton family was called to the wars against the Moolems in the First Crusade, organised by Peter the Hermit, where the ambitious young soldier distinguished himself by many feats of daring and valour. On returning to his own country, he learned with great surprise that the small eel he had thrown carelessly into the well had grown to a fearful magnitude, and manifested the most cruel and ravenous propensities. He was solicited to rid the vicinity of the monster. It frequently coiled itself nine times round a large tower; daily levied a contribution of nine cows' milk on the inhabitants; and when this was not immediately granted, it devoured both man and beast. Before, however, the valiant knight undertook a personal conflict with this enormous eel, he consulted a noted witch in the neighbourhood. She advised him to put on a coat-of-mail, furnished on the outside with numerous razor-blades. Thus equipped, he sallied out and encountered the huge fish near a high rock on the banks of the Wear. It immediately coiled itself round him. His coat of razor-blades, however, proved more than a match for the gigantic eel, which was soon cut in pieces by the sheer exercise of its own strength. There is a sequel to the legend: the witch promised the Count of Lambton her aid only upon one condition, that he should ~~stay~~ the first living thing he met after the conquest. To avoid the possibility of human slaughter, he directed his father that as soon as he heard three blasts from his bugle in token of victory, he should release his favourite greyhound, which he would immediately sacrifice. When the bugle was heard, the old father was so overcome with joy that he entirely forgot the injunction his son had put upon him, and ran out himself and threw himself in the victor's arms. Instead of committing parricide, the heir repaired again to the old sorceress, who evinced considerable wrath at the neglect of her commands. By way of punishment, she foretold that no heir of the Lambton family should die in his bed for seven—some accounts say nine—generations; a prediction which some local historians affirm came literally to pass.

There was a very ancient custom among the clergy of Notre Dame, in Paris, called the *Rogations*, which consisted of carrying a figure resembling an eel through a certain locality on the river Seine, and throwing fruits and cakes into its mouth. It was made of wicker-work, and was considered a representative of a great eel which emerged out of this river, and threatened destruction to the entire city. It was vanquished by some valiant sons of the church. This procession was observed till the year 1780; after which the chief personage in the procession contented himself with merely pronouncing a benediction on the river.

But the superstitions connected with eels, and the mythical and legendary stories in which they figure are innumerable; and to avoid being carried beyond our limits, we had better let the subject slip through our fingers at once.

PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS.

In Newton's *London Journal of Arts and Sciences*, there is an article on the Fourth Report of the Commissioners of Patents. Invention, it would appear, goes briskly on; applications for patents amounting in 1856 to 3106, being 148 more than in the previous year. The applications produced in 1856, 2048 completed and specified patents, being 59 more than in 1855. About one-third of the completed patents stand the test of trial; the rest being suffered to lapse by the non-payment of the additional stamp-duty of L.50. This was the fate of the patents dated in 1853-4; and it is a triumphant answer to those

who assert that not one in a hundred patents is worth to the inventor the fees paid in obtaining it, 'for here is proof that nearly one-third, after a three years' trial, have stood the test.' In 1856 the receipts from the progressive stamp-duty of L.50 nearly doubled those of 1855, which were L.15,950. A great part of the fund produced by patents is expended in printing and publishing the specifications; but the public do not seem to patronise the work, or else the cost at which it is carried on is too heavy, for a loss of L.116,000—the difference between the cost of production and the sale—has taken place in four and a half years.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

A LURID star is burning in the east—
Not o'er a cradle, but a sepulchre:
It cleaves the heavens like that fiery sign
Which set of yore our Highland hills a-flame
When blood was i' the wind. Plague-spotted land,
The leprosy of old were white to thine!
In this new slaughter of the innocents
The Prince of Peace is crucified again.
O women—martyred sisters! we could weep
But for the hot shame which burns up our tears.
Our quivering lips are prayerless o'er your dust:
We may not strew the desecrated sod
Where fiends have trampled, with the flowers of heaven;
But, fierce in the strong passion of the weak,
Yet helpless as the babes upon your breasts,
We fold our white robes round us with a vow
Unto the God of battles!—Lipsing babes!
O world, O world! could not those mother-hands
Pluck down the wrathful heavens on such deeds?
The innocent lotus on the unstirred waves,
The pale, pure crescent in the warless heavens,
Smile in each other's faces: what is man
That he should warp the beautiful to wrong,
Turning God's gifts unto ignoble use?
Were these the fitting symbols for a curse—
The direst—most profound—the curse of war?
There was a time—methinks 'tis but a tale—
When bread and salt, partaken brotherly,
Did sign 'twixt fellest foes a bond and pledge—
The freedom of the city of the heart!
Yet these were of our house, our home, our hearth,
Embosomed in our trust; before whose eyes
Our weakness was paraded and unmasked.
O Pariah of nations, hide thy head!
Alien thou art, and alien shalt thou be,
Thou and thy races, from all men whose pulse
Beats to the music of a noble nature!
Say, had ye wrongs?—Ye have undone your cause.
By your own crimes self-branded, do ye fall;
While we stand righted in your depths of shame.
The seed accursed brings forth a millionfold:
Behold the fruit! Why we, even we, who once
Would snatch the snared bird from the fowler's clutch,
Now point to yon red star, and cry—'Go forth!'
White-headed fathers, stint not your gray hairs!
Brothers! let not your might of manhood sleep.
Lovers and husbands!—lo, the star is red
With too much looking on red Indian plains,
With too long burning over martyr-graves,
With too deep blushing over woman-wrongs;
Go forth! Till that foul stain be branded out,
We look no more on you—but on the star.
Our sickening eyes shall track it, till that day
When ye shall stand amidst the ransomed souls
Who cry to ye for succour; till again
The sword shall know its place in the scorned sheath;
Till horror's shriek is silenced, and once more
The fiery symbol shall be blotted out,
And the red star stand white before its God!

E. L. F.

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BÖTTGER, THE INVENTOR OF DRESDEN CHINA.

We were walking, a friend and myself, one day last April, in the bright little garden of the Japanese Palace at Dresden. It was one of those first days of spring, when the cold of winter is but half vanquished, and when one chooses sheltered shadeless paths such as this garden offers. The discourse fell upon the doings in China, and we reasoned much of the three hundred millions of enigmatical barbarians who people it. Of course we agreed in regarding them as 'very shallow monsters,' cunning in the drying of tea-leaves, and gluttons in the absorption of silver dollars; but we could recognise in them no quality which should exempt them from the common lot of humanity in the nineteenth century—submission to foreign dictation. It seems only natural that we Englishmen should wish to make them taste the civilising sweets of the law of interference by which international relations are now governed, working, as we all know, as harmoniously as the similar provision does on the heavenly bodies. Why should they be exempted from a condition to which, islanders though we be, we are ourselves subjected? We have learned, or are learning, that we must sometimes acquiesce in the dictates of public, or rather kingly, opinion in foreign countries, and, like all new converts, we are of course eager to thrust a participation of our pleasant experiences upon others.

The Chinese ought to be gratified, vain as they are, at the earnestness of our efforts for their good, and their distance from our habitat only renders more meritorious the trouble we are taking to teach them the principles of sound political economy. 'It is not good for man to be alone;' and as John Chinaman persists in shutting his eyes to this truth, it is mere humanity in us to open them for him. We are doing so by a process of couching which, ingenious as he is in the manufacture of fireworks, he must as certainly admire now as he will bless it in some contingent future.

Thus we ran on in self-satisfied praise of the national high deeds, which we are each so ready to take individual credit for. At a turn in the walk, my friend remarked that, unendowed as I might think them with philosophical souls, the Chinese have most dexterous fingers; and in proof of this, cited the marvellous collection of their handiwork in porcelain existing in the Japanese palace which we were sauntering round. He told me how, about two thousand years ago, when aluminum was undreamed of, the Chinese had discovered this way of turning their clay into something

more precious than gold. He expatiated on the national importance which they had given to this manufacture, and on the imperial patronage by which it had been encouraged in the remotest times. Since the Tatar invasion, the yellow-dragon china has been reserved for the sovereign's exclusive use; but formerly, one of the first acts of a new emperor on his accession was to determine the particular kind of earthenware on which he would be pleased to dine. Barbarians though they be, the Chinese had preceded us considerably in the formation of museums, as well as in the invention of some other trifles—such as gunpowder, printing, and the compass. One of their museums is devoted to a collection of vases in bronze and porcelain, of which the catalogue, illustrated with engravings, and published about a hundred years ago, by command of the emperor, is contained in twenty-four folio volumes. It is well that we should be informed of its existence; for the acquisition of this little collection of crockery might be added to Lord Elgin's or the commander-in-chief's instructions for their projected visit to Peking.

Having talked ourselves up to paying pitch, we now entered the palace, disbursed the two dollars at which his majesty the king of Saxony values a sight of his china-ware, and descended into the cold vaults in which it is deposited. There we saw the 'eighteen blue and white jars which Augustus the Strong received in exchange for a regiment of dragoons; other vases of the same material, worth, or which at least cost L.2000 apiece, cups, saucers, teapots, bowls, and chargers—in short, an immense collection of several descriptions of Chinese and Japanese porcelain. If this had been all which the vaults contained, we should have thought our money very badly spent, for the collection is very far from complete. But it is not our object now to speak of the productions of the ovens of Ki-en or Ki-un. We have not to describe the invaluable 'blue seen through the opening of storm-clouds,' nor the equally costly and still rarer 'congealed fat;' we leave these and such-like curious particulars for more learned pens.

What struck us most in the Japanese palace were the contents of four of the vaults, in which are preserved specimens of the Dresden china which our grandmothers loved so dearly, and our lady-friends now adore so extravagantly. We plead guilty to sharing in their taste, and we are not ashamed of the preference we give to the old Dresden china over that of Sèvres. The very *bizarrie* of its contorted forms seems more adapted to its object, mere ornament, than the stiffer purity of the French porcelain.

It was more than sixteen centuries after its first

fabrication by the Chinese, that the art of making porcelain was discovered in Europe by Johann Böttger, an apothecary's boy. This man's history is so singular, it gives us such queer glimpses into royal cabinets of a hundred and fifty years ago, that I cannot resist giving a short sketch of his life and adventures.

The tale is not without a moral.

Böttger was apprenticed to an apothecary in Berlin in 1696. He was then twelve years old. He had even earlier shewn a decided turn for chemistry, and during the first months of his service gave great satisfaction to his master; but this did not long continue, for he soon bent all his thoughts to the discovery of the grand arcanum, the secret of turning the baser metals into gold. He was so eager in this pursuit, that he spent his nights shut up in his master's laboratory, with whose chemicals he did not scruple to make free in the prosecution of his experiments. On one occasion, he set fire to the house; on another, he was only saved from death by one of his fellow-apprentices, who, having missed him from bed, sought and found him lying on the floor of the laboratory, stifled with the fumes from an alembic that had burst. Such a servant, pale and incapable of exertion during the day, from his laborious vigils, could hardly be a favourite with his master. Clinging obstinately to his dream of wealth, but wearied out with the reproaches which his master, and still more his master's wife, showered upon him, Böttger at last ran away. After three weeks' hiding in the suburbs of Berlin, urged by hunger, this time not a bad counsellor, he begged forgiveness, promised amendment, and returned to his situation. This was in 1699, when he was only fifteen.

Before going further, we may remind our reader that the belief in alchemy, universal in the middle ages, was still very generally entertained at this time. This consideration may excuse Böttger and the two kings, whom we shall presently see on the eve of fighting for the custody of his person. At the dawn of science, the transmutation of metals was the one object to which the learned directed their researches, and wonderful stories were told of the few sages who had discovered the secret. Raymond Lully is said to have transmuted 50,000 pounds of lead into gold for Edward I. of England. Said I nay, we have tangible proof that he really did so, for the first rose-nobles were coined with this very metal. The medallists of the British Museum, men well skilled in tests, will assure the incredulous reader that the Edward I. nobles are of the purest gold. The electors of Saxony, rich as they were in silver, had for several generations spent large sums in endeavouring to transmute it into gold; and some of them had not disdained to work at the furnace themselves.

We have seen Böttger return, penitent with forced fasting, to his master's shop. The amendment he had promised did not last long, and he soon betook himself anew to his secret manipulations. Ill success never disheartened an alchemist, and everything conspired to encourage his belief in his own powers. Many sought his conversation; among others, an old, thread-bare Greek monk, who was generally believed to possess the coveted secret, and displayed a marked attachment to him. Even the taunts with which he was pursued by his master and his fellow-apprentices, were mixed with a large share of credulity, manifested by their eager applications to be admitted to see a specimen of his 'work.' At last, he yielded to the entreaties of one of his fellow-apprentices, so far as to shew him a small lump of gold, which he asserted to be the product of his crucible. Having entered on the path of revelations, as our French neighbours would say, he did not stop here. The same evening, under a promise of inviolable secrecy, he turned a piece of lead, weighing about half an ounce, into gold.

As a matter of course, such a secret was not well kept, and before long he was induced to repeat the operation before a more numerous circle. These were his master, the lady of the shrill tongue, his master's wife, their intimate friend an ecclesiastical councillor (consistorialrath), and their son-in-law, the pastor Frost. It was a winter's night near Christmas, when this party proceeded, with all suitable mystery, to the laboratory. The two ghostly men, the councillor and the pastor, lighted the fire; one of them furnished the eighteen two-groschen pieces which were to be transmuted, and with his own hand placed the crucible containing them on the fire. They had probably read the *Novum Organum*, and were conscientiously suspicious as became such holy men, for Böttger was not allowed to approach the furnace. Only when the silver, or rather the alloyed silver, had melted under the bellows, he gave the operators a small pinch of red powder, wrapped in a piece of paper, desiring them to throw it upon the heated metal, and to cover the crucible carefully. After a short time, he directed that the mixture should be run into a mould, which stood ready to receive it. Next morning, Pastor Frost, who had taken charge of the ingot thus formed, carried it to be assayed; and the jeweller to whom he submitted it, but who did not know its origin, expressed his wonder at the extraordinary fineness of the gold.

This ingot may still be seen in the King's Library at Berlin. Frederick I., who was then king of Prussia, obtained it in exchange for a heavy gold medal, which is preserved to the present day by the family of the apothecary in whose laboratory the transmutation was effected.

A secret which five persons, one of them a woman, had sworn to keep, became naturally within a few hours the town's talk. It was buzzed about Berlin, and soon reached the king's ears. Böttger also received hints of the dangers attendant on his devotion to the science of his predilection, and a few days after displaying his acquirements to his master, he again ran away. With great difficulty he reached Wittenberg, in the Saxon territory, where he immediately applied to be enrolled as a student of the university. But the place of his retreat had been discovered. Before the formalities attending his matriculation could be completed, a Prussian lieutenant, with a company of soldiers, arrived to demand that he should be given up to his liege-lord the king. The anxiety thus shewn to recover possession of his person defeated itself. Rumours of the wonderful secrets he possessed were already current, and the governor of Wittenberg, fearful of compromising himself, temporised. He placed Böttger in strict confinement, and despatched a special courier to the regent in Dresden to request instructions. His letters were hardly gone, when a cabinet courier arrived from Berlin, bringing an autograph letter from the king. The commandant excused himself from acting upon this, on the plea that he must now wait for orders from Dresden; but he penned a second dispatch to the regent, which the Prussian courier undertook to deliver; so important did it seem that a speedy and favourable answer should be returned! It was even said that to make sure of this, the courier was the bearer of a large sum of money.

Meantime, the commandant of Wittenberg seems to have been dutifully mindful of his master's interest in so important an affair. He suggested to Böttger the propriety of sending an appeal to the personal judgment of the elector-king of Poland; and having obtained the valuable document, he despatched it by a courier of his own, on the same day the Prussian had set out for Dresden. The matter was too momentous for the regent to decide on his own authority. On the one hand, it was dangerous to risk the disclosure of

so powerful a prince as the king of Prussia; but, on the other, Böttger was too valuable an acquisition to be easily parted with. He referred the affair, therefore, to Augustus, who was at that time in Poland, and in the interim sent strict orders to Wittenberg, to watch the 'arrested' with the greatest vigilance, to treat him with politeness, but to allow no one to go near him, and, on pain of death, not to touch his *liquores* or other belongings. At the same time, he took measures to have the garrison of Wittenberg reinforced, and sent a major-general to command it, fearing that the Prussians might attempt a *coup de main* on the town, which lay so temptingly near the frontier.

Frederick, though the first king of Prussia, was every inch a king. What he willed, he willed strongly. Finding his applications neglected, he wrote a second autograph, addressed to the regent in Dresden. In this he accused Böttger of many heinous crimes, including two poisonings; he required his extradition as a malefactor, and threatened reprisals if his demands were not complied with. Whilst he was thus himself making use of every device to obtain possession of the 'useful carle,' as he called him to his minister, his Prussian majesty expressed the most naïve surprise at the hesitation displayed by the Saxon government in giving him up.

Böttger's confinement became closer as the king of Prussia's demands for his extradition became more urgent. The guards were doubled in the castle in which he was lodged, and officers patrolled, day and night, before the door of his apartment. Frederick was furious at the delay in complying with his demands. He was at one time on the point of despatching a few regiments to Wittenberg, to make a *coup de main* on the castle, and seize the useful carle; but he suffered himself to be dissuaded from this violent step by his prime-minister. He now addressed himself to Böttger's family, persuading or commanding some of his relations to proceed to Wittenberg to entice the carle back to Berlin. For this purpose, he furnished them with a letter signed by himself, in which all the accusations of poisoning and other crimes were retracted, and promises of favour and protection were lavished upon him.

At length, the courier arrived from Warsaw, bringing the orders of Augustus. In conformity with these, Böttger was removed to Dresden, travelling through by-ways with all possible secrecy, and under the protection of a strong escort. On his arrival, he was at once presented to the regent, and lodged in the palace, in a suite of apartments in which was the laboratory of a former alchemical elector.

The regent, who was about to join the king in Warsaw, was desirous to have ocular evidence of his powers before leaving Dresden. The transmutation, or the trick, was performed in his presence. Having watched the operation closely, the regent thought he could repeat the experiment, and at his departure, he carried with him a small parcel of the powder of projection, and minute written instructions for the manner of its use. In these, Böttger dwells especially on the necessity of the operators being in a state of grace, keeping their minds intent only on heavenly things. All these directions were most scrupulously followed by the king and regent, on the third evening of the Christmas holidays, but the experiment failed. The cover of the crucible was found to be inseparably united to the lower part, and it was necessary to break it with a hammer to reach the reddish flax which it contained. Augustus, confident of the purity of his conscience and the rectitude of his intentions, in writing a few days afterwards to Böttger, ascribed his ill success to a little dog which had overthrown the box containing the wonder-working powder.

Böttger, though allowed a handsome table, and

several gentlemen of the court to keep him company, was still a close prisoner. Neither he nor his companions were allowed to communicate with any one, nor were they even permitted to open the windows of their apartment. One of the grave seniors whose scientific conversation was to divert the captive, complains that they came to look like so many Jews, the barber being too proverbially indiscreet a personage to be suffered to approach them. This confinement produced a violent access of impatience in the unfortunate alchemist, who had recourse to huge pots of beer to soothe his sorrows; and these, added to his exasperation, brought on a fit of real or simulated madness. He had been removed, with all his attendants, for safer custody, to the great fortress of Königstein when this came on. Physicians were at once despatched from Dresden, as so precious a life could not be intrusted to the skill of the garrison-surgeon; and when under their care he had somewhat recovered, he was brought back to Dresden, and again lodged in the electoral palace. He had now a splendid apartment, with a garden to walk in, and one of the court-equipages at his orders when he wished to take a drive. His table was handsomely served with fish, flesh, game, and foreign wines, on a scale ordered by the king himself; and the cooks had special orders to accommodate themselves to his taste. There still exists a written order from the regent that the roasts should be dressed in the German fashion, which he preferred. He was allowed to invite five or six of the persons who had access to him to share his supper; and the regent had frequently the honour of being one of his guests.

All these indulgences were not suffered to interfere with the jealous watch kept over his person, or the secrecy in which his existence was shrouded. In the king's correspondence, he is never mentioned by name; he is always designated as 'the person.'

Though no longer so zealous in the prosecution of his studies as he had been when they were a forbidden enjoyment, only stealthily indulged in at his master's expense, Böttger continued his experiments by fits and starts, and had already spent large sums in their prosecution. Still, one accident or another always prevented the completion of the *opus* on which he was engaged. Yet the faith of the king and of the regent in his powers, seems never to have wavered. We have a letter from the regent to him, which ends with these words: 'Love me! cease not to love me! and believe that I shall always, and all my life long, love you.' The king was not less affectionate. He sent him frequent autograph letters. One of them, which is still preserved, expresses the royal conviction that Böttger 'had been confided to his protection by a special disposition of Providence,' and that 'God had for special reasons elected him to be his guardian.' It is signed, 'Truly yours, with affection and regard—Augustus R.'

While thus caressing his guest, the king enjoined all those who approached him to keep a sharp eye on his person. He was, in fact, in daily fear of losing him; for the king of Prussia, though he no longer insisted on his extradition as a criminal, had not renounced his hopes of seducing him from a hospitality which we cannot wonder if he was rather tired of. Spies were employed to open a communication with him. His mother was bribed to use her influence; but she was not allowed to see him. On the discovery of these intrigues, all the locks in the palace were changed; and the regent was ordered never to absent himself a single night from Dresden.

Notwithstanding all the precautions taken to secure him, heartily tired of his confinement, apprehensive, perhaps, of the treatment he might receive, when it was discovered how utterly unable he was to realise the magnificent promises he had made to the king, Böttger contrived to elude his keepers, and to escape

from Dresden. He directed his flight towards Vienna, and was already in the Austrian territory, when the soldiers sent in pursuit came up with him. They used as little ceremony as the king of Prussia would have done, but with better effect; for the Austrian authorities at once delivered him into their hands, and he was carried back to Dresden. Here he was again shut up, and more closely guarded than ever. The king, when he heard of his evasion, was indignant at what he regarded as extreme ingratitude; but never seems for a moment to have suspected the prisoner's inability to comply with the conditions on which he offered him his liberty. These were drawn up in the form of a regular contract between the king and Böttger. He was to make a certain quantity of gold for the king, to impart the secret to certain persons sworn to preserve it inviolably (these, it was expressly stipulated, should be professors of 'the true Lutheran religion'), and to divulge it to no one else, though he might use it for his own profit. In return for this, the king promised him protection; only stipulating that he should buy no estates, and fortify no castles on them, without the electoral licence.

The king seems now to have considered the attainment of his wishes as certain as if the gold had been already in his treasury. The plan which he drew up for its employment may be seen among his manuscripts. A large annuity was to be assigned to the regent and his heirs for ever, in gratitude for the services he had rendered on this occasion. The poor, deserving courtiers, military invalids, the Academy of Sciences, were all to come in for handsome shares of the benefits which Providence had in store for him.

Six years thus passed in cajoleries, alarms, disappointments, on one side; in promises and complaints on the other. The king became most pressing for a supply of the precious metal, which was necessary to continue his operations in the war with Sweden, and Böttger had formally promised to furnish him with £20,000 a week, beginning on a day which he fixed. In the perplexity into which this limitation of the time when he was to produce the gold threw him, the idea of making porcelain similar to that of China seems first to have occurred to him. He was probably led to it by experiments he had made in the manufacture of crucibles. The date when he produced the first specimen of the new ware is uncertain, but it was probably in 1708.

At this time, the trade in oriental china was exclusively in the hands of the Dutch, and vast sums were yearly spent in its purchase. There are in the Dresden collection five blue and white Nankin vases, for which Augustus had, only a few years previously, paid nearly £11,000 sterling. The discovery of the secret of this manufacture was therefore a most important one; and appealing as it did to one of the elector-king's passions, was welcomed by him with enthusiasm. It probably reconciled him to the disagreeable confession which Böttger seems to have made at this time of his inability to reproduce the powder of projection, which he now pretended to have received from the Greek monk, of whom we spoke above. Had it been properly worked, there can be little doubt that the manufacture of porcelain would have proved a source of large revenues for Saxony; but the mismanagement which seems to attend all government enterprises of this description, has from the first made it a losing speculation. Its ill success can only be ascribed to this, for in a very few years from the first discovery, the Dresden china rivalled that of the east, both in the purity of the material and the brilliancy of the colours. The remainder of Böttger's life was devoted to this discovery, and to others, such as the economical manufacture of ultramarine, which his undoubted chemical talents bade fair to bring about. But intemperance had destroyed

his health, and rendered him unfit for continued exertion. He squandered the large sums which the king continued to supply him with, and allowed every one near him to help himself. He died in 1721, at the age of thirty-six, after the prolonged and intense sufferings with which intemperance punishes its victims.

Böttger was an unfinished specimen of a type common in the eighteenth century—a projector. That he did not rise to one of the greatest names in practical science, or sink to the level of a Dosterswivel—his genius seems to have been equal to either—must be ascribed to the destiny which credulity and injustice made for him. Condemned to a prison as the reward of his fancied attainments, when he had hardly reached his sixteenth year, it is not to be wondered at if his temper was soured; and we may excuse him if he sought in wine relief from the irksomeness of the confinement in which his youthful energies were cramped. He seems to have possessed naturally a lively disposition, and all the qualities of a good companion, along with a great deal of uncalculating openhandedness, such as would have become the possessor of the secret he pretended to. His genial disposition drew both the regent and the king frequently into his society, and his carelessness exposed him to be robbed and cheated by his attendants. One regrets to see so much talent thrown away, and may sorrow over genius degraded; but one must rejoice that the iniquity which sought to confiscate genius to its own profit, defeated itself.

The produce of the Dresden manufactory, removed after Böttger's death to Meissen, is so well known that there remains little to be said on this subject. Böttger's idea was to imitate the oriental porcelain, not to introduce new designs. His first specimens were copies of the red china-ware, and were in some respects not unlike the more recent manufacture of Wedgwood. In colour and general appearance, this earliest Dresden china resembles terra cotta; but it is a real porcelain, and when struck, has a peculiar metallic ring. The first pieces he produced were servile imitations of Chinese workmanship, and in no way to be distinguished from them. But he soon improved upon his models. He found that his composition was capable of receiving as high a polish as marble, and he further adorned it with beautifully carved ornaments of dead red raised from the polished ground. The works which he executed in this style are perhaps the most elegant specimens of earthenware in existence. There are pieces of a brown variety of this ware, also very beautiful in tone, but they cannot be considered to mark any progress in the manufacture, as the first of this kind were accidentally produced by the overheating of the ovens.

The next step in the discovery, and the crowning one, was the substitution of a white earth (Kaolin) for the red one first employed, and the application of a colourless glaze to this. The vases and figures modelled in this material were baked and used in pure white, or sometimes adorned with oil painting and gilding. The last and final step towards perfecting the invention was the discovery of the art of painting with colours which should stand the action of fire. Böttger seems himself to have rendered important services in this direction. The productions of the manufactory in the earliest times yield neither in purity of material nor in vividness of colouring to the finest oriental china. They are indeed faithful copies, even to the manufacturer's marks of the Chinese originals.

With such a beautiful material to work upon, European genius could not long content itself with imitation; a school of modellers and painters had been attached to the establishment, and this soon produced the original works whose capricious graces were so well acquainted with. The Saxon porcelain reached its highest development under the administration

of the famous Count Brühl, the same in whose wardrobe Frederick the Great, when he took Dresden, found 1500 wigs, with suits of clothes and snuff-boxes to match each. His taste for magnificence made itself felt at Meissen, and we owe to him the most beautiful specimens which it produced. On the occupation of Dresden by the Prussians, Frederick did not fail to avenge Böttger's evasion from his grandfather's tender care. He chose out the finest pieces, to the value of 250,000 thalers, and sent them, with some of the best workmen, to Berlin. He also allowed his generals to help themselves to whatever they pleased.

The Seven Years' War almost annihilated the manufactory. Its re-establishment was due to the patriotism of a citizen, who bought the materials, and, when peace was restored, ceded them again to the government; but from this time till 1816, the manufacture languished. The secret, though still jealously guarded, had long since been divulged, and on every side there arose manufactories of porcelain, some of which vied with that of Meissen. To have china of his own making, became, in the eighteenth century, the hobby of all the princes of Germany. Of these, Berlin, Vienna, and Munich alone survive as royal manufactories. The others have been abandoned, or have passed into private hands.

It seems the destiny of all the works of the present day to unite facilities of production with a sad falling off in artistic perfection. In a certain sense, machinery cannot replace fingers, nor chemistry, time. I made many inquiries regarding the causes of the degeneracy of modern Dresden china, and learned that they were principally two. The *mass*—that is, the mingled earths from which the porcelain clay is formed—is no longer, as formerly, suffered to lie for years exposed to the slow disintegrating action of the weather; it is now subjected to a chemical process, which is far from replacing the old-fashioned one. In China, it is well known that the porcelain earths are allowed to rot for eighty years before they are used: it is a fortune which a man lays up for his grandchildren. The modern works in biscuit, when compared with the ancient ones, shew this inferiority in a way which must strike the most unpractised eye. The second cause of degeneracy is an ill-understood economy. Coal has been substituted for wood in the ovens, and the intenser heat which this kind of fuel produces, acting too rapidly on the paste, impairs its beauty. There is really only a very superficial show of economy in the new system, for the spoiled pieces are now much more numerous than formerly, being subject, in addition to other accidents, to the falling of blacks upon the glaze.

In addition to these real causes of inferiority, there is another which tends to depress the value of modern Dresden china. The Jew curiosity-dealers purchase unpainted vases and plates at the manufactory, and have them painted in fraudulent imitation of the old china. These they bake in their own ovens, which are of small size, and consequently have not the heat necessary to fix the colours. At first, they are as bright as the ancient ones, or those of manufactory; but after a short exposure to the sun, they begin to fade, and the purchaser blames the manufactory rather than the dealer he buys of. The imitations are often so clever as even to deceive the most experienced. One day when I was with the director of the royal establishment, he told me with great glee that a London curiosity-dealer had just brought him a plate to ask if it were genuine. He had bought it of another of his co-religionists, but some incredulous customer had raised a doubt of its authenticity. The old director was charmed to be able to tell the biter that he had been bit. The windows of the London curiosity-shops are now full of old Dresden, the greater part of which is modern, and some of it has never been in Saxony. With the present demand for repetitions of

the old models, the manufactory is beginning to pay for the first time, but its prosperity is purchased at too high a price—the renunciation of all attempts at progress.

IRISH SERVANTS.

In our Irish village we have many specialties, but few more curious than our servants; they are indeed a 'peculiar people,' if not always 'zealous of good works.'

A friend of mine has an old, withered, dried-up coachman, who has lived in the family during the last fifty years; and who has gradually, but thoroughly settled down in a firm conviction that horses, car, gig, and carriage belong exclusively to him, and that allowing his master and mistress their occasional use is an act of graceful courtesy on his part, for which they are bound to be duly grateful.

'Con,' said Mrs Lawrence one morning, 'I shall want the carriage to-day at one o'clock.'

Con, before replying, screwed up one sharp old gray eye, and turned the other upwards inquisitively towards the soft floating clouds, from which our sky is rarely free.

'Ye'll want the carriage at one o'clock to-day,' he repeated slowly. 'Why, thin, ye won't get it; for 'tis likely to rain, an' the covered car will do ye very well.'

On one auspicious day, when his mistress actually did obtain the use of the carriage, Con, precisely at the appointed hour, drove round to the broad gravel sweep before the drawing-room windows. Unfortunately, some early visitors had meantime arrived, and Mrs Lawrence, *sans* shawl and bonnet, was seated, as in politeness bound, to entertain them. Con waxed first impatient, and then wrathful; and finally descending from his throne, he tapped at the window, and exclaimed:

'Will ye come now, if ye're coming at all; for I won't be keeping my horses here any longer for ye, standing in the east wind, an' catching cold, the crathurs!'

The visitors took this gentle hint, and departed; while Mrs Lawrence tranquilly took her airing. It is probable that Con's sweet temper had been slightly ruffled by the morning contretemps; for when his mistress gently requested him to drive either more quickly or slowly, I forget which, he turned round, and majestically delivered himself of the following response:

'I'll drive ye this way, an' I'll drive ye no other way; an' if ye don't like it, ye may take the less of it.'

Yet when Mrs Lawrence was seized with typhus fever, Con galloped, as he said, 'with the speed of light' to the neighbouring town for a physician, and brought that dignified personage off in his slippers, not allowing him time to put on his boots. Despite of his terror of 'the sickness,' as the Irish peasantry emphatically call typhus, the old man, with a sort of canine fidelity, watched day and night outside his mistress's door, often creeping in during the lingering hours to gaze on the burning cheek, while tears streamed down his own, and he sobbed out:

'Ah, thin, darling, an' is that the way ye're lying low; ye that I danced in my arms, an' sat riding on my shoulder, long ago, when ye wor a weeny crathur—my beauty of the world that ye always wor!'

And when, after a tedious convalescence, the lady was allowed to take her first airing, I verily believe old Con was half jealous that his horses and not he had the honour of drawing her. How carefully he selected the smoothest parts of the road; how frequently he conjured the lady who accompanied Mrs Lawrence to tell him whether he was driving 'the way

the mistress liked ;' and whether she was 'getting at all tired, the crathur !'

Next year it was Con's turn to fall sick—not with one of the short, sharp maladies of youth, but from the effects of that incurable illness—eighty years. I need scarcely say that the 'mistress' paid him every possible attention ; but the family physician gave him over : the priest was sent for, and Con was duly shriven and anointed—'prepared for death,' as the Irish Roman Catholics call it.

This ceremony ended, Con lay tranquilly awaiting the approach of death. His mistress came in to see him, and administered a mingled dose of calves-foot jelly and brandy. It was swallowed with uncommon relish, and old Con declared himself decidedly better. 'Although, ma'am *asthore*, I know I'm marked for death all the same.'

After a few kind and soothing words, Mrs Lawrence left him in the care of her old nurse, Kitty—a contemporary of Con's, and quite as great a 'character' in her way. Her specialty, however, was a most unquenchable and undistinguishing love for medicine of every kind and description. No sort of drug, draught, pill, bolus, or electuary, came amiss to Kitty : her great faith had stomach for them all ; and she regularly begged for the dregs of all the medicine-bottles used in the neighbourhood for miles round. These she swallowed promiscuously ; and how she managed to escape poisoning, and live as she did to the verge of ninety years, is one of those secrets of physics and physic which I never could unravel. Poor Kitty was now and then made the subject of practical joking during the vacation of the young Lawrences, two fine, wild, merry boys.

One day I found the old lady in a state of very decided bodily discomfort, but of great mental self-gratulation, and overflowing gratitude towards 'the two dear considerate young gentlemen who had told her of a grand cure for her headaches.' It seemed that some time before a blister had been ordered for some one in the house, but never applied ; the air of that country being particularly healthy, and pains of the chest usually curing themselves. This attractive article was found one day by the hopeful youths ; and hearing their old nurse complain as usual of her 'nervish headache,' they gravely advised, on the principle of counter-irritation, an antipodal application of the remedy to the equatorial regions, which prescription being faithfully carried out, rendered for a while poor Kitty's sedentary pursuits decidedly unpleasant, not to say impracticable. However, her faith in the prescription and gratitude to the prescribers being unbounded, the former no doubt did her good ; and the latter was better justified by the wild but not wicked youngsters bringing her a present of a gorgeous cotton gown, before their departure for school.

This garment Kitty described as 'a lovely gown ; none of your showy colours, your reds, your blues, or your greens, but a fine bright yellow.'

To return, however, to Con's bedside.

'Kitty,' said he, 'I think 'tis getting better I am.'

'Why, thin, I wouldn't wonder, with all the fine physic you get day and night,' responded his companion, glancing somewhat enviously at the numerous phials standing on the table.

'Don't you think I'd want to be shaved?' continued the patient.

'Why, thin, that same would do you no harm, surely ; even if 'twas only for the sake of knowing that you'd make a clane purty corpse,' was the consolatory rejoinder. 'Sure I'll call Jim the groom, an' he'll do it for you in less than no time.'

'Thank ye kindly, ma'am ; an' now, saving your presence, I think I'd like to get up an' take a look at myself in the glass.'

'Anything to please you,' said Kitty amiably, and discreetly retired to the window.

Old Con got slowly out of bed, walked across the room to where a small looking-glass, crowned with peacocks' feathers, was suspended, and contemplated, wofully enough, the gaunt, unshaven, night-capped visage which presented itself.

'Well,' said he at length, 'Death has a very long face ; I don't like the looks of it at all ; I 'bive I won't mind dying yet a while.'

And Con kept his word.

With what Kitty esteemed most lavish generosity, he bestowed on her the whole regiment of bottles with their savoury contents, and betook himself to his mistress's excellent broth and jelly. The result was, that the end of the month saw Con reigning as usual supreme on the box, and he reigns there still.

The first time after his illness that he drove Mrs Lawrence out airing, some wicked gossamers in the neighbourhood, calculating rather rashly on the probable diminution of Con's strength and supplies of arm, climbed up behind the carriage, and resisted all the coachman's oral efforts to dialogue them ; answering with the mocking couplet :

Slash behind—

The coachman's 's blind !

Con affected not to hear, and drove calmly on until he came to the side of a muddy horsepond, into the very middle of which he guided his horses, totally disregarding his mistress's remonstrances ; and then he commenced a vigorous course of back-handed flagellation, saying to its luckless recipients : 'Git down now, an' miseten your feet !' a command which, in order to escape the cutting lash, they were fain to obey ; and to Con's intense delight, they reached the shore in the guise, as he informed his mistress, of 'drowned rats.'

In another house of our village, there is a belief, 'the dead match,' as we say in Ireland, of Mr Con.

'Murphy,' said one day the nice old lady who enjoys the advantage of his services, 'tell Mr George to come to prayers.'

'Maasther George hates prayers,' was the cool *raisonné* of the domestic.

This same Mr George, when sitting one day at the foot of his mother's table, at a dinner-party, remarked some black dust on the plate which Murphy had been him.

'That plate is not clean, Murphy.'

'Why, thin, Maasther George,' replied the functionary, bringing his spectacled vision to bear on the object in question, 'I'm surprised at a gintleman to say the like. The plate is clane.'

'But, Murphy, look here,' rejoined his young master, rubbing his finger to the edge of the plate, and then on his napkin, where a black mark became immediately visible.

'Why, thin, if it is,' quoth Murphy, with the emphatic air of an injured man laying down an incontrovertible proposition, 'tis your own finger that's dirty, an' 'tisn't the plate !'

All this time the company were waiting, and plates of any kind ; so the host refrained from pursuing an argument in which he was sure to come off worst, and allowed Murphy to go on his way rejoicing.

'Connell,' said I one day to my satellite, 'go to Mr Jackson, and tell him, with my compliments, that should be very much obliged to him to lend me a book.'

The man looked rather surprised, but departed on his errand. It happened that my neighbour had ceased subscribing to our amusing friend, and returned a polite reply to that effect, which Mr Connell relayed thus :

'Mr Jackson's compliments, ma'am, an' he says he tell you that he dropped drinkin' any more for the last three weeks.'

He evidently considered it a most impertinent and extraordinary piece of curiosity on my part thus to pry into the after-dinner habits of my neighbour.

A young friend one evening sent her maid to me with a verbal message, which was thus delivered: 'Miss Emily is very bad entirely with the *fleeziny* (influenza), and would be for ever obliged to your honour for the loan of a music-book.' Now, as it happens that although a lover of sweet sounds, I am unhappily unable to perform on any instrument, from the piano which my eldest daughter patronises, down to the Jew's harp which has lately been adopted by my youngest son, it occurred to me as strange that Emily should apply to me for a reinforcement to her musical library; and after in vain cross-questioning the maid, I sent two or three volumes of light literature on chance to the young lady. On meeting her the next day, I found the books had had the happiest effect on the *fleeziny*, and that, as I conjectured, the maid had been desired to ask for an *amusing* book.

Our county town is situated about ten miles from our village, and there is store of entertainment to be found in standing in the shops and listening to the odd demands of messengers from the country.

I happened one day to be purchasing a lock at a general hardware establishment, when a countryman, with a regular *onadhaun** expression of countenance, entered. He looked around him for some time, in a state of utter mystification, his attention apparently riveted on the counterfeited presentment of a sirloin of most white and ruddy beef, leisurely revolving in a real roaster before an imaginary fire. At length, he turned to the counter, and scratching his head with an air of the utmost perplexity, thus addressed the shopman:

'Why, thin, would your honour be plased to tell me what it is I was sint for?'

'That would be hard for me, my man. How on earth should I know what you were sent for?'

'Ah, thin, wouldn't your honour try an' make out for me, for the misthress 'll be mad if I face home without it.'

'What is it like?'

'Why, thin, on the top of it, 'tis for all the world like the face of a body after the small-pox.'

'And what do you do with it?'

'Why, the women puts it on their finger when they're working.'

'Oh! a thimble, I suppose?'

'Yis, to be sure, that's jest what it is—a thimble. See, now, how I couldn't think of its name!'

And so, having been supplied with the required article, this brilliant Mercury departed in triumph.

On another occasion, the shop of a druggist and grocer was entered by a man in eager haste, exclaiming:

'Give me a pinnorth of bagpipes, as quick as you can!'

'I don't know at all what you want,' replied the somewhat matter-of-fact shopman. 'We don't sell bagpipes; and at all events, I can't tell what you mean by a pennyworth of a musical instrument.'

'Ah, God bless you, an' give me the bagpipes, an' here's the pinny—an' don't be keeping me this way, or else I'll be late for the Macroom car.'

'What on earth do you want?' cried the thoroughly perplexed shopman. 'What is it for?'

'Wisha, don't be delaying me this way, axing me that 'tis for; but give it to me out of hand, or the mather 'll be keeping the whole house awake to-night with the cough that he gets no ase from, only when e's sucking them same bagpipes.'

'Oh!' chimed in a bright-looking boy, the junior assistant, 'I know what he wants—this *Bath pipe*, is

it not, my good fellow?' And so saying, he produced some sticks of a brown medicinal candy, well known in our locality as an excellent remedy for coughs.

'Ah, yes, that's the very thing! Sure I told you all along 'twas *bagpipes* I wanted!' exclaimed the 'mather's' satellite, as he hurried off with his purchase—in time, I trust, to catch the Macroom car.

The powers of sarcastic repartee possessed by the Irish peasantry have long been celebrated. A genuine instance, which occurred the other day, of the exercise of this faculty, may amuse my readers.

Our county town is blessed with the possession of several newspapers, of which the most widely circulating and money-making is entitled the *Post*. Its politics are highly and aggressively Conservative; and of its leading articles, although felt by the luckless reader to be decidedly heavy, it would be difficult to discover the specific gravity; inasmuch as being in their nature utterly washy and vapoury infusions, there would be little use in subjecting them to the ordinary test of comparison with distilled water. The principal proprietor of this invaluable journal is also the possessor of a handsome country residence not far from our village. One of his neighbours is a gentleman who, although living in handsome style, is rather inclined to economise in his stable expenditure. His horses get little to eat besides grass, and they are consequently much higher in bone than in flesh. It happened one day that this gentleman's servant, when riding along the road on a miserable Rosinante, was overtaken by the newspaper proprietor, driving a remarkably fine horse under a well-appointed gig.

'Good-morning, my man,' said Mr Fussell, addressing the sharp-looking gossoon as blandly as if he had been 'our own correspondent'—'that's a fine fat horse you're riding.'

'Why, thin, I don't know; I think 'tis the way he might be fatter,' responded the groom, looking dubiously at the great man.

'Oh, not at all—couldn't possibly be fatter. Now, tell me, my friend, what does your master feed him on, to have him in such uncommonly high condition?'

'Why, thin, I'll tell your honour. We feeds him on the ould *Post* newspapers, an' they don't agree with him at all!'

Without saying a word, Mr Fussell drove off at a *sauve qui peut* pace; and the leading article next morning was more than usually dogmatic in asserting the mental degradation and moral perversion of the Irish Celt.

THE STRUGGLE OF VACCINATION.

MORE than eleven years ago, we drew the attention of our readers to the extraordinary discovery made by the illustrious Jenner about the beginning of the present century, with reference to the mitigation of the severity of small-pox, and to the opposition raised by our own and other nations against the practice he suggested.*

One would have imagined that at the present day all this absurd resistance to a remedy of abundantly tested efficacy had entirely vanished, and that people of every class would hail with delight a safe and simple means of preventing in their families the spread of that awful scourge of humanity, the small-pox, if the government of the country could only be induced to put such remedy within their reach.

Events have proved, however, the incorrectness of any such supposition, and have shewn that the indifference with which a *possible* evil is regarded—by the humbler classes especially—is so great, that absolute legal coercion is necessary to secure to their offspring

* 'Resistance to Great Truths—Jenner and Vaccination.' No. 194, New Series, p. 217.

* This graphic untranslatable word ought to be English.

the benefit of an exemption therefrom; in other words, they must be *forced* to have their children vaccinated.

At the time the article to which we have just alluded was penned, although by two acts of parliament, which had been in existence four and six years respectively, gratuitous vaccination had been brought to the door of the very poorest, there was no power to compel the operation, and no means of punishing the avoidance of it. Inoculation had been forbidden; and for its perpetration a month's imprisonment might be awarded. Guardians and overseers of the poor throughout England and Wales, had received power to contract with competent medical men to vaccinate in their several parishes, and to pay them for their services from the poor-rates; and men, women, and children were all entitled to be vaccinated on presenting themselves for that purpose. This, however, was all; and the success of the measures adopted in no way equalled the expectations that had been formed respecting them.

In 1853, a little improvement was made in the existing law. By an act then passed, every child born after the 1st of August 1853, is directed to be brought within three months after its birth—if its parents are living, or within four months, if in the custody of guardians—to be vaccinated; and any omission to so bring it, or any neglect in subsequently presenting it to the surgeon for examination, as to the success of the operation, is made finable to the extent of twenty shillings.

During the last few years, it has been abundantly proved that there are very many families in London alone who systematically evade these two acts of parliament. The penalty of 20s. is not great, if inflicted at all; while the difficulties lying in the way of a conviction in the first instance, and of an enforcement of the fine, if a conviction takes place, in the second, are so numerous—the acts giving no imprisonment in lieu of fine—that offenders live in the greatest security. These and other considerations induced the legislature to entertain the idea of making the omission to vaccinate *highly* penal; but no sooner did they propose to do so in the House of Commons, than the most extraordinary opposition was manifested, some members going so far as to declare that 'vaccination itself was of little, if any good,' even when successfully performed! The whole question was therefore referred to a select committee; and their proceedings have been delayed, in order to obtain the best possible information on two very important points—first, the actual success which, during the last half-century, has been attendant upon the practice of vaccination in this and other countries; and, secondly, the present opinion of the most eminent medical professors throughout Europe upon the necessity for and efficacy of the practice.

To obtain information upon these two points, the services of the General Board of Health were found indispensable; and the result of the inquiries made by that body was last June laid before parliament, in the shape of a ponderous blue-book, containing much interesting and valuable information. To ascertain the success attendant upon the practice of vaccination, returns were called for and obtained from English and foreign institutions appropriated to the cure of small-pox, from divers large schools, from naval and military establishments, and, when possible, from national archives. All of these, without exception, shew the absolute necessity of this valuable operation towards preserving human life. In Christ's Hospital, London, for instance, it seems that during the fifty years preceding the introduction of vaccination, 81 died of small-pox out of an annual school of 550; while in the fifty years ending 1850, during which vaccination was practised, only *one* patient died of that disease, although the annual number of scholars had increased to 800. In the General Hospital

at Vienna, during the five years ending 1855, there were 1995 unvaccinated persons received with small-pox, and only 244 vaccinated.

In the city of Copenhagen, during the year 1750, out of a population of 60,000, 1457 died of small-pox; while in 1850, out of 129,695, that disease was not fatal in a single instance!

In Prague, during the seven years immediately preceding the introduction of the practice, 53,641 individuals died of small-pox out of an aggregate population of 21,000,000; while out of a similar population during seven years *after* vaccination had been made compulsory, 1244 persons only died of small-pox!

Perhaps, however, the most striking proof of the benefit of vaccination is to be found in the return from Anspach, in Bavaria. In this city, all children six months old are by law compelled to be vaccinated, and the operation is *annually* repeated. From 1797 to 1799, 500 died annually of small-pox; and in 1800, no less than 1609 fell victims to that disease. After the practice of vaccination was introduced, wonderful results followed: in 1809, there were four deaths only; in 1818, *not one*!

The returns from other countries are but echoes of those we have alluded to, and all shew beyond a doubt the immense saving of life effected by adopting this salutary practice.

In London, within the bills of mortality, the death-rate in 1680 from small-pox was 31·39 in every 10,000 persons; in 1846, it was 3·38, in a like number of individuals; and Mr Marson, in a petition to the House of Commons, says that the mortality among unvaccinated persons seized with small-pox is 35 per cent.; among vaccinated, 7 per cent. only.

Having obtained this highly satisfactory information upon 'the actual success which has during the last half-century been attendant upon the practice of vaccination in this and other countries,' the General Board of Health proceeded with their second inquiry—namely, 'The present opinion of medical men upon the necessity for, and efficacy of, the practice.' For information upon this second inquiry, Mr John Simon, medical officer to the Board of Health, addressed, last October, a circular letter to no less than 539 members of the medical profession in England and elsewhere, requesting their answers to the following four separate inquiries:

1st, 'Have you any doubt that successful vaccination confers on persons subject to its influence a very large exemption from attacks of small-pox, and almost absolute security against death by that disease?'

2d, 'Have you any reason to believe or suspect that vaccinated persons, in being rendered less susceptible of small-pox, become more susceptible of any other infectious disease, or of phthisis, or that their health is in any other way disadvantageously affected?'

3d, 'Have you any reason to believe or suspect that lymph from a true Jennerian vesicle has ever been a vehicle of syphilitic, scrofulous, or other constitutional infection to the vaccinated person; or that unintentional inoculation with some other disease, instead of the proposed vaccination, has occurred in the hands of a duly educated medical practitioner?'

4th, 'Do you (assuming due provisions to exist for a skilful performance of the operation) recommend that, except for special reasons in individual cases, vaccination should be universally performed at early periods of life?'

The answers to these questions are given *in extenso* in the blue-book referred to, and occupy 85 out of its 188 folio pages: we content ourselves with a general outline of them.

As to the first inquiry, 524 of the 539 authorities appealed to, answer, directly and simply, that they

have no doubt whatever on the subject; thirteen express an opinion—probably tacitly shared in by many of the others—that the safeguard afforded by vaccination lasts only for a certain period, and that the operation ought to be repeated at intervals in order to be of permanent benefit; one is of opinion that vaccination affords no exemption from small-pox, but only modifies its severity; while a single individual of no mean authority, expresses very great doubts 'whether vaccination at all prevents a person from being attacked by the disease,' and says, that 'it certainly does not exempt from death by it.' One gentleman illustrates his opinion of the efficacy of vaccination by a recital of the following very interesting case. He says: 'In March 1852, I vaccinated a child with healthy lymph, and it was successful. About three weeks after, the mother of the child was seized with confluent small-pox; and a more severe case I never attended. During the mother's illness, which continued for four weeks, I gave strict directions that the child should be kept to the breast, which were duly observed. During that time, the child grew and improved daily, and never seemed in the least to suffer from the mother's illness. . . . The mother had never been vaccinated, and the child is now as healthy as possible.'

The second question proposed has received from all the medical authorities, save one, decidedly negative replies.

The third, respecting the transmission of other diseases with the vaccine matter, appears still to be a somewhat vexed question. Several, without expressing any decided opinion upon the subject, simply suggest that the lymph should always be taken from a perfectly healthy child. Ten have serious doubts whether disease would not be conveyed even with the matter taken from 'a true Jennerian vesicle;' and one gentleman expresses a firm conviction that it would. On the other hand, upwards of 500 think that such inoculation with another disease is altogether impossible; and one gentleman cites a case, in which he accidentally vaccinated from a child sick with a contagious disease, in which no effects whatever, other than those intended, followed the operation. The value of the opinions given by some of these 500 may be gathered from the fact, that one speaks upon the authority of 13,000 cases which have come under his own immediate inspection, and another upon that of 40,000 cases!

The best period for the performance of the operation seems also a matter of dispute. The majority of the witnesses simply recommend that vaccination should be performed in *early youth*, but eighty-seven mention the exact period they would prefer: two say from four to six weeks; two, from six weeks to two months; thirty-seven, at or under four months; twenty-two, during the first six months; twelve, during the first twelve months; twelve, during the first dentition.

Such is the general result of the inquiry which has been instituted. Considering the fearful fatality of small-pox—it destroys, says Mr Simon, one-third of all whom it attacks—it becomes an important question with the government of a great country, whether they are to indulge unfounded prejudices, and to forbear to enforce, by severe penal enactments, the practice of vaccination; or whether they are not bound to follow the example of almost all the continental states, and insist on its performance.

Of course, an important element entering into the inquiry is—'What does vaccination really *do* to the body? Does it in any way injure it, or render it less healthy than it was before?' In an admirable treatise annexed to the report, Mr Simon thus answers this question:

'The very meaning of vaccination is, that it shall artificially and designedly produce a transient and

trifling indisposition; that for some days the infant shall be with a sore arm, and a slight irritation of the adjacent axillary glands, and a perceptible amount of general feverishness. Within the limits of this description, one child may be a little more, another a little less inconvenienced; but those limits are rarely exceeded. And if it cannot strictly be said that the immediate effects of well-performed vaccination *never* exceed the intentions of the vaccinator, at least it may be affirmed that any permanent injury resulting from it is an accident barely known in the practice of surgery.'

There is only one other point connected with the subject we need notice, and it relates to the degree of skill shewn in this and other countries in the performance of the operation itself.

It is certainly rather unpleasant to learn that our English surgeons are nearly, if not quite, the *worst* vaccinators in Europe, yet such, we are told, is really the case. From a careful examination of the pustules on the bodies of more than three thousand persons of various nations received into the Small-pox Hospital in London, it appears that the Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, and German surgeons are the best operators; the Italians come next; then the Spanish, Scotch, and Irish; and, lastly, the English and French!

The reason of this, it is alleged, is that there is in England no properly organised method for instructing young surgeons in the practice of vaccination. 'A medical student,' says Mr Simon, 'may pass through an industrious and creditable pupillage—may obtain his diploma, licence, and degree, as physician, surgeon, apothecary, and doctor—may become, in every possible sense of the word, a "legally qualified medical practitioner"—may be eligible and actually elected for the appointment of public vaccinator, and meanwhile, may never have performed, perhaps even never have witnessed, one single act of vaccination!'

Of course such a state of affairs as this ought no longer to exist, and we doubt of its much longer continuance. The details furnished in the blue-book over which we have briefly glanced, will, we fancy, satisfy any select or general committee as to the necessity for the passing of such a measure as the one lately introduced into parliament, and we hope shortly to hear of their recommendation to that effect.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XIII.

MESSIEURS SICARD and Linwood, and Mademoiselle de Bonneville must, at that critical and exciting moment in their lives, have presented an interesting study to a painter of character—a somewhat puzzling one too; for although the attitudes, no doubt very naturally struck, must have been chiefly expressive of astonishment and terror, other emotions could not but have revealed themselves upon three youthful visages, dull and blank as they might ordinarily be, confronting each other under such peculiar and delicate circumstances. Mademoiselle Clémence, in her abundance of commiserative sorrow, had, as before stated, reclined her sweet head upon my shoulder, and, attracted by a correspondent sympathy of soul, my arm had insensibly stolen, or was stealing, round the dear girl's waist. Now, this tender proximity of a young man and maiden, though susceptible, as the reader knows, of a perfectly honourable explanation, was an awkward position to be surprised in by an frascable lover, who held, too, it seemed, my very life at his mercy. It will surprise no one, therefore, to be told that M. Sicard's sudden appearance and startling news flushed my countenance and that of Mademoiselle Clémence with confusion as well as fright; that Sicard himself, after blurring out the

announcement already given, stopped short in mutely questioning anger, his bloodless cheeks instantly rekindling with the fire of a still smouldering jealousy; and that my first exclamation was a stammering expression of mingled apology and consternation. His addressing me by my real name must also have sensibly contributed to my bewilderment.

The young lady was of course the first to regain her self-possession.

'This is terrible!' she exclaimed; 'but are you quite sure, Monsieur Sicard?'

'Mademoiselle de Bonneville,' stiffly replied M. Sicard, 'might do me the simple justice to believe that I would not trifle with the feelings of any person placed in such grave circumstances as those which surround Monsieur Linwood, much less one who has the honour of being, at the very least, Mademoiselle de Bonneville's very intimate and attached friend.'

'Jacques, dear Jacques,' said Clémence, placing her little hand upon his arm, and looking upon him with humid truthful eyes, 'is the effusive confidence of yester evening so soon forgotten?'

M. Sicard's swelling dignity collapsed at once. 'Pardon, chère Clémence,' he hurriedly replied. 'I am an ingrate, a fool—that is certain, demonstrable. Still, Monsieur Linwood will, I am sure, excuse a susceptibility which, though extreme, uncalled for, is, nevertheless, legitimate.'

'Mais mon Dieu!' interrupted Clémence with vivacity, 'is this a time to talk of susceptibilities legitimate or the reverse! Do you not say that gendarmes are at this moment in pursuit of Monsieur Linwood?'

'That is true, mademoiselle, and not one moment must be lost. The agents of the public force,' he added, 'will not, fortunately, suspect me of assisting the escape from justice of Monsieur Linwood, otherwise Jean Le Gros, otherwise—'

'Art thou *bavard*, Jacques!' again and angrily broke in Clémence. 'Speak to us of what is to be done—of how Monsieur Linwood is to escape the danger to which he is exposed.'

An earnest consultation then took place, to which I hearkened like one in a dream, gathering incidentally, however, therefrom, with hazy apprehension at the time, but made clear by subsequent explanation, that on the preceding evening Clémence had not only disclosed to Sicard the tender preferences with which she—previously, in some degree, unknown to herself, perhaps—regarded him, but the secret of her English birth and parentage; the conflict of feeling and duty that knowledge had given rise to in her mind, and the difficult circumstances in which she was consequently involved. The loving pair thereupon took counsel together, finally agreeing that Captain Webbe, *alias* Jacques Le Gros, was altogether unworthy of confidence or credit—some curt expressions of mine, elicited by Sicard's attack upon me and Mademoiselle Clémence's ebullient sympathy with my assailant, having caused the young lady to doubt that I should, as the privateer captain pretended, hang or drown myself for disappointed love of her—that Maître Sicard should see me, if he was well enough the next day, frankly acknowledge the situation, assure me that the flattering avowal of mademoiselle's preference should remain without matrimonial result till the *soumission respectueuse*, in the matter of said marriage, enjoined by the French law, had been made to whichever of the two ladies, Madame Waller or Madame de Bonneville, might prove to be the disputed maiden's real mother; that meanwhile he, Sicard, would render me all the aid in his power to elucidate the sad mystery of which my father had been the victim; and, above all, specially charge himself to defeat any attempt by Madame de Bonneville to withdraw Clémence beyond reach of legal pursuit.

'Although a Frenchman to the ends of my fingernails,' added M. Sicard, addressing me with immense suavity, 'I have no insurmountable prejudice with respect to foreigners; and Mademoiselle Clémence, if proved to be of English parentage, will be for me as charming, as beloved.'

'O how tiresome thou art to prate in that way, Jacques!' interrupted Clémence, 'when every moment—Grand Dieu, here are the gendarmes!'

Clémence made this discovery through a small glass window looking into the shop, she, like Sicard and myself, being unseen by the terrible visitors. Sicard, with prompt presence of mind, hurried me into a back-room, and quietly closing the door after him, rejoined Clémence, with whom, after exchanging a sentence or two, he went forward into the shop to confront, and, if possible, mislead the gendarmes.

For me, I was dumb with passion—tossled in a whirlwind of unutterable scorn of myself, in which dread of the violent death with which I was menaced was for the time engulfed—lost! Suddenly, as a gleam of lightning, the raging current of my thoughts was arrested: my frenzied glance lit upon an armoire in the room—the armoire, I was certain, from Clémence's description, containing the precious proofs, possession of which might yet atone for all my follies and shortcomings. It was locked; Fanchette, who fortunately was from home, had, no doubt, charge of the key. No matter; the case was desperate; and whatever the consequence, get possession of those proofs I would. I shook the doors of the armoire with precipitate, and fury—looked about for some effective instrument wherewith to break open or break in the strong oak framework, and espying a short iron bar that held the casement half-open, twisted it off, and forced the armoire lock, unavavoidably tearing away, in doing so, part of the wood-work—found, after a nervous search, the precious parcel, and was contemplating the dash of my prize with wild exultation, when Jacques Sicard reappeared.

'Thousand thunders!' he exclaimed. 'What are you doing there?'

I briefly explained, adding that with my life only would I part with evidences I had obtained by means which the actual circumstances perfectly justified.

'Speak low—speak lower, pray,' said Sicard, softly fastening the room-door. 'Messieurs les Gendarmes are still in the shop talking with Clémence: our assurance that you were not here apparently satisfied them: still a caprice may seize them to search the house, and—Dam!' he added, brought up again as it were by the sight of the fractured door, and the parcel which I was depositing in my coat-pocket. 'Dam! but this is grave! I appreciate your motives, Monsieur Linwood; but do you know that the French law punishes *vol avec effraction*—robbery by violence in a dwelling—with the galleys for life; and should that sign Webbe's story prove, as I half suspect it will, to be moonshine, I might myself, as consenting participant, be placed in a pretty predicament! It matters not,' he added bravely; 'I have promised Mademoiselle Clémence to see you safely through. I am a Frenchman—a man of honour, and my word is therefore sacred. Follow me, Monsieur Linwood. We can reach my house—the last place you will be suspected of hiding in—by the back of these premises.'

'I take you to witness, Monsieur Sicard, that I have taken the articles you saw just now in my hand from an armoire belonging to Madame de Bonneville, *dit* Louise Féron, without her knowledge or permission.'

'That is positive—demonstrable; but, amidst thunder, come along, will you!'

'I should like to thank—to embrace dear Clémence once more; and assure her that—'

'Monsieur Linwood,' sternly interrupted Sicard, 'your head is turned, which, however, will not prevent

its being struck off your shoulders, if you don't at once follow me. Come.'

I need not further dwell upon the incidents of my escape from St Malo, except to say that, thanks to the chivalrous *bottier*, I left it on the evening of the same day in the uniform, and furnished with the passport *visé* of one Adolphe Piron, a young officer domiciled with Sicard, and at that time confined to his chamber by illness. The general *débâcle* of all government that was taking place, rendered the plan easy of accomplishment; and, I dare say, had considerable influence in quieting the mind of M. Sicard anent the seriousness of the responsibility he was incurring, should his part in the affair be one day made known. He accompanied me boldly to the office of the Messageries Impériales, and bade me '*Adieu—bon voyage*,' with a heartiness which, it struck me, was even more complimentary to Mademoiselle Clémence than to myself. The treachery of the *femme de chambre*, Marguerite, I have omitted to state, was caused by the double knavery of Edouard, who refused to share equitably with her in either the actual or prospective bribe he had accepted.

I reached Granville without molestation, except when halting to change horses at Dol, where a woman's face peering into the *coupé* of the diligence—which, with the shadow-startled conscience of one who sees in every bush an officer, I for a moment mistook for that of Madame de Bonneville—gave me a tremendous, though transient heartquake.

Baptiste and his lugger-boat were in readiness; and I reached St Catherine's Bay, Jersey, and the *auberge* of M. Josse in safety, though the passage was a rough one, the equinoctial gales having just begun to set in with promise, according to Baptiste's prediction, of something much fiercer to come.

We rested for a while in the sitting-room of the little public-house, and it was there I handed to Baptiste the letter-parcel intrusted to me by Captain Webbe. He removed the envelope, and read aloud the addresses. One letter was for Dowling, chief officer of the *Scout*; the other for Madame Dupré.

'The chance,' I remarked, 'that those letters would reach their destination was at one time a very doubtful one.'

'If these two letters had not reached their destination,' said Baptiste with a smile, 'others to the same effect would, rely upon it. That is to say,' he added, 'if they relate to matters of importance. Monsieur le Capitaine is much too wary a calculator to trust to only one mode of conveying his wishes or instructions.'

'Do you think it prudent to deliver those letters yourself?' I asked.

'There is no danger,' said Baptiste. 'Jersey has no organised police; and French—good French—being spoken by the better class, I shall, as heretofore, pass muster very well. It is not the first time,' he added, 'that I have brought letters for Madame Dupré and la jeune belle who resides with her.'

'Monsieur le Capitaine is, then, an old acquaintance of those ladies?'

'That is very certain, monsieur,' replied Baptiste, 'and equally so that I must hasten to fulfil my commission.'

We left the public-house, and walked together to the entrance of St Helier, where we parted, and I proceeded to the hotel in the Royal Square which I had formerly patronised.

I was lifted into such a state of exaltation by the apparent certainty of speedily arriving in England with the priceless evidences of my father's innocence in my possession, there to take counsel of Mrs Linwood and the Wallers as to what should be further and immediately done in the matter, that I scarcely heeded Baptiste's remark with reference to the long

acquaintance and frequent correspondence of Webbe with Madame Dupré and her beautiful ward; and had the mail-packet for Weymouth sailed early the next morning, as she was advertised to do, I should certainly have gone in her, and not consequently have seen Madame Dupré, Miss Wilson, or any of the *Scout* people, which famous corsair, by the way, had not, I was informed, left the harbour since she brought in her prize. It was not so ordered. The gale blowing dead ashore, and which, during the night, had increased to a hurricane, forbade the packet's attempting to leave the rock-environed island; and many days, even weeks might pass, I was informed, at that season of the year, before I had a chance of reaching England. It seemed that I was to be ever fortune's fool; but as fuming and fretting could do nothing towards shortening the vexatious delay, I was fain to cheat the lagging time by seeking out, first the Scouts, and afterwards the ladies residing near the Third Tower.

I met Dowling on the north pier; Baptiste was with him, and I noticed an angry flush as of baffled eagerness upon the officer's countenance, caused, I was not long in ascertaining, by his anxiety to go to sea without an hour's loss of time, and the impossibility of doing so in face of the tremendous weather. Dowling greeted me with rough cordiality, laughed a brief, scornful laugh at his own stupidity in having been for a moment duped into a belief in Harry Webbe's hereditary pluck; and finding how desirous I was of getting to England, offered me a passage in the *Scout*.

'The *Scout* will be the first vessel to leave the island,' said he: 'you may rely upon that; and I don't believe either that many hours will elapse before she gets away.'

'You think this hurricane will soon abate, then?'

'No, I don't; and it may continue fierce enough to blow the horns off a bull, for anything I care, if it will but shift sufficiently to give us a chance of clearing Elizabeth Castle and Noirmont Point.'

'The *Scout* sails direct for England?'

'The *Scout* sails for Portsmouth, and with sufficient directness to insure your arrival there before the mail-packet will in all probability have crept out of St Helier's harbour.'

I accepted Dowling's offer, and he undertook to have me warned in sufficient time of the *Scout's* departure. 'Harry Webbe,' he remarked, 'goes with us, but not the whole of the way. We shall drop him either at Guernsey or Alderney—at the latter island, if the weather will permit of it. Good-bye for the present.'

We shook hands; and he, with Baptiste, went on his way towards the town.

I had a mind to go on board the *Scout*, but seeing that the privateer-brig was berthed at the further extremity of the South Pier, I swerved in purpose, and betook myself, with a kind of boding, bashful reluctance in the direction of the Third Tower.

So fierce was the tempest, that in addition to being wetted to the skin by the blinding spray, I could scarcely keep my feet along the unsheltered road which skirts the waters of St Aubin's Bay; and I more than once mentally balanced the delight—the dangerous delight, I almost feared—to be derived from the sight and conversation of Miss Wilson, with the more substantial, and certainly innocuous pleasures of a warm room and dry clothes; and I might perhaps have turned back, had I not caught a glimpse of Madame Dupré's crinkled buff-coloured frontispiece through the glass-window of a hired chaise, on its way to St Helier. The old lady did not recognise, perhaps did not observe me; and tempted, spite of the suggestions of my better judgment, by the hope of a tête-à-tête interview with Maria Wilson, I strode manfully onward. That hope was realised. Miss Wilson was

alone, and received me with winning grace and amenity. She was looking her very best, and certainly not the less so, to my mind, that the peculiar sweetly pensive expression which, as I have before remarked, shadowed from time to time the sunshine of her face, was still more strongly marked, or I fancied so, than when I had previously seen her.

I could not have believed it possible that the contact of her welcoming hand would have so agitated me; that the light of her smile would have so instantly fired my blood, chilled, too, as it was by the piercing winter wind and drenching sea-spray. Mademoiselle Clémence had not, I remembered, produced, under nearly similar circumstances, at all the same effect upon me; from which I concluded that my former interview with the Jersey maiden must, and to a certain extent unknown to myself, have excited a state of latent internal inflammation which required but a spark from the same divine source to kindle into flame.

Maria Wilson could not but observe my extreme emotion; and with the instinctive perception of girl-kind in such cases, must, I suspected, have divined its cause; inasmuch that the bright smile was quickly absorbed by as bright a blush, and the welcoming hand withdrawn with confused haste, and necessarily some slight effort, from mine.

By way of apology, I stammered out an inquiry for Madame Dupré.

'Madame Dupré,' said Miss Wilson, 'is gone to St Helier to arrange some business matters previous to our departure from the island.'

'You are about to leave Jersey!' I exclaimed: 'for England, of course.'

'No; for France. You are aware that we have received a letter from Captain Webbe. He and Madame Broussard—they are my guardians—insist that Madame Dupré and myself shall embark with Baptiste for Granville; so that directly the weather moderates, I shall leave Jersey—probably for ever!'

The last words, spoken in a tone of sadness, and followed by a sigh, added greatly to my excitement; my heart beat wildly, and the jealous, cankering thought lurking there, sprang rudely to my lips.

'Harry Webbe will not, however, accompany you. He, I know, sails in the *Scout* for England *via* Alderney.'

'You are mistaken, sir,' was the reply. 'Mr Harry Webbe will find means of reaching Cherbourg from Alderney. His father does not deem it prudent,' she continued loftily, 'that the gallant leader of the Scouts in their recent victory should'—

This was too much, and I furiously broke in with: 'The devil fetch the Scouts and their gallant leader'—

'Sir! Mr Linwood!' in her turn interrupted Miss Wilson, and well-nigh as fiercely, as she rose from her chair with indignant wonder, 'have you lost your senses?'

'Yes, I believe I have; at least I seem to be on the brink of losing them, so duped, self-duped, befooled have I been— Pardon me,' I added, yielding way, perforce, to the torrent of excited feeling which swept through me—'Pardon me: I am a foolish, wayward boy—rash as fire, but guiltless of intentional offence—especially towards you!'

My face was buried in my hands, but Maria Wilson's gently toned reply—'I have nothing to pardon, Mr Linwood; and if I had, the cruel disappointment which I cannot doubt to be the source of such painful emotion would amply excuse it'—caused me to hastily withdraw them, and stare bewilderedly in hers for its interpretation.

'Captain Webbe's letter,' she went on to say, 'intimates that he hoped you would be accompanied to

Jersey by your newly wedded wife. That hope has not been fulfilled, and hence doubtless'—

'Say no more, Miss Wilson,' I interrupted, 'let me beg of you. I am, as I have said, a wayward, feather-headed boy, but even such a one may have a secret grief that will not bear probing. Let us talk of something else, of—of Captain Webbe, if you will. Do you expect to see him soon?'

'Very soon. He and Madame Broussard request us, as I told you, to join them in France before a week has passed.'

'In order to the celebration,' said I, with an effort—a poor one, I imagine—at Spartan firmness—'in order to the celebration—the immediate celebration of your marriage with Mr Harry Webbe.'

'Yes, it is so determined,' replied the maiden with a blush, and I thought a faint, half-regretful sigh. 'I speak unreservedly, Mr Linwood, because I know you to be in the confidence of both Captain Webbe and his son.'

'You have been informed, then, I presume, of my object in venturing to St Malo?'

'Very imperfectly. Harry himself has but a confused notion that you went in search of a lost child; but perhaps the topic is a painful one.'

I said it was not painful to speak upon the subject to her; the reverse rather; and I ran rapidly over the affair from beginning to end, so far at least as the end had been attained, rigorously omitting, of course, all mention of Webbe's complicity with Madame de Bonneville—the Auguste Le Moine and Jacques Sicard episodes—and everything, in short, that could be construed into a violation of the solemn pledge I had given, never to disclose anything prejudicial to Webbe, with which I might in the course of our adventure become acquainted.

Maria Wilson listened with an attention that, as the narrative proceeded, became breathless in its intensity; and after I had finished, she remained for several minutes absorbed in what seemed to be a painful reverie.

The young girl shook off that mood of thought with some effort. 'Strange,' she murmured, as if speaking to herself as well as to me—'strange, that whilst you were speaking, it seemed as if several of the scenes you described were familiar to me; that the misty veil, which obscures and distorts the earlier images of memory, was, as you spoke, partially, fitfully withdrawn! Curious illusion, that, were I not certain of the contrary, would persuade me that the scene below Gravesend—the flat sandy shore and child playing there, the broad-winding river, the boat with its white glittering sails, ay, and the man and woman too—was a pictured experience, faded but not effaced from the tablet of memory, and brought out, as it were, by your description!'

A wild idea flashed upon my mind. 'You are not,' I exclaimed, 'a native of Jersey?'

'No; I was born in Madeira. My father was Captain Wilson, a retired naval officer of the East India Company's service. He died when I was in my fourth year; and my mother, Marie Broussard, sister of my guardian, Adèle Broussard, had preceded him to the tomb. I have been in Jersey about five years only. The earliest event,' added Miss Wilson, 'that dwells distinctly in my memory, is the wreck upon the Irish coast of the ship in which we sailed from Madeira. To the courage and resource of Captain Webbe, who commanded the ill-fated vessel, my aunt-nurse and myself were mainly indebted, I have always understood, for the preservation of our lives.'

'May I ask if you have lately seen Madame Broussard?'

'No; she has an unconquerable aversion to the sea. When I was *en pension* near Coutance, I saw her when my aunt has been ever kind and good to me,' added

Miss Wilson; 'and though a rigid Catholic herself, caused me, in compliance with my father's dying injunctions, to be educated in the Protestant faith, and the principles of a true English girl.'

'Your kind frankness, Miss Wilson, has dissipated a fantastic idea which your previous remarks excited.'

'That I, not the young lady in St Malo, might be the lost child! Upon my word, I thought so! Reassure yourself, Mr Linwood,' added Maria Wilson with a gay laugh; 'your fair *fiancée*, not Mr Harry Webbe's, is the true Lucy Hamblin: there can be no doubt about that; and I sincerely hope that the course of true love, though it would appear for the present checked and turned awry, will soon run smooth again.'

'Can you conjecture what motive Captain Webbe could have in telling me that you were till very lately unknown to him?'

'No motive whatever, except his love of mystification. Captain Webbe is, you know, an inveterate *farceur*—Hush! here is Madame Dupré.'

I stayed but a few minutes after the old lady's entrance; long enough, however, to hear that nothing but the frightful weather prevented the immediate embarkation of Madame Dupré and her fair charge for France, under the guidance of Monsieur Baptiste.

Late in the evening, a message reached me from Dowling. The wind had veered sufficiently to enable the *Scout* to go out of harbour; the tide served, and I must be on board without delay. I complied with alacrity; and although it was still blowing great guns, and the night was dark as Erebus, I intrusted myself without fear or hesitation to the well-founded privateer-brig, and her hardy, skilful crew. A ticklish affair, nevertheless, was the getting away from the harbour and bay. Half-a-dozen touch-and-go tacks in that wild sea, and amidst hidden rocks, to get clear of Elizabeth Castle! Once, however, that Noirmont Point was weathered, the danger was held to be past, though the brig was buried in the sea, which swept her fore and aft; and Dowling, who had stationed himself by the wheel, came below for a few minutes.

'It must be urgent business that drove the *Scout* to sea on such a night as this,' I remarked, whilst Dowling was taking an inside lining of strong brandy-grog.

'You are right: the urgent business of making money. A richly laden enemy's ship—I don't mind telling you, Mr Linwood—is now, or will be early to-morrow, running up Channel in the direction of Havre de Grace; which richly laden enemy's ship I fully intend shall be a prize to the *Scout* before next sundown.'

'An American ship, is it not?'

'Guess again, Mr Linwood, and you'll guess wrong.'

'Information concerning which has been furnished by Captain Webbe, in a letter delivered to you by Baptiste.'

'Right again! Duplicate information to that effect has been brought in a letter by Baptiste. You must be a wizard, Mr Linwood.'

'Have you been long associated with Captain Webbe, may I inquire, in these—h-e-m—these remarkable enterprises?'

'For more years than you have fingers and toes. Captain Jules Renaudin,' added Dowling with a merry laugh, 'I have not been so long acquainted with, though I shook hands with him within a few weeks of his first appearance in that character. He has no doubt told you all about that delicious trick. First-rate, was it not?'

'He told me of his audacious personation of the deceased commander of the *Passe-partout*.'

'That was it. I was one of four out of the crew of the *Wasp* that took to the boats who escaped drowning. No other man but Webbe,' said Dowling, 'could have played such a game with success; and between

you and me, it has become much too risky of late years even for him. His "luck" is really marvellous. Were it not for that, cool, wary, brave as he is, he would long since have had to walk the plank'—

'The pilot wishes to speak with you, sir,' interrupted a seaman, half-opening the cabin-door. 'We are off the Corbière.'

Dowling hastened on deck, and I soon afterwards turned in. Harry Webbe, I should state, was on board, but had not shewn himself in the cabin—perhaps from an easily comprehensible repugnance to meeting me.

The wind had moderated by the morning; but there was still a tremendous sea on, and so dull and dark was the day, that when lifted to the crests of the giant waves, one could discern nothing distinctly that was more than three or four miles distant. That extent of furious sea was searched by vigilant eyes, from the tops as well as the deck, in quest of the coveted prize, of which Dowling had been furnished with a pen-and-ink sketch, that would enable him to identify her at a glance. Two square-rigged vessels were sighted, running up Channel, almost under bare poles; but the Yankee was nowhere to be seen, and a feeling of surly disappointment was fast spreading amongst both officers and crew of the *Scout*, when at about 4 P.M., a large three-masted ship suddenly loomed through the thickening darkness, hardly half a league to leeward of the privateer brig. Dowling confidently pronounced her to be the *Columbia* of New Orleans; the course of the *Scout* was instantly changed, to meet and speak her, and a buzz of grinning exultation succeeded to the querulous murmuring of the corsair crew. The wind, I must here pause to remark, had not long before died away to a moderate puffy breeze; ominously so, several of the old-salts were saying to each other, their judgment being apparently governed by the black cloud-mountains, so to speak, fast piling upon each other to windward, and spreading over the face of the sky.

The *Columbia* was a splendid vessel, of certainly over 700 tons burden; and as the *Scout* neared her, she hoisted English colours. That move was replied to by a shotted gun from the privateer, throwing a ball across her bows, which peremptory summons to parley was repeated in words, through Dowling's trumpet, as soon as the vessels came within hail of each other.

'What ship is that?' shouted Dowling.

'The *Caroline* of London, Captain Hollens, last from Jamaica,' was the response; to which was added: 'What are you?'

'His Majesty Kirke Webbe's privateer gun-brig *Scout*,' returned Dowling. 'Have the goodness to lie-to, and tell Captain Hollens to come on board with the *Caroline* of London's papers. And bear a hand, or we shall have to fetch him and them.'

'You are mistaken, after all,' I remarked to Dowling, as I stood by him, and watched the lowering of one of the stranger's boats.

'I think not,' he replied; 'at all events, I shall take the liberty of sending the *Caroline* of London to Guernsey, upon suspicion. Mr Harry Webbe,' he continued, beckoning to that young gentleman, who had persisted in shyly avoiding me, 'get ready to go on board with the prize-crew. Be smart,' added Dowling, after an anxious glance to windward.

Harry Webbe immediately dived below; two of the *Scout's* boats were dropped into the water, and one was filled with armed men by the time the *Columbia* or *Caroline's* boat came alongside.

I could not, from where I stood, see the face of Captain Hollens as he came upon deck, and spoke with Dowling; but it struck me that I knew the voice—a peculiar one, and pitched in alt, as he replied to some sharp remark of the *Scout's* chief-officer, followed, I could hear, by an invitation from that gentleman to

accompany him below; a request which the captive captain had no choice but to comply with.

Mr Harry Webbe quickly reappeared; and warned by the portentous aspect of the heavens, hurried into the boat first in readiness, and pulled off towards the prize. He and his boat's crew had just got safely on board when Dowling came on deck. That energetic officer was about to order the boat containing the remainder of the prize-crew to cast off, when at once broke the tempest in a hurricane-blast, that tore the *Scout's* sails to shreds: at nearly the same moment, the volleyed lightning shivered the foremast to splinters, and the shrieks of seamen struck down by that terrific agent, feebly mingled with the crash of a thunderburst, which shook every timber in the privateer's hull.

THE INDIAN REVOLT.

NOTHING seems more remarkable regarding the late mutinies and outrages in India, than their unexpectedness. How vain to complain of the want of foresight in the higher officials, when the officers in immediate command of the native troops were all of them so much taken by surprise! Nay, after many of the regiments had broken out and committed the most frightful acts, there were officers in the remaining regiments who expressed themselves as confident that *their* corps were sound—some were actually writing off assurances of this soundness, when the men broke in and murdered them. One officer, lately retired from a high rank in a native regiment, and now residing in this country, had lived on the most kindly terms with his men—visiting every one who fell sick, and receiving from them in return the most pleasing marks of grateful and affectionate regard. On his first retiring to a hill-station for the sake of his health, a number of them voluntarily pilgrimised to his house, to pay their respects to him. He loudly boasted to his friends in England, that it was *impossible* that his regiment should revolt and commit murder. *Yet it did both!* In short, the sepoy revolt of 1857 has immensely exceeded all calculations which any one ever professed to be able to form regarding the character and conduct of the native Indian troops.

It might not entirely have been so, if the lessons of history could be constantly kept fresh in mind. It is little more than fifty years since a portion of these troops gave way to an impulse as unexpected and about as difficult to account for, and with precisely the same astounding results. It was on the 10th of July 1806, to pursue the narrative of a well-known writer, that 'the European barracks at Vellore [in the Carnatic, Madras Presidency], containing then four complete companies of the 69th regiment, were surrounded by two battalions of sepoys in the Company's service, who poured in a heavy fire of musketry at every door and window upon the soldiers: at the same time, the European sentries, the soldiers at the main-guard, and the sick in the hospital, were put to death; the officers' houses were ransacked, and everybody found in them murdered. Upon the arrival of the 19th Light Dragoons, under Colonel Gillespie, the sepoys were immediately attacked; 600 cut down upon the spot, and 200 taken from their hiding-places and shot. There perished of the four European companies about 164, besides officers; and many British officers of the native troops were murdered by the insurgents. Subsequent to this explosion, there was a mutiny at

Nundy-droog; and in one day 450 Mohammedan sepoys were disarmed and turned out of the fort, on the ground of an intended massacre. . . . So late as March 1807, so universal was the dread of a general revolt among the native troops, that the British officers attached to the native troops constantly slept with loaded pistols under their pillows.*

When we ask what occasioned this remarkable outbreak, we learn that an attempt had been made by the military men at Madras to change the shape of the sepoy turban into something resembling the helmet of the light infantry of Europe, and to prevent the native troops from wearing, on their foreheads, the marks characteristic of their various castes. From these trivial circumstances, in connection with the appearance of activity on the part of the missionaries, it had been found possible, by the sons of a dethroned Mohammedan prince, to inspire the sepoys with a belief that the British government meant to convert them forcibly to Christianity. Such was the view taken of the affair by the governor of Madras, as expressed in his subsequent proclamation; and the parity of the case with that now so painfully arresting our attention, is striking. The change of cap corresponds with the greased cartridges. The suspected working of Tippoo's sons finds a parallel in that of Nena Sahib and probably the king of Delhi. In both cases, the private efforts for the Christianising of the Hindoos are interpreted into the forecast of a design of forcible conversion. The results also are the same. We find in 1806, as in 1857, that a large body of native troops, usually docile and friendly, becomes suddenly excited into a murderous fury, in which all their habitual feelings are cast aside and forgotten.

If we look a little further into the past, we shall find only too many other facts helping to explain the Indian revolt. We shall there see that when an alarm to the keener feelings of any semi-civilised people is once allowed to have way, it spreads like an epidemic; absorbs all other feelings, and transforms them into monsters of cruelty. Whether it be a dread of invasion and interference, as in the case of the French Revolution, or a belief that the doctors are poisoning the wells, as in that of the cholera of 1833 at St Petersburg, or an apprehension that the popular creed is to be put in danger, as in this instance, the phenomena are precisely similar, being only of course liable to be modified by the degree of civilization attained, and other collateral circumstances. Such affairs really present themselves to us with all the features of an *infectious disease*, and they can justly be considered in no other light. The committers of the outrages are the same men as they wont to be in a certain sense. To all intents and purposes they are changed men, being for the time maniacs. After the dread of the Duke of Brunswick's army was past, the Parisians who had butchered the aristocrats in prison and strung them upon lamp-ropes in the streets, were no more bloodthirsty than other people of their grade and education. So we verily believe will it be found regarding these wretched sepoys after their paroxysm is over. It will be very natural to give them such mercy as they gave; but we believe that to act in that way is much less demanded by any view of its necessity for the future safety of the Indian empire, than men in the excitement of the time will be willing to allow. Most probably, once recovered from the fit, the sepoys will generally become as sensible of their error, and as much disposed to condemn themselves, as we are.

What is *rational* required of the superior people in this case is to study the nature of the feelings which have been wrought upon, and take measures, as far as possible, preventing any groundless panic being engendered in future. If it be impossible either to extinguish the

* Sydney Smith. *Edin. Review*, No. 26.

sensitiveness, or avoid exciting it, then the only course that remains is, that we be constantly on our guard with a sufficient proportion of European forces to suppress outbreak when it takes place.

A STEERAGE PASSENGER'S VIEW OF SYDNEY.

JOHN ASKEW, a steerage passenger, has favoured the world with a description, drawn from personal observation, of Australia and New Zealand; and, upon the whole, the world is much obliged to him.* The world consists, in great part, of steerage passengers, who are not much taken with the books of scientific voyagers, geographers, ethnologists, political economists; and as for the books of unlearned cabin passengers, the only distinction they present is, that the personages they describe belong exclusively to the cabin, and are therefore removed, by a certain number of feet of the main-deck, from the sympathies of the steerage. John Askew is much interested in a fat man and his wife who were *always* asleep on the deck under the lee of the long-boat; and in Mother Gibson, who never ceased calling to her darling boy, 'George, you little rascal, God bless your little soul!' Now, a cabin passenger would tell us of Colonel Smith and his penchant for cigars and claret; and of the Hon. Mr Brown and his wonderful aptness at a pun, and politeness to the ladies. There is not much difference. Still, we own to a leaning towards the steerage. John Askew, in spite of his name, looks straight forward, and tells us what he sees; he is not fettered by rules of art, and cares not a straw about the harmony of his colours, provided they are the colours actually before him. A writer like this we rely upon. He is worth fifty of your more amusing, imaginative tourists—such as the musical *artiste*, who some years ago, by his misrepresentations of Sydney in these pages, placed us in so false a position towards the inhabitants. By the way, this is a fortunate thought; it suggests to us the propriety of taking the present opportunity of making the *amende honorable* to that injured city by giving John Askew's steerage view of it, to be placed in juxtaposition with the caricature of Mishka Hauser, who was doubtless a cabin passenger.

And the opportunity is a good one, for the description gives a picture to the mind's eye, which is not always to be said of more ambitious pen-and-ink sketches. Skirting along the entrance to Botany Bay, and soon after diving from the main ocean into the inlet between the North and South Heads, which are about a mile apart, our voyager might have fancied himself in a new world, peopled by the phantoms of memory, talking along the spicey shore,

Alone, unfriended, melancholy, slow—

Some tender cracksman or pensive pickpocket—

Doomed the far isles of Sydney Cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee!

From this inlet, called the North Harbour, a comparatively narrow channel leads into the main harbour, which is a perfect paradise of beauty. Then are seen hite cottages and gardens, then suburban villas in the midst of orange-groves and hanging vines, and then—a distance of seven miles from the sea—the 'City of hundred Coves'—no vulgar allusions, sir!—her buildings rising amphitheatrically, and, towering above them all, the lofty spire of St James's, which, as Mr Askew marks, 'makes a beautiful finish heavenward.'

Gliding along these enchanted waters, were pleasure-boats full of elegantly dressed people—the cabin

passengers of holiday; playing on the green sward, and appearing and vanishing among the rocks were 'healthy-looking children' (meaning sweet cherubs); and every now and then, on rounding some swelling point, a group of young ladies, attended by their servants, would present themselves, fishing in gay skiffs near the water-gates of their houses.

Sydney, according to our steerage passenger, is one of the cleanest and healthiest cities in the world. It has a natural drainage of the most perfect kind. Some of its streets are cut out of the sandstone rock on which it is founded; and some of the houses are reached by flights of steps constructed in the same manner. The shops, more especially in Pitt Street, are splendid establishments. Another street is three miles long, another two; and another, the third in point of length, is further distinguished by its troops of dogs—the miserable turnspit, the ferocious mastiff, bull, kangaroo, and Newfoundland, besides a mongrel breed that roam at large owned by no one. Happily for the inhabitants, hydrophobia is unknown in Australia, or the consequences might be serious before so great an army of the carnivora could be annihilated. Goats, likewise, are very numerous and very advantageous favourites; for they give their owners milk, and find themselves. Sydney has of course its West End, with buildings four stories in height and in the Italian style. 'The best time to see this neighbourhood in all its glory, is on a summer's evening, about an hour after sunset, when the drawing-rooms are in a blaze of light. Then the rich tones of the piano, or some other musical instrument, are heard gushing forth from the open windows, accompanied by the sweet melody of female voices, plaintive, or lively, blending in the general harmony. Beautiful ladies, dressed in white, may be seen sitting upon the verandahs, or lounging on magnificent couches, partially concealed by the folds of rich crimson curtains, in drawing-rooms which display all the luxurious comforts and magnificence of the east, intermingled with the elegant utilities of the west. Scenes like these greet the spectator at every step; and they are "ever changing, ever new." Fairy-like forms flit before the light, affording now and then a moment's pleasure by a glimpse of their lovely features ere they disappear. And the lightly sounding footfall and the merry laughter of happy children, add still more to the pleasing variety of sounds which float upon the evening breeze.'

Within this city there is a working-man's city, not its least interesting portion. It is about a mile long, by half a mile in breadth, and the ground was sold in small sections for the houses of operatives. These dwellings are built of brick, and are two stories high; and their occupiers vie with each other in keeping them clean and in good order. Some working-men possess three or four of these houses besides their own; and the whole property represents savings made by the operative classes.

The theatre, desecrated by our wicked fiddler, is in reality very handsomely fitted up; and the performance on the stage would, in John Askew's opinion, do no discredit to the boards of the best of our metropolitan houses. There are likewise two circuses, a menagerie, two museums, &c. But the most numerous and most questionable places of public amusement are the free concerts at all the second-rate inns. The free luncheons at these places are a less intelligible kind of liberality. 'A little before eleven a.m., there is a table laid out in one of the principal public rooms, with joints of cold meat, radishes, pickles, cheese, and bread and butter, and it remains there till nearly one p.m. Any person entering the house during this time—if he only want a single glass of ale—is entitled to sit down and partake of anything upon the table, free of charge.' The botanic gardens stand in excellent contrast with such establishments; and they have two

* *A Voyage to Australia and New Zealand.* By a Steerage Passenger, John Askew. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1857.

peculiarities worth noticing—they are resorted to in the glaring and sultry days of summer by the sedentary needlewomen, who work under the grateful shadow of the Norfolk Island pines; and the lectures on botany are attended chiefly by young women. But the young women of Sydney read novels as well as study botany, as we find incidentally by one of those nice little bits of description in which our steerage passenger excels: 'The lower garden descends with a gentle slope to the top of a beautiful bay which forms that part of the harbour between Dawe's Battery and Lady Macquarrie's Chair. The head of this bay is formed into a semicircle by a low breastwork of masonry, the top of which is on a level with the garden, and is covered by a continuation of green-sward. A few feet in the rear of this wall is a broad gravel-walk, the length of the semicircle, which winds delightfully past little hills and knolls beautified with trees, or under the shade of projecting rocks where seats are placed for the visitors. One of these seats is called Lady Macquarrie's Chair. It is overshadowed by a fig-tree, and is much resorted to by the novel-reading section of the community. At full tide, the waters of the bay are level with the lower part of the garden, and sometimes they ripple a few feet over the green-sward. This charming spot is much frequented by all classes on the Sunday afternoons, and the view from the bay, which takes in the whole of the gardens, is most picturesque.'

Our readers will now have seen that, so far as one can judge from externals, there is a good deal of refinement and elegance about Sydney; but there is one dark spot in its character—the attachment of the masses to excessive drinking—which is not the less lamentable that it identifies the offshoot with the parent community. The consequences, our voyager tells us, 'of this inordinate drinking, are heart-disease, delirium tremens, and madness, to an appalling extent.' But strange to say, the vice does not seem as yet to be attended with the economical evils which in the old country follow like its shadow. 'With all this drinking, there is very little distress or poverty. I did not see a single instance of that lamentable pauperism commonly met with at home, when a family of children have been deprived of either of their parents. There are no poor-rates or union workhouses. If a person having a family, be sick, his wife can earn as much by washing or sewing, as will supply all the domestic wants till he is better. Should husband and wife both be ill at one time, their case is soon known, and their wants are supplied by voluntary contributions. And if a person died, leaving no effects behind him, he would be buried by public subscription.' This shews that the new community is in that happy state when as yet population does not 'press upon the means of subsistence.' It is to be hoped that before the day of doom arrives, the refinement of the other classes may have spread downwards, and so disarmed it of one-half its terrors.

PROPOSAL FOR A TEMPORARY OBSERVATORY.

Professor Piazzi Smyth has included in the *Astronomical Observations made at the Royal Observatory, Edinburgh*, recently printed, a proposal of a novel kind. He considers that, without taking account of clouds or other impediments, the smaller undulations of the atmosphere alone, even when all is clear and tranquil to the naked eye, are sufficient of themselves almost to neutralise the utility of the reflecting telescope, and that the obstruction is still greater in a large than in a small apparatus. Newton recommended that to avoid these undulations, the telescope should be raised above the grosser parts of the atmosphere, by being placed on a high mountain; but so far from this being attended to, we find observatories, as if by some fatality, situated in the depths of valleys, and frequently

buried in the smoke of towns. What the Scottish Astronomer Royal proposes is, not to remove the Observatory from Edinburgh permanently, or at all; but merely to establish a temporary observing station for the summer months, in some lofty locality. During these summer months, he enjoys a vacation from his duties at the university; and they are precisely the season when, in Scotland, clouds and prolonged twilight render observations, especially with the equatorial, almost useless. With this instrument alone, on a high southern mountain, 'he would, in fact, be able to make more observations, and each of them of surpassing excellence, than in a whole year in Edinburgh.' The mountain he proposes is the Peak of Teneriffe, which he has already visited, 12,340 feet high, and only a week's voyage from England due south. 'A sufficiently large plateau exists at the height of 11,000 feet, and is stated to be clear of cloud during the summer; while, if one observation of Humboldt's can be depended on, the air is then more transparent than at the same height on either the Alps or the Andes.'

IN LOVING THEE.

As shadows fall from linden trees,
Old Madge, with eye of gray,
Through a quaint and gabled mansion,
Now slowly leads the way:
And she murmurs to the lady,
Whose bright hair floweth free,
As soft she opens the dim oak-door:
'He died in loving thee.'

The lady's lord hath followed close
Where, redd'ning out the gloom
The sunset fills, with faces pale,
A strange old-pictured room.
'Now, Edith fair, thy wish is thine,
Thy wish once more to see
The dreaming artist-lad's wild home,
Who died in loving thee.'

The lady's face grows very pale,
Her blue eyes fill with tears—
She thinks of one now gone before,
The one of olden years:
The haunting Past, like great joys fled,
Which never more may be,
Steals round the heart that echoes sad,
'Who died in loving thee.'

On easel rests the canvas still,
The dress of velvet there,
Down where the lad hath often kept
His vigil of despair.
All seems the same, save that the dust
Lies o'er the tracing free—
'Dust!' whispers Madge, 'like his great heart,
Who died in loving thee.'

The lady's lord from canvas tears
Its tattered eaten screen,
And soft stands out an angel face,
Caught from some angel-dream.
Around the head a golden light
Is playing full and free—
'Thy face, by him!' my lord hath cried,
'Who died in loving thee.'

'O God, my heart!' Old Madge hath said,
With still and bated breath,
My lady's form—the shade that comes,
She knows is that of death.
'The haunting Past, like great joys fled,
Which never more may be,
Hath broke her heart,' sighs pale old Madge,
'She died in loving thee.'

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THE LOST ENVOY.

On the afternoon of Saturday, the 25th of November 1809, two travellers, accompanied by a servant, arrived at the post-house of Perleberg, in Upper Saxony, en route from Berlin to Hamburg, and immediately ordered horses. They travelled with Prussian passports, but under fictitious names. Of the elder of the two, little, unfortunately, is known; but that little is so full of sinister significance, that I am persuaded I am doing him no injustice in branding him as an agent of the French police. He will be known to us throughout this paper as the merchant Krüger. His companion was an Englishman of the name of Bathurst, a son of the then Bishop of Norwich, returning from a secret diplomatic mission to the court of Vienna. Mr Bathurst seemed to be labouring under some terrible apprehensions. Throughout the journey, all his actions had been marked by an air of indecision, which to the several post-masters seemed unaccountable. At Perleberg, the horses which he had ordered on his arrival, were unattended before they could be harnessed. Not feeling himself safe, as he said, in the post-house, he went, about five o'clock in the afternoon, to Captain Klitzing, the Prussian governor of the town, and begged for a safeguard, which at seven in the evening he dismissed. During some hours, he was engaged at his desk in a small room of the house, and was seen to burn a number of papers which he took from his portfolio. On another occasion, he was observed in the kitchen standing before the fire, playing with his watch, and counting his money in the presence of a crowd of postillions, hostlers, and tapsters. At length, about nine o'clock in the evening, the horses were again ordered to be in readiness; but when the post-master went to announce the packing of the carriage, Mr Bathurst had disappeared. From that hour to this, his fate has remained shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

In England, in the meantime, his return had been anxiously expected by the cabinet and his relations. We knew,' says his sister, 'the dangers to which he was exposed on his journey, surrounded as he was by enemies on all sides; while the impossibility of any intelligence being received of him by letter rendered us doubly anxious and uncertain. Day after day passed, and no tidings of him arrived. It was concluded that he had taken a circuitous route, and travelled incognito to avoid falling into the hands of the French. Weeks, however, elapsed, and we still heard nothing of the missing one. The agonising suspense of his wife and relations it would be difficult to describe. I perfectly well remember that every

knock at the street-door caused the liveliest emotions arising from the hope that it might be our much-loved brother. At length, one evening in December, my father received an express from Lord Wellesley, requesting his immediate attendance at Apsley House, his lordship having something of importance to communicate. On my father's return, we were all alarmed at his pale and dejected aspect. He informed us that government had received intelligence of the sudden and mysterious disappearance of my brother at Perleberg, a small town on the route from Vienna, where he had stopped for rest and refreshment.*

A reward of L.1000 was immediately offered by the British government, and another of equal amount by the relatives of the missing envoy, for any authentic information as to his fate; and his wife prepared in person to set out in search of him, as soon as the Baltic ports should be free from ice. In the spring of 1810, accordingly, she proceeded to Stockholm, whence, under the protection of Swedish passports, she entered Prussia through Pomerania, and reached Berlin in safety. At Berlin she found, to her astonishment, a safe-conduct awaiting her from the emperor Napoleon, and, armed with it, she at once proceeded to Perleberg. I entreat the reader to bear this circumstance in mind, as I shall have occasion to refer to it in the sequel.

At Perleberg, Mrs Bathurst's inquiries were met by statements so conflicting as to impede rather than to facilitate her search. Whether her husband was dead or was still alive; whether, if dead, he had fallen by his own hand, or had perished beneath the knife of some ruffian marauder or political assassin; and whether, if alive, he had been the victim of violent abduction, or had voluntarily absconded, were questions which she found herself unable to solve, and which no astuteness has yet been found equal to free from obscurity and confusion. It appeared that, immediately on Mr Bathurst's disappearance, his servant had waited on the governor, and apprised him of the circumstance. Klitzing, who was preparing for a ball which was to be held that evening in the Crown Hotel, immediately sent for the civic authorities, and desired them to make all possible inquiries into the case. No lack of zeal can be charged against these gentlemen. They at once arrested Krüger and the servant, and placed them under the guard of a troop of cuirassiers. They took possession of all Mr Bathurst's property, with the exception of a rich fur-cloak which was missing. They sent scouts into the town and into the neighbouring country; but

* *Memoirs and Correspondence of Dr H. Bathurst, Lord Bishop of Norwich.* By his Daughter. London. 1853.

when on Sunday morning they waited on the governor, it was found that all their researches had been in vain. Not a trace of the missing man had been discovered.

And now it was that the first suspicious circumstance connected with the conduct of Klitzing occurred. After charging the magistrates to prosecute their inquiries with the utmost ardour, and especially to do their best to probe the mystery of the missing cloak, he announced his intention of going into the country for a few hours. But his return was deferred till Monday evening, when he explained his lengthened absence by saying that he had been at Berlin for the purpose of obtaining instructions. In the interim, the magistrates had been indefatigable. It was necessary to obtain a clue to the identification of the abstracted cloak, which none of them had seen, and for this purpose Mr Bathurst's servant was sent for. His deposition was taken down in writing, and, on the governor's return, was laid before him. Klitzing's character had always stood high; but his behaviour on this occasion looks suspiciously like an attempt to stifle all inquiries that might lead to unpleasant disclosures affecting his government or its task-masters, the French police. He threw the servant's deposition into the fire; he stormed at the magistrates, accused them of arbitrary practices and of investing the case with an undue importance, and threatened to report their conduct to the authorities in Berlin. A feud, which lasted for many weeks, and effectually prevented a proper sifting of the whole affair, was the consequence of this impeachment. Krüger and the servant of the lost envoy succeeded in evading their guards; and the first intimation which the Perleberg authorities received of the former's whereabouts was when, nearly three weeks after Mr Bathurst's disappearance, the burgomaster saw in a Berlin paper a notification that an unknown person, calling himself the merchant Krüger, had arrived in that city from Perleberg. Immediate inquiries were made respecting him, of the police of the capital; an exhibition of official zeal for which the police minister expressed his thanks, at the same time courteously assuring his correspondents that it was unnecessary for them to trouble themselves further in the matter, that 'all was right,' and that the pretended merchant Krüger was the companion of the missing envoy. Of the unfortunate man's servant, no trace could be discovered; but it transpired that Mr Bathurst had been warned by a friend in Berlin to beware of his attendant, and that his suspicions of treachery had been strengthened by finding in the man's possession a bill for £500, of which he could give no good account.

The Perleberg authorities were now completely at fault. Every document which might have served to aid their councils was studiously withheld from them by the governor. Suddenly, however, it was announced that a certain hostler of the name of Schmidt, who had been in the kitchen of the post-house when Mr Bathurst so imprudently exhibited his purse and watch, had absconded, and that the missing cloak had been found in the possession of his family. Schmidt himself was never afterwards heard of; but his wife and son, both of whom were persons of notoriously bad character, were brought before the magistrates, and, after a rigid examination, which elicited nothing, beyond a bare suspicion, to implicate either of them in the murder or abduction of the unfortunate traveller, were each sentenced to eight weeks' imprisonment for concealment of the stolen property.

But the doom of the vanished man remained as mysterious as ever. A reward of ten thalers had, at the instigation of Klitzing, been offered to any one who should bring him to the magistracy either dead or alive. The river Steppenitz was drained of its waters during two days, while search was made along its bed; every barn, hedge, ditch, and wood, for miles around

the town, was ransacked for many days with bounds, sticks, nets, and other instruments, but without success. The town itself, and the gardens which surround it, were similarly rummaged. The disreputable resorts frequented by the younger Schmidt, every cellar and loft attached to the taverns wherein it could be ascertained he had been drinking or dancing, the post-house, and the cellar of the town-hall, which was used as a taproom, were especially scrutinised; but all research was fruitless. The magistrates were in despair, and had reluctantly resolved to abandon the search, when, precisely six weeks after the envoy's disappearance, his pantaloons were found, perforated by two shot-holes, on the border of a fir-wood near the town.

They were discovered by a woman of the name of Weide, who, in company with the wife of a shoemaker, had gone to the forest for the ostensible purpose of gathering brushwood. They were found stretched at length upon the ground, and turned inside out; but, although saturated with the rain which had fallen in torrents during many weeks, a few lines, in the handwriting of the missing man, which were discovered, scribbled on a scrap of paper, in one of the pockets, were still easily decipherable. But, as the pantaloons could not have been exposed to such a deluge for many hours, without the waters obliterating the writing, and reducing the paper itself to pulp, the conclusion is a fair one that they had been thus ostentatiously laid out for the purpose of strengthening the impression that their wearer had been murdered and stripped by the hostler Schmidt. The note in the missing man's handwriting was addressed to his wife, and was safely conveyed to her. It had evidently been written in great haste, and in terrible perturbation. It set forth the dangers to which the writer was exposed from his enemies; expressed great fears that he should never reach England, and inveighed bitterly against the Russians and the Count d'Entraignes; * by whom, he said, his ruin had been brought about. Weide and the shoemaker's wife, on their discovery being communicated to the magistrates, underwent a rigorous examination; the fir-wood was once more thoroughly searched, and the surrounding country scoured for miles; but no further trace of the missing man could be discovered. The women were liberated and rewarded; the peasants were presented with ten quarts of brandy and a cask of beer; and Captain Klitzing and the magistrates of Perleberg sat down to report to their superiors in Berlin at once their discovery and their despair.

Such was the intelligence which awaited the arrival of Mrs Bathurst at Perleberg, and which she communicated to her friends in England. The impression which it left upon her own mind, and the universal impression of the public mind at home, was, that her husband had been forcibly abducted by the agents of the French government, who then swarmed in every city and town of the continent; and that Klitzing, Krüger, and the servant of the luckless envoy, had been accessories to the deed. That Napoleon was not troubled with any over-scrupulosity in such matters, when state purposes could be subserved by the seizure of important papers, is well known; but, in justice to Klitzing, it can only be supposed that he consented to take part in the dark transaction under the debasing influence of the terror inspired and universally felt throughout Prussia by the French occupation. Two incidents, to one of which I have already referred, deepened the impression created by the *Puchberg* revelations into something approaching to conviction. When on the eve of starting for the continent, Mrs

* A French spy, then resident in London. A few months after Mr Bathurst's disappearance, D'Entraignes was assassinated by his Italian servant, at the instigation, as was supposed, of the French government, some of whose secrets the count had betrayed or imprudently permitted to escape him.

Bathurst had written to the French emperor for passports to guarantee her unmolested freedom in prosecuting her travels and inquiries. Fearing his refusal, she had set out, as we have seen, by way of Sweden, her change of purpose being kept a profound secret from all save her immediate relations and the British cabinet. Napoleon, however, had received—probably from D'Entraigues—such accurate intelligence of her intended movements, that, as I have already stated, she found, on her arrival in Berlin, passports, under his own hand, awaiting her at the French ambassador's. The other incident indicates still more clearly the agency employed in perpetrating the crime, and the end to which the victim came. While the search after Mr Bathurst was still hot, the governor of Magdeburg, distant about fifty miles from Perleberg, assured a lady one night in the ball-room that the English ambassador was confined in the neighbouring fortress. Hearing of the fact during her continental explorations, the agonised wife repaired to Magdeburg, waited upon the governor, and implored him to tell her the truth. He at once admitted having made the statement referred to, but assured Mrs Bathurst that he had made it by mistake, and that the prisoner in question was one Louis Fritz, a spy of Mr Canning's. Mrs Bathurst begged earnestly to see the man: but Fritz, she was told, had been sent some time before into Spain. On inquiring at the Foreign Office after her return to England, Mrs Bathurst found that no such person as Fritz had ever been employed by the British government. The probability is, therefore, great that Mr Bathurst perished, a victim to the odious policy of Napoleon, in the fortress of Magdeburg.

It cannot be denied, however, that this hypothesis does not wholly harmonise with circumstances which, whether true or false, were at least at the time very generally reported. It is certain that in one of his last letters to his wife, Mr Bathurst had expressed his intention of returning by Colberg and Stockholm; and a story is still told by the peasantry of Schwerin, how, at a late hour on that fatal night, a stranger called at the house of a consul in the neighbourhood of Wismar on the coast of Mecklenburg, and requested an interview with him. The man, however, being absent, the servant asked what name she should mention. The answer, given in German with a foreign accent, was: 'Never mind that;' but she was desired to say that an English gentleman wished to see her master at the post-house at an early hour on the following morning. When the consul called as directed, however, he found that his midnight visitor had departed, leaving no message. In the course of the day, the wrecks of two boats which had foundered at sea, were washed ashore; and in one of these, it is supposed, the stranger had embarked. But if this stranger were indeed Mr Bathurst, how are we to account for the subsequent discovery of his trousers in the neighbourhood of Perleberg?

The only other hypothesis which seems to demand examination, is that which ascribes to the hostler Schmidt and his son Auguste the murder of the missing man. That the younger Schmidt had been much in contact with Mr Bathurst throughout the afternoon of the 25th of November, is beyond a doubt; and, if we could rely upon its authenticity, a story told by a lady, now the wife of a physician at Perleberg, but who was, at the time of Mr Bathurst's disappearance, connected with the household in which Captain Klitzing lodged, would go far to fix the crime upon the fugitive hostler and his prodigal son. About five o'clock in the afternoon of the day of the disappearance, a stranger, whom the girl understood afterwards to be Mr Bathurst, called at the house, and requested to see the governor. The reader is already aware that this was for the purpose of soliciting a safeguard at

the post-house. Mr Bathurst was evidently labouring under great mental agitation, and, whether from cold or fear, shivered from head to foot. At the request of Klitzing, the girl made the visitor some tea, which revived him greatly. While drinking it, he spoke wildly of the dangers which had threatened him along the whole route from Vienna, and said that he must be quickly off if he would reach the coast in safety. After pressing upon the girl some money, which, however, she refused, the stranger took his leave; but upon going to the window to look after him, she was surprised to see him walking rapidly in a direction quite opposite to that which led to the post-house. Shortly afterwards, the younger Schmidt called in quest of him, and on being informed of the route he had taken, followed fast upon his footsteps. In a few hours afterwards, the town was in a commotion at the stranger's disappearance. Such was the story told by the Perleberg physician's wife to the sister of Mrs Bathurst in 1852; but 'she spoke,' as that lady remarked, 'in so hurried and excited a manner, that it appeared like a tale told by rote, and made up according to directions at the time.' It is further to be observed that, if the lady meant to imply that Mr Bathurst was overtaken at this time, and immediately hustled away by Schmidt, the story is inconsistent with the fact of the former having at nine o'clock in the evening ordered his carriage to be in readiness, and his bill at the post-house to be made out.

The fact, moreover, is, that Auguste Schmidt was, about six months after Mr Bathurst's disappearance, actually arrested at the instance of his family, and tried for the murder; but the case completely broke down. Another attempt to bring the crime home to him was made through the instrumentality of an abandoned woman of the name of Hacker, whose house was much frequented by Schmidt, and lay in the direction said to have been pursued by the missing man after leaving Klitzing. Hacker stated that at the time of the occurrence, a party of French soldiers was billeted upon her, and that they, in conjunction with Schmidt, who had lured Mr Bathurst to the house, committed the murder. The body, she added, had been carried to a distant part of the coast, and buried in the sand, upon which all traces of disturbance must have been speedily obliterated. But the woman afterwards confessed that the story had been a pure fabrication, and that she was utterly ignorant of the fate which had befallen the Lost Envoy.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

WOMEN OF THE WORLD.

THE WORLD. It is a word capable of as diverse interpretations or misinterpretations as the thing itself—a thing by various people supposed to belong to heaven, man, or the devil, or alternately to all three. But this is not the place to argue the pros and cons of that doctrinal theology which views as totally evil the same world which its Creator pronounced to be 'very good,' the same world in and for which its Redeemer lived as well as died; nor, taking it at its present worst, a sinful, miserable, mysterious, yet neither wholly comfortless, hopeless, nor godless world, shall I refer further to that strange manichæism which believes that anything earth possesses of good can have sprung from any other source than the All-good, that any happiness in it could exist for a moment, unless derived from Infinite Perfection.

A 'woman of the world'—'Quite a woman of the world'—'A mere woman of the world'—with how many modifications of tone and emphasis do we hear the phrase; which seems inherently to imply a contradiction. Nature herself has apparently decided for women, physically as well as mentally, that their

natural destiny should be *not* of the world. In the earliest ages of Judaism and Islamism, nobody ever seems to have ventured a doubt of this—it was Christianity alone that raised the woman to her rightful and original place, as man's sole help-meet, bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, his equal in all points of vital moment, yet made suited to him by a harmonious something which is less inferiority than difference. And this difference will for ever exist. Volumes written on female progress; speeches, interminable, delivered from the public rostrum in female treble, which from that very publicity and bravado, would convert the most obvious 'rights' into something very like a wrong; biographies numberless of great women—ay, and good—who, stepping out of their natural sphere, have done service in courts, camps, or diplomatic bureaux: all these exceptional cases will never set aside the universal law, that woman's proper place is home. Not merely

To suckle fools and chronicle small-beer—

Shakespeare, who knew us well, would never have made any but an *Iago* say so—but to go hand-in-hand with man on their distinct yet parallel roads, to be within doors what he has to be in the world without—sole influence and authority in the limited monarchy of home.

Thus, to be a 'woman of the world,' though not essentially a criminal accusation, implies a state of being not natural, and therefore not happy. Without any sentimental heroics against the hollowness of such an existence, and putting aside the religious view of it altogether, I believe most people will admit that no woman living entirely in and for the world, ever was, ever could be, a happy woman; that is, according to the definition of happiness which supposes it to consist in having our highest faculties most highly developed, and in use to their fullest extent. Any other sort of happiness, either dependent on externally favourable circumstances, or resting on safe negotiations of ill, we must be considered to possess in common with the oyster; indeed, that easy-tempered and steadfast mollusk, if not 'in love,' probably has it in much greater perfection than we.

Starting with the proposition that a woman of the world is not a happy woman; that if she had been, most likely she never would have become what she is—I do not think it necessary to nail her up, poor painted jay, as a 'shocking example' over society's barn-door, around which strut and crow a great many fowls quite as mean and not half so attractive. For she is very charming in her way—that is, the principal and best type of her class; she wears *à merveille* that beautiful mask said to be 'the homage paid by vice to virtue.' And since the successful imitation of an article argues a certain acquaintance with the original, she may once upon a time have actually believed in many of those things which she now so cleverly impersonates—virtue, heroism, truth, love, friendship, honour, and fidelity. She is like certain stamped-out bronze ornaments, an admirable imitation of real womanhood—till you walk round her to the other side.

The woman of the world is rarely a very young woman. It stands to reason, she could not be. To young people, the world is always a paradise—a fool's paradise devoutly believed in: it is not till they have found out its shams that they are able to assume them. By that time, however, they have ceased to be fools: it takes a certain amount of undoubted cleverness to make any success, or take any rule in the world.

By the world, I do not mean the aristocratic Vanity-fair—let those preach of it who move up and down or keep stalls therein—I mean the world of the middle classes—the society into which drift the homeless, thoughtless, ambitious, pleasure-loving; those who have no purpose in life except to get through it some-

how, and those who never had any interest in it except their own beloved selves.

A woman of the sort I write of may in one sense be placed at the lowest deep of womanhood, because her centre of existence is undoubtedly herself. You may trace this before you have been introduced to her five minutes: in the sweet manner which so well simulates a universal benevolence, being exactly the same to everybody—namely, everybody worth knowing; in the air of interest with which she asks a dozen polite or kindly questions, of which she never waits for the answer; in the instinctive consciousness you have that all the while she is talking agreeably to you, or flatteringly listening to your talented conversation, her attention is on the *qui vivis* after everybody and everything throughout the room—that is, everything that concerns herself. As for yourself, from the moment you have passed out of her sight, or ceased to minister to her amusement or convenience, you may be quite certain you will have as completely slipped out of her memory, as if you had vanished into another sphere. Her sphere cannot contain you; for though it seems so large, it has no real existence; it is merely a reflection of so much of the outer earth as can be taken into one small drop of not over-clear water, which constitutes this woman's soul.

Yet waste not your wrath upon her—she is as much to be pitied as blamed. Do not grow savage at hearing her, in that softly pitched voice of hers, talk sentiment by the yard, while you know she snubs horribly in private every unlucky relative she has; whose only hours of quiet are when they joyfully deck her and send her out to adorn society. Do not laugh when she criticises pictures, and goes into raptures over books which you are morally certain she has never either seen or read; or if she had, from the very character of her mind, could no more understand, than your cat could appreciate Shakespeare. Content her not, for her state might not have been always thus; you know not the causes which produced it, and—stay till you see her end.

There is a class of worldly women which, to my mind, is much worse than this; because their shams are less cleverly sustained, and their ideal of good (for every human being *must* have one—the conqueror's crown, and the sot his gin-bottle) is far lower and more contemptible. The brilliant woman of society has usually her pet philanthropies, her literary, learned or political pendants, in which the good she thinks after, though unreal, is the imitation of a vital reality and in spite of itself, is often useful to others. In this pseudo-woman of the world has no ideal beyond fine dresses, houses, carriages, acquaintances, and even these she does not value for their own sakes; not because they are superior to her neighbour's.

You will find her chiefly among the half-educated *nouveaux riches* of the professional classes, vainly striving to attain to their level—the highest point visible on her horizon. And this is no happy altitude of learning or intelligence, or refinement; but merely a certain 'position'—a place at a dinner-party, or a house in a square.

While the first kind of woman always has a degree of sway in society, this one is society's most productive slave. She dare not furnish her house, choose her servants, eat her food, pay her visits, or even put the gown on her back, and the bonnet on her head, and so on by rule and precedent. She will worry herself and you about the veriest trifles of *convenances*—such as whether it is most genteel to leave one card with the corner turned down, or to expend a separate card upon each member of the family. To find herself at a full-dress soirée in demi-toilette would make this poor lady miserable for a month; and if by any chance you omitted paying her the proper visit of inquiry after an entertainment, she would consider you meant a

personal insult, and, if she dared—only she seldom ventures on any decisive proceedings—would cut your acquaintance immediately.

The celebrated Mrs Grundy keeps her in a state of mortal servitude. Even in London, which to a lady of medium age, established character, and decent behaviour, is the most independent place in the world; where, as I once heard said: 'My dear,' be assured you are not of the least importance to anybody—may go anywhere, dress anyhow, and, in short, do anything you like except stand on your head—even here she is for ever pursued by a host of vague adjectives, 'proper,' 'correct,' 'genteel,' which hunt her to death like a pack of rabid hounds.

True, the world, like its master, is by no means so black as it is sometimes painted: it often has a foundation of good sense and right feeling under its most ridiculous and wearisome forms; but this woman sees only the forms, among which she blunders like one of those quack-artists who pretend to draw the human figure without the smallest knowledge of anatomy. Utterly ignorant of the framework on which society moves, she is perpetually straining at gnats and swallowing camels, both in manners and morals. To her, laborious politeness stands in the stead of kindness; show, of hospitality; etiquette, of decorum. *Les bienséances*, which are only valuable as being the index and offering of a gentle, generous, and benevolent heart, are to this unfortunate woman the brazen altar upon which she immolates her own comfort and that of everybody connected with her.

'What will the world say?'—'All very right; but you see we live in the world.' Or, speaking of some one—'A good soul enough, but totally ignorant of the world.' It is worth while pausing a moment to consider what this 'world' is that women seem at once to run after and to be so terribly afraid of.

Not the moral world, which judges their sins—with, alas, how short-sighted and unevenly balanced a judgment, often!—but the perpetually changing world of custom, which regulates their clothes, furniture, houses, manner of living, sayings, doings, and sufferings. Take it to pieces, and what is it? Nothing but a floating atmosphere of common-place people, surrounding certain congeries of people, a little less ordinary, the nucleus of which is generally one person decidedly extra-ordinary, who, by force of will, position, intellect, or character, or by some unquestionable magnitude of virtue or vice, stands out distinctly from the average multitude, and rules it according to his or her individual choice. All the rest are, as I said, a mere atmosphere of nobodies; which atmosphere can be cloven any day—one sees it done continually—by a single flesh-and-blood arm: yet in it the woman of the world allows herself to sit and suffocate; dare not dress comfortably, act and speak straightforwardly, live naturally, or sometimes even honestly. For will she not rather run in debt for a bonnet, than wear her old one a year behind the mode? give a ball, and stint the family dinner for a month after? take a large house, and furnish handsome reception-rooms, while her household pigs together anyhow in untidy attic bed-chambers, and her servants swelter on shake-downs beside the kitchen fire? She prefers this a hundred times to stating plainly, by word or manner: 'My income is so much a year—I don't care who knows it—it will not allow me to live beyond a certain rate, it will not keep comfortably both my family and society; therefore, society, you must just take us as we are, without any pretences of any kind; or you may shut the door, and—good-bye!'

And society, in the aggregate, is no fool. It is astonishing what an amount of 'eccentricity' it will stand from people who will take the bull by the horns, too fearless or too indifferent to think of consequences. How respectfully it will follow a clever woman who

is superior to the weakness of washing her hands or combing her hair properly, whose milliner and dress-maker must evidently have lived about the year one, and who, in her manners and conversation, often breaks through every rule of even the commonest civility. How the same thoroughly respectable set, which would be shocked to let its young daughters take a morning shopping in Regent Street, unprotected by a tall footman, will carry them at night to a soirée given by a Lady Somebody, of rather more than doubtful reputation, till a rich marriage, which in its utter lovelessness and hypocrisy may have been, in the sight of Heaven, the foulest of all her sins, in the sight of man covered every one of them at once.

Yet this 'world' which, when we come to look at it, seems nothing—less than nothing—a chimera that no honest heart need quail at for a moment—is at once the idol and the *bête noire* of a large portion of women-kind during their whole existence. Ay, from the day when baby's first wardrobe must be of the most extravagant description, costing in lace, braiding, and embroidery almost as much as mamma's marriage outfit—which was a deal too fine for her station—when all the while unfortunate baby would be quite as pretty and twice as comfortable in plain muslin and lawn; down to the last day of our subjugation to fashion, when we must needs be carried to our permanent repose under a proper amount of feathers, and followed by a customary number of mourning-coaches—after being coaxed to it—useless luxury! by a satin-lined coffin, stuffed pillow, and ornamental shroud.

In the intermediate stage, marriage, we are worse off still, because the world's iron hand is upon us at a time and under circumstances when we can most keenly feel its grinding weight.

'Do you think,' said a young lady once to me, 'that Henry and I ought to marry upon less than four hundred a year?'

'No, certainly, my dear, because you marry for so many people's benefit besides your own. How, for instance, could your acquaintance bear to see moreen curtains, instead of the blue and silver damask you were talking of? And how could you give those charming little dinner-parties which, you say, are indispensable to one in your position, without three servants, or a boy in buttons as well? Nay, if you went into society at all, of the kind you now keep, a fifth of Henry's annual income would melt away in dresses, bouquets, and white kid-gloves. No, my dear girl, I can by no means advise you to marry upon less than four hundred a year.'

My young friend looked up, a little doubtful if I were in jest or earnest; and Mr Henry gave vent to an impatient sigh. I thought—'Poor things!' for they were honestly in love, and there was no earthly reason why they should not marry. How many hundreds more are thus wasting the best years of their life, the best hopes of their youth, love, home, usefulness, energy—and God only knows how much besides—and for what? Evening-parties, dresses, and gloves, a fine house, and blue and silver curtains?

Yet a woman of the world would have said that this couple were quite right; that if they had married and lived afterwards with the honest prudence that alone would have been possible to a young man of Mr Henry's independent character, they must infallibly have gone down in society, have dropped out of their natural circle, to begin life as their parents did, as most middle-class parents have begun life, narrowly and humbly. Though without much fear of positive starvation, they must have given up many luxuries, have had to learn and practise many domestic economies which probably never had come into the head of either lady or gentleman; and yet love might have taught them, as it teaches the most ignorant. They would undoubtedly have had to live, for the next few

years at least, not for society at large, but for their own two selves and their immediate connections.

And very likely Henry would have done it, for a young fellow in love will do mightily heroic things; some, especially hard-worked professional men, being weak enough to believe that a snug fireside, where a cheerful-faced little wife has warmed his slippers and sits pouring out his tea—even if obliged to make sundry intermediate rushes up-stairs to quiet something which obstinately refuses to go to sleep—is preferable to a handsome solitary club-dinner, a wine and cigar party, or a ball, at which he revels till 3 A.M. in the smiles of a tarlatane angel, whom he may ask to waltz ad libitum, but dare not for his life—or his honour, which is dearer—ask any other question, until he has got gray hairs and a thousand a year. Dares not, for the worldly fathers, the still more worldly mothers, nay, the young daughters themselves, who, under their innocent muslins, are slowly hardening into premature women of the world, would stand aghast at the idea of 'love in a cottage.' Such an out-of-date, absurd, preposterous thing! Which it is—for people who bring to the said cottage the expectations and necessities of Hyde Park Gardens or Belgrave Square.

Yet, on the other hand, it is hardly possible to over-calculate the evils accruing to individuals and to society in general from this custom, gradually increasing, of late and ultra-prudent marriages. Parents bring up their daughters in luxurious homes, expecting and exacting that the home to which they transfer them should be of almost equal ease; forgetting how next to impossible it is for such a home to be offered by any young man of the present generation, who has to work his way as his fathers before him. Daughters, accustomed to a life of ease and laziness, are early taught to check every tendency towards 'a romantic attachment'—the insane folly of loving a man for what he is, rather than for what he has got; of being content to fight the worldly battle hand-in-hand with one that is worth claspings, rather than settle down in comfortable sloth, protected and provided for in all external things. Young men— But words fail to trace the lot of enforced bachelorhood, hardest when its hardship ceases to be consciously felt. An unmarried woman, if a good woman, can always make herself happy; find innumerable duties, interests, amusements; live a pure, cheerful, and useful life. So can some men—but very, very few.

Scarcely any sight is more pitiable than a young man who has drifted on to past thirty, without home or near kindred; with just income enough to keep him respectably in the position which he supposes himself bound to maintain, and to supply him with the various small luxuries—such as thirty guineas per annum in cigars, &c.—which have become habitual to him. Like his fellow-mortals, he is liable enough to the unlucky weakness of falling in love, now and then; but he somehow manages to extinguish the passion before it gets fairly alight; knowing he can no more venture to ask a girl in his own sphere to marry him, or be engaged to him, than he can coax the planet Venus out of her golden west into the dirty, gloomy two-pair-back where his landress cheats him, and his landlady abuses him: whence, perhaps, he occasionally emerges gloriously, all studs and white necktie—to assist at some young beauty's wedding, where he feels in his heart he might once have been the happy bridegroom—if from his silence she had not gone desperately and sold herself to the old fool opposite, and is fast becoming, nay, is already become, a fool's clever mate—a mere woman of the world. And he—what a noble ideal he has got of our sex, from this and other similar experiences! with what truth of emotion will he repeat, as he gives the toast of 'the bridemaids,' the hackneyed quotation

about pain and sorrow wringing the brow, and smile half-adoringly, half-pathetically at the 'ministering angels' who titter around him, and go home avouching 'What a charming person is Mr So-and-so. I wonder he never gets married.' While Mr So-and-so goes home sardonically minded, to his dull lodgings, his book, and his cigar, or—he best knows where. And in the slow process of inevitable deterioration, by forty he learns to think matrimony a decided humbug; and hugs himself in the conclusion that a virtuous, high-minded, and disinterested woman, if existing at all, exists as a mere *lusus nature*—not to be met with by mortal man now-a-days. With a grunt—half-sigh, half-sneer—he dresses and goes to the opera—with a friend's 'bone,' of course, poor fellow!—or settles himself on the sofa to a French novel, and ends by firmly believing us women to be—what we are painted there!

Good God!—the exclamation is too solemn to be profane—if this state of things be true, and it is true, and I have barely touched the outer surface of its unfathomably horrible truth—what will the next generation come to? What will they be—not our cities and kingdoms, but our men and our women? The possible result, even in a practical, to say nothing of a moral light, is awful to think upon.

Can it not be averted? Can we not—since, while the power of the world is with men, the influence is undoubted with us—can we not bring up our girls more usefully and less showily—less dependent on luxury and wealth? Can we not teach them from babyhood that to labour is a higher thing than merely to enjoy, that even enjoyment itself is never so sweet as when it has been earned? Can we not put into their minds, whatever be their station, principles of truth, simplicity of taste, helpfulness, hatred of waste; and these being firmly rooted, trust to their blossoming up in whatever destiny the young maiden may be called to? We should not then have to witness the terrors that beset dying beds when a family of girls will be left unprovided for; nor the angry shame when some thoughtless young pair commit matrimony, and rush ignorantly into debt, poverty, and disgrace, from which—*facilis descensus Averni*—all the efforts of too late compassionate relatives can never altogether uplift them.

Nevertheless—and I risk this declaration without fear of its causing a general rush to the register-office, or the publication, at every out-of-the-way church in the three kingdoms, of surreptitious banns between all the under-aged simpletons who choose to fly in the face of Providence by marrying upon

Nothing a week, and that uncertain—very!

—nevertheless, taking life as a whole, that it consists not in what we have, but in our power of enjoying the same; that there are things in it nobler and dearer than ease, plenty, or freedom from care—nay, even than existence itself; it is not Quixotism, but common-sense and Christianity, to protest that love is better than outside show, labour than indolence, virtue than mere respectability. That in this present day—putting aside those cases where duty and justice have claims higher than either love or happiness—there is many an instance of cowardly selfishness, weakness, and falsehood committed by young people of both sexes, under the names of prudence, honourable feeling, or obedience to parents; there is many an act, petted under the name of a virtue, which is a much blacker crime before God, and of far more fatal result to society—to society at large, than the worst of these improvident marriages.

Strange how much people will sacrifice—ay, even women will—to this Moloch of the world! It reminds me of an infantile worship, which a certain friend of mine confessed to have instituted, and officiated as high-priestess of, at the age of three-and-a-half.

She used to resign, collect, and levy from unwilling co-idolators all sorts of childish dainties, together with turnips, apple-parings, &c., and lay them in a remote corner of the farmyard, as an offering to a mysterious invisible being called Dor, who came in the night and feasted thereon—at least the sacrifice was always gone the next morning. A pious relative, finding her out, stopped with great horror the proceedings of this earnest little heathen; but for years after, nothing would have persuaded my deluded young friend that the awful Dor was, in fact, only a chance wind, a hen and her chickens, or a hungry old sow. So, often, it is not till half a lifetime has been expended on this thankless service, that we come to find out—if we ever do find out—that the invisible Daimon who swallows up the best of our good things—time, ease, wealth, money, comfort, peace, and well if no more than these—is, after all, a combination of the merest accidents, or perhaps one individual brute beast.

Yet, there is a fascination, hard to account for, but idle to gainsay, in this miserable Eleusinia, this blind worship of a self-invented god. Who does not know the story of the wise old nanny-goat, which painted to her dear daughter that horrible wild beast, the leopard, giving him every conceivable ugliness, a ghastly wide mouth and fiery eyes; so that when the fair Miss Kid saw a beautiful animal with shiny spotted skin and graceful motions, sporting innocently after his own tail in the forest shadow, how could she ever identify him with the portrait her mother drew? What could she do, but approach, and wonder, and admire, then fall right into his clutches, and have her poor little bones crunched between his dazling jaws? Would not many a mother do well in laying to heart this old fable?

Yes, the world is doubtless very pleasant in its way. Delicious, almost to deliriousness, is a young girl's first step into the enchanted circle called 'good society'; to feel herself in her best attire and best looks, charming and charmed, for the behoof of the entire company, or, as it usually soon comes to, poor little fool! for the sake of one particular person therein. And for a long time after, though the first magic of the cup is gone, though it intoxicates rather than exhilarates, it is by no means the poison-cup that frigid moralists would make us believe. It has a little of the narcotic; and the young woman begins to take it as such, feeling rather ashamed of herself for so doing; and, like all opiates, it leaves a slight bitterness in the mouth. But what of that?

Now and then, our young lady wonders, during 'alow' evening-parties and proxy morning-calls, whether her whistle is worth quite as much as she has daily to pay for it—whether the agreeable circles in which she moves are not, if they would but avow it, for the chief part of the time that they spend together, a very great bore to themselves and to one another—whether, after all, one handful of the salt of common-sense would not purify society as well as a bushel of idle ceremonies, and one ounce of kind feeling, tact, and thoughtfulness for others, be worth a cart-load of ponderous etiquette. And perhaps she sets to work on this grand, new, and original system of hers, which every young heart thinks it is the very first to discover and practise—

Like one who tries in little boat
To tug to him the ship afloat.

Most likely she fails—fails totally, angrily, miserably; only gets herself misjudged and laughed at, and resolves no more to remodel the world—which may be a wise determination; or settles into stolid indifference, and believes that, after all, right and wrong do not much matter; it will all be the same a hundred years hence: so drops slowly into the current, and is drifted with

Or else, having just penetration enough left to distinguish a truth from its *eidolon*, its *doppelgänger*, which almost always walks alongside of it, and mimics it, in this strange world of ours, she gradually perceives the sense, beauty, and fitness which may be traced under the most exaggerated of forms and customs. She sees also that these

Nice customs courtesy to great kings,

as saith Henry of England when he kisses his French Katherine; and that any woman is unworthy of the just empery of her sex when she gives up to either fashion or ceremony her common-sense, comfort, or good taste: when, for instance, she condescends to make of herself a silk-draped walking butter-tub, or a female

Whose head

Does grow beneath her shoulders:

when she suffers herself to waste hour after hour, day after day, year after year, in the company of frivolous folk, whom she can do no good to, and receive no good from, and whom, she is fully aware, if she dropped out of their smiling circle to-morrow, to die in a ditch, in the hospital close by, or were even to create a temporary sensation by jumping from Waterloo Bridge, would merely remark: 'Dear me, how shocking! Who would thought it?—Well, as I was saying.'—

No doubt, this conviction, when it fairly breaks upon her, strikes her poor weakened eyes with a painful glare, which throws into harder outline than is natural the cruel angles of this would-be palace—that for a time seems to her little better than a grim dungeon, from which she only seeks to escape—

Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world.

This is the crisis of her life. She either ends by a tacit, hopeless acquiescence in what she both despises and disbelieves, or herself sinking to their level, accepts them as realities after all. Or else, by a desperate struggle, she creeps from chaos into order, from darkness into clear day, learns slowly and temperately to distinguish things and people in their true colours and natural forms; taking them just as they are, no better and no worse, and trying to make the best of them: to use the world, in short, as its Maker doth—after the example of Him who himself said that the tares and wheat *must* 'grow together, until the harvest.'

Such a one—and I ask those of my sex who read this page, if I have not painted her according to nature? if many a weary dissatisfied heart, beating heavily with pulses it does not understand, will not confess, that in some poor way I have spoken out its already half-recognised thoughts?—such a one will escape that end to which all must come who fix their pleasures alone in this life: the woman of fashion, after the pattern of *Mrs Stewart* and *Lady Kew*: the woman of 'mind,' fluttering her faded plumage in the face of a new generation, which recognises her not, or recognises only to make game of her: or the ordinary woman of the world.

This latter—in her day of decline, who has not encountered her, some time or another? Dependent on the pity of those who remember what she was, or might have been; invited out, because there is a certain agreeableness about her still, and because, 'poor thing, she likes a little society;' yet made irritable by a perpetual need of excitement which drives her to prefer anybody's company to her own. Painfully jealous over every fragment of the affection which she herself has never disinterestedly shewn to anybody, but has spread it, like school bread-and-butter, over so wide a surface, that tastelessness is the natural consequence of its extreme totality.

or 'deserved' them. In all her long career, she has never been able to take root in any human heart. As for the Heart Divine, the chances are that she has never once sought it, or believed in it. She has believed in a cushioned pew, in a velvet prayer-book with a gilt cross on the back; in certain religious thoughts, words, and deeds, proper for Sundays and holidays, and possibly suitable for that 'convenient season' when she means to 'make her peace with Heaven,' as the judge tells the criminal who is 'turned off' to seek in another existence that hope which man denies. But for all else her soul—contra-distinguished from her intellect, which may be vivid and brilliant still—is a blank, a darkness, a death in life.

And yet the woman of the world will one day have to die!

We can but leave her to Infinite Mercy then.

PHILOSOPHY OF COOKERY.

THERE is a social sect among us, the members of which make a merit of munching vegetables as their sole diet. They think they are thus following the dictates of nature, and that all mankind but themselves, from the beginning of the race, have lived in direct antagonism to her laws, and of course to their own instincts. We might demur a little to this—but let it pass. What we wish to observe is, that even the vegetarians think it proper to cook their food, considering cookery, of course, to come within the laws of nature. The reason is—for they would not allow more to instinct than was necessary—that without cookery they would run a great risk of perishing with the plants of the field they devour. Cookery is demanded for most kinds of food, which otherwise would be so difficult of digestion as to injure the health, and eventually cut short the life. It is true we eat undressed fruit with impunity, and swallow oysters alive: but, generally speaking, we must cook or die.

This consideration elevates cookery to a high place among the arts of civilisation: in fact, it gives it a philosophical right to the place it already occupies in the imagination of those whose unreasoning appetites place the principle of life, as the Chinese do, in the belly. The cook marches abreast with the doctor; and as doctor's stuffs are declining in fashion, and hygiene coming proportionately in, the former savant, it may be presumed, will by and by begin to forge ahead of his companion, and the sauce-pan in numerous cases take the place of the mortar.

The late Dr Marshall Hall, an authority of great weight, pronounced it as his opinion that good-humour at dinner-time is essential to the healthy assimilation of food; nay, that to sit at table, and partake of the meal, whilst the mind is in an irritable and excited state, is dangerous to life itself. The doctor advises us rather than run such risk, when we feel we are out of temper, to put off the gratification of our prandial appetite till the next day; while commentators on the text, denounce the immorality of being ill-humoured at all, and opine that the offender should be turned out of the genial room as a punishment. All this takes it for granted that the evil is external; that we bring it in from the outer world, and sit down with it at table just as we would with a coloured kerchief or dirty nails. But who does not see, on reflection, that in nine cases out of ten the materials of the ill-humour are in the dishes before us; that the cook has boiled them up in an unsavoury soup, or made them hiss and sputter in the sauce-pan with an abominable ragout? Is there any sorer trial than an ill-roasted sirloin to the temper of a guest who has probably looked to that *pièce de résistance* as something on which to fling luxuriously his superfluous energies? Can any better excuse be imagined than an unskilfully dressed dinner

for blood-thirsty feelings? Unluckily for diners, they look upon this sort of thing, when the moment of suffering is past, merely as a cross-grained accident giving birth to temporary wrath; whereas, as we have shewn upon the authority of one of our most distinguished physicians, its bearing is direct and disastrous upon the health, and may affect even life itself.

Serious ailments are not very common occurrences in a man's life, but the dinner-question comes on every day. 'It is indeed a question of life and death, the brave dinner-time. So long as we get it regularly, think nothing about it; but let one day pass without satisfying these imperious natural wants—what do we say?—one day!—even an hour's delay causes us to make several inquiries—half-an-hour—ten minutes—ay, and even less.' This is the sentiment of the great Soyer; and in another page of his inimitable book (*The Culinary Campaign*), he more than hints at the national importance that may attach to a single dinner. It was the accidental delay of this fateful meal which in all probability threw Europe, a few years ago, into convulsions from which she has not yet recovered, and converted the Crimea into a Golgotha of the brave. The dinner was to have been given by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe on his return to Constantinople as British plenipotentiary. The invitations included the representatives of all the other courts, and more especially Prince Menchikoff, who represented the person of his august master, the Czar. Who knows what might have been the result if this grand spread had come off! Who knows what brows might have been smoothed, what hearts softened, what difficulties put to flight by the skill of Signor Roco Vido, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's illustrious cook? Alas! on the very day appointed, the 21st of March 1854, when the various plenipotentiaries, Prince Menchikoff included, were preparing anxiously to go forth to a meeting with the fate of nations—the mother of the Sultan died! The meeting was postponed for a week. The most important of the disappointed diners—out he him away in a Russian man-of-war from the tantalising odour of the viands to the Black Sea. 'The diplomatic banquet never took place! the war did!'

But while speaking of the importance that may be connected with the operations of cooks, let us not be supposed to confound the masters of the art with the practical subordinates. The cook in your family, or madam, compared with the French savant I have already named, is nothing more than the artificer who works out, without comprehending philosophically, the designs of the mechanician: he is the instrument performer, who embodies in sound the inspirations of the master. But do not the less treat him or her with kindness and respect; for they are the practitioners of a great art, the hierophants of a sacred worship. Considerate to their sudden sensibilities; be tender to their little eccentricities. M. Soyer tells us of a *restaurateur* of a steamer in which he voyaged, whose glass and crockery were smashed by the pitching of the vessel, merely because the authorities had put to sea without the proper fittings up. The unhappy artist was driven distracted by this ill treatment, and in the ebullition of his passion began to throw on board everything he could lay his hands on—even a leg of mutton! Perhaps this may be considered an excess of sensibility; but we must make allowances. A friend of ours had a female cook, who was equally sensitive, but more gentle and self-denying. One evening, she came to her mistress and gave warning. The lady was thrown into consternation, for she had a great reverence for her talents.

'What is the meaning of this?' said she; 'is there anything amiss? Surely we treat you kindly and respectfully. Are you dissatisfied with your wages?'

'No, mum.'

'Then why do you wish to go?'

'Because I don't give satisfaction, mum.'

'You surprise me!'

'It is true, mum,' whimpered the cook, raising her apron to her eyes—'master put salt in his soup both yesterday and to-day!'

This delinquency of the master, it will be felt, was quite sufficient to account for the discontent of the artiste with her situation. 'It is the province of the cook,' says the authority before mentioned, 'to season for the patient, and not the patient for the cook. In cookery, it is the combination of good and whole-*ch* ingredients, properly blended, which constitutes the best of broth or diets; and this rule holds good for the bill of fare of all nations.'

The differences between good cookery and bad were never made more obvious than by the great cook of our day in his expedition to the Crimea. One is apt to attach to good cookery the idea of extravagance and reconditeness; but M. Soyer declined accepting anything but the common military rations to work upon, and with these he speedily revolutionised the whole system. He found the army-cooks at Scutari and elsewhere tying the joints for boiling so tight that the outside was done and the inside raw; he found them cooking in immense copper caldrons so dark that it was impossible to see whether the tinning was off or on—whether the water was not seasoned with verdigris; he found them marking their different lots of rations, lest they should be confounded in the kettle, by tying to them pieces of red cloth from an old jacket, a string of buttons, knives, forks, scissors, and a pair of snuffers; he found them throwing away the fat from the coppers—three inches thick—ignorant that they were thus destroying a little sea of delicious soup; he found them cooking sometimes with smoke, dust, and steam intermixed, instead of fire, and yet consuming a fabulous quantity of unnecessary fuel. All this was changed as if by magic; a field-kitchen and camp-stoves invented, which were perfection itself, besides saving a vast quantity of fuel; and so great an improvement made in the general diet, that some of the higher officers were glad to send for a basin of the soldiers' soup for their lunch. Next to the new stoves was a new tea-pot, in which the tea is held in a perforated tube going down the middle, and is thus exposed completely to the influence of the hot water, instead of lying in a mass at the bottom. What was wanted was seen clearly enough even in our younger days, when the tea was stirred up occasionally with a spoon for the sake of economy—a process denominated the *mantua-maker's twist*; but it was left to the genius of a Soyer to devise an intelligent tea-pot which should want no *mantua-maker* and no stirring-up at all. It will be seen from the above that a good cook has other accomplishments as well as those of boiling, roasting, and stewing. M. Soyer, besides, is a brave man, and cares not a sprinkling of salt for hot or shells; while M. Comte, the Duke of Cambridge's *chef de cuisine*, is a practical soldier, as well as an admirable cook. One day this gentleman was seen preparing a dish of fried croquettes in the open air just before the battle of Alma. It rained heavily at the time, and the chef, aware of the hostility between water and grease, was holding an umbrella over the bubbling frying-pan—when an alarm was sounded. M. Comte immediately laid down his umbrella, shouldered his gun, and stood sentry over his culinary battery. In this position he answered his loyal Highness's challenge, who rode off to the spot of supposed danger with this exclamation: 'Really, Comte, vous êtes impayable!' and when everything was restored to order, the warrior-cook laid down his arms, and had breakfast ready as usual to the minute.

It may be new to some of our readers to hear of the distinction with which great cooks are treated by intelligent and high-bred persons. From the Duke of

Cambridge and Lord Raglan downwards, the culinary chef we have for the most part selected as our exemplar received the highest consideration and respect; and the pacha at Scutari, the governor of Asia Minor, was even oppressive in his attentions. When M. Soyer went to visit him, and was in the midst of conversation, sherbets, lemonade, sweetmeats, and snow-water, an alarm of fire arose; upon which the pacha started up, and seized the chef by the hand with the grasp of a vice, and walked him up and down the room five or six times, giving his orders furiously. The fire, however, was speedily extinguished, and all sat down again; but as M. Soyer spoke of taking his leave, he caught him again by the hand, and walked him out—walked him down to Lower Scutari, preceded by six men bearing lanterns, and followed by ten gentlemen, grooms, and horses—walked him through a dense crowd, all stopping and bowing; and, finally, after a splendid refreshment, partaken of in the eye of the public, wished him the repose of the dead till morning. A few days after, when M. Soyer was busy with his own affairs, dressed in his culinary attire, and manipulating some hundreds of *mock rice-puddings*, the kitchen was suddenly filled with military officers of rank; and the Duke of Newcastle leading the way came up to the chef, hat in hand, and shook hands with him, reminding him of their meeting in England.

The great cook, however, is greatest in his character of a benefactor of his fellow-men—in healing the sick, in aiding digestion, and by keeping diners in good-humour, in saving human life. This, no doubt, was the feeling of General Vivian when he wrote thus:

'Monsieur Soyer, Miss Nightingale's name and your own will be for ever associated in the archives of this memorable war.'

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SELF-APPOINTED interpreter of God's ways towards man—a lofty vocation which, fortunately for its numerous professors, seems to require but very humble abilities for its successful exercise—would, I doubt not, have instantly discerned a special act of retributive Providence in the misfortune which overtook the *Scout* at the very moment of her nefarious triumph over the American ship. True, the avenging lightning did not reach Webbe—the concocter of the base treachery that had led to the seizure of the prize—had not even smitten down the willing instrument by whom that treachery had been, so far, successfully carried out; but those were minor circumstances which gentlemen that have mastered the mysteries of the moral universe could have had no difficulty in satisfactorily accounting for or explaining away. Happily for me, as I cannot, after all, help thinking, I have never had the slightest capacity for determining the counsel of God from atmospheric or any material or moral phenomena whatsoever: hence, though deeply impressed, awe-stricken by so terrible a manifestation of irresistible Power, my reliance on the justice of the Omnipotent was in no wise shaken, required no sophistical anodyne to soothe and strengthen it, when I saw and heard, as soon as eye and ear had recovered from the sudden glare of the red lightning, and deafening thunder-peal, that Dowling was standing erect, unscathed, daring, defiant as ever, whilst three poor sailors, whose limbs had been smashed by the falling

yards of the splintered mast, were being carried groaning and shrieking below.

Nay, a feeling of admiration, of respect even, for the unquailing aspect and bearing of the chief officer of the *Scout* arose in my mind, and grew upon me to the exclusion, for the time, of all moral appreciation of the man. I recognised, with a kind of sympathetic exultation, an intelligent, courageous human will battling fearlessly with the brute elements—mind combating with matter. A sketch of the scene, blank and dull as it must be, drawn by me, compared with the fearful vividness of the reality, will excuse perhaps that sympathetic admiration.

Overhead, and everywhere around, the dull, leaden day had been extinguished, blotted out by sudden night and storm, save at one point where a rent in the piled blackness gave to view the red, angry sun, lingering for a moment upon the edge of the horizon, like a wrathful monarch—if the repetition of a fancy, vividly felt at the time, may be permitted—who, before he finally departs the hall of judgment, glares a last triumphant look at the sentenced victim, whose punishment he has delegated to inferior ministers. That last gleam of disdainful day, so to speak, quickly vanished, and the thick darkness was for many hours relieved only by incessant lightning flashes, and the white crests of the waves which, pursued by the continuous hiss and roar of the tornado, rushed, leaped in their furious speed over the comparatively lagging *Scout*, threatening every instant to whelm the partially disabled vessel in the raging waters, through which she hopelessly strained and laboured.

Hopelessly not only to a landsman's eyes, but to those of many of the scared Scouts. Not to Dowling's. His countenance, distinctly seen by the bright fire-flashes, was unblenched, his powerful voice, ringing through the ship in the pauses of the thunder, as cheery, nay, it struck me, cheerier than ever, and the faintest-hearted amongst us gradually gained confidence and courage from his example. He himself personally aided to carry out his calmly as rapidly given orders, in the prompt execution of which lay our safety. It was essential that the wreck of the foremast, with its top hamper of spars, sails, rigging, should be cut away and sent adrift with all possible dispatch; and Dowling was the first, with axe in hand, to leap at the work, as it were, and now labouring with might and main, now holding on to a rope or any other firmly fastened object, after shouting to his men to look out, whilst a sea swept the brig from stern to stem, shew how a brave man conjures danger by fearlessly confronting it. The bodies of two men, killed by the electric stroke that had shivered the mast, were dragged from under the superincumbent mass of wreck; Dowling, first carefully assuring himself that they were really dead, helped to throw them overboard at once, and lightly remarking that sudden death was sudden glory, resumed work, and inspirited others to do the same with unabated alacrity and cheer of spirit. At last the encumbering wreck was got rid of, and it was possible to commence setting up a jury fore-mast, without which no jib could be set—and *sans* jib, to steer the brig was impossible. The pumps were next rigged; the depth of water sounded; and it was only too plain that the *Scout* had sprung one or more dangerous leaks, rendering it imperative to lighten

her at any sacrifice. This could only be speedily and effectively done by throwing the guns overboard; and Dowling, though with much reluctance, gave the order to do so. First two, then four guns were cast into the deep, with evident benefit in the way of easing the brig; but this was not sufficient. It was found necessary to sacrifice four more before the desired end was fully obtained, and the once formidable *Scout* was consequently reduced to an armament of two guns only.

Six or seven hours had been thus employed, and we were far into the night before the wind shewed any sign of abatement, though the electric storm had long passed away. Comparative safety having been so far attained, Dowling, who had twenty times during the last two hours crept out to the end of the bowsprit, and gone up to the cross-trees of the mainmast, to ascertain the exact position of the ship, and whither she was driving, satisfied at last that there was no immediate danger of our running unawares, stem on, upon a rock or an island, went below, requesting me to follow him.

'You are an unlucky passenger, Linwood, to have on board,' remarked Dowling, as we met in the cabin after refitting with dry clothes. 'The first time we shipped you, a sharp fight; and now, a sharper squall! You are a regular Jonah! However, here's to your health, and better luck next time. I noticed,' he added, pushing the case of Schiedam *schappe* towards me, 'that you and the American skipper were talking with each other whilst working at the pumps. You know him, it seems, and, consequently, that he is not, as he pretends, Captain Hollens of the good ship *Caroline* of London, last from Jamaica.'

'I have nothing to say of the American gentleman; and no right to say it, if I had.'

'And I have nothing to learn of him from you. I know as well as you do that he is a Mr Tyler, owner and captain of the *Columbia*, hailing from New Orleans. It did not, however, strike me that you must, when in company with Webbe, have met him in St Malo, or I should certainly not have offered you a passage to England, fully expecting as I did to pick up the said Tyler on the way. It was an error on my part, which, in certain quite possible circumstances, might lead to unpleasant results. Did he recognise you?'

'I think so; but he gave no intimation—in words—that he did.'

'A Yankee, though not everybody except in his own opinion, is generally a cunning card. What did he say?'

'That the tempest which has burst upon us is a judgment of God.'

'Upon himself then, as well as us, since, if we should be drowned, he will hardly live to be hanged! What I wish to know is if he said anything, in the way of boast, of the number of men on board the *Columbia*, and if they were armed? But of course he did not—added Dowling: 'A fool to ask such a question; though the apprehension of what answer might be given to it greatly disquiets me.'

'You are disquieted for the safety of Harry Webb, and?'

'Disquieted for the devil as likely,' roughly broke in Dowling. 'Much truly am I concerned for that white-livered cur—Webbe's son though he be! How I could have been bamboozled by such a frothy young hawker in *Le Renard*'s affair will be a puzzle to me as long as I live. I am disquieted, Linwood, for the safety of the prize consigned to the charge of Harry Webb, and not more than half the complement of *Scout* I intended to send on board.'

'The second boat, then, did not reach the American ship?'

'No: the men, as you saw, were holding her off and

on with boat-hooks when the squall struck us, and capized her. A great misfortune!

'The sudden destruction of so many men is indeed a sad misfortune.'

'No doubt; but it is not of that I am just now thinking: besides, a ticket for Davy Jones may at any moment be drawn from the seaman's lottery-bag. The misfortune I had and have in my mind is that the *Columbia*, whose crew, judging by her tonnage, cannot be much under forty men, has been taken possession of by only eighteen of our fellows—young Webbe counting for nothing, or worse.'

'I have not seen the American ship since the hurricane burst upon us; have you?'

'Yes, more than once or twice. The last time, she was far away to windward, and seemed to be making tolerably fair weather of it. The *Columbia* should by this time,' added Dowling, 'have brought up in the Guernsey Roads, under the guns of Castle Cornet; would have done so were I on board in place of young Webbe. As it is, I'd take less than a thousand pounds for my share in her.'

'About where, allow me to ask, may we ourselves be just now?'

'Getting back to Britain by the way we came from it, except that we are more closely hugging the French coast. If the gale had not slackened, we should be now driving through the Alderney race as if Old Nick was kicking us endwise. I must on deck again. You need not come,' he added; 'we shall manage to keep the *Scout* afloat without your taking another spell at the pumps.'

Dowling had not been gone five minutes when Mr Tyler entered the cabin. I offered him a change of apparel from my own wardrobe—a courtesy which he met by a glum refusal; though he accepted the mute tender of restorative schnapps. I was quite sure that he had recognised M. Jean Le Gros; but as he chose to be silent upon the subject, and no explanation was possible on my part without violating the oath Webbe had exacted from me, I gladly followed his example. We conversed with some effort—on his side, with an overdone show of politeness—for perhaps eight or ten minutes, and then Mr Tyler retired to his sleeping-place. A naturally taciturn, but far from an ungentlemanly person, was Mr Tyler; he seemed to be a fair specimen of the American skipper tribe, of whom I have since known hundreds at Liverpool, who, according to my experience, whilst distinguished for greater nervous energy than their British rivals, are nothing like so physically robust, nor, I think, so healthily developed, mentally. This opinion of mine, a wider experience might perhaps considerably modify; and be that as it may, I was favourably impressed by Mr Tyler, and—saving the personal security of the English seamen on board the *Columbia*—I was heartily hopeful that his richly freighted ship might have been rescued from the ravenous sharks that had thought to make her their prey. And I could not help fancying that that same hope glittered vengefully in the sharp gray eyes of the American captain—very naturally so, for he knew the relative number of captors and captives on board the *Columbia* to really be as Dowling feared they were.

I was awake and up before daybreak; the uneasy rocking of the brig, the incessant jerk of the pumps, and frequent tacking during the night, which, as my cot-hammock happened to be lashed athwart-ship, caused me to be now head, now heels upwards and onwards, and the general bustle and trampling overhead, effectually preventing sound sleep, tired, worn out as I was when I turned in.

What the sailors called half a gale of wind was blowing when I went on deck, from the westward, and the *Scout*, I was informed, had been, during the previous three or four hours, in great danger of being

embayed and driven on the French coast. Dowling and his skilful mariners had fortunately at length succeeded, spite of the half-crippled condition of the brig, in clawing her off, and she was then rounding the projecting headland known as Cape La Hogue, though at not more than half a league to seaward. Close to Cherbourg as we were, such near proximity to the French shores was doubly dangerous; but to bear up for Portsmouth, or even half a point nearer to the wind than we were sailing was, with our make-shift foremast—already severely strained and shaken—impossible. Still, if the wind continued to blow from the same quarter, and with no greater violence, we might hope to bring up in the Downs, if we were lucky, one day within a week.

We shewed no colours, either English or French: the former would have caused us to be pursued as 'enemies;' and the latter might have brought more 'friends' to our assistance than would have been quite agreeable. Dowling's hope was, that before there was sufficient light to make us clearly out, we should have gained such a distance from the French war-port, as, combined with the chance of meeting with a British cruiser, would indispose the light gun-craft, kept there in readiness for such purposes, to attempt seeking our nearer acquaintance.

An essential condition of that doubtfully hoped-for piece of luck was that the dawn should be a dark, cloudy one; and so, precisely speaking, it was; the coming day, as it slowly broke in the east, being as dull and gloomy as could be wished. Unfortunately, the light, as it stole on, shewed us that the weather was clearing rapidly to windward; and the yet stiff gale—or half a one in seamen's estimation—drove the breaking clouds before it with such velocity, that before the sun was half an hour high, it was shining in unveiled brightness over land and sea; and especially, as it seemed to us, lighting up for general inspection our crippled, creaking, labouring, laggard *Scout*.

By that time, we were nearly two leagues past Cherbourg, which was something, though not enough, as it soon proved. Dowling's anxious glance detected one—two—three gun-boats, impelled by sweeps and sails, leaving Cherbourg in pursuit, and it was quickly plain, even to my unpractised eye, that they were coming up with us hand over hand.

'If the *Scout* had not lost ten of her teeth,' growled Dowling, 'she would have made no bones of the little spitfires; and as it is, she may perhaps manage to crunch up one or two. She shall, at all events, have a snap at them.'

As the privateer-brig could not luff, it seemed, without danger of carrying away her shaky jurymast, and it would hardly do to yaw with the *Rochers de Calvados* on her lee, Dowling gave orders to hew away sufficient space on each side of the helm to enable the *Scout's* two remaining guns to be used as stern-chasers. That was quickly done; the guns were loaded, run out, trained, and directly the pursuing gun-boats were thought to have come within range, fire was opened upon them. Without effect; the balls for some time fell short; and so small a mark did the French craft present, that the chance of striking them till they were very close indeed, seemed a desperate one. The *Scout*, on the other hand, could not well be missed, and we had not been more than ten minutes within reach of the boats' heavy guns, before she was hulled half-a-dozen times, and we had three men wounded and one killed. I remarked, however, that since the firing began, the venomous little spitfires, as Dowling rightly named them, had not gained upon us in speed.

'They know a trick worth two of that,' said Dowling. "'Strike or sink' is what they are saying to us in better French than they often use; and unless a

cruiser heaves in sight, and one never does when particularly wanted—or our practice wonderfully improves—that will be about the English of it before we are much older. Ha! by jingo, Rawlings, that was a near shave! Missed the centre boat by a few inches only! Try it again; there's a good fellow. D—— it, man, we must never say die till our toes are fairly turned up to the daisies.'

Rawlings did try again, and again, but without success; and Dowling was once more about to essay what he himself could do, when the last ball intended to be fired by the mortified gunner struck the centre boat low down on her bow quarter. She filled instantly, and weighted by her heavy gun, disappeared before one could count twenty. The other boats hastened to pick up their consort's crew, we, the while, as may be supposed, cheering and firing with wild delight. As soon as the half-drowned seamen had been hauled out of the water—if, indeed, they were all saved, which we had no means of knowing—a consultation appeared to take place between the commanders of the two boats, the result of which was that, after favouring us with a parting salute from their guns, they turned tail, and made the best of their way back to Cherbourg, followed by our full-throated cheers, and an asthmatic *Rule Britannia*, extemporised by an amateur clarionet that happened to be on board the always lucky *Scout*.

Not so fast with your 'lucky' *Scout*! The attention of the officers and crew had been so absorbed by the cannonade, that the pumps had been abandoned; and when, in reluctant obedience to Dowling's command, more than once sternly iterated, the men returned to that disagreeable duty, it was found that the pumps were choked. The next minute a cry arose that the brig was foundering! She was, visibly so, it could not, after a brief, breathless examination, be doubted or denied!

'The brig has been hulled between wind and water, or a butt has started,' said Dowling. 'Steady, men; let us have no womanish panic, if you please. Clear and let fall the boats, smartly and steadily. Place in each of them a bag of biscuit and a barrel of water. There will be plenty of room for all; and plenty of time too, if you go quietly to work, as seamen should. Now, then!'

'Look alive, Linwood,' said Dowling, coming swiftly aft to where I stood with Mr Tyler, who had been watching the progress of the fight—not its termination—with saturnine satisfaction; 'Look alive, Linwood; the water is coming in like a sluice; and though I do not tell the men so, the *Scout* may take her final plunge at any one of the next ten minutes. There is a boat astern which we lowered during the night to pick up a lad that had fallen overboard. You can reach the painter through the cabin windows: draw her up close, and drop a keg of spirits, a jar of water, and some biscuits into her. I must remain here till the last; and if the men do not rush into the boats, all may be right—if they do, and I fear they will, all will assuredly be wrong. Cast off in that case, and I must jump overboard, and endeavour to reach you. Be quick and silent: present moments stand for future years.'

This was said in a rapid under-tone. I needed no second bidding, and hurrying below, seized, first my St Malo prize; and was turning to the spirit-locker, when I found that Mr Tyler had followed, and was anticipating me in that particular.

'Pull the boat up close astern,' said the American skipper. 'The sailors will be less likely to notice her. I will attend to other matters.'

I complied; and in less, I should think, than three minutes, we two were safely in the boat, into which we had conveyed sustenance for a week at least.

Those three minutes, more or less, had wrought a fearful aggravation of the position and prospects of

the *Scout* and her crew. The brig was fast settling down by the head; and from the uproar upon deck, the tumult of shouts and curses, momentarily increasing in volume and fierceness, it was evident that Dowling, whose stern voice could still be heard above all the others, had lost his authority over the crew, who seemed to be struggling, fighting with each other for precedence in the boats, not one of which had—so doubt in consequence of that insane fight or struggle—touched the water!

Suddenly, and simultaneously with a yet mightier shout—this time of despair as well as rage—the *Scout's* stern rose in the air—her bows sinking at the same moment, as if she was about to take her final plunge. With ready presence of mind, Mr Tyler cut the painter with a knife he held ready in his hand for that purpose, and then seizing one of the oars, called upon me to ship the other, and pull for dear life.

I pulled for dear life, and we were perhaps fifty yards from the privateer-brig when that fearful shout of agony and despair again arose, higher, wilder, than before; a crowd of men rushed aft, madly beckoned and cursed us, and then down, down went the doomed ship, with her shrieking, howling freight of death; her mighty downdraught drawing us towards her, spite of our frenzied rowing, which happily, however, held us back till the sea-sepulchre had closed over the privateer-brig, and the breadth and buoyancy of our frail skiff sufficed to keep us on the surface of the entombing waters!

We were able to rescue seven only of the hapless crew, amongst them Dowling, who had in some way sprained or twisted his right ankle and foot, and was suffering intense pain in consequence.

As for us, though the wind was high, and the sea rough, we were tolerably safe, unless a change for the worse in the weather should take place. Our boat was a stout one, and we had enough to eat and drink for at least eight-and-forty hours. To be sure, we had neither mast nor sail—no means of propulsion whatever except two oars; but as we had plenty of hands to take turn and turn about at the rowing, we should be pretty sure of making the Wight or some part of the English eastern coast, if we did not fall in with a friendly sail, before those forty-eight hours expired. To this effect, after the first horror excited by the catastrophe we had just witnessed had in some degree subsided, we talked with and encouraged each other. A sense—a selfish sense, no doubt, of good fortune, and present comparative security, aided to keep our spirits up to a hopeful, almost cheerful point. Mr Tyler and I took the first spell at the oars, and pulled away lustily, soon, however, finding that the force and direction of the wind—probably also current of which we were ignorant—would prevent us from obtaining a greater offing; and since better might as be, we were fain to content ourselves with shaping the same course as the *Scout* was sailing when attacked by the French gun-boats, not one amongst us hinting, that I remember, at the desirableness of exchanging the dangers of such a voyage in an open boat for the security of a French prison. Mr Tyler would, no doubt, have preferred making for the nearest French harbour or practicable landing-place, but he was wise enough to keep his wishes to himself.

Our progress was slow, much slower than we had anticipated. The boat was far too heavy for a pair of oars; and when evening fell upon a day of great exertion, Havre de Grace, which we had hoped to pass during daylight, was still considerably above our starboard bow. It was past midnight when we were abreast of that port, and not more than a mile if so much, to windward—scarcely sufficient offing to enable us to clear Cape La Heve, about a league further north, whose two lofty light-houses had been our guiding-stars since the night set in.

The street-lamps or lanterns of Havre threw up dim lines of light, which doubtfully indicated the number and direction of the principal streets; and it was with filled eyes and a beating heart that I thought of two mournful dwellers in one of those faintly traced thoroughfares—asleep, no doubt, at that hour, and dreaming perhaps of their son, and the fulfilment of the precious hope of late associated with him—in my mother's mind at least; of their son who was then so near to them, and they knew it not! It was well they did not. Even to a sailor's imagination, as I knew by the silence of my companions since night—moonless, starless night—had fallen, there was something appalling in being afloat upon the wide, dark, solitary sea in a slight shallow boat which the eye could hardly distinguish from that sea, the only sounds meeting one's ear the measured jerk of our own oars, the moaning swash of waves, and the hoarse roar in the distance of the wrathful surf for ever spurned back in its ceaseless assaults upon the unconquerable shore. How much more appalling, then, would the vague, undefined imagination of such a scene be to a woman's—to a mother's heart! Better, then, infinitely better, that they slept on unconscious of my actual whereabouts, and continued to dream of the speedy fulfilment of the great hope which, I had never doubted, save during a few tumultuous distracting moments, would, in God's good time, be fully realised.

I crave pardon of the reader for this digression from the direct current of my narrative. I do not, it will be conceded, often offend in that way, which, perhaps, if I do not linger upon it, will be my sufficient excuse. To resume, then, we laboured through the night at the oars with less and less success in the way of progress: the tide, which about there flows like a torrent, was for several hours dead against us, so that we could scarcely hold our own; and at day-dawn we had but not passed the lofty headland of La Heve.

That lofty headland, as many readers know, is formed of chalk-cliffs, and the sinuous shore at its base strewn with jagged, fantastic rocks. This was once, it is said, the favourite resort of Bernardin St Pierre, the author of *Paul and Virginia*, and a native of Havre de Grace, who there studied the elemental phenomena which he, in after-life, embodied in his description of the wreck of the *San Geran*.

I knew nothing of this at the time I am writing of; and if I had, Bernardin St Pierre would assuredly have found no place in my thoughts, which were painfully pre-occupied by two paramount facts—namely, the rapid increase of the wind, and the existence of a current, which helped the wind not only to drive us upon the shore, but upon the most rocky part of the shore, whereon the surf was leaping at a gigantic height, and with the sound of thunder.

An accident capped the terrors of the situation. The extra strength exerted by one of the seamen to repel the boat at sea, had the effect of snapping the side of his oar short off, and we were at the mercy of the furious elements.

Dowling, who had scarcely spoken since we hauled me into the boat, and who was still acutely suffering from the injury to his foot, now interfered in his usual firm, decisive manner.

'Hand here the oar still left,' he said: 'place it in the stern rowlock, and I will endeavour to beach the boat as favourably as may be, since nothing better can be done. Remember, all of you to leap out, if you are thrown out of the boat, the instant it strikes the shore, and then run swiftly ahead. Should the surf overtake you, fall down flat on your bellies, and cling to anything you can lay hold of—to the sand, by digging your fingers into it, if nothing better offers; and so, ditto repeated, till you find yourself high and dry. Here are, I see, people, either fishermen or peasants, the shore observing us. They will, no doubt, render

what assistance they can, so that it's upon the cards that we may all yet live to be buried in an elm suit, with all the honours.'

'And you,' I exclaimed—'how, with that crippled limb, will you be able to manage?'

'Like yourself—the best way I can. And now be silent, if you please, and prepare for a race with King Death.'

The boat, urged by wind and sea, drove swiftly towards the shore, and was dexterously guided by Dowling to an opening between rocks, towards which we were directed by the gestures of the people on the shore. Ten or more fearful minutes passed, and then we were lifted and borne along upon the back of a terrific surf-wave, which receding, dropped the boat upon the shore with a force that smashed in its bottom, and threw us all out upon the pebbly sand. What immediately followed, I do not distinctly remember. I know that I ran landward the moment I regained my feet; that I was caught by the boiling flood, and smashed upon the sands: then followed a sense of suffocation, of despair, and, finally, spasms of excruciating pain, from which I recovered to find myself still on the rude shore, but beyond reach of the waves, and sedulously ministered to by a number of half-peasant, half-fisher French men and women, directed by a podgy, bustling little clerical gentleman, whom I afterwards knew to be the kind and good Father Meudon, parish priest of Monvilliers, a village not very far inland.

As soon as I had sufficiently regained consciousness, and felt the assurances of the good people about me that I had suffered no serious injury to be true, my thoughts and inquiries reverted to my boat-companions. Two of them, I found, had been carried out to sea, and of course drowned. Dowling had been rescued with life, after incurring frightful injuries; Mr Tyler had escaped with even less of mishap than myself; and the four other sailors with not at all serious hurts and bruises.

We were all carried to farmhouses, the owners or habitants of which if, according to our notions, poor in purse, were abundantly rich in generous feeling. Mr Tyler had said he was an American, and the conclusion, which I did not contradict, was, that we were all of the same nation, though I am quite sure our treatment would not have been one whit less kindly had our entertainers known from the first that, except Mr Tyler, we were all their 'natural enemies'—to quote an atrocious popular phrase of that time and age.

It was all over with poor Dowling! He had been injured internally to such a degree, that he could not possibly survive more than a few hours—perhaps not one. This was communicated to him as tenderly as possible through me by the doctor whom Father Meudon had summoned in great haste from Monvilliers.

The first officer of the *Scout* received the announcement with a smile—brave, though feeble. 'I would rather,' he murmured, 'have died in battle, than thus faint out of life, as one may say: it, however, comes to the same thing at last.'

Father Meudon, with tears in his round, beady black eyes, entreated me to explain to the moribund that he, Father Meudon, prayed him to have heed, whilst there was yet time, to the salvation of his immortal soul; only to be assured, Father Meudon declared, through the instrumentality of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, into the bosom of which he was ready and anxious to admit the dying sinner even at the eleventh hour.

I translated what the kindly intending priest said; and Dowling, with a slight glimmer about his eyes of the old reckless privateer spirit, bade me tell the good little gentleman that he would do more than that to oblige him, only he must let him, Dowling, have some five minutes' previous conversation with me.

Father Meudon was delighted with my paraphrase of the dying seaman's reply, and after earnestly impressing upon me the vital necessity of quickly despatching any merely mundane business I might have to arrange with his penitent, left the room.

'I must be quick and brief,' said Dowling as the door closed; 'life, I require no doctor to tell me, is ebbing fast. In the first place, Linwood, take this pocket-book. I appoint you my executor. Will you undertake the trust?'

'Most willingly.'

'Thanks, thanks! The old couple—my father and mother—live at Camberwell. You will find the address amongst the papers. The money is of course for them. Webbe, to whom I have ever done my duty, will, there is no fear, do his by me. I think he will have to hand you over about three hundred pounds, supposing the *Columbia* to have slipped through our fingers. Let him state the amount himself: if he cheats anybody, it will be himself, not me. That also will be for the old couple. And if,' said Dowling with a perceptible tremor of voice, 'you will see them, and say their son died as a British seaman should, it would be kind.'

I promised to see his parents; and the poor fellow, having first swallowed a glass of wine—he was sinking fast—proceeded:

'And now, having squared the yards as regards myself, let me speak of something which, from certain words I have heard drop, I believe concerns you, though how or why I cannot understand. I allude to Maria Wilson, who—'

'Ha!—I beg pardon; go on, pray.'

'What I have to say about her is shortly this: Somewhere about fourteen or fifteen years ago, the *Wasp* privateer took on board off Deal a Frenchwoman and a child. Madame Broussard the woman called herself. I suspected the child, which I do not think I saw during the voyage out, to be Webbe's. That, however, was no business of mine, and I may be wrong. Another sip of wine; and don't, Linwood, glare at me so. My brain feels dull and swimmy—give me the wine.'

'It is in your hand. Let me hold it to your lips.'

'Better, clearer, stronger now! We sailed to Madeira, where we had often been before. One Wilson, a good fellow, with odd ways about him, lived there. His brimstone of a wife—a Frenchwoman—died soon after giving birth to a daughter, the Maria Wilson now in Jersey. Well, Wilson himself had slipped his cable suddenly some time before we arrived at Madeira, and had left a will appointing Webbe his executor, and the guardian of his child. The property was to be invested in the British funds—only two hundred a year to be drawn out for the daughter's maintenance and education till she reached her seventeenth birthday, at which age she might marry, and the accumulated money with interest was to be hers absolutely. Wilson, as I told you, was a queer stick—This faintness again!'

Wine once more brought back light to the darkening eyes—strength to the fluttering speech:

'We sailed for England with Madame Broussard and two children, both, it was said, of about the same age, and we got wrecked on the Galway coast. The vessel was not the *Wasp*, mind you. Wilson's child,' he faintly proceeded after a pause, 'will come into something like twenty thousand pounds, and it would be a thousand pities that that poor poltroon Harry Webbe should—should—'

He stopped, and presently I could hear what is called the rattle in his throat. I once more gave him wine; and the expiring flame of life leaped up for a moment brightly in the socket.

'It's no fault of mine, Webbe,' he exclaimed, 'that the *Columbia* was recaptured! Bravo, Rawlings, a

capital shot! You'll shave the Frenchmen's whiskers yet. Ha, ha, ha! what a confounded splutter they make in the water. Be ready, Englishmen, to bawl in the smoke. FIRE!'

That was the last word audible to mortal ears Robert Dowling uttered.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

True to custom and the antumnal equinox, men and philosophers have found their way back to town, as well as ordinary folk—the officers of the scientific societies are determining whose salaries shall be raised, and what shall be the order of meetings for six busy months to come—and publishers are ready with supplies for the thousands who, having recreated themselves in idleness during the vacation, are now, as the long evenings come on, eager to read anything amusing. In no former year has there been so much attention paid to marine natural history by amateurs and students, as in the present: from all parts of the coast we hear of researches which will advance science more or less, and help to fill the pages of scientific journals. One party—comprising a well-known naturalist, and a brace of professors, Scottish and German—had a rare philosophical holiday on the Firth of Clyde, catching all sorts of queer sea-animals off the shores of Arran, and converting them into subjects for drawings and dissections, and ultimately for papers, which can hardly appear anywhere else than in the *Philosophical Transactions*. Among those who took flight to the Alps were Dr Tyndall and Mr Huxley, whose interesting inquiries into the structure of glaciers we noticed some months ago. Desirous to test their views by a second examination, these two gentlemen have made such a survey of some of Mont Blanc's glaciers as fully to confirm their former conclusions. The doctor, accompanied by a friend and one guide, ascended to the top of the mountain, while Mr Huxley waited their return all alone at the *Grands Mulets*. He waited seventeen hours, so long were the adventurers delayed and wearied by soft and treacherous snow. This inquiry is believed to involve certain consequences important to geological science. Important in another way, and regarded with much satisfaction, is a recent event at Glasgow: we refer to the appointment of an American geologist, Mr H. D. Rogers, as Regius Professor of Natural History in the university of that city.—The talk about what was done by the British Association has not died away, when news comes that the meeting of the Canadian Association at Toronto surprised every one, even the Canadians themselves, they knew not till this gathering took place that Canada could muster so many real representatives of science.

Among the resolutions passed by the British Association at their late meeting, one commands itself to general attention—namely, that government should be requested to send out an exploring expedition to that great river of Eastern Africa, the Zambesi.—And on the western coast, geographers and merchants have been for some time agreed that an annual expedition should be sent to the Niger. The one for this year, under Dr Baikie and Lieutenant Glover, was launched a few weeks since. The party had left Beira for the Niger, with fifty Kroomen and twenty natives of the river banks, and used the means of instituting scientific inquiries. Mr Macgregor is making arrangements to run several steamers periodically to trading-ports on the coast and the river; and 'as by his contract with the Admiralty is bound to convey deck-passengers of the

who can read and write English, from Fernando Po to all parts below the Niger and Chadde, it is hoped that a new element of civilisation will be introduced into the interior by the return of liberated Africans to their native country in considerable numbers.' Dr Livingstone is of opinion that the rivers of Africa will be crowded with vessels before fifty years are over. Apropos: the doctor has given to the Chamber of Commerce at Manchester a statement concerning the resources of that continent; and Edinburgh and Glasgow have given to him the freedom of their cities. Mr Laird has sent to the same Chamber specimens of woven cotton-cloth from Africa, soft, though coarse, and of various colours; among which the red and blue dyes are remarkable. And with all this, we must not omit a highly interesting fact from North Africa: the French have bored artesian wells in various parts of the Sahara, in the province of Constantine, with marked success. All the borings—seven or eight in number—yield water; some about a hundred quarts a minute; but from two the discharge in a minute is more than 4000 quarts. The temperature is said to be 21 degrees; if centigrade is meant, it corresponds with 69 degrees of Fahrenheit. It is impossible to exaggerate the results that may follow from these borings. No greater benefit could be conferred on the natives. We are told that when a shout from the soldiers announced the outburst of the water, the Arabs crowded round; some stooped to drink, to wash their hands and face, mothers dipped their children into the gushing element; and many falling on their knees, gave thanks to Allah and the French. What will be the further effect on the natives, remains to be seen; but already a tribe had given up their wanderings, and settled and built a village, and began to till the land near one of the wells. Since Solomon set his famous wells flowing, there has been no happier application of science in the desert; and we see no reason why artesian wells should not be numerous in the wilderness, and along the line of our overland route.

Another item from the tropics is, that a scientific party has set out from Demerara, to ascend the river, and explore for gold in the mountains of the interior. Proof has been given that gold exists there; indeed, that it is the Dorado which Raleigh meant to discover.—And further—to some readers the most interesting of all—the Dutch government have made arrangements and sent out the necessary preliminary instructions for the abolition of slavery in all their West Indian colonies.

We hear that the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon* are to discharge their coils of Atlantic telegraph cable into a receptacle prepared for the purpose at Plymouth; and so for another year or two steamers must still continue to be the messengers between us and the United States.—The French government are considering a line to pass under sea from Marseille to Hyères, thence to Corsica, thence to Constantinople.—The cable for completing the Mediterranean line from France to Algeria, is laid from Sardinia to the African coast, 125 miles, excepting a length of fifteen miles. The greatest depth between the two points was found to be 1000 fathoms for a space of ten miles. Owing to this and other accidents, the 162 miles of cable paid out fell short by the number above mentioned. A telegraph to India is now the prime desideratum.

Among miscellaneous scientific facts, we notice Mr Nasmyth's proposition that 'all substances in a molten condition are specifically heavier than the same substances in their unmolten state.' He recommends a conclusion derivable therefrom to the attention of geologists, as 'an explanation of many phenomena of eruption or upheaval of the earth's crust—namely, that on the approach to the point of solidification, molten mineral substances below the crust of the earth

must, in accordance with this law, expand, and tend to elevate or burst up the solid crust. Of which a striking confirmation is revealed to us by the lunar surface, as seen through powerful telescopes.'—Mr Robert Mallet, in his *Fourth Report on Earthquake Phenomena*, discusses the catalogue of 6000 earthquakes published by the British Association. Among important facts, he finds that earthquakes in either hemisphere respectively, are most numerous in winter. The place where most convulsion is at present felt is the island of Luzon, in the Indian Archipelago. He describes a new seismometer, or earthquake-measurer, of his own invention, in which four heavy balls, one for each quarter of the compass, set in motion by the shock, describe its direction and intensity. To arrive at satisfactory conclusions as to the extent and propagation of the disturbance, he has made experiments during the great blasting operations at Holyhead, in some of which eight tons of powder have been fired at once. In one instance, 'the shock was so great as to be felt at a distance of two miles, and even to throw crockery off a shelf at a distance of eight miles.'—Dr Daubeny has read a final report on the *Vitality of Seeds*, summing up the results of experiments carried on for seventeen years. These contradict the popular notion that seeds possess an unlimited vitality. The experiments were started with a given number of seeds, and continued with them year after year; and as all except four lost their vitality, he considers the trial at an end. 'The greater number of seeds,' he says, 'lose their vitality at eight years, and forty-three years is the longest period to which they retain it.' The statements concerning the growth of seeds found in mummies he holds as not supported by satisfactory evidence. Dr Hofmann, Professor of Botany at Giessen, has published a book, *Witterung und Wachstum*, 'Weather and Growth, or Elements of Climatology as affecting Plants,' a large book, filled with details in which the student may glean valuable information. The author takes the year 1854, gives a table of its climate, the effect produced thereby on thirteen plants specially chosen for trial; shows the daily development of leaves, stems, and blossoms, by a scale of coloured curved lines; and from all this he deduces the effect of the main conditions of weather on the growth of plants.

A successful application of the steam-jet to ventilation has been made in a mine near Bradford, Yorkshire. The jet turned on at the upper end of a series of pipes, drew off the foul air, and in thirty minutes, the miners could descend into passages which before were fatally filled with choke-damp.—Boydell's 'traction engine and endless railway' has proved its capability by drawing four trucks laden with forty-two tons of timber from Thetford to Woolwich at the rate of four miles an hour, some part over bad country-roads. The engine lays down the 'pattens' or endless rail for itself, and travels on the ordinary highways. It is the second which the government have purchased for dock-yard service; we hear that it will do the work of sixty horses, and that an officer was appointed to watch it while on the way from Norfolk with a view to purchase for use in India.—We learn from Captain Galton's annual report, that 8506 miles of railway were open at the end of 1856, employing twelve persons to the mile. The number of passengers carried in that year was 129,347,592, nearly 11,000,000 more than in 1855—that an astonishing development has taken place in 'goods traffic'—that, in the captain's opinion, low fares are most profitable to the company—and that he recommends the adoption of measures for protecting shareholders from the delinquencies of directors.—The Lancaster and Ulverston Railway is noteworthy for tangible advantages in addition to the traffic, as the line is carried across Morecambe Bay, protected by a sea-wall which protects 20,000 acres in its rear

from the tides which had long rolled over the sands of the dangerous estuary. The mouths of the two small streams, Kent and Leven, are crossed by bridges erected on hollow iron piles, the bases of which are broad disks, sunk deep in the sand.—The locomotive constructed for the special use of the emperor our ally is made to do what many English locomotives should do—burn its own smoke. The coal is laid on an ascending slope of bars, and so perfect is the combustion of the gases, that the solid portion is at once converted into coke; the process, in fact, is one by which coke is made as fast as needed.

A valuable paper by Dr Lombard on *Mountain Climates considered in a Medical Point of View*, has lately appeared in a periodical published at Geneva, and translated in an English journal. The author takes up the whole question of mountain climates; shews in what instances they are hurtful, and in what beneficial; and that much depends on a difference of a thousand feet. Indeed, it would appear that the weakly and the diseased require to be as carefully advised as to the choice of a mountain residence, as to that of a mineral bath or spring. The prior of the Hospice of St Bernard, the highest permanently inhabited point in Europe—8129 feet—replies to questions concerning the effects of the elevated climate: 'The diseases to which the monks are liable are inflammations of the chest. The greater number of them become asthmatic after a certain number of years, and are obliged to go down again to the plain. Those who have been born among the mountains can reside for a long time with impunity at the convent.' It is curious and instructive to notice that certain diseases appear natural to certain heights—asthma, for example, to the highest. On the other hand, 'if the low valleys or medium regions of our Alps present a great number of phthisical cases, this disease becomes rarer and rarer as we ascend, inasmuch that, at a height above 3280 feet, we meet only with a few isolated cases, and at 4920 feet, pulmonary phthisis entirely disappears. This phthisical zone, above and below which this disorder disappears, may be approximately fixed at between 1640 and 3280 feet.' The doctor classifies the climates under three heads: 1. 'Climates at once tonic and soothing (below 3280),' as at Mornex, St Gervais, and places overlooking the lakes of Thun, Brienz, and Lucerne. 2. 'Tonic and invigorating climates (about 3280 feet),' as Monnetier, Treize Arbres on the Salève, Voirons, Lalliaz, and others. 3. 'Climates essentially tonic and exciting (above 3280 feet),' as Comballaz, Grion, Gurnigel, Rosenlaui, the Righi, and others. According to the disease, such should be the remedial climate. 'If,' pursues the doctor, in a passage which we think it desirable to reproduce here—'if the respiration be freer, the circulation more regular, and the digestion more active, it is evident that it is by modifying the functions of assimilation and sanguinification (hematosis), that the air of heights gives a new life to debilitated constitutions; and, on the other hand, that if the muscular vigour be increased, the sleep more tranquil, and the intellectual functions calmer, it is because the air of mountains exercises a twofold action on the nervous system—sedative as regards the brain, and stimulating in respect to the functions depending on the nervous centres, the spinal marrow, and the ganglions. It thus definitely appears that, when we wish to render nutrition more complete, and re-establish the equilibrium, between the animal and mental functions, we should recommend a sojourn in some elevated locality; while we should carefully avoid the use of exciting therapeutic agents whenever we have to do with plethoric persons disposed to inflammations or hemorrhages, and who are excessively nervous, or labouring under some organic disease accompanied with fever or great vascular irritability.' These conclusions

are well worth consideration by those numerous health-seekers who rush to the sea-side, fix themselves there for weeks, and return home feeling more languid and out of sorts than when they went.

The statistics issued from the Mining Record Office have now assumed a very important character. 'With each year,' as Mr Robert Hunt says, 'attempts have been made to enlarge the circle of inquiry;' and the result is, that the Mineral Statistics for 1836, just published by Messrs Longman, 'embrace every important branch of our mineral industries.' The volume is prefaced by a laudatory notice from Sir Roderick I. Murchison, as director of the Museum of Practical Geology, mentioning the very interesting circumstance it discloses, that the produce of coal in the United Kingdom has now reached the enormous annual amount of 66½ millions of tons! We may mention, likewise, as a proof of the enlargement of our iron trade, that the quantity of pig-iron manufactured in the year was upwards of 3½ million tons, from 632 blast-furnaces. Such returns, it may be interesting to know, are obtained upon application, without any hesitation on the part of those engaged in our great mineral industries.

ARISE YE, AND DEPART.

Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest.—Micah, ii. 12.

ARISE ye, and depart; for never more
Can shine the sun upon the darkened cloud.
Can Life her Ishmael, lost Hope, restore
Unto the soul? That soul like Hagar bowed
And gazing o'er the waste; weaving her shroud
From out the sorrow lived within her breast:
She lists to murmurs, uttered not aloud,
To the wing-music of an angel guest—
'Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest.'

Arise ye, and depart; yon setting sun
Casts lengthened shadows down the stony way;
The shattered sunbeams, angels one by one
Are stealing; leaves are blushing o'er decay;
And Ocean moans his broken-hearted lay
In Nature's ear; and Nature worn, oppress,
With hearing all her wayward children pray
To her, but syllables that high behest—
'Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest.'

Arise ye, and depart; all steeped in light,
That heaven-promised land lies far before;
The cloud by day, the pillared fire by night,
Shall beacon onward to that distant shore:
There every hope lost from the earthly store,
And wildly mourned, is garnered to the breast,
And from the Tree of Life can fall no more
A withered leaf. Wayworn and care-oppress,
'Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest.'

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THE HIGHLAND SEASON.

To no small portion of the fashionable world of London, and to that extensive class throughout the country at large whose movements are regulated by the capital, there are few routes more attractive than those that lead towards the north of Scotland. Autumnal tourists have ceased to travel for the sake of recording their impressions of scenery, or with a hope of encountering romantic incidents by the road. There are, indeed, no places worth exploring within the compass of a short holiday, that have not become almost unpleasantly familiar by repeated description. A salutary impression, moreover, has of late been made upon the public mind, that the main object of travel is not so much sight-seeing as to obtain purer air, relaxation from business, and the cheerfulness of spirit that variety and exercise almost invariably confer. So, leaving German spas and German doctors to stately dowagers and pompous invalids in general, and the tame shores of Brighton and Scarborough to such as prefer ease to exercise, a yearly increasing number of travellers make for the Highlands, anticipating, we may suppose, greater enjoyment in scrambling upon ponies over wild mountains, far beyond cities and railways, or strolling by the heathery braes of some romantic valley. Thousands of such visitors every autumn invade the north, and may be encountered during August and September in the most remote corners—perhaps sketching the famous cave of Strathaird, fishing on Loch Maree, or climbing Ben Cruachan.

The indifferent accommodation provided in former times for travellers, gave an additional zest to the natural inconveniences of the route. The earlier race of tourists could astonish friendly listeners at home with a recital of dangers not altogether imaginary. It was not unusual to hear of a party, too confident of their walking-power, and unaware of the consumptive effects of mountain air upon the fullest wallet, getting benighted or overtaken by mist, and owing their relief to an accidental meeting with a belated shepherd or a suspicious gamekeeper; or it has sometimes happened that an adventurous band, including several ladies, have pushed forward, hungry and exhausted, to a *bothie*, dignified by the partial guide-books into an inn, and found the 'good refreshment' resolve itself into whisky, smoked cakes, and salted herrings, while the 'comfortable beds' were as unacquainted with sheets as the fireplaces with grates.

As a growing appreciation of the great natural beauty of Highland scenery led every season to an increase of visitors, there naturally arose a demand

for better accommodation; but it was found extremely difficult to convince native innkeepers of the necessity for amendment in that respect. Innovation of any kind is irksome to Highlanders, and in that now suggested there was an implied censure of national habits highly disagreeable to a sensitive people. Nor was their estimate of the character of the friendly invaders calculated to impress them with satisfactory reasons for gratifying what they looked upon as prejudices, for it must be owned that Celtic innkeepers, in common with Celts in general, regarded tourists as harmless imbeciles, whose delusion was to climb without purpose the steepest mountains, to dredge patiently for useless sea-weed and shells, and to get drenched in infatuated admiration of a water-fall. They could not comprehend how such indifference to out-of-door comfort as these pursuits implied, was compatible with luxurious habits at home; but John Bull, with characteristic obstinacy, preferred his own tastes, and determined to gratify them. It was vain attempting to persuade him that raw whisky was a superior tonic to *stout*, that Athol-brose formed the most epicurean of dishes, or that a daily newspaper was a superfluous luxury. He insisted on cooking as at home, demanded carriage-roads instead of bridle-tracks, got steamers placed on the most inaccessible lakes, and had a medical practitioner introduced into every parish: and, further to assist this assimilation of manners, he carried some of his own innkeepers into the country. This practice is still maintained, and threatens in a few years to make a specimen of the native race of innkeepers as rare as a capercaillie. Even at present, in those instances where the landlord's country displays itself in an unmistakable Ross-shire or Perthshire accent, the landlady or head-waiter is pretty sure to have come across the Border.

All Highland innkeepers, native or imported, have one general failing—they are notorious grumblers. This unamiable trait is probably due to the rareness of their experience of that medium of fortune proverbially declared favourable to mental equanimity. For nine months of the year they vegetate in hotels as capacious and gloomy as old castles, indulging in no livelier meditations than heavy rents and expensive establishments suggest, whereas, during the autumnal quarter, money pours so profusely into their pockets, that visions of sudden fortune come upon them as vividly as second-sight.

The contrast between these unequal divisions of the year is indeed grievous. Slowly and drearily revolve the unprofitable winter, spring, and summer. For many months there appears no visitor more lucrative than an exciseman or a stray commercial traveller;

no grander equipage than a farmer's gig. The great subject of speculation to the Highland innkeeper during this tedious interval is the probable character of next season. With intense anxiety does he watch for any indications that public events, as the state of trade and political relations, supply. Objects of general curiosity, or seasons of national alarm, such as the different exhibitions of London, Dublin, and Paris, an election, or a war, very gravely affect him, since they tend to diminish the number of travellers.

But the dullest winter and coldest spring must terminate, and with the genial summer mine host gets more lively. His cellars are examined; his stud ascertained to be fresh; his carriages are repainted; and his advertisements are issued. Alas! tourists will no more travel before the prorogation than if prohibited by act of parliament. It is surely not without reason that the ready landlord denounces the fashionable tyranny that deprives visitors of seeing a Highland summer in its prime. Occasionally, the long days of June are enlivened by the arrival of a newly married pair, or a noisy party of botanical students. Not unfrequently an Oxford or Cambridge tutor, about to spend the long vacation in Scotland with a party of pupils, applies for rooms. Such an offer is not accepted without hesitation, since the requisite accommodation involves a considerable portion of the hotel. Nevertheless, the season may be bad, so—not without a vivid anticipation of the indignant air with which a traveller, arriving when the house is full, points to the 'ample accommodation' advertised in *Bradshaw*—the landlord errs on the prudent side. The arrival of the undergraduates communicates some bustle to the quiet inn, which gradually extends throughout the parish. So profitably do these young gentlemen employ their leisure, that in a few days there is not a rare fern, an antique bridge, or a romantic water-fall, but is as familiar to them as the capacity of the swiftest pony in the inn stables, or the troutfulness of the best pool on the river.

As the season proper draws nearer, the innkeeper's anxiety grows more intense, and induces him to hold long consultations with his better-half in the back-parlour. We shall suppose, however, that parliament is quietly prorogued without the occurrence of any untoward crisis to affect the travelling tendencies of the thousands that hurry to railway stations. Among the earliest symptoms of the coming season is the passage of sportsmen to the moors.* These, having their lodges furnished with every necessary, are of little advantage to the innkeeper. Fortunately for him, they form but an insignificant portion of English visitors. It is for tourists proper, the class that have no home but an hotel, that our host opens his doors. Presently troops of these, striking off from Perth, Inverness, Oban, or Aberdeen, appear in the most remote districts. The innkeeper is now busy and cheerful. Almost every hour, polite parties in carriages, and more clamorous sets in those curious walking costumes with which English fancy loves to vary the tartan, find their way to the inn; while, if situated upon any of the main lines of travel, morning and evening coaches deposit their tired occupants at its doors. Within, waiters and chambermaids bustle about, bells are constantly ringing, and every corner is alive, from the sacred recesses of the back-parlour, where the hostess scores bills over the closed piano, to the topmost

garret. Amid all this excitement, the happy landlord stands unmoved, and—the impersonation of order—superintends with unwearied civility and good-humour each arrival and departure.

Emergencies occasionally arise that demand the exercise of his utmost tact. Such may be the case on, for example, the arrival of what Mr Boswell would call—an Illustrious Party. Late in the evening, when the hotel is crowded, an imposing equipage—perhaps that of a foreign prince—drives up to the door. The host is puzzled—even the fertile genius of the head-waiter is unable to suggest any satisfactory expedient. The crisis is very grave; for should the Illustrious Party suspect the state of matters, they will order fresh horses, and proceed another stage. Our host cannot for a moment entertain this alternative. An idea strikes him. Whispering some words to his anxious wife, he knocks at the door of one of the general visitors, and, upon admission, proceeds to narrate the peculiar circumstances of the case. Artfully dwelling upon the exalted rank of the arrival, he endeavours to excite his listener's sympathy, and concludes with insinuating, as gently as possible, a modest wish that the gentleman would give up his bedroom for a single night. The gentleman, however, is marvellously indifferent to the claims of the great party, but at last, through continued solicitation, expresses a surly willingness to abandon his apartment if another can be procured for him. Most politely is he thanked by the landlord, who retires to repeat the same process with as many guests as he needs first-rate apartments, and thereafter awaits the return of his wife. The lady's part of the negotiation in like manner required considerable tact: she had been despatched to the clergyman's and to the doctor's, with a view of coaxing their respective wives to accommodate the ousted guests. Yet, after giving all this trouble, it is far from improbable that the Illustrious Party may look rather indignantly at the bill next morning.

There are few visitors more welcome at a Highland inn than a party leisurely posting in one of those huge family-coaches with which Englishmen first invaded the continent. The landlord, finding its occupants not pressed for time, very naturally employs every artifice to promote their stay. If *Paterfamilias* is neither sportsman nor angler, he is perhaps something of an antiquary. In such a case, there are several mysterious mounds and circles in the neighbourhood, the archæology of which is still obscure. Then for the sketch-books of the younger members of the party there are many charming spots that will richly repay a visit. It must not be supposed that unpretending travellers are neglected: Piscator is out all day, never grumbles at bed or table, and pays—like a lord.

The famous reserve of English character nowhere more powerfully exhibits itself than in the Highlands. The same parties may meet for several days at the same inns, travel by the same conveyances, and visit the same curiosities without advancing towards any intimacy. There is one occasion, however, during the Highland Season, upon which all classes of travellers associate on somewhat familiar terms: this is at the Northern Meeting—an annual festival of considerable antiquity, held at Inverness about the middle of September, where national amusements may be witnessed to great advantage. So far as popularity is concerned, the Northern Meeting forms the *Début* of the Highlands. There is always a great concourse of spectators. Travellers from inns, sportsmen from shooting-boxes, and yachtsmen from the Western Isles, Caledonian Canal, or Moray Firth, country gentlemen, farmers, and a vast body of the neighbouring population, hasten to Inverness. Who can wonder the anxiety of the fair inhabitants of that picturesque town on this occasion, not so much from a desire that reels may be danced and pleasures

* It is not unamusing to notice the general connection in the public mind between grouse-shooting and legislation. Tired senators are popularly represented at the close of each parliamentary session as longing to recruit their energies on the Scottish moors. Now, the fact is, that the number of M.P.'s resorting to the moors is extremely small, and of that number it is no offence to observe their celebrity is greater as sportsmen than as speakers. The scenes of Highland shootings belong mostly to the moneyed middle class, such as bankers, brewers, officers, country gentlemen, and the like.

the admiration of English visitors, or from an apprehension that the champion of the stone may not be a native, as on account of the balls that accompany the festival? That such anxiety is neither unnatural nor misplaced, is easily understood from the number of Englishmen that rumour declares to be yearly enchanted by the fair sirens of the Ness. Some amusing stories are told of the difficulty experienced on such interesting occasions in convincing a matter-of-fact paternal guardian from Birmingham or Leeds of the honour conferred upon his family by Miss Macphilabeg's acceptance of his son's hand and fortune. The public interest centres of course upon the more legitimate objects of the Meeting. The games, indeed, possess something of an Olympic character. No feeble arm can make the *caber*—a huge fir—describe a circle in the air; nor is it an ordinary achievement to pitch a hammer, weighing sixteen pounds, a distance of one hundred feet. The national music is grateful even to English ears—a result probably due as much to being heard in open air, as to the acknowledged merit of the performers.

The duration of the Highland Season, after the close of the Northern Meeting, depends upon the weather, which may remain favourable for three or four weeks, or not for as many days. Often in the driest autumn a chilly night towards the end of October is succeeded by an unusually bright morning. Astonished tourists awaken to find the hills covered with snow. The landlord tries to palliate the fault, but in vain. Nervous ladies recall disagreeable reminiscences of interrupted communication, and hurry homewards their travelling companions. So bills are settled, kilts laid aside, fishing-rods unjointed, and in a very few days the inn is deserted. The doleful landlord, as he sees his latest guest depart, locks his cellars, houses his carriages, and suspends his newspapers. The dull winter will be on presently; and as he surveys misty hills, empty roads, and leafless trees, he would fain slumber till autumn reappears, till once again impatient bells, smoking horses, and crowding travellers proclaim the return of the Highland Season.

GEOGRAPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

WHAT would old Strabo think if he could return from the shades and spend a few days with us? The old traveller, we presume, would be an honoured guest at the meetings of the Geographical Society; and kindly greetings would doubtless be exchanged between him and Livingstone. How the gallant Raleigh and the learned Hakluyt would rejoice over the explorations of our later times! The former might remind us of his prophecies, now fulfilled in the discoveries of the auriferous regions of California and Australia. 'That gold and silver in large quantities,' says Raleigh's biographer, 'were to be come at in parts of America not possessed by the Spaniards was a persuasion that fire could not burn out of Raleigh;' and he himself says: 'There are many places of the world, especially America, many high and impassable mountains, which are very rich and full of gold;' and, relating the fable of the golden fleece, he observes: 'Not far from Caucasus there are steep falling torrents, which wash down many grains of gold, as in many other parts of the world, and the people there inhabiting use to set many fleeces of wool in those descents of water, in which grains of gold remain, and the water passeth through.'

It is truly said that 'the superstition of one age becomes the philosophy of the next.' The vague belief of a Raleigh, and the scientific deductions of a Murchison, may both precede the actual discovery of gold, but the fact at length comes to light, and then we marvel at our want of faith. This great event of

the century is intimately connected with the science of geography, of which we would say a few words, taking 'the Address at the Anniversary Meeting of the Geographical Society' as our text.

The two awards of gold medals are significant of the direction and progress of this important study. The first recipient for this year is Mr A. C. Gregory, for explorations in North Australia—a division of the world so important as one of the great colonies of the Anglo-Saxon race, and the centre, probably, of future civilisation when we shall have shared the fate of 'Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage.' Mr Gregory's explorations, however, have decided one rather uncomfortable fact—that the central portion of this continent, together with the southern coast-line, are composed of an uninhabitable desert, which, geologists suggest, may probably be the dried-up bottom of a sea, and that there can be no intercommunication over these sterile tracts.

We find, according to the same authority, 'that squatters have extended their dwellings to S. lat. 23° 41' and E. long. 147° 50', or about 500 miles from the head of the Gulf of Carpentaria.' And then comes the important news, that a vast district from the eastern side of the gulf to the northernmost station of our settlers, 'is more or less fertile;' and according to the colonial secretary, 'some of us may live to hear of that hitherto unknown region becoming the home of a prosperous English settlement.'

Associated with Mr Gregory's expedition were Dr Mueller the botanist, and Mr Wilson the geologist, who have given the world the result of their researches. It is highly satisfactory to know that the party did not suffer from loss of health, and that, during some portion of the journeyings on the banks of the Victoria River, their horses fattened, which facts argue favourable conditions for British garrisons and colonists. The following remark, with which Sir Roderick Murchison closes this portion of his address, is just now pregnant with interest. He says: 'Ought we to close our eyes to the vast importance, not only of securing good harbours of refuge in Northern Australia, but also of there establishing naval stations, which would prove invaluable for steam-navigation, and where, in the event of war, our fleets may rendezvous, and thence move directly upon the flank of any enemy who might be operating against our eastern trade and possessions?'

The Geographical Society's second medallist for 1857 is Colonel Waugh, for his extension of the trigonometrical survey of India—completing, in fact, 'the triangulation of a vast tract, comprising 223,000 square miles.' This work has occupied fifty-four years. In considering these details, let those amongst us, 'who live at home at ease,' think of the perseverance, privation, and hardships by which all such scientific improvements have been effected. Those 'young hearts, hot and restless,' who are fired by desire and ambition for adventure and distinction, need not fear, like Alexander, that there will be nothing left for them to conquer; the mere investigation of what has been done, will prove to us how much there remains to be done. The world is not used up, even in geography-books, and progress itself opens new fields of observation, and brings us cognizant with correlative laws, which it may yet take generations to work out.

Amongst the most important labours of geography are the maritime surveys. We find that there are at present under government orders twenty surveying parties in active service. They are equally divided among our own coasts and the colonies—the Mediterranean, the river Plate, the South-western Pacific, and the coast of China. The immense importance of

* By Sir Roderick I. Murchison, the president.

these operations may not, perhaps, at once strike some of us, who are landmen, but 'they that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters,' know full well the value of charts, which mark out with precision and accuracy

The edges
Of sunken ledges,

and

The shifting currents of the restless main.

But to return to the plain prose of statistical facts. We learn that 1000 herring-boats annually fish out of Wick on the Caithness coasts, and that they have no shelter to run for. The geographers, in a spirit of philanthropy, common to science, set about discussing the alleviation of this evil, suggesting the erection of a suitable harbour. The geologist, too, comes in with some interesting theory (not yet quite made out) relative to the changes which take place on this coast. Mr Keith Johnston and Mr John Cleghorn, who have devoted much time, says our text-book, 'to the observation of these phenomena, agree that the prevalent wave-producing wind wears the headlands into precipices, which sends back the debris by a counter or reflux current which necessarily tends to shoal up the opposite side of the bay.' This law is so simple that it would be very pleasant to have it satisfactorily proved, and, observes Sir Roderick, 'we may extend the reasoning to those periods of change in the surface of the globe, when, after the former sea-bottoms were raised up to constitute the mass of the present constituents, great lines of cliff were formed in given directions, facing, as it were, low tracts covered by marine drift.' Adopting this law, we might pronounce 'upon the prevalent winds of the pre-Adamite time.'

As we follow the details of the Admiralty survey from place to place, we cannot but congratulate the age upon the wonderful accuracy, patience, and scientific knowledge which are now brought to bear upon investigations so important to our navy, our commercial shipping, and to the life and property of the community at large. In geographical science, the *cui bono* party have at least no cause to complain of physical philosophy. The common-sense school may also do homage even to so-called theorists, who can teach their mariners, their civil engineers, their miners, and their manufacturers something more than the old routine of practice has effected. In almost every region of importance, the maritime surveys are being prosecuted, not only in our own channels, but in remote seas and distant rivers. We have valuable information from the soundings of the delta of the Danube, the Sea of Azov, the Mediterranean, and Archipelago; all this, be it observed, is the current work of the year. Some of these surveys have originated in that period, and all have been progressing with vigour and success.

In this and similar work, not only are accurate delineations made for the use of the geographer, but the geologist is assisted very frequently in his investigations, and the political economist and merchant are guided to fresh fields of labour and profit. Physical science is the true missionary of civilisation. How admirably do the rays of philosophy converge into one focus of utility! The astronomer at his telescope numbers the stars in their orbits, and by his teachings the sailor uses them for beacon-lights on the pathless ocean.

The Scandinavians and their Sea-kings may have infused into the Anglo-Saxon race something of their own spirit of daring and adventure. We are not, it is true, ferocious predatory pirates like the old Danes of Alfred's time; but certain it is, that wherever ships can go, there English people are to be found, helping the natives by conquering them, and colonising

where it seemeth best to their world-wide experience. The sort of assistance which the Geographical Society affords in our communications with our distant settlements, may be gathered from the following: 'In the last anniversary (1856) address, a hope was expressed that Captain Bate, the surveyor of the island of Palawan, might be more usefully employed in China than in merely commanding a cruising ship. It is gratifying to be able to state that a thoroughly equipped surveying vessel, the *Actæon*, accompanied by a small steam-tender, the *Dove*, under command of Lieutenant Bulloch, has sailed for those seas, and as soon as the present unfortunate differences with China are settled, Captain Bate will resume his survey on such parts of the coast as most require it. In the meantime, Messrs Richards and Inskip, in the *Saracen*, will proceed forthwith to make a detailed survey of the dangerous shoal *As Pratas*—lying only sixty leagues to the east-south-east of our own colony at Hong Kong—with a view to the construction of a light-house upon that extensive coral-reef which has caused the wreck of so many vessels.'

But to revert to details of actual work done—for instance, in the Sea of Azov, which is proved 'to be in no part deeper than forty feet,' if the present system of discharging ballast, which forms nuclei for alluvial deposits, be not discontinued, 'the sea before long will be hardly navigable in some places.'

In regard to South Africa, the government is reminded of what it is not doing, and of the necessity for instituting both land and coast surveys, which shall enable the Cape settlers to develop the resources of the district, and so benefit the colonial exchequer. In the Pacific Ocean, Captain Denham has found that certain supposed rocks, the Underwood and Rosevelt reefs, have no actual existence—a useful discovery, for ships, in avoiding the imaginary Scylla, may have been drawn into Charybdis.

Amongst the useful inventions and improvements which are chronicled as the latest additions to geographical science, we find that during the last year the Ordnance surveys have got 1,394,409 acres mapped, ready for publication. The geological survey of the British Isles continues its work, having completed and published 'one-inch scale, with six-inch horizontal sections, maps which relate to the whole of Wales, all the south-western districts, and a great part of the central counties of England.' That the public are appreciating these valuable repositories of information is evident, for the sale this year, if it continues, will exceed 5000 sheets. It is at this point of popular success that the importance of an undertaking comes to be generally felt, and to bear the fruit of educational usefulness—in other words, the young engineer, the agriculturist, the miner, the settler in the backwoods, finds that he must know something of physical geography and geology, if he would improve his own position, by developing the resources of the country or neighbourhood where his lot is cast. We do not now measure the capabilities of things, animate or inanimate, by what has been done. Practical knowledge is like a mere tool, if there is not an intelligent head to guide its utility. We don't put the wheel in the rut 'to drag its weary length along;' but we make new roads, for the steam-slave to work our will with lightning speed. The Romans knew the way to remove lead from its ores, but they did not know the best way; for a company on the Mendip Hills, in Somersetshire, are at this moment working their refuse slag, and find it more profitable than new mines. A coin of Antonine Pius was found beneath the mass of scoria, a curious enough link between the labour of the second and the nineteenth centuries. What happened to the Romans in their ignorance of metallurgy is now happening to us: the refuse of the copper-mines and smelting-places, comprising thousands of tons, is known to

contain vast quantities of unredeemed metal, waiting for improved processes of separation.

So it is in all things: another contrast of past and present strikes us in reading a recent letter from Mr Traits, Director of the Botanic Gardens, Ceylon, to his entomological friend, William Spence—he says: 'It is delightful to find that entomology is so "looking up." There surely cannot be a better field for studying the plan of creation than it presents; and it is lamentable to think our ancestors were so unwise as to throw ridicule on the study; but better times have arrived, and if we are only blessed with peace for another quarter of a century, what a change we shall see with rising generations!—men and things in their right places, and far more real enjoyment of life.'

Entomology itself does not stand apart from geological or geographical considerations, for insects, as we are told, follow particular stratifications of rocks; and we all know that different genera exist according to the distribution of land and water.

The enthusiasm with which the writer of the above letter regards the study of science, and its ameliorating influence on the future, is a hopeful witness of our age, which, most assuredly, does wrestle bravely with all difficulties, whether political or physical—whether it be the enfranchisement of a sect, or the linking together of continents by electric chains. Our philosophers and explorers are indeed undaunted by physical difficulties, as the investigations of those resolute, patient, and daring men, Drs Barth and Livingstone, do testify. Of the other noble qualities of those travellers—Livingstone, more especially—we need not speak, as the public mind has been full of the subject only very recently. We have another instance of the subjugation of impediments in the case of Professor Piazzzi Smyth, who established upon the Peak of Teneriffe, 'amid the old trachytic lavas of the volcano, 10,710 feet above the sea,' a station for his telescope. It had been found that the lower atmosphere of the earth impeded the powers of the telescope. The advantage gained by this altitude for purposes of astronomical observation, 'may be inferred,' says Dr Lloyd, 'from the fact, that the heat radiated from the moon, and so often sought for in a lower region, was distinctly perceptible.'

It is gratifying to learn from Sir Roderick, that all the principal states of Europe are rivaling the English in their efforts to increase our knowledge of the surface of the earth. The exertions of France, of Spain, of the German powers, and of Russia in this walk, are all detailed by him, and allowed their due share of praise.

LITTLE NID-NODDY.

THE town had grown immensely since I saw it in boyhood: so had I, for that matter. I found myself a tall, stout, middle-aged (or worse) individual, instead of a little slim boy; and the place had waxed in proportion, till it now presented something quite metropolitan in aspect. I found it necessary to see some of the higher officials of the Post-office, on the subject of a letter of value that appeared to have miscarried, and the person I spoke to was a pleasant, gentlemanlike man, who entered with interest and kindness into the business. On learning my name, he turned his eyes on my face, with a look that gradually brightened into a smile.

'Are you not a native of this town?' said he.

'Yes; but my family have long since migrated: I know nobody.'

'Don't you know me?' and the smile turned into a laugh.

'Upon my word, I feel as if I ought to do so; but the fellow I am thinking of rarely smiled, and never laughed. He was, in fact, a sort of sullen dog—an ill-natured'—

'Hold—I deny that! Ill-tempered, I confess, but not ill-natured.'

'What, then you are Brown!'

'As sure as you are Smith!' and the two boy-acquaintances—mere acquaintances, with nothing in common between them—meeting after the lapse of a quarter of a century, grasped each other's hands as if they had been lifelong friends. After the usual questions and answers, that mean nothing but an expression of interest and sympathy—

'Well,' said I, 'after all, you are not so much changed so far as the features go: it is the pleasant expression that disguised you; and then your hair—why, it is positively gray! What have you been doing to yourself?'

'Doing! Look at your own hair—you are as gray as a badger.'

'Meaning me? Ey, fy! Gray? Oh fy!'

'Well, come and dine with me at six, and you shall have a history of my expression. I assure you it has often puzzled myself.'

I did dine with him at six. And a very nice little dinner we had, well-dressed, warm, and comfortable; with a very nice little wife at the top of the table; and afterwards, a very nice bottle of old port—no claret, and no nonsense of any kind—to throw its genial glow over our conversation. Mrs Brown was not what you would call pretty. Her features were moulded, not cut; she had a round nose, a round chin, and a pair of round cheeks, and with the hue of health spread over them, they passed very well. But then there was such a look about the little woman! Such gleams of good-humour played incessantly over her face! Her eyes appeared as if they were always laughing; and her ripe lips, as if they would let out the sound of it only for modesty. Her conversation was not what is called intellectual, which is all a sham when used as the common staple of talk: her thoughts came straight from the heart, without waiting to be distilled in the brain, and her voice, while soft and kindly, was as clear as a bell.

Some men call their wives Mamma, some Meg, if they were christened Margaret, and some a pet name that has neither rhyme nor reason. My friend Brown called his wife, several times, Little Nid-noddy. It seemed to me a comical fancy, but he let it slip out without feeling it, and she accepted it as something that belonged to her.

'Well, good-bye, Little Nid-noddy,' said he, as she was leaving the room; 'let us know when you are wearying for tea.' She held up her finger with an arch smile, and complimenting us with a couple of quick nods, vanished.

'What an odd name, Brown,' said I, 'to call that very charming little wife of yours! How came you to think of anything so nonsensical?'

'Why, that is a part of the story I am going to tell you about what you are pleased to think my evil disposition; and now, that we are alone, let us fill our glasses, and I shall begin. Story, did I say? Well, I can't say there is any story in it: it has no incident—except the wedding; no characters except my own, and one I imagined; and no dialogue, for, in point of fact, I hardly ever spoke to her till a very short time before she became my wife.'

'Well, if there is no story, you can't tell it, that's all—so begin.'

'Very well. I was a sullen, ill-tempered young dog. I can't think how this came about: perhaps my grandmother'—

'Never mind your grandmother. You were a horrid young cub, that's the long and short of it.'

'It is quite true; and when I was stuck up officially at the wicket to give out the letters applied for, I do believe I thought less of the wealth and honour of the post than of the opportunities it afforded me of lading

about my disagreeable feelings to the community. I took a pride in irritating or humiliating my customers, pretending to think all the while to myself that I was the aggrieved party. When a farmer, as green as his own turnip-tops, came to ask whether I had a letter for "one Simpson," I replied gruffly, affecting to examine the packet—"No such name as One Simpson;" or perhaps—"Which Simpson? Abraham Simpson?" and it was a favourite dodge of mine, after fencing cleverly for some time with a categorist, to shut the wicket suddenly in his face, leaving him in a state of profound mystification.

"Upon my word! I wish I had caught you at these tricks with me."

"One day a little girl came tripping into the vestibule, and after asking some question at other wickets, presented herself at mine. She was so short, I was obliged to stretch over my neck to see her, which I took as a trouble; and on hearing her inquiry, which was about a colonial letter, I was just going to answer "Not here," when I was struck by something peculiar in her look. It was so gay, so familiar, so trusting, that I thought for a moment she must surely be some acquaintance whose features I had forgotten.

"You must go elsewhere, little girl," said I; "it is not my business. This is inland."

"Why sure!—Don't shut! It's Tom's letter—Tom all the way in Australia! I knew you wouldn't shut"—and she gave a little merry laugh. "Now, do tell me where I am to go." Well, I don't know how it came about; but for some minutes after that I was stretching my long neck through the wicket, explaining to the little girl what she was to do; and at length I beckoned one of the carriers, and desired him to take her to the proper place. I remember I tried very hard to persuade myself that she was a troublesome little mouse, and I a very ill-used, over-worked individual; till, when I was still thinking the matter over, I saw her on her way out threading the crowd that now began to throng the vestibule. She stopped two or three times to look towards my wicket, but I turned away my head as if I wasn't thinking of such trash; till at length she caught my eye in spite of me, and raising herself on tiptoe—her face aglow with a merry smile of recognition, thanks, and triumph—she gave me a couple of quick nods—nிட-னிட—like a postman's knock, and vanished away into the street.

"It made me smile, and I was not much accustomed then to smiling. For some time after, I noticed her in the vestibule every now and then, although not near me, and never without receiving from her the same recognition: at length I came to expect her; and when, one day, I saw the same little girl—she had been posting a letter—looking round and up into my wicket, as if she was playing at bo-peep, and with her merry acquaintance-claiming smile, popping her double nod at me, I declare to you I felt a sensation of actual pleasure.

"Well?" said I, "what's to do now?"

"There it is," she replied, placing before me a little packet, about the fourth part of a business letter in size, only thicker.

"What is this? It has no address."

"No; they were married this morning, and that's a bit of the cake. It's for dreaming. You put it under your pillow, you know, when you go to bed."

"You odd little girl, I don't want your cake."

"No!" and she opened her eyes upon me with wonder: "you don't like a dreaming-piece? But that must be a mistake; for mamma allowed me to bring it, and said that all good pleasant people liked everything of the kind." What could I say to this? Was I a good pleasant fellow? I gave a sort of sheepish smile, and put the gift into my waistcoat pocket; whereupon the delighted little girl, with a comical look of mirth and triumph, popped off at me her little

double nod, and springing away, was out of sight in an instant. After this—

'Stay, I want to know whether you put the dreaming-piece under your pillow.'

'Pooh, nonsense: don't interrupt me.'

'Come, yes or no?'

'Well, I did: fill your glass, and don't interfere with history. This sort of acquaintance, if acquaintance it can be called, went on for a long time, till I waited with a kind of impatience for the appearance of the pleasant little face. No wonder; I knew nobody else, except in the way of business. I was not the fellow to make acquaintances, and reading was out of the question while at the wicket. My thoughts, therefore, acquired the habit of busying themselves about her. I wondered who it was that was married, coming tardily to the decision that it was her eldest sister, and that the happy man was an old companion of Australian Tom. Then as time passed on, I amused myself with criticising her looks, which always bore traces of some changing emotion, although with the old good-humour over all. And then there came at last a time when days, weeks, months passed away without my seeing her; and although the little face still kept pace with me in my life's monotonous journey, it grew fainter and fainter, till it would probably have vanished altogether. But just before that consummation, she turned up. She was in deep mourning. Her pace was slower, graver; her face, though as good-humoured as ever, was pale, thoughtful, sad: she looked older—I had never suspected till then that she was growing on like other girls, with womanhood itself at the end of the vista. Having posted her letter, she came to my wicket, and turning up the same bright face, looked at me for a moment, till her kind, confiding eyes filled with tears.

"He is dead," said she in a whisper: "I thought I would let you know;" and turning round as on a pivot, walked slowly away. Who was dead?—that was a new text for my reflections. Her father? Was the poor girl now unprotected in the world? In what circumstances had he died? I say, Smith, this habit of thinking about other people does a large stroke of business in the way of humanising! I had been getting less and less selfish ever since I began the practice—that is, ever since I knew Little Nid-noddy; and to say less selfish, includes less sullen, less fretful, less ill-tempered. My success in business was probably owing to the change. People began to take some interest in me, and prospects opened of advancement when vacancies should occur. Besides, the good-humoured expression of the little girl was of use to me."

"That is just what I was thinking. Anything else might have made you more amiable, but it would also have made you more lackadaisical. When you thought of her, your face reflected the brightness of hers, and the habit gave a certain sunniness to your whole being. But, my dear fellow, I wish, when you were about it, you had got hold of another characteristic of hers."

"What is that?"

"Her quickness of motion. Your prosy way gives one the idea that years must have elapsed between the time you first saw her at your wicket and her father's death."

"And so they did: that shews I know how to write history. At the latter period, she was not so prodigiously young as you imagine. When I first saw her, she was ten, and I twenty; and, little girl as she was, she was now not exactly a child, though with the simplicity of one. Well, time went on as before, her sadness gradually vanished—and then she vanished too. At first, I was impatient; then fretful; then ideas of the uncertainty of health and life came into my mind, I was sorry for poor Little Nid-noddy."

When at length she reappeared, I found that my sorrow had been prophetic. She was taller—sensibly taller, and thin, and pale. She walked slowly and weakly, and shewed all the marks of having come through a critical illness. Perhaps as the poor girl walked feebly up to the wicket, the sympathy I felt was betrayed in my countenance; for she said:

“Don’t mind it—I am so much better!” and by way of giving me assurance of the fact, the old laughing smile lit up a *feu de joie* in her eyes.

“You have been very ill?” said I.

“Very; and I am now going away, perhaps for a long time, to try to get quite well. I thought you would wonder at not seeing me, and so I”—— I thought she was going to put up her hand; then I thought she wasn’t; and before I could think anything else, or do anything at all, she was on her way out of the vestibule. I don’t know how long I stared after her!——

“You should have been flung, neck and heels, out of the wicket after her! Never heard of such a cub in all my life!”——

“Gently, gently: you don’t fill your glass. All this was so new to me that I didn’t know what I was about. She was so tall—was that little woman—that I was afraid of her. I had never contemplated her in the same light before, and you might as well have expected me to take liberties with an apparition as to put out my hand to her. Still, I was vexed afterwards I did not do so. I assure you I called myself several names worse than cub; and if the affair of my promotion had not been settled by that time, I should in all probability have missed, through sheer absence of mind, the situation that led to my present one. But the affair was to be; I was removed from the wicket; and after a surprisingly short service in another office, I became what I am. During this time, business occupied much of my attention; but I will not deny that I often lost myself in a reverie on the events (how biography would smile at the idea) of my wicket-life, and in a waking dream of—of”——

‘Of Little Nid-noddy.’

‘On my honour, her name is Louisa!’

‘Never mind: that would have closed the sentence more harmoniously, but I like the other better.’

‘And so do I! You are a sensible, intelligent fellow, Smith, after all. Come, there is another glass in the decanter. I can’t tell you exactly what my waking dreams were; but you will understand that by this time she was an intimate friend of mine in the inner life. I have mentioned two or three of the incidents of our intercommunication—for they must take the place of incidents in my no-story—which set me thinking about her, and finally chained my thoughts to the routine; but you must observe that these were only the grand events that brought us into personal contact, while there was, besides, a constantly varying series of expression in her face which, from time to time, furnished material for the thoughts of the solitary lad. Philosophy tells us’——

‘O, stuff! philosophy has nothing to do with it. I won’t stand that. What I want is, to know how you happened to meet her again, since you were now removed from the wicket into private life. Artistical stratagems won’t do here; it is impossible to get up an excitement, when your reader—I mean your hearer—knows all about the result, and has comfortably dined with you and your Little Nid-noddy. Out with it, Brown, or I will go and ask herself.’

‘Well, I have nothing new to tell; everything occurred in the ordinary, hap-hazard way. One afternoon I was taking a walk in a road in the environs, and on turning a corner, ran bump upon her. I was in a waking dream, no doubt, at the time, and thought she was only the phantom (you should have let me philosophise a little); but however that may be, we

were shaking hands like old friends before I knew what I was about, and the roses of her cheeks had diffused their colour over brow and neck, and to the very tips of her ears. We took a long walk together, discussing the history of our many years’ acquaintance, and finding it as interesting and eventful as any novel you ever read. And then we happened to meet on the same road again, and again, and again. And then she took me home, and introduced me to her mother—that blessed old woman who had said that all good and pleasant people liked dreaming-pieces!—and then I stayed tea—so comfortable a tea, the daughter cutting the bread and butter!—and then we had such talk, such laughing, such singing; and then I came home, walking as if for a wager, and laughing to myself, yet every now and then my eyes filling with tears! Not long after that, we were’——

‘Never mind—I know it all. Come along—make haste.’

‘Won’t you have more wine? What’s your hurry?’

‘Come along, I say—I want to speak to Little Nid-noddy!’

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON SENSE,

CONSIDERED IN A CONSERVATIVE POINT OF VIEW.

ALTHOUGH not an old man, I am quite far enough advanced in years to remember when a collection of national proverbs formed as indispensable an adjunct to a poor man’s book-shelf, as the *Pilgrim’s Progress* or the *Catechism of the Church*. If the latter were efficacious in carrying comfort to his heart and ‘leading his soul to God,’ the former taught him when to sell and how to buy, and helped his understanding as to what sort of world he had come into, and what he ought fairly to expect of life. But now we have quite changed all that. An ounce of clergy is, to the utter extinguishment of the proverb, now estimated at a much higher value than a pound of mother-wit; and the greatest clerks are esteemed the wisest men. The farmer grazes his cattle by natural history; the tailor cuts his cloth by the conic sections; the *dictum* of Lord Brougham, that a thorough understanding of the chemical affinities is to be recommended to ‘every one who has a pot to boil,’* is accepted of all men; and those homely national proverbs and sayings, those quaint aphorisms of experience and humorous snatches of terse mother-wit, which served our simple ancestors for guidance in the ordinary concerns of life, are as completely banished from daily use and language as if they had never been.

Now, science and all manner of knowledge are exceedingly good things to all to whom they are good. *Mens hominis alitur discendo*, saith the Roman proverb, which, being interpreted, imports that ‘the mind of man is nourished by learning.’ But it was formerly understood that different sorts of minds required different kinds of nourishment, applicable to their different callings and specific mental wants. Learning, whether in its broad or in its narrow sense, was held to be a sort of nutriment, which, from the nature of things, but a small portion of mankind was in a situation to make use of. Then the opinion was not esteemed heterodox which ascribed the propagation of habits of reflection and forethought amongst the humbler classes of a country more to the influence of common-sense principles, and such fragments of

* *Dissertation on the Pleasures and Advantages of Science.*

pthy moralising as are generally contained in national proverbs, than to book-learning. It is different with us now. And yet, what has helped so much as the practical appreciation of this common-sense philosophy to raise so high the character of the Scottish people? Only look to a neighbouring country which shall be nameless, but where indolence and improvident marriages are the very chief causes of the people's misery, and where a national floating capital of oral wisdom is as thinly spread as any other species of riches, and tell me of what avail, as a panacea for such evils, would be the dissemination amongst such a people of knowledge for which the poor man has no direct use, and which has only a technical, or remote, or pedantic reference to the pursuit he is engaged in, in comparison with the extensive circulation of a code of homely maxims such as these:

Who weds ere he is wise will die ere he thrive.

Ne'er seek a wife till ye hae a house and a fire burning.

A light heart keeps nae house;

for, as another Scotch proverb says:

A wee house hath a muckle mouth.

and last, though not least, that quaint rhyme of Chaucer's, which has long since passed into use as an English adage:

He that hath more smocks than shirts in a bucking,
Had need of a good forelooking.

Equally pregnant and energetic are the maxims in which the Scottish paræmiologists protest against the vice of idleness. Paraphrasing, with characteristic humour and unmistakable nationality, the lofty didactics of the Romans—the people of antiquity who spoke most in proverbial language—they tell us—not that

By doing nothing we learn to do ill,
Nihil agendo male agere discimus—

but that

Idle dogs worry sheep;

Naething is got without pains but dirt and lang nails;

He that gapes till he be fed, will gape till he be dead.

Or, giving the maxim a colloquial turn, they impress upon us the fact, that

A begun turn's half ended, as the wife said when she stuck the spade in the midden;

or a reproachful one:

You're like the lambs, you do naething but suck and wag your tails;

or a rhythmical one:

The foot on the cradle, the hand on the reel,
Is the sign o' a woman that means to do weel;

or—last resource of all—calling in the aid of the devil, that worthy representative of everything that is bad, they assure us that

An idle brain's the dell's smiddy,
and that,

When the dell finds a man idle, he sets him to wark.

The lesson, in a word, which these and all similar maxims would teach us, is this—that the man who, labouring industriously at his calling, makes himself well acquainted with the men and things with which he has more immediately to do, will have little need, even if he have the leisure left, to study the technicalities of the philosophy of the schools.

And now that we have seen that Bacon was, after

all, not so very far out, when, after remarking in the preface to his *Apothegms New and Old*, that 'Julius Cæsar did write a collection of apothegmes, as appears in an epistle of Cicero'—he added: 'I need say no more for the worth of a writing of that nature.' I may proceed, in connection with my argument, to remark that the greatest men of all ages have not disdained to be makers or collectors of proverbs. To say nothing of Solomon, there is reason to believe that Aristotle himself wrote and published a collection; and we have just seen that Julius Cæsar compiled one, which is now unfortunately lost, but which was no doubt executed with excellent choice and judgment. In more recent times, and amongst European nations, Guicciardini, in Italy; Erasmus, in Holland; Cardinal Beaton, David Ferguson, and Allan Ramsay, in Scotland; Caxton, Camden, Francis Bacon, John Heiwood, James Kelly, Thomas Fuller, Herbert, Dyke, Howell, Ray, and numerous others in England, were all collectors and publishers of adages. Nay, even in these last days, when the race of great men seems to have utterly perished from off the earth, have we not seen a Scottish artist* devoting upwards of seven of the best years of his life to the task of compiling and arranging the best versions of the proverbs and moral maxims most in use in Scotland, and an English bookseller doing the same kindly office for the apothegmatical wisdom of the continental nations?

Were I disposed to hint a fault in Mr Bohn's performance,† it would be, that he has nowhere sufficiently discriminated between that kind of wisdom which, being suited to the circumstances of a people, passes current amongst them like the ready change, and the dry and stately, though sometimes pithy and profound didactics of the poet and the moralist; a fault which is more especially observable in the Italian portion of his volume. But I for one am too grateful to this gentleman for reminding us by his publication of the original source of much of the common sense which the changed state of things has yet left us, to feel inclined to do anything but give a cordial welcome to his new adventure. No doubt the work will meet with greater acceptance from the philologist than the general reader—a circumstance which would of itself seem to justify me in setting before the readers of this Journal a dish of the wholesome common-sense aliment which it contains, before the whole is left to be forgotten like an old song. But even for the general reader, the work is not wanting in abiding interest. No Scotchman, for example, can open it without being unpleasantly impressed by the truth of an assertion which he has doubtless often heard, and as often indignantly denied, that only a few—probably not one per cent.—of the proverbs which he has been wont to consider indigenous, are, after all, of real Scottish growth. Borrowed from, or rather transmitted through the French, the Italian, the Spanish, the German, and every modern language, a vast majority of the sayings which, in the mouths of our fathers, were familiar as household words, were current proverbs at Rome in the days of Cicero, however much they may have since been leavened with Scottish humour and nationality. But, as one of these transmitted maxims says:

Who companies with the wolf will learn to howl,

so to the Greeks, the Jews, the Arabs, and the eastern nations, were the Romans in their turn indebted for their apothegmatic lore, made—who shall say how far back?—when Adam himself perhaps was little more than a boy. Of these transmitted maxims, one will be remembered as occurring in a previous part of this

* Andrew Henderson, author of the best collection extant of the Scottish proverbs.

† A Polyglot of Foreign Proverbs, Comprising French, Italian, German, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, and Danish, with English Translations, and a General Index. By Henry G. Bohn. London: H. G. Bohn. 1857.

paper. Another, to which I have also incidentally referred—namely,

An ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy,
is repeated as an English proverb in various forms,
and amongst the rest occurs in this—

A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning.

But it also appears in its more ancient garb in the French portion of Mr Bohn's book:

Mieux vaut un poing de bonne vie que plein may de clergie;

and in the Spanish as

Mas vale punado de natural que almazada de sciencia.

There are not many Scotch proverbs which I should at once be inclined to pronounce more characteristic of the people than the following:

If the auld wife had nae been in the oven hersel, she never would hae thocht o' seeking her dochter there;

and yet, as we now learn, it is only a Scotchification of a Spanish adage which I will not quote, but which may be found by those who seek it in the book before us. Then, again, is not the Italian

La porta di dietro è quella che guasta la casa,

not unhappily hit off in

A bonnie wife and a back-door
Often make a rich man poor?

The Spanish version of this proverb is too caustic to quote, but its essential features are preserved in the English collections in the saying:

He that marries a widow and three children marries four thieves;

which the Scotch, again, with their wonted liberality, have modified into

He that marries a widow and twa dochters has three back-doors to his house.

Of that class of foreign proverbs, again, to which a historical interest attaches, several specimens occur in Mr Bohn's pages; although, partly from a wholesome fear of extending this paper to an undue length, but principally from my imperfect acquaintance with the circumstances to which they owe their importance, I prefer passing them by. Of similar sayings amongst ourselves there is assuredly no lack—the best known being that which gave Archibald, Earl of Angus, his sobriquet of 'Bell-the-Cat;' and that in which the Master of Glamis addressed James VI., when a boy, at the Raid of Ruthven—

Better bairns greet than bearded men;

which just supplies another reason for deploring the depressed condition, if not utter extinction, of proverbial learning amongst us.

Finally, there is matter enough in the proverbial sayings of all nations to excite serious thought, and there are many of the quaint rhymes and short reflections on human life and things, which have a deeply sombre and instructive meaning conveyed in language that is sometimes almost pathetic. Remarkable above most of these are the bulk of the proverbs which John Maxwell of Southbar, in the west of Scotland, wrote down in 1586, and which William Motherwell printed for the first time in 1827 in the *Paisley Magazine*.

The finest cloth is soonest eaten with moaths,
normalises the old man;

The fairest silke is soonest soyled;

When hope and hap,
And health and wealth,
Are highest,
Then woe and wrack,
Disease and death,
Are highest—

sentiments which, if wisely pondered, may well tend to the humbling of human pride and the checking of human exultation.

KIRKE WEBBE, THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XV.

Yes, the last word audible to mortal ears uttered by Robert Dowling, though the chafing spirit did not finally shuffle off its mortal coil till some time afterwards. Father Meudon, whom the loud tones of the privateer officer had brought into the room, persisted in believing, or hoping in his large clarity, that the indistinct mutterings of the moribund were spirit-petitions to the throne of mercy—that the expiring seaman recognised repentantly, in the crucifix held before his glazing eyes, the emblem and pledge of his soul's redemption from the second and eternal death; and so believing, Father Mendon recited the prayers and performed the ceremonies appointed by the Roman Catholic Church for dying penitents; that of absolution included—a vain mockery I thought at the time, though not, it may be, deemed so, the rebuking years have since suggested, by Him who blesses pure intentions.

Men bury their dead quickly out of their sight in France, and Dowling was laid in the narrow house scooped out for him in the sandy grave-ground attached to a rude chapel near the beach, dedicated to 'Our Lady, Star of the Sea,' on the evening of the day he died. My respectful acquiescence in the religious ceremonial prescribed by the priestly conscience conciliated the regard of Father Meudon; and his round, fat, good-humoured face shone with so benign an expression as we conversed together after the funeral, that it struck me I could not do a wiser thing, circumstanced as I was, than take him into my confidence. I did so, not unreservedly the reader will readily believe, but sufficiently to enable him to serve me if he wished to do so.

The worthy man listened with surprise and growing interest; and I was delighted to find that my being an Englishman increased instead of diminished his sympathising friendliness. He had fled from Havre at the outbreak of the French revolution to England, and retained a lively sense of the kindly hospitality he had received there. He was pleased to add that, apart from their religion and language—the last of which he had not been able to thoroughly master twenty words of—there was in his candid judgment much in the institutions, customs, and character of the English people worthy of approval and esteem.

'It is fortunate for you, my young friend,' said Father Meudon, helping himself to a powerful pinch from a *tabatière* which was seldom out of his hand, 'that I was not honoured with your confidence in the first instance, and I am going to tell you why. A commissary of police was here about an hour since, to ascertain the nationality, &c., of the foreign seamen reported to have been cast ashore; and being informed by me that they were all citizens of the United States of America, he, under the circumstances, accepted my assurance of that fact, which I could not, of course, have given had I known what I do now. This will give us time, which shall be wisely used if you, recognising that I am acquainted with the ground,

and you are not, consent to be implicitly guided by my counsel.'

'I shall most willingly, gratefully do so.'

'That is not perhaps so sure, seeing that, to begin with, I must forbid your attempting to proceed as yet to Numéro 12, Rue Bombardée, Havre. Pray, do not exclaim till you have heard my reasons. The first is, that if care, immediate care be not taken, you will fall seriously ill: there is incipient fever in your veins, brought on, no doubt, by the fatigue and anxiety you have undergone since the hurricane struck the corsair, though strong mental excitement bears you up for the moment.'

'Surely, reverend sir,' said I, 'that is a consideration which should urge me to seek the asylum of my relatives' home without delay. The worst that can befall me is that I shall be a prisoner of war, or *détenu*—like my father—and, for a brief period only, the Empire being, it is everywhere said, on the eve of dissolution.'

'Permit me to say, my young friend, that you argue from false, or, more correctly, from not well-established premises. It is doubtful, to say the least, that the *parole d'honneur* of a corsair officer would be deemed a sufficient security that he would not attempt to escape. True, you were a passenger, but that fact would have first to be established by judicial proof; whilst it cannot be denied that you escaped, in company with the commander and a portion of the crew, after a combat in which the famous *Scout* was sunk by French gun-boats. As to the dissolution of the Empire, that, I assure you, is by no means so imminent as its enemies would have the world believe. The imperial lion, though wounded and at bay, has still a terrible *patte*. News even has just arrived of a great battle near Montmirail, in which the Prussians were pulverised. No, Monsieur Linwood,' continued Father Meudon, 'we will not trust to such doubtful chances. That which must be done is this: You will presently, upon retiring to bed, take the composing draught, as directed by Monsieur le Médecin. Should dangerous symptoms have supervened when I visit you to-morrow morning, I shall at once proceed to Numéro 12, Rue Bombardée, and conduct hither madam your mother. If, on the contrary, I find you much better, I shall take counsel of a military friend of mine as to how you may be most advantageously constituted a prisoner of war, or *détenu*. I will now bid you adieu, as it is quite time you were in bed and asleep.'

The door had scarcely closed upon Father Meudon when Mr Tyler presented himself. His sallow skin was aglow, his keen, wary eyes aflame with excitement—with rafeul excitement it appeared by the *furioso* tone in which he addressed me, and heaped abuse upon that treacherous varmint of an uncle of mine, whom, should he ever clap eyes upon again, he would annihilate, chaw up, in less than two twos!

So abrupt and violent an outbreak, after the strict reserve Mr Tyler had imposed upon himself, surprised me not a little, till I perceived that it was rather an irrepressible burst of exultation than of anger which overflowed the American skipper's thin, cautious lips, with such astounding volubility.

'I can assure you, Mr Tyler,' said I, as soon as I could edge in a word, 'that I am entirely guiltless of the treachery which you justly denounce, though my tongue is tied with respect to *how* I came to be associated with the individual you call my uncle, and threaten to "chaw up"—an operation which, believe me, will require much tougher teeth than you possess. You have heard good news of the *Columbia*?'

'You've hit the bull's-eye there, young fellow. A fisherman has brought word that an American three-masted ship that had been captured by the Britishers, and retaken by her own crew, came into Havre soon

after daylight yesterday. That was smart work, I reckon; and just shews what a darned sight taller tune *Yankee Doodle* will soon be than your old, wheezy, worn-out *Rule Britannia*!'

'Yankee Doodle Dandy would not this time have stuck a feather in his cap if the second boat had reached the *Columbia*. However, I am very glad you have recovered your ship.'

'Well, I'm inclined to believe you are; and if not, lying with an honest face must be a natural gift of youthful Britishers. Let that be as it may, I ain't going to hurt you after what we have passed through together. So far from that, I wish you well, young man, and hope that for the future you will keep better company than I met you in. I ain't off to Havre to-night,' added Mr Tyler, 'as the barriers will be closed before I could get there; but I shall be gone before you are up to-morrow—so, good-bye.'

Wearied in every bone and muscle of my body as I was, a kind of confused, chaotic excitement forbade sleep; even the composing draught prescribed for me failed for a while of its intended effect, and opening poor Dowling's pocket-book, I glanced listlessly and dreamily over its contents. There were Bank of England notes to over one hundred pounds, several letters from the 'old couple,' and one from Webbe dated about a week before we left St Malo. It enjoined Dowling to immediately post a letter he would receive in the same parcel. Then followed these words: 'It is possible that Mr Waller may pay you a visit as soon as he hears that the *Scout* has run into Portsmouth harbour. Should he do so, be sure to speak very highly of my son. He will have read of the action off Serrog, copied from the Jersey into the English papers; and as you value my friendship, as you would render me an essential service, be careful that no hint of the incorrectness of that statement shall reach his ear. This, I ask of you, as a favour to myself, not to Harry, who is, however, you must not forget, my son, and something much better than that, though not a fire-eater like you and me.'

'Mr Waller and Harry Webbe,' I remember to have drowsily murmured—'what, in the name of wonder, may be the meaning of that strange conjunction of names? And that cursed *Scout* action to be for ever turning up in all sorts of places. Surely—but no'—

Perception, physical and mental, grew duller—feebler. The half-formed notion excited by the letter slipped from my brain, the letter itself from my fingers, and falling, dressed as I was, upon the bed, I was sound asleep almost before I touched it.

It was mid-day when I awoke—fresh, vigorous, free from fever and bodily ailment of every kind. There was no one in the room; but glancing around, I saw a sealed letter on a table by the bedside. It was addressed to M. Linwood, and, as I immediately conjectured, was written by Father Meudon. It contained these kindly sentences: 'MY YOUNG FRIEND—We find you in a sound refreshing sleep, and are careful not to disturb you. Your pulse is regular, and Monsieur le Médecin is confident that you will awaken in perfect health. *Dieu merci!* This being so, I shall at once consult my military friend. He is a man of authority at Havre, and I may not be able to see him till the evening. As soon as I have done so, I shall call at Numéro 12, Rue Bombardée, and gently persuade the good people there for the joyful surprise which awaits them. That is a duty which must not be neglected. There cannot, I think, be much danger in your venturing to Havre as soon as darkness begins to fall. The *retraite* is not beaten before nine o'clock, and Pierre Bonjean, with whom I shall speak presently, will be your guide. Take care to be at the south door, in the Rue St Jacques, of the church of Notre Dame, not one minute later than eight o'clock, and

wait my coming there, which will not be long delayed, or may be sure. Your friend, LA PÈRE MEUDON.—
Vota Bene: I have gathered up the notes and papers that lay scattered on the bed and floor, restored them to your pocket-book, and placed that under your pillow. You are a sad *sans-soin*, I am afraid.

'A first-rate fellow is Père Meudon,' exclaimed I, springing off the bed; and having first bawled down stairs to no purpose, and my appetite pressing, I hastened to the kitchen, or, more correctly, the general sitting and eating room below. There was nobody here, and the doors were wide open, but *ris-au-lait* was simmering on the hot ashes, and there was excellent read and butter on the table—ample materials for a early breakfast, which, having despatched, I returned to my chamber, and bethought me of again looking at Webbe's letter to Dowling. Curious! There was no other letter, from Webbe to his chief officer, or rather a fragment of one, the sheet of paper having been partially burnt away, apparently by the falling of lighted tobacco upon it, which I had not seen the previous evening, though I could almost have sworn that I opened every paper in the pocket-book. This fragment of confidential correspondence was an important one, and at once demolished certain cobwebs which the paragraph in the other letter had begun to spin in my *gobe-mouche* imagination. The first part of the nearly half-destroyed missive had been seemingly filled with privateering business details, and the, to me, only interesting lines were these:

'You will be pleased to hear that we have identified Mrs Waller's long-lost daughter beyond doubt or cavil. Even Linwood, one of the most suspicious young uppies I have ever met with, is satisfied upon that point. I am endeavouring to bring about his marriage with her under various false pretences; the true one, between ourselves, being, that I am confident his mother and her mother would be greatly pleased by such a result; and no wonder, since there could then be no doubt that the young couple would jointly inherit Mr Anthony Waller's immense wealth; whilst I am equally sure that the gratitude of those ladies towards my worthy self for bringing it about quietly and without compromising them, would be counted out in many hundreds of golden guineas, and you now how welcome a haul of that kind would be just now. This, however, concerns you but remotely; and referring to the financial difficulty with our Portsmouth agent'—and so on.

A gleam of light seemed to be thrown upon the dark riddle that had so long perplexed me by a communication not intended to meet my eye; and yet—shade of *Oedipus*!—how was that statement to be reconciled with—

'Ha, ha! Mossu Linvoude, there you are, awake and hearty!'

This abrupt greeting issued from the thick shock of hair, just visible above the sill of the chamber-door, of Pierre Bonjean, his body resting out of sight upon step or rung of the nearly perpendicular ladder-stairs which communicated with the kitchen.

'Very well awake, thank you, Monsieur Bonjean, and quite hearty, which you will have no doubt of when you find what a breakfast I have put away. But tell me, my friend, is it a practice in this part of the world to leave the doors of your house open to all comers? Perhaps, however, you have not been long at it.'

'Every one of us since eight o'clock, and it is now past twelve. But there was no danger. I did not see Father Meudon arrive at the house,' continued Pierre; 'but he spoke to me after leaving it, and I shall be ready to accompany Mossu to Havre in the evening. I am also charged to say,' added Bonjean, 'that one Baptiste, who is now with your countrymen the sailors, wishes to see Mossu Linvoude.'

'Baptiste!—Baptiste!' I exclaimed. 'Surely it cannot be—What is he?'

'A French seaman, it is certain, and belonging, he says, to the équipage of *L'Espiegle*, French corsair, now in the port of Havre. If Mossu,' added Pierre, 'does not wish to see this Baptiste, he need not do so.'

'You mistake me, friend Bonjean. I am much astonished, but not at all displeased at hearing that Baptiste of *L'Espiegle* is here. Have the kindness to say I shall be glad to see him at once.'

'I shall do so with pleasure. Good-day, Mossu Linvoude.'

'Baptiste inquiring for me!' I went on to bewilderedly ejaculate—'Baptiste whom I left weather-bound in Jersey—Baptiste who—Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—Captain Webbe himself!'

'Yes, Captain Webbe himself, in the body, and therefore neither a spirit of heaven nor goblin damned as yet; so you need not put the question. Well, what news? How did you escape from St Malo, and where have you left your wife?'

'Clémence remains at St Malo.'

'I guessed so! Well, go on. But I know the rest already from the sailors yonder,' pursued Webbe with rising passion. 'The running-fight off Cherbourg, and the foundering of the brave old craft, I witnessed myself. There is a flaming account in the papers of the destruction of the English corsair *Scout*, mounting twelve cannons, by two French gun-boats. Rot their gasconade, and their gun-boats too. The *Scout* gone, the *Columbia* retaken,' he presently resumed with unabated fury—'the devil has clapped me on both shoulders this time with a vengeance. Dowling, too, is dead—nothing but songs of death. You were with him, I hear. Well, what passed?'

'He appointed me his executor, chiefly that I might transfer the money in his pocket-book, together with the sum in which you are indebted to him, to his aged parents, living at Camberwell.'

'Which sum is not far under four hundred pounds. It shall be paid, if, to do so, I am obliged to sell my shirt. A brave, steadfast fellow was Dowling, true as steel, honest as death. And he is gone! Well, there is an ebb as well as flood tide in the affairs of men, which, once set in, soon whirls the stoutest, richest-freighted bark to bottomless perdition. It is now set in for me, for mine, and will quickly, I fear, sweep us and our hopes to cureless ruin.'

'That Captain Kirke Webbe should be so overborne by a few strokes of adverse fortune, is passing strange.'

'It may so appear to you, Linwood; but you know not all. Harken, young man. You suspect me of double-dealing towards yourself; and you have a right to suspect, for the charge is partially true—partially only, and that arising from circumstances which, if placed in their proper light—as they shall be some day, if I live—would much excuse, if not entirely justify that apparent double-dealing. In the main, I have been true to you. I have been anxious—absurdly so, perhaps—that you should marry Lucy Hamblin. I know that that girl will inherit every penny of Mr Anthony Waller's wealth. The recovery of her child has become a sort of mania with the mother, upon whom her husband dotes as fondly—more so, if it be possible, than he did fifteen years ago. Lucy Hamblin will therefore, I repeat, be Mr Waller's heiress, to the exclusion of his grandson, should she even have married a chimney-sweep. Of that rest assured; and let me again urge you to reconsider the determination you have rashly formed, of waiting till Mademoiselle Clémence is acknowledged by the Wallers, before you make her bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh. Intrust me with a note expressive of your willingness, your desire to forth-

ith enter into the holy bonds of matrimony with ne of the wealthiest and most amiable of maidens, ad'—

'Your difficulties,' I promptly interjected, 'with ladame de Bonneville, *alias* Louise Féron, *alias* this was drawing a bow at a venture) Madame roussard, would be smoothed away.'

'That man would not have so much as winked at the sudden uncovering and discharge of a masked battery. He did not reply for about half a minute, and only in at half-minute's silence could I detect the faintest uprise or annoyance at the thunderbolt I had unched at his head.

'Well,' said he, 'that is a capital guess, if it be a uess. Madame de Bonneville, *née* Louise Féron, is ladame Roussard. Ah, my dear fellow, you can ttle imagine what infernal complications that woman- end has involved me in. You shall, one day, and on, if all goes well. Dowling, I daresay,' added Vebbe, 'also hinted to you why I am so anxious at my son should espouse Maria Wilson.'

'Yes, the young lady possesses somewhere about wenty thousand pounds in her own right.'

'That is just it. I confess that I covet riches for y son as well as for myself. Your sublimer mind ars superior to such sordid considerations, or you ould not reject the brilliant alliance which awaits our acceptance.'

'Let me assure you, once for all, Captain Webbe, at my marriage now or hereafter with Lucy Hamblin -and, mark me, I have not the slightest doubt that lademoiselle Clémence is Lucy Hamblin—is absolutely out of the question—impossible, either now or ereafter.'

'There is no more, then, to be said on the subject, ough your senseless folly adds greatly to my mbarrassments, and'—

Webbe paused abruptly, seemed to silently collect nd marshal his thoughts and purposes, and then :sumed more calmly:

'Within the next forty-eight hours, Linwood,' said e, 'I shall have either lost or won the game of life; nd you can yet in some slight degree help me to win :. Here is a brief outline of my actual position: it ill be obscure, unintelligible to you in parts, but inute explanations must stand over for a time. The olumbia was recaptured by her own crew after a sharp ght, and she is now in the port of Havre. My son rudently denied, when questioned, that he was Harry Vebbe of Sercq—flight notoriety; and the *Scout* seamen ill keep his secret. He is now as an officer at large on arole, free to go and come within certain bounds, but ardé à vue, as it is called. He cannot leave Havre. ow, Maria Wilson and Madame Dupré will arrive at onfleur to-morrow; that Jezebel, De Bonneville, the ay after; and if Harry does not wed the young lady efore she arrives, his chance of doing so will have assed away for ever. Why, then, you may ask, do ot Madame Dupré and Miss Wilson come on to lave? I will tell you: Tyler, the Yankee skipper, hom I met, and, indeed, almost ran against this orning, must, the sailors here tell me, have heard is name mentioned as the commander of the prize- rew on board the *Columbia*.'

'No doubt of that; and did he not recognise you is morning?'

'Not he; and it would have been rather strange if e had by a casual, passing glance. Don't you think o?'

'Why, yes, divested as you now are of the Renaudin ig, the black dye washed out of your whiskers, and i other respects restored to your natural self. I o not think, besides, that Mr Tyler, now that he as recovered his ship, will be disposed to act indictively.'

'You will cease to think so when I mention that

Tyler's son was dangerously wounded in the fight on board the *Columbia*—nay, that it is feared he is hurt to death.'

'That is indeed unfortunate—terrible!'

'I know Tyler well, brief as our acquaintance has been. Should his son die—and he *will* die—the American will move heaven and earth to be revenged upon his slayer—upon me—through my son. He cannot but have discovered by this time that Jacques Le Gros is Captain Kirke Webbe; and the accusation lodged with the Havre authorities by Auguste Le Moine against Webbe junior of the *Scout*—Le Moine being, fortunately for you, unhappily for Harry, away at Paris—will place in his hands a swift means of vengeance. Harry will be forthwith seized, lodged in prison, brought to a brief trial, and shot offhand possibly, in the present excited state of the soldiery.'

'You surely are not going to propose that I shall publicly avow myself to be the person denounced by Auguste Le Moine at the Avranches banquet?'

'No, no, I am not quite so unreasonable as that: besides, Harry cannot part with his fictitious laurels, save in the last extremity; and I must have expressed myself very ill, if you do not understand that the mere incarceration of my son would be fatal to his hope of marrying Maria Wilson. Let me add, whilst I think of it, that you will incur no real danger by visiting Havre. Before Auguste Le Moine returns from Paris, if he returns at all, the imperial government will have been finally abolished.'

'Father Meudon here is of a contrary opinion. He speaks of a great victory gained over the Prussians by the emperor.'

'The fight at Montmirail? Pooh! Paris capitulated a few hours after that battle was fought; and if Napoleon, instead of calmly recognising the utterance of his defeat, determines to die with harness on his back, he will but slightly defer the inevitable catastrophe. Havre, however, and I dare say most of the garrison towns, will hold out for him to the last; and, as I have before explained, it is this anarchic state of things which constitutes our real danger. It glanced across my mind to ask you,' continued Webbe, 'to assure Tyler that Harry was not Kirke Webbe, the privateer captain's son; but that device would not, I fear, hold water. Save the boy I will, and if man may do it, get him out of Havre this very night. One plan which I shall first essay will require more money than I can for the moment command, and I must request you to lend me all you can spare.'

'That, with Dowling's, which I can hereafter replace, will scarcely amount to two hundred pounds.'

'Which will more than suffice. Should bribery fail, or I find it inexpedient or dangerous to try it on another, and upon the face of it, more desperate schemes must be attempted. There are other matters,' said Webbe, rising and putting on his hat, 'which I intended to talk over with you, but time presses, and I must be gone. Farewell.' He hurried away, and ten minutes afterwards, he and the four rescued *Scout* sailors were on their way to Havre de Grace.

Verily, a consummate actor was Webbe, I again and again mentally ejaculate, after transcribing the foregoing dialogue; for who could have imagined that, when talking with such reckless, devil-may-care outspokenness—his rage, and anxiety for his son, moreover, being perfectly real—he was all the while playing a part, strengthening with wary calculation, as it were, the web of lies by which he had so long blinded and bamboozled me! Yet so it was; and no doubt it was that astonishing power of deception and fertility of resource under all circumstances which constituted his marvellous 'luck,' as it was popularly termed. I, at least, in self-excuse, endeavour to believe so.

As usual, I was too restless and impatient to

the counsel given me, by waiting till evening-fall before leaving for Havre; and as Pierre Bonjean would, I found, be away till close upon six o'clock, I e'en set off alone, about two hours after Webbe left me.'

It would be difficult to find in a country which the natives, with quite pardonable partiality, mistakenly call 'La Belle France,' a finer view than that commanded from the crest of the *côte* which slopes down to the ancient Haven of Grace, so named, says Mr Murray, after a statue of the Virgin of Grace—an altogether apocryphal derivation, by the way. That southward slope of the *côte* or hill was, even at the time I am speaking of, dotted with gay villa-like residences—in a modest sense, no doubt, judged by British villa notions—and I may mention, as an illustration of the amenities of civilised warfare, if that be not a contradiction in terms, that although fortified Havre itself was more than once bombarded, the numerous dwellers on the exposed *côte* were never once, I have been assured, molested or menaced by hostile shot or shell. On the right, looking towards the town, was the broad solitary sea, now tranquilly basking in the slant rays of the westerling sun, and not a sail, not a boat to be seen thereon; a vast solitariness which, together with the tall masts of numerous vessels, sheltered, hiding themselves, so to speak, in the splendid wet-docks behind the town, struck my Britannic fancy as a tacit acknowledgment on the part of the teeming French shore-populations that they had finally relinquished the domain of the sea to their amphibious British foes. Over beyond Havre, and directly across the mouth of the Seine, Honfleur—Harry V., Shakspeare's Honfleur—glimmered in the paling sunlight, which was, however, still sufficiently powerful to shed a silver radiance over the winding river-street, to use an expression of Napoleon's, which connects the cities of Paris, Rouen, and Havre, and throw a mellowing splendour over a vast and varied landscape waving in the leafy, blossomed glory of the bursting spring.

Another time, I could have lingered for hours over so fair a scene; but more stirring emotions than scintillations of land or sea can arouse or still, were then urging at my heart; and hastening onward through the suburb of Ingouville, I entered Havre and the Rue de Paris just as the clocks were chiming the hour of five, without having, to my knowledge, excited the slightest notice or remark.

The Rue St Jacques leads out of the Rue de Paris ear the quay-end of the latter street, and I was soon at the door of the church of Notre Dame. The silly self-excuse for my morbid restlessness was, that Father Meudon might have arrived there considerably more than two hours before his time; and more than willing to be deceived, I half persuaded myself that I was amongst a considerable number of persons who, although no service was going on, were kneeling on the stone flags with their faces towards the illuminated altar. A closer look was decisive; and soon tiring of the silent solemnity of the place, I wandered forth, and pacing vacantly about, presently found myself in a large vegetable market in front of the Hôtel de Ville. The busy, noisy scene fixed my attention for a while, and I was listening with languid interest to a commentary colloquy between two *dames du marché*, which abundantly proved that Billingsgate was not priviledged in its peculiar line of dramatic dialogue, when a familiar voice struck my ear, and turning sharply round, I encountered Captain Webbe. He was conversing eagerly with Bourdon, the lieutenant of the *Epiègle*, and looking even paler and more excited than when he parted with me a few hours previously.

'I wish to speak with you, Linwood,' he hurriedly said, 'but I cannot spare a moment to do so. If you have time and inclination,' he added, 'call upon

me at La Belle Poule, a cabaret on the quay, six doors from the Rue de Paris. Adieu!'

He strode on for a few paces, then suddenly turning back, left his companion, came close to me, and said in English: 'My fear is realised. Tyler's son is dead. Good-bye.'

This occurred at about half-past six o'clock, and as I soon sickened of the sights and smells of the ill-kept streets, I inquired my way to La Belle Poule, there to while away the hour and more which it still wanted of the time appointed by Father Meudon for our meeting.

The ground-floor room of La Belle Poule, a low cabaret much frequented by sailors, was nearly filled by that class of persons, most of whom I knew belonged to the *Epiègle*, though they did not wear the glazed hats upon which the name of the corsair cutter was painted. The guests, all more or less drunk, were exceedingly noisy, and Webbe, or Baptiste, as he called himself, was amongst the noisiest, and the especial favourite of the uproarious company. Young Webbe, pale as his shirt-collar, and suffering acutely from mental agitation, sat at a little distance from his father; and close by him were three of the *Scout* seamen that had been cast ashore with me at La Heve. The fourth, I afterwards knew, had been placed in charge of a boat, which, the tide being at full, was waiting at the pier-steps beyond Francis I's Tower. The common *Scouts*, made prisoners on board the *Columbia*, were, it seemed, in actual durance. As far apart as could be, and looking on with make-believe indifference, were two gendarmes, the gentlemen, no doubt, by whom Harry Webbe was gardé à vue.

Webbe, who did not acknowledge me by word or look, was boiling over with patriotic enthusiasm. The victory at Montmirail, and the capitulation of Paris, purchased, he swore, by English guineas, afforded ample scope to his powers of glorification and abuse, which he lavishly availed himself of. The rascally English, who never accepted battle except they were three or four to one, came in for the lion's share of his copious vituperation, and evidently with savage reference to young Webbe and the *Scout* seamen, who, though pretending to pass themselves off as Americans belonging to the *Columbia*, he persisted were nothing but British brutes and cowards.

Now, as long as Webbe poured forth his voluminous wrath in French, the *Scouts* were naturally acquiescent, and even appeared to enjoy the seemingly drunken orator's eloquence, without, it was plain, comprehending a word of it; but when he began to interlard his abuse with explanatory English, it was equally natural that he should quickly get their backs up.

'Ha, ha!' roared Webbe, at the close of a flourishing panegyric upon Napoleon, 'pourquoi not you sacré Goddems—pourquoi not crier Vive l'Empereur? De grand empereur that pouvait shoveler your misérable island into de sea?—eh, pourquoi not sacré Jean Boule Goddems?'

'Go to blazes!' grunted Skelton, as shrewd a fellow as ever lived.

'Go to blaze, dites-vous!' retorted Webbe. 'Ha, ha! it is you one, two, three, quatre Goddems that shall go to blaze! Voulez-vous boxer, eh?' he added, squaring up and flourishing his fists in the faces of the *Scouts*. 'Voulez-vous boxer one Français, vous one, two, trois—four sacré Jean Boule. Là, take dat for avoir say "Go to blaze"—ha, ha!'

Suiting the action to the word, Webbe hit Skelton a really tremendous facer. Up sprang the English sailors, three or four of the *Epiègles* pressing forward at the same moment to sustain the assailant, and a general fight was improvised in just no time. Messieurs les Gendarmes, as in duty bound, now interposed, and endeavoured to separate the furious combatants; an interference which was immediately resented by both

parties, who all with one accord turned their fighting fury upon the unfortunate officers. The din, the row, the confusion was terrible—deafening. I myself got involved in the vortex, hustled and tripped up; and when I recovered my feet, and the landlord relit one of the extinguished candles, I perceived that myself and the two gendarmes, who had not as yet picked themselves up, and were bleeding profusely from nose and mouth, were the sole remaining guests at La Belle Poule.

THE NEW LAW OF DIVORCE.

At last the law of divorce is amended; at last that tedious, cumbersome, and expensive process hitherto necessary, is swept away, and a simple, plain, and inexpensive one substituted. That disgraceful proceeding, too, which made it necessary for the husband to parade his own dishonour and his wife's shame, and make a profit thereby, is abolished. As the new law of divorce is a matter of no small importance to society, and one which consequently should be generally understood, we will now strip it, as well as we can, of its technicalities, and give a general view of it.

The act comes into operation on the 1st of January 1858, and abolishes the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts over divorces *à mensâ et thoro*,* suits of nullity of marriage, suits for restitution of conjugal rights, and in all causes and matters matrimonial, except the granting of marriage-licences; and that jurisdiction is now transferred to and vested in a court to be called 'The Court for Divorce and Matrimonial Causes,' composed of certain of the existing judges into a judge-ordinary of its own. No decree for a divorce *à mensâ et thoro* is henceforth to be made; but in all cases where such might formerly have been pronounced, a decree for a judicial separation, having the same effect, takes its place. There are, as before observed, to be no more actions for *crim. con.* But the husband, either in a petition for a dissolution of marriage, or for judicial separation, or limited to the money object alone, may claim damages against the offender; and the claim made by such petition is to be heard and tried on the same principles as, and in a similar manner to, actions for criminal conversation; and the damages are in all cases to be assessed by the jury; the court, however, having power to direct in what manner they are to be paid or applied; it may direct, for instance, the whole or a part to be settled either on the children of the marriage, or as a provision for the maintenance of the wife. And when the fact at issue is established, the court has power to compel the offending party to pay the costs of the proceedings.

A sentence of judicial separation—which has the effect of a divorce *à mensâ et thoro*—may be obtained either by the husband or wife, on the ground of unfaithfulness, cruelty, or desertion without cause for two years and upwards. But if such separation has been obtained by a husband or wife in the absence of the other, that other may present a petition for a reversal of the order, stating, for instance, that there was reasonable grounds for the alleged desertion, where desertion was the ground of the decree; and the court may order a reversion accordingly: but such reversion will not affect the rights of third parties, as persons who have dealt with the wife during the time that has elapsed

between the decree for separation and its reversal. Applications for restitution of conjugal rights, or for judicial separations on any of the grounds before detailed, may be made either by husband or wife to the court of divorce, or to any judge of assize at the assizes held for the county in which they reside, or last resided together; and where the application is by the wife, the judge may make an order for alimony—that is, an allowance to the wife in money. The judge of assize has also power to make provision as to the custody, maintenance, and education of children; but his orders may be altered or reversed on application to the judge-ordinary of the court of divorce. A wife deserted by her husband may, if resident within the metropolitan district, apply to a police magistrate, or if resident in the county, to justices in petty session, or wherever resident, to the court of divorce, for an order to protect any money or property she may acquire by her own lawful industry, or which she may become possessed of otherwise, after such desertion, against her husband or his creditors, or any person claiming under him; and if the protecting order is made, her earnings and property shall belong to her as if she were a *feme sole*. But it is provided that when such order is made by a police magistrate or justices at petty session, it must be entered within ten days with the registrar of the county court within whose jurisdiction the wife is resident; and a power is also given to the husband, or any creditor or person claiming under him, to apply to the court of divorce, or to the magistrate or justices by whom such order was made for its discharge. If the husband, or his creditors, or any person claiming under him, seizes, or continues to hold any property of the wife after notice of such order, he shall be liable at the suit of the wife to restore the property, and also a sum double its value. And if any such order for protection be made, the wife is, during its continuance, to be and be deemed to have been during such desertion, in the like position in all respects with regard to property and contracts, and suing and being sued, as she would be if she had obtained a decree for a judicial separation; the effects of which we shall next state.

In cases where there has been a judicial separation decreed, the wife, from the date of the sentence, and whilst the separation continues, is to be considered as a *feme sole* with respect to property of every description which she may acquire, or which may come to or devolve upon her; and if she dies intestate, it will go to her next of kin, as if her husband was not in life. And if she again cohabits with her husband, all such property is to be applied to her separate use; subject, however, to any written agreement to the contrary made between them while they are separate. She is also to be considered as a *feme sole* as regards entering into contracts and engagements, wrongs and injuries, suing and being sued, and her husband is no longer liable for her in any way; but if alimony has been decreed to the wife, and the husband does not pay it, he is liable for necessities supplied to her.

We now come to that portion of the act which gives the court power to dissolve a marriage, and the grounds for so doing. This is governed by the twenty-ninth and following sections of the act, which provide that a husband may present a petition to the court for a dissolution of his marriage—not merely a judicial separation—on the ground that his wife has been unfaithful; and the wife may present a petition for a dissolution of her marriage on the same ground, under certain aggravations, or if, in connection with unfaithfulness, there has been such cruelty as of itself have entitled her to a divorce.

* A divorce *à mensâ et thoro* literally means from bed and board. The marriage is, or rather was, not dissolved by this kind of divorce, as was the case on a divorce *à vinculo matrimonii*.

et thoro, or if the unfaithfulness was coupled with desertion without reasonable excuse for two years or upwards; and the petition must state as distinctly as possible the facts on which the claim to have the marriage dissolved is founded. The alleged offender is to be made a correspondent—that is, made to answer the petition along with the husband or wife—unless excused by the court. Upon every petition for dissolution of marriage, the court is to be satisfied that there is no collusion between the parties, and if the fact is not fully proved, the petition is to be dismissed. If, on the other hand, the court finds that the case of the petitioner is fully proved, a decree is to be pronounced dissolving the marriage; but if the court finds that the petitioner has, during the marriage, been guilty of unfaithfulness, or of unreasonable delay in presenting the petition, or of cruelty towards the other party to the marriage, or of having deserted or wilfully separated himself or herself from the other before the infidelity complained of, and without reasonable excuse, the court is not bound to pronounce a decree for dissolution of the marriage. On making a decree dissolving the marriage, the court has power to order that the husband shall secure to the wife a gross sum of money, or an annual sum of money, for any term not exceeding her own life, proportioned to her fortune (if any), to the ability of the husband, and the conduct of the parties. And the court has power to direct to whom this sum shall be paid; whether to the wife herself, or to trustees on her behalf, and may impose other restrictions on it. Also, in any suit or other proceeding for obtaining a judicial separation or a decree of nullity of marriage, and on any petition for dissolving a marriage, the court may either by any interim orders, or by the final decree, make such provision as may be deemed just and proper with respect to the custody, maintenance, and education of the children, and may also give directions for placing them under the protection of the Court of Chancery. And in any case in which the court pronounces a sentence of divorce or judicial separation for unfaithfulness of the wife, and the wife is entitled to property either in possession or reversion, the court has power to order such settlement as it thinks reasonable to be made of such property, or any part of it, for the benefit of the husband or the children of the marriage.

A power of appeal is given from the judge-ordinary of the court to the full court, whose decision is final, unless the petition was presented for a dissolution of marriage, in which latter case, there is an appeal from the decision of the full court to the House of Lords.

If no appeal is made from the decree dissolving the marriage, within three months from the date of the decree, or if an appeal is made, and such appeal is dismissed, the parties may then, and not before, marry again, as if the prior marriage had been dissolved by death. But no clergyman in holy orders of the united church of England and Ireland can be compelled to solemnise the marriage of any person whose former marriage may have been dissolved on the ground of his or her culpability, or is liable to any suit, penalty, or censure for solemnising, or refusing to solemnise, the marriage of such person. But if the minister refuses to perform the marriage-service, he is to permit any other minister in holy orders of the united church, entitled to officiate within the diocese in which the church or chapel is situated, to perform there the marriage-service.

The reader has now a general view of the new law of divorce: there are, however, many other provisions in the act, but as they relate merely to the mode of procedure and the practice of the court, they have been omitted. It is hoped and believed that the law, as amended, will have a very beneficial effect, as ample provision is made for relieving and aiding the

oppressed, and punishing the guilty. We will, however, make no further remarks upon it, but allow the reader to form his or her own opinion, and leave it to time to shew its good or bad effects.

THE REAPING-MACHINE VERSUS THE SICKLE.

THE Scottish farmers, as a class, have suffered severely during the past season from a want of harvest-labour. The demands of the travelling shearers and mowers were for the most part so exorbitant, that the farmer, rather than submit to them, preferred contenting himself with such assistance as he could command at his own door, although, by doing so, he should leave no small portion of his crop at the mercy of the weather. The weather throughout September proved extremely checkered, and considerable loss undoubtedly ensued, although the drying winds which followed the frequent and heavy rains enabled the farm *employés*, during the intervals, to carry on their harvesting operations. Under such circumstances, the insensibility of the Scottish agriculturists to the advantages of the reaping-machine assumes quite a suicidal aspect. It is now exactly thirty years since the Rev. Patrick Bell, the son of a tenant-farmer on the Panmure estates, invented the reaper which bears his name. He had, it seems, been shewn, when a boy, a drawing of a machine constructed by Smith of Deanston, on a principle apparently somewhat analogous to that which, according to a Roman writer, was used by the ancient Gauls. Walking one evening in his father's garden—it is Mr Loudon who tells the story in his *Encyclopædia of Agriculture*—young Bell observed sticking in the hedge a pair of gardener's shears, which he took up, and began idly to prune some projecting twigs. With the idea of his projected reaper still working in his mind, the thought soon flashed upon him that the principle of the gardener's shears was precisely that which ought to be employed in cutting corn. A model on this plan, therefore, was soon constructed, and after a time, a machine of much larger dimensions. To give an idea of the labour which the adjustment of the latter entailed on the young inventor, it is only necessary to mention that, in order to preserve his secret, he thought it expedient to prepare with his own hands patterns in wood of all the pieces which required to be of metal, and send them one by one to the blacksmith to be copied. When returned, the iron fittings were carefully ground or filed as the perfect adjustment of their various parts required.

Mr Bell's first experiment with his new machine was made in one of his father's outhouses. Having covered the floor to the depth of six inches with a layer of earth, which he afterwards carefully trod down, he planted in the mould a quantity of oat stalks abstracted from a sheaf in the barn-yard. He then fastened the door of the outhouse, and placing himself in the shafts of the machine, began slowly to push it through the crop he had so ingeniously improvised. So far as the mere reaping was concerned, his machine succeeded to his satisfaction; but in order to deliver the corn in regular swathes, he discovered that an apparatus was wanted to act as a distributor.

A sheet stretched on rollers was found, after many trials, to answer this purpose; and, before the autumn of 1838, he had further improved his invention by adding to it a reel, for the purpose of collecting the corn against the cutter.

One night before the crops that year were thoroughly ripe, and when all was quiet on and around the farm, Mr Bell, accompanied by his brother, proceeded in deep silence with his machine, harnessed this time to a favourite pony, to a field of wheat. To the great joy of the adventurers, the experiment proved

successful, and when it got wind, which it soon did, was repeated, not only at Inchmichael, but also at Pourie, near Dundee, in presence of a party of Forfarshire farmers; but although a copy of the invention, manufactured at Dundee, received the same year the Highland Society's premium, neither it, nor several others constructed on its model, could be made to work; most probably, as the inventor supposed, from a want of care in fitting the mechanical details.

An offer by the late Lord Panmure to provide the necessary funds for patenting the invention was declined by Mr Bell, on the ground that he was unwilling to retain any exclusive right over, or to reap any pecuniary advantage from, an agricultural improvement.

The invention, therefore, went to sleep, and was forgotten by all but the family at Inchmichael, till the year 1851 brought round the Exhibition at Hyde Park. Two American reaping-machines—Hussey's and McCormick's—which were there exhibited, and which were said to have been in general use throughout the Union during more than fifteen years, fairly startled the British farmers. Mr Crosskill, the well-known English agricultural machinist, now purchased from Mr Bell of Inchmichael his brother's reaper, and, after substituting for the shears of the Bell invention the tooth-edged knife employed by McCormick, carried off with it, in August 1856, the highest premium given by the Royal Agricultural Society at their Essex meeting. Three acres of land in four hours was the rate at which the competing machines—Bell's, McCormick's, Burgess's, and Dray's Hussey—did their work; and the performance of each machine was estimated to be equal to that of nearly thirty mowers, the labour of nearly as many binders being necessary to keep pace with them in action.

The experience of the English farmer has, since the Essex meeting, fairly determined the great advantages which the reaping-machine has over the scythe and the sickle. The reaping-machine is not now liable to any serious derangement. It may be wrought by the regular servants on the farm alone, and, with the assistance of an extra horse or two, can make as long hours as may be needed. It requires neither meat nor wages like the mower or the reaper; and, above all, it insures greater regularity in all the harvest operations. Its first expense, no doubt, is considerable; but there is no reason why the itinerant principle might not as advantageously be applied to it as to the thrashing-machine and its steam-engine, which are now everywhere to be met with plying for hire in the agricultural districts of the south. The thing has been found to answer admirably there: why should not the Scottish farmer go and do likewise?

LITERARY NOVEL.

I have somewhere heard, read, or dreamed of a work called *Adventures of a Poet in Search of a Subject*, and when I take the sage advice recorded on a great man's tomb—'*circumspice*'—I can well imagine that poets must be sometimes put to great straits. Homer must have been badly off when he did not consider it *infra dig.* to discourse of the hostile encounters of frogs and mice; and Virgil, likewise, who exerted his poetical powers on a gnat. The race of insects has afforded patronage also to Lucian, who wrote on a fly; and to Daniel Heinsius, Burns, and Peter Pindar, who sang of an animal the very name of which it is a sin to mention to ears polite—a louse. Among beasts, that patient and ill-used animal, the ass, has exercised the pens of Apuleius, Agrippa, and Heinsius; and an ox and a dog were the respective themes of Libanius and Sextus Empiricus; while Burns wrote upon two dogs, a mouse, and a calf; Ovid tries his pen on a stork; Julius Scaliger, on a goose; Favorinus, on the praise of injustice. Polycrates wrote the commendation of a tyrant, and Cardan praised the Emperor Nero.

Boileau wrote a poem on his reading-desk; Tasso, on a bucket; and Antonius Majoragius, on clay; while James Douss the younger delivered himself of a panegyric on a shadow. Favorinus wrote on a quartan ague, and Synesius on baldness; on which polished subject, moreover, one Waldus, a Benedictine, in the reign of Charles the Bald, produced a long Latin poem, every word of which commences with the letter *c*. Even he, however, was outdone by Christian Pierius, the author of a poem consisting of 1200 lines on our Saviour in the same tautogrammatic style. In the middle of the sixteenth century appeared that 'famous dish of P's,' as a facetious writer calls it, the *Pugna Porcorum, per Petrum Porcium Poetam*, which is in Latin, and every word beginning with *p*. Pope exerted all his powers of mind and body to praise a lock of hair; Prentiss invoked his muse and pruned his pen to write upon a beard; and to break off, for the catalogue has no end, Erasmus wrote a poem called *Moria*, in praise of folly, which, for the sake of a pun, and on the principle of the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, he dedicated to Sir Thomas More.

GONE.

AND thou indeed art gone, I scarce dare speak
The thought aloud, it makes my heart so weak:
I never knew what parting meant before;
Thou wert so much to me, friend, brother, more!

Long years ago, when I was sore in need,
In mercy sent, thou cam'st a friend indeed,
To bid me shun the evil, choose the right,
And turn my spirit-darkness into light.

Each day we spent together closer drew
Our souls, each hour brought pleasures pure and new:
Whence, then, alas, the mandate that thy heart
Should be as one with mine—our lives apart?

Full often when they thought I calmly slept,
Unseen by all, so softly have I crept
Thy window near, that the same light on thee
Within that fell, without might shine on me!

Still, half unconsciously, I sit and strain
My ear to catch thy footstep, but in vain;
Then waking from my dream affrighted start,
To feel what once thou wast, and what thou art.

But fare thee well: I'll strive without a tear
To yield thee back—the loan I held so dear;
If God has bade thee cheer some other's way,
I cannot, will not, dare not wish thy stay.

RUTH BUCK.

DAMAGE CAUSED TO BOOKS OF PLATES BY THE TISSUE-PAPER.

Having noticed many years since, and again lately, the injury caused to magnificent books of plates by the heavy wire-marked tissue-paper used, I beg, through *N. and Q.*, to make the same known. The books I remember to have seen injured are *The Musée Napoléon, Egypt*, and other large works of the Empire; also, I think, some English books of the period; for instance, the *Stafford Gallery*—the plates becoming spotted from some chemical action from the silver-paper and slight damp, resembling iron-mould. Such paper ought to be removed. The best plate-paper to place between type and engravings ought to be highly 'milled,' and not too thin; being able to stand in the volume without falling into the back, rumpling, or protruding at the fore-edge. If tissue-paper be not of the best quality, a volume is better without it, after the ink is once dry.—*Notes and Queries.*

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THE MEETING AT BIRMINGHAM.

If there are evils in our social state, it certainly is not for want of men with intelligence to perceive them, and benevolence to desire to see them remedied. For years past, the investigation of such evils has been a conspicuous fact in our national life, to the obvious abatement, as we think, of more purely political discussions. At length, the tendency has worked itself out in the formation of a society after the manner of the British Association for the Advancement of Science; like it, to hold a meeting once a year in some notable city—the special object being the discussion of matters affecting the wellbeing of society. The first meeting, as the newspapers have made generally known, was commenced at Birmingham on the 12th of October, under the presidency of Lord Brougham.

In the midst of that busy town rises a large Grecian building entirely isolated, and containing little besides one highly decorated hall designed for the public meetings of the citizens, of whom it is said upwards of two thousand can sit within its walls. Here, on the evening of the above-mentioned day, a miscellaneous assemblage was gathered together, filling every available space excepting only an ascending platform at the upper end. By and by, a number of gentlemen, mostly of middle-aged appearance, began to enter by side-doors and take seats on the platform, but still leaving some of the front seats vacant. During a delay which took place, one might have heard individuals in the body of the hall pointing out to their friends persons of note upon the platform whom they recognised. At length, a larger than usual group entered, including a gentleman of advanced age and slightly bent figure, who took the principal chair, while his companions sat down on each side. The aforesaid individuals had of course no need to indicate to their friends that his central figure was the president of the newly formed association, Lord Brougham. Entered upon his fortieth winter, yet unbroken in physical force—as his face presently shewed—undecayed in intellect, and flagging in the native energy towards useful objects, of which his whole life has been remarkable, there he sat, while acclamation after acclamation acknowledged what men feel when they think of Henry Brougham. Near him were Lord John Russell, Lord Stanley, the honourable Mr Cowper, Sir John Pakington, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Mr Monckton Milnes, Colonel Sykes, and many other persons eminent in public life. It was interesting at such a moment to mark one veteran and, that of Professor Pillans of Edinburgh, and to consider that Lord Brougham and he had been brother-contributors to the *Edinburgh Review* fully fifty years

ago—and here were they still taking part in the same great movement for public good which they then supported. Another remarkable figure was that of Robert Owen, who, at an equally remote period, was commencing some of the modern practices in education—originating for one thing the infant schools which have since been so useful in our peculiarly employed community.

The immediate business of the president was to read an address on the objects of the Association now about to be inaugurated. He commenced by distinguishing the objects of social science, and placing them under their several heads of jurisprudence, the repression of crime, education, sanitary arrangements, and social economy. There must be benefits, he contended, from 'bringing together those who chiefly devote themselves to promote the inquiries and the measures connected with social improvement.' It would enable them to give mutual help in a common cause. 'The increased efficacy thus given to the efforts of each; the lights struck out by full discussion with the valuable suggestions thus produced, the experience, the reflections of each being made, as it were, common to all; the security against error by timely examination of each plan before its author's prepossessions have become too deeply rooted, and before he has been committed to its details; the authority given to proposals ultimately, and after mature deliberation persevered in, even if not sanctioned by the assent of others; the influence which may be acquired in various ways when that sanction has been declared—these advantages attend all such unions, and may be cited in favour of any combined operations, whatever be the nature of the subject.' Discussion, too, might remove grounds of dissent. 'We have classical authority,' he went on to say, 'for observing that, however unduly soever men may differ in their reasonings upon human conduct, it is singular how seldom they differ much in the judgments which they form respecting it. We may go further, and affirm that there is less diversity of opinion than might be supposed, even upon general subjects, and that ignorance, or misinformation, or inattentive, and therefore inaccurate observation, or careless reflection, is the cause of most of those differences.'

As illustrations of the use of united action in accomplishing desirable reforms, Lord Brougham referred to the history of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, which had had the effect of stimulating a cheap and healthful literature, and that of the Society for the Amendment of the Law, which for the last twelve years has been prompting the legislature to many important measures. He further referred to the

Reformatory Union which met last year at Bristol, and to the Conference on Education which had been held this year under the presidency of the Prince Consort. He conceived that the Association would serve to attract the attention of members of parliament to subjects on which they might otherwise remain ignorant. It would tend to inform all classes of the community on matters bearing greatly on their welfare. His lordship concluded with an eloquent declamation on the benefits of knowledge.

The company was afterwards addressed by Lord John Russell and other gentlemen, regarding the objects of the Association. It was gratifying to witness the cordiality with which Lord John was greeted, as if, notwithstanding some recent instances of false position on the part of his lordship, there were a deep and abiding sense of his many merits and long-trying fidelity as a public servant. It was even more gratifying to observe the extremely favourable reception of Lord Stanley. This young nobleman has in a manner broken away from the trammels and temptations of his position, 'to shun delights and live laborious days' for the benefit of his less fortunately situated fellow-creatures. His father, three years ago, addressing the British Association at Liverpool, confessed he had been born in 'the pre-scientific era.' A prime-minister of England acknowledging ignorance of those principles on which the happiness of a people chiefly depends! It must be felt as an improvement for a second generation to devote itself to a knowledge of those very principles, so as to make legislative privilege a true qualification. The company did not perhaps reflect on all this; but they knew that Lord Stanley took trouble about things affecting the public welfare, and seemed to have a feeling of duty about them, and they cheered him accordingly. On the whole, this first evening passed off well, and appeared to leave a general conviction that the Association was likely to prove successful.

A morning meeting took place in the same hall next day, in order to hear addresses from the presidents of sections. Lord John, as chief of that of jurisprudence, made some good remarks on the province of legislation: 'There was a time when personal freedom was restrained by a number of petty rules and regulations; the operations of industry were controlled in the same way. A very eminent manufacturer of France, Colbert, thought he would promote his country's wealth by regulating the manner in which silk should be made—the length and breadth of the pieces—and every workman who made them otherwise was put in the pillory for the offence. At the same time, by way of encouraging the silk manufacture, he prevented the competition of the Dutch in many articles. The consequence was, that the wines of France were no longer sent to Holland, and the people of all the wine countries were almost reduced to ruin by these commercial regulations, by which the wealth of France was to be augmented. It was at this time that an old merchant, wiser than Colbert, said: "Let them manufacture as they please, and introduce goods when they can." The advice was set aside for a time, and he was sorry to say, that in England, as in France, the opinion prevailed that they must make a country rich by legislation. It was not until late times that men in this country, and the minority in other parts of Europe, came to the conclusion that it was wise to allow every man to make himself rich in his own way. He recollected well when it was said, in answer to Mr Huskisson: "You must not allow French gloves to come into the country, because they are better and cheaper." Huskisson persevered, however; and the result was, not only that the consumer had better and cheaper gloves, but that our manufacturers had flourished and increased more than they did at any other time. There was another operation in which legislation did not

formerly take place, but in which of late years there had been a great tendency to interfere. Not that he was inclined to find fault with that interference, because he thought what had been done, had been done right; but it was a matter that deserved serious consideration. There was no right more sacred than that parents should have the care of their offspring in tender years. Of late years, however, it was argued by his noble friend, Lord Shaftesbury, that in certain kinds of manufacture they could not allow parents entirely to dispose of their children; that the work they endured was far too great; that it would destroy their strength and energy, and prevent them from receiving any moral or religious education. It was argued step by step in the House of Commons, until it was said that if they went further they would destroy one-fourth of the manufacturing interests of the country in textile fabrics; that was to say, in cotton, wool, and silk. That legislation took place, and the industry in textile manufactures had been increasing ever since. He had frequently asked what were the bad effects of the legislation, and found that it was bad in principle, but in practice it had been eminently successful. If, then, it was good in practice, he thought there must be an error in the principle, and that it required modification. It had been said that "an Englishman's house is his castle;" but Lord Shaftesbury argued, and he (Lord John Russell) thought truly, that he was not to shoot poisoned arrows into the community from its battlements. Legislation also followed in this case, not only with lodging-houses, but with regard to crowded dwellings in cities, and perhaps in London as much as in any other, there had been instances of great crowding in small narrow compass, producing injury to the health, morals, and religion of the community. Now, that was a subject in which it might be considered how far legislation might interfere.

Sir John Pakington followed with an exposition of the posture of the education question, arguing that the difficulties in the way of a national system meeting the wants of the community ought to be grappled with, and they would vanish. They had beside them, in the King Edward's School of Birmingham, a practical solution of what was called the religious difficulty. He admitted that, owing to the early removal of children from school, comparatively little good was done by the present government grants, which parliament might by and by become, for that reason, indisposed to continue. It was therefore necessary to devise means of keeping children longer at school: it might be matter of experiment whether the giving of prizes, the certificate system, or the half-time system, was calculated to be effective for this purpose.

The address of Lord Stanley was a masterly and exhaustive statement of the sanitary question. Some of the physical evils under which the community laboured could not be prevented. Some affecting individuals, were only preventable at the will of individuals. A third and large class affected large classes of men, the cause lying in some known external noxious agency, whether connected with occupation or locality, which was capable of being removed. What sanitarians concerned themselves with was the abatement and removal of agencies thus pressing on the public health. They held that the knowledge which

* It was subsequently stated in a paper by the Rev. E. E. Gifford, head-master of this school, that it contained 400 pupils of nearly all the ordinary denominations, including upwards of 200 of the established church. Yet no difficulty was felt. 'All were instructed together in the Scriptures, with the exception that Jews were not expected to learn the New Testament; and the Church Catechism was not enforced when objection was made by the parents.' Mr Gifford consequently believed that 'the preliminary difficulty of discussing and defining the subjects of religious instruction of a school could be avoided or removed, a very small share of candour and common sense would remove all difficulties in practice.'

could ward off preventable disease from the naturally healthy, ought to be a part of the education of every person. 'This knowledge ought to be diffused, because in matters which concerned the public in its collective capacity, such as the cleansing of rivers, the drainage of towns, the exclusion from populous districts of noxious employments, and the like, those by whom sanitary reforms were imperfectly appreciated would be found hostile to them on the ground of expense, and because a large proportion of those remedial sanitary measures which it was in the power of society to apply to physical ill, were of such a nature that no police regulation, no Board of Health, no legislative enactments, could successfully interfere to enforce them without the co-operation of the parties concerned, such as the cleansing and ventilation of private dwellings.' Inquiry fully brought out the proofs that circumstances under human control greatly affected human life. For example, the mortality of our troops in barrack-life at home was as 17·8 (nearly 18) per 1000 annually; in the Guards in London, no less than 20½ per 1000; while in general society, at the same period of life, it was a little under 12 per 1000. [Strange to say, the mortality of the inmates of our jails is below that of the soldiery.] It was calculated that in England and Wales there were 115,000 deaths from preventable causes. [This infers a great loss of capital to the community, for every useful man in middle life represents a considerable sum of money—namely, that which has been laid out in rearing and educating him.] It had been shewn how much evil the community incurred through the widowhood and orphanage arising from premature deaths. In Manchester, in 1842, there were 27,000 cases of premature widowhood, and 100,000 orphans thrown upon the poor-rates, creating a yearly loss of £2,000,000, and leading to a deterioration of the people, as the destitute children grew up in unfavourable circumstances. Glancing at the visitation of cholera in 1854, his lordship stated that in one district, where the population was 915 to the square mile, the deaths averaged 65 to each 10,000 persons living; while in another district with 234 to the square mile, they averaged only 7 to the 10,000; and in other districts of only 122 to the square mile, there were no deaths from this cause at all. His lordship adverted to noxious trades, close work-rooms, ill-ventilated houses, and deficient sewerage or drainage as causes of disease and premature death, and likewise to intemperate habits, which, there was reason to suppose, often arose from those very conditions. It became a most important question, how far the state could interfere to protect and improve the public health; important not merely for each individual life, but for the general interest of the community. 'Dry and unattractive,' said his lordship, 'as sanitary studies may appear, they belong to the patriot no less than the philanthropist: they touch very nearly the future prosperity and the national greatness of England. Do not fancy that the mischief done by disease spreading through the community is to be measured by the number of deaths which ensue. That is the least part of the result, as in a battle, the killed bear but a small proportion to the wounded. It is not merely by the crowded hospitals, the frequent funerals, the destitution of families, or the increased pressure of public burdens, that you may test the sufferings of a nation over which sickness has passed. The real and lasting injury lies in the deterioration of race, in the seeds of disease transmitted to future generations, in the degeneracy and decay which are never detected till the evil is irreparable, and of which, even then, the cause remains often undiscovered. It concerns us if the work of England be that of colonisation and dominion abroad—if wild hordes and savage races are to be brought by our agency under the influence of civilised man—if we are to maintain

peace, to extend commerce, to hold our own among many rivals, alike by arts and arms—it concerns us, I say, that strong hands shall be forthcoming to wield either sword or spade—that vigorous constitutions be not wanting to endure the vicissitudes of climate, and the labours of a settler in a new country. I believe that, whatever exceptions may be found in individual instances, when you come to deal with men in the mass, physical and moral decay necessarily go together; and it would be small satisfaction to know that we had, through a series of ages, successfully resisted every external agency if we learned too late that that vigour and energy for which ours stands confessedly pre-eminent among the races of the world, were being undermined by a secret but irresistible agency, the offspring of our own neglect, against which science and humanity had warned us in vain.'

The sections set to work that afternoon in their several rooms in the Queen's College, and renewed their meetings during each of the two ensuing days. They were well attended, and it was gratifying to observe the quality of the men present. We had not previously any conception of there being so many men of rank, of professional eminence and intelligence—magistrates, clergymen, engineers, architects, physicians, teachers—having these benefits for their fellow-countrymen at heart, and willing to take so much trouble with a view to their being realised. The difficulty was, not to get able and useful papers to be read, but to get time in which to read them. There was something novel and striking in seeing an ex-premier and an ex-chancellor at the head of a little preliminary parliament, as it might be called, shaping out work for the actual legislature. It is admitted that in this department practical progress was made in regard to one branch of law, that relating to bankruptcy. There were also important matters under consideration in the section on criminal reformatories. Mr M. D. Hill, the president, recorder of Birmingham, gave a most interesting account, from his own recent observation, of the progress of a system in Ireland for turning convicts to use in public works, while at the same time giving them such motives to good conduct that they *do* reform, and are either enabled to emigrate hopefully, or are taken into respectable employment—the crucial test, as he well remarked, of such a scheme. There was also a paper by the benevolent Miss Carpenter on girls' reformatories, treating the whole matter in a most cautious and discriminating manner, and shewing how much good might be done in this department by the females of the leisurely classes.

In the Sanitary Section, there was a great amount of excellent observation brought forward, on the various subjects of improved dwellings for the working-classes, ventilation, increased space for population, and drainage of towns. The Rev. C. Hartshorne gave an interesting description of the houses lately built by the Duke of Bedford, Earl Spencer, and the Duke of Northumberland, for the labourers on their estates, exhibiting a large outlay, and perhaps too fine a style of building, as we thought, so that the rents paid give a return in no case reaching 3 per cent., yet pleasing in the main, as shewing that these benevolent nobles contemplated a better return in the health, contentment, and moral improvement of their people. At the same time, a gentleman explained that improved cottages might be built for £70, with a third apartment in the attic for £5 additional. The views of the section seemed greatly turned towards the erection of groups of dwellings for the town-working populations, in rural situations, accessible at a cheap rate by railways. Here, however, the unfortunate fact presents itself, that all new dwellings built for town-workers become occupied solely by the superior individuals of their class, leaving the old dwellings as densely peopled as ever by a comparatively refuse population, and

therefore as much as ever seats and sources of epidemic disease, unless we can employ compulsory means for the correction of the evil at the public expense. A paper by Dr Southwood Smith, on the prolongation of human life, brought out in a striking manner what all must feel to be the great motive and encouragement to sanitary improvements—namely, the fact that, under advancing civilisation, an improvement in the length of life is actually going on. In 1693 and 1790, a loan was raised for the state by what is called *tontine*. Each person advancing £100, was allowed to name a life during which he and his heirs drew a certain annuity. There was therefore the strongest inducement for each lender to name the youngest and healthiest infant he could select. 'The tontine of 1690 consisted of 408 females and 594 males; and that of 1790, of 3974 females and 4197 males. The latter tontine is not yet extinct, and it was shewn that on the 1st of January 1851, there still remained alive, sixty years of age and upwards, 1312 females and 977 males out of the original number; so that the difference between the mortality of the nominees of 1690 and 1790 was not yet so great as it would ultimately be. Taking these data, Mr Finlaison, the government calculator, had worked out in a very elaborate manner the means of making a comparison between them; and the actual prolongation of life in the nineteenth century was proved, first, by the difference in the death-rate at the two periods, and next, by the addition of an ascertained number of years to the life of each individual. It was thus shewn that in the year 1690, the expectation of life in a man, aged thirty, would have been 26.565, while in 1790 it would have been 33.775; while the actual addition of the excess of years, which the persons engaged in the latter tontine had over the former, proved that in 1790 the expectation of life was increased by fully one-fourth; that is to say, that if in 1690 a person, aged thirty, could expect to live thirty years, in 1790, a person of the same age could reasonably expect to live thirty-seven years. An increase in the duration of life,' Dr Smith went on to say, 'was a proof of increased comforts, or increased enjoyment of certain elements upon which human life is dependent, such as air, light, food, warmth, and shelter. In fact, what we called progress in civilisation, was an improvement in the means of securing regularly and unfailingly, in abundance and purity, those physical agents for the bulk of the population. The accomplishment of this object was the main cause of all the activity and energy by which a state of civilisation was characterised. It was a matter of familiar history that an extraordinary activity reigned throughout the eighteenth century. Forests were cleared, marshes and swamps drained, and from the more settled government of the country, cities and towns being no longer fortresses, had extended beyond the walls of their fortifications. At this period, also, special attention began to be paid to the well ordering, cleaning, and paving of towns. The narrow streets were widened, slate roofs substituted for thatch, bricks for timber, and the manufacture of glass so much increased that glass windows, even in the poorer towns, became common. Agriculture made a surprising advance, multiplying a hundredfold the production of fresh vegetable food, and increasing in a still more remarkable degree the amount of fresh animal food by the extension of the comparatively new art of collecting and storing fodder for cattle in winter. The increase of manufactures gave improved and cheap clothing to the people, not only conducive to warmth and health, but almost equally so to cleanliness, the texture compelling frequent washing. Accordingly, disease assumed a milder form, and epidemics in particular became much less formidable.' Dr Smith concluded by asking if the advancing civilisation of the eighteenth century was

accompanied by such a prolongation of life, what must have been latterly gained? 'It was clear that even at present the classes which formed the base of the pyramid of society lost a great portion of life, and it was the duty and noble aim of this Association to remove—for it was removable—this crying disgrace to our country, to bring this unhappy class within the pale of civilisation. Until that was done, the columns of the registrar-general would give no fair result of sanitary improvement. How far the time of life, however, in the aggregate could be extended, they did not know, but it was plain that it was not possible as yet to assign a definite limit.'

Our narrow space forbids us to go into any more details; but we cannot quit the subject without a most emphatic congratulation of the members of the Social Science Association on their auspicious commencement of proceedings. If they only, by the external facts of their meeting, reading, and speaking, call attention to the matters they have in view, they will do great good, for in our peculiar political organisation, as is well known, to get the ear and then the voice of the public are essential preliminaries to all improved legislation. It is a great and a sacred cause which they have in hand, and with true earnestness it cannot fail to prosper. At the same time, we may take this opportunity of saying, that we contemplate the efforts of such an association as only the best that the circumstances admit of. It is very well for the upper classes thus to interest themselves, work, and spend in behalf of the humbler; but the results must needs be defective while there is—as there obviously is—a want of motive on the part of the masses to improve and advance in their own life-economy. Something is required to bring them out of antagonism towards their employers, to give them similar aspirations to those of the middle classes, the same inducements to saving and improving money—a hope and aim in life. That given, we should see something in their case like what a great orator alluded to when he spoke of the cheap defence of nations. We should then be at no trouble in improving their condition, for they would improve it themselves.

THE MIDNIGHT RITE.

THERE is a certain island, Anonyma, beautiful and fruitful, enjoying a far purer air and warmer climate than ours, which does Great Britain the honour of being her ally, and of even forming an integral part of her empire, without copying slavishly her constitution or her laws. The language which prevailed amongst us after the Norman Conquest still survives, and our Norman code is still in effect among the Anonymese. Determined not to be indebted for new ideas to any of their neighbours, and having little originality of their own, they have been content with such political and judicial lights as gleam, as it were phosphorescently, from the decayed and rotten *opus mortuum* of eight centuries ago. The president of Anonyma still wears a red gown; the thirty-six who make up the parliament, and are supposed to be representative, are almost all of the same class, and practically elect themselves—twelve priests, who sit in right of their cures; twelve squires, who are legislators for life; and twelve mechanical lay-squires, the popular element, returned by their respective parishes (or squires), and warranted to go for five years. Liberty means its right of rejecting any proposed improvement emanating from Great Britain through the law-officers of the crown; and retains no significance there whatever. Criminal justice is administered with all the 'glorious uncertainty' of law, combined with the former rate of justice in our Court of Chancery; the accused person who has been stigmatised by the original

as a young reprobate, becoming, before his trial is ended, a middle-aged, if not a hoary sinner. After a protracted inquiry of this description, by the time that all the depositions have been written down in two languages, and the court has adjourned the case for the fourteenth time, it not unfrequently happens that the acute Anonymese tribunal has been concerning itself with the wrong man. It is not an easy matter for one, however innocent, to get out of a mediæval prosecution conducted upon paper in an extinct tongue. I speak advisedly; and to the extreme length of its proceedings alone, and not at all to the sagacity of the court I am myself indebted for my life.

I am an artist, and spent the winter before last in Anonyma practising my profession. Nature is displayed in miniature, in that island, very beautifully, and has a nook-and-dell attire such as perhaps she seldom wears elsewhere; the coast-line, too, is exceedingly grand, and the surrounding sea has deeper colours, and rages with a more terrible wrath than is common to it about the shores of England. In winter-time, in innermost Anonyma, you can hardly find a spot quite out of hearing of the stormy waves. I had been sketching in one of its western bays one December afternoon, while the wind seemed to be goading the whole Atlantic to rise and submerge the little island, and ensconced as I was in as well-sheltered a fissure as I could select, the spray got at me at last, wetted me through, and utterly destroyed the labour of four hours. Several miles lay between me and my lodgings, and a vision of possible rheumatism lending wings to my feet, I started at once homewards. In the second valley from the shore, however, I came upon a spectacle which my professional eye was bound to contemplate at all hazards—to a poor caricaturist like myself, the thing was worth at the least five pounds. In the road before me, and making signs for me to stop and to be silent, were cautiously stealing up a couple of men with guns. They were neither native nor English sportsmen; their gay apparel, their huge shooting-bags hung with tassels, their prodigious moustaches, at once proclaimed them to belong to one or other of those crushed nationalities that are in the habit of making Anonyma their resort in evil times. Their energetic gestures convinced me that they must be either Frenchmen or Italians; no others could have so eloquently telegraphed that game of some rarest species was in view, and that my advance would be dearly purchased at the escape of such a noble quarry. Chilled as I was, therefore, I remained stationary to watch their sport. They had no dog with them, but as they neared the desired object, they both sank down upon all-fours, and crept up the frosty road like wary pointers. I followed as well as I was able the direction of their eyes, which were elevated, with mine, but I could see nothing skywards except one solitary blackbird upon a leafless tree. Surely, thought I, they are never in pursuit of that unoffending songster! An answer was given in the report of both their guns, followed by the hasty departure of the bird himself.

'Thousand thunders!' exclaimed the foremost sportsman; 'we have missed him *again*, mon ami!'

'Where is he gone?' cried the other. 'Regardez, monsieur, what you call mark, if you please.'

But I could not mark; I was so overcome with nerriment that I could only sit down and laugh. They were pleased, however, with my stopping for them, and proposed to have some refreshment with me in a *cabaret* close by. I was in need of warmth, internal as well as external, and agreed at once. Brandy is very cheap in Anonyma, and very good; and the Anonymese are far from being neglectful of their opportunities in that respect. The taverns of the island have the worst looks and the best liquors of any taverns I know. There was a good sea-weed fire in

this particular one; and as the wind beat against the crazy walls, and battered vainly upon the grimy little window-panes, I felt no inclination to quit my stool in the chimney corner. There were studies enough in that smoky, floorless cabin, beside my two comic gentlemen-sportsmen: men in dirty blouses and with unclean hands were there, under whose tangled hair lay foreheads heavy with thought; resolute mouths lurked under their shaggy moustaches; and light such as no brandy can bestow, gleamed forth from their eyes. These were political refugees, each with a real or a supposed wrong, and each counting upon not sitting still for ever under its infliction. Anonymese fishermen, bronzed and sturdy, made up the rest of the company, whose conversation, carried on in French, modern and Norman, was remarkably unconstrained. One by one, these different parties dropped away, and at a very late hour of the night, I found myself the last man starting homeward and alone.

The wind had almost lulled, still driving the dark clouds hither and thither over the wintry sky, but touching only the tree-tops of the island and the summits of its little hills. I could hear the ocean, like some mighty watch-dog partially appeased, still growl in its half slumber. There was moon, which now and then shone brightly for an instant, making deeper the evening gloom; and my way lying for the most part through great avenues of trees belonging to old ruined seigneuries, or dipping into curved valleys with a stream, should have been just the road to please a painter. Whether the strange characters of the men I had just left, however, had impressed me too deeply, and their lawless anecdotes shaken my confidence too much in the local police, I certainly felt ill at ease, and by no means in the humour for appreciating the picturesque. It seemed a weird, uncanny sort of night to be out in, and I began to wish that I had drunk more brandy, or else none at all. How much I would have given to have been in my own comfortable lodgings, under the protection of my charming old landlady, in the High Street, I daren't say, instead of feeling my way through a— Goodness gracious! what was that? Footsteps that knew the road a great deal better than I did, and some heavy body being dragged along with them—probably a corpse! I shrank into the hedge to let them pass, which they did at a full trot, laughing.

'Just the night for a job like this,' said one. 'Why, it reminds one of body-snatching in the good old times.' (Evidently a couple of resurrectionists, whose occupation was gone, and who, like everybody else 'in trouble,' were now resident Anonymese.)

'I suppose this would be a hanging business if we were caught at it,' observed the other with a brutal unconcern that made my blood run colder than ever.

'I believe you,' replied the first speaker; and the two together burst into such a guffaw as I should have thought peculiar to demons. The road, almost immediately, got clear of the trees, and swept in a half-circle round a little meadow; but the two murderers dragged their victim over a gate and into the open space without the slightest hesitation, although the moon was just then shining. I kept, of course, under the shadow of the avenue, and watched their movements with a curiosity that almost overmastered fear. They threw the body—it was a body—carelessly upon the frozen ground, and then set to work collecting sticks: it was easier to burn it, it seemed, than to dig a hole for it, and in a very few minutes they had collected quite a funeral pyre. Placing the corpse upon this, and kindling the brushwood which they had set at bottom from a match-box one of them carried, the flame began to spread apace, and soon lit up the faces of the two men, so that I could have sworn to them again anywhere. One was a stout fellow of about forty, not ill-looking, perhaps, if I could have

separated him in my mind from his occupation; but whenever his eyes chanced to fall upon the fast-consuming corpse, I saw them gleam with unmistakable hatred. The second, although almost a boy in years, exhibited also no trace of pity for his victim. They had lit cigars, and were getting so merry in their fiendish way, that I could scarcely believe my eyes. I tried in vain to think that, after all, it might be some dead monkey or other animal they were burning, and not a human creature. Whatever it was, the smell from its consuming carcass filled all the little valley, and drove up with the wind into my hiding-place, so as almost to turn me sick. I longed, like Robinson Crusoe when he saw the savages at dinner, to run in upon these wretches, and destroy them at their abominable entertainment; and had I had a Friday with me and half-a-dozen others, I might perhaps have made the attempt: as it was, I confined myself to making a solemn resolution to leave the island of Anonyma, by the next packet, to its smugglers, its refugees, and its body-burners, for ever. I positively felt as if my hair was turning gray. At last the horrid rite was over; and the performers, kicking about the ashes, and laughing—always laughing—after their frightful manner, left the place, and came up the road again. 'He'll never bother me in this world again,' said the elder, as he passed by my ambush; 'but we've had trouble enough and to spare in getting rid of the old Methuselah.' It was an old man, then, that they had disposed of in this awful way, thinking that no eye could see them!

When their footsteps had died away, I crept out into the little field, and discovered among the dying embers a skull. I had studied anatomy for some time, for the better knowledge of my profession, and I knew at once that the skull was that of a man. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust—a smouldering heap, which the breeze was already carrying hither and thither, was all which now remained of that human form.

'Poor murdered wretch!' cried I aloud, still holding the skull in my hand, and beginning to philosophise like another Hamlet, 'how little couldst thou have guessed'—

'Murdered, was he?' said a gruff voice close beside me, while a heavy hand fell upon my shoulder and clutched it like a vice.

'No, gentlemen,' cried I, trembling like a reed, in the belief that the two wretches had come back again—'no, not murdered, only put out of the way very tenderly; and in the highest and noblest sense of the word, most justifiably, I am sure.'

'What a cold-blooded villain!' ejaculated a second voice.

'Tie his hands, and march him away to jail at once,' cried a third.

'My dear sirs,' exclaimed I, 'pardon me; I took you for robbers, murderers; I did indeed. Allow me to assist you in detecting the real offenders—they took that road to the left, yonder, through the wood.'

And so, at two o'clock in the December morning, I found myself at last going homeward, to the Police-office, with my hands tied, and in the custody of three pudding-headed Anonymese. The smell of the burning corpse, it seems, had penetrated to their farm upon the hillside, and they had come down just in time to secure me and to miss the perpetrators of the crime. So horrified were they with its revolting character, that they would not so much as touch me with their hands; but having placed the skull in my pocket, drove me before them with sticks, as though I were an ox; and in that fashion I was escorted past the cheerful fire-light which still streamed from the windows of my lodgings, to the prison-cell.

Being much addicted to a roving life, I had few stationary friends, and none at all in Anonyma. My landlady, of course, could only attest to my being 'a

nice-spoken, well-conducted young man.' My counsel could only say that it was absurd to suppose that a landscape-painter, however devoted to his art, could go the length of burning a man in a lone valley, at midnight, to produce effects. On the other hand, the situation in which I was found, with the skull in my very fingers—the words I used to myself, and the admissions I made, in the first instance, to those who seized me, combined with the extreme improbability of the story I had to tell in my own defence, were of course very convincing proofs of my criminality. That a crime had been committed, who could doubt, with the human head and ashes still in existence, to appeal to Heaven for vengeance upon a murderer! Still, who had been murdered? In any other place but Anonyma, that question would perhaps have stayed the hand of the executioner; but there, where so many strangers dwell whose object it is to keep themselves unknown and aloof from others, the fact that nobody was missing was not deemed at all extraordinary. I say, if it had not been for the providential delays of the criminal court, the time that was taken up in repeating the depositions again and again, in confusing English and Norman-French together, and in adjourning the proceedings, I, the writer of this adventure, which is, in its main details, a perfectly true statement, should have been hung.

After six weeks, however, Captain Debandeur came back from England, where he had been spending his Christmas, and saved me. He was a naval gentleman of the old school, and didn't like to be contradicted. When anything bothered him, a servant or an unwelcome guest would kick the one out of the house, and break the other across his knee, without a moment's warning. He had brought over, in one of his voyages, a certain great curiosity from the east, and very soon got tired of looking at it. He offered it to the new Anonyma museum, and that accepting it, although with some difficulty, for it was by this time broken and imperfect and worth but little, he was appeased, or otherwise he would have probably destroyed the great curiosity out of hand. The new museum failing, this precious wonder came back again to its original proprietor, who was wild with indignation at its reappearance. He and his son, therefore, after many attempts to annihilate it, which were frustrated by the other members of the family, fixed at last on burning 'old Methuselah' in the open air, on the night before starting for England for a six weeks' holiday. If he had taken seven weeks, I should have been a dead man.

Now old Methuselah was a mummy.

A RAMBLE IN A PARISIAN SUBURB.

It is a fine clear warm day, in what we should call in London the late spring, but here in Paris, where the bright green buds on the trees have burst into bright green leaves, is better described as the early summer. I have been lounging and wandering about the Boulevard de la Madeleine nearly all the morning—now reading the *Débats* in company with a silent crowd of black beards—now sipping sugared ice-water, by way of a change—now speculating on the character and destinies of the garçon whose property for the time being I have become—now listening dreamily to the murmur of the flower-market, which goes on under the shadow of the Madeleine, and gladly drinking the delicious fragrance of its blossoms as the breeze wafts it past. The fact is, that I have been endeavouring to keep an appointment with an unimportant friend, who, it appears, has forgotten his engagement, and does not come—and at last I have given him up, wondering what his conscience is made of, that he has kept me waiting so long; and have turned my back upon the place of rendezvous, and addressed myself to the pleasures of a solitary ramble.

Within half an hour, and without intending it, I find myself standing among a group of stragglers at the south-west corner of the Place de la Concorde, awaiting the arrival of that long-bodied omnibus which plies incessantly between Paris and Auteuil. Of all the omnibuses that ever were conceived, this alone has an indisputable title to the designation. Though drawn but by two little cob-horses, it carries a community of not less than three-score persons, who are the representatives of the three principal classes that constitute the social body. There is the inside, with its seats of cushioned plush, for the gentry; the outside, with its hard benches, for the middle classes; and its two ends, without any seat at all, where the poorest may stand and ride, and save their weary bones and their shoe-leather, at a cost of something less than a farthing a mile. Presently, there is the report of a blast blown through a cow's horn, and up rolls the levithian machine, and from its roof and entrails a crowd descends and emerges, and disappears at all points of the compass; while the cow's horn blows, and blows, and blows, and a new cargo climbs the roof, fills up the body, and crushes into the standing places, which are as much receptacles for heavy burdens as for their bearers. Meanwhile, the horses are taken out and harnessed to the other end—the machine being incapable of turning round—and the driver and conductor change places. Thinking I can't do better, I mount the roof, with about a score of outsiders, half of them of the military profession, and in three minutes, off we dash at a ten-mile-an-hour pace, towards Passy. The fat little horses are full of spirits and frolic, and make nothing of the monstrous load, for the simple reason, that the wheels, which are cast of solid iron, run in a tramway sunk beneath the level of the road. Carts and wagons drive across its track at their convenience, but scuttle out of the way with remarkable activity at the sound of the cow's horn. The way runs for nearly a mile through an avenue of trees, the sunlight flashing among the emerald leaves and dappling the sandy road with flickering shadow. Then we come out upon the bank of the river, gleaming like a broad disk of fire, with a surface broken into innumerable ripples, every one of which is a mirror to the sun. As we approach Passy, the guard comes round and exacts a penny from every outsider, with the exception of the military, whom he accommodates at half-price—the fee for insiders, he tells us, is three-halfpence; and those who stand in the bows and the stern are assessed at a half-penny. At Passy, we stop for a couple of minutes, and make an exchange of passengers—then on again towards Auteuil. As I look across the river, I can see the flashing of arms in the Champ de Mars, and catch a distant echo of the bray of trumpets; but the sound is soon lost in the noise of our own wheels, and the glint of the steel fades out in the distance. A few minutes bring us to the outskirts of Auteuil, where, for the present, the tramway terminates, and I alight, after a ride of about half an hour.

A short, shaded, and comparatively unfrequented road, winding between the blank brick rears of gentlemen's houses and the high stone enclosures of private gardens, leads up into the village. There is not a footfall audible in the place, and scarcely a figure visible at door or window. The very houses seem to have fallen fast asleep in the hot sunshine, and, with the exception of the regular blows of an axe wielded by some invisible being who is chopping wood, and the gurgling notes of an invisible caged thrush, not a sound is to be heard. The roads, the paths, the little patches of wayside grass, are all exquisitely neat and trim, and every house and stone wall, innocent of placards and posters, presents the cleanest imaginable face that brick and wood, stone and mortar, can be made to put on. By and by, I catch

sight of the church-spire, a rather dumpy affair, just surmounting the tops of the trees; and then, ascending a few steps to the green on the left of the road, am standing in front of the church itself, a composite and rather fantastic structure, but a very model of primeness and propriety. The door stands invitingly open, and, accepting the invitation, I walk in, and take a seat in the cool, dim-lighted nave. There is not a soul to be seen—all is still as death; solemn sorrowful faces look down upon me from a dark picture, and beneath the dusky shadow of the roof, a few old and tattered banners hang motionless. I wonder what is become of the Suisse, who ought to be there to shew the lions—to lead me to the tomb of D'Aguesseau—to talk about Boileau, Racine, La Fontaine, Molière, Count Rumford, and the rest of the celebrities who lived at Auteuil, and either were or ought to have been buried there—and to tax me twenty sous in return for his information. Why does not the man come and earn his franc? Suddenly I hear the creaking of a door near the altar—the panel is pushed forward, and out pops the round bald head of a very jolly-looking priest; the eyes are turned towards the open door, where they see nothing; then a not involuntary motion on my part fixes a surprised glance on me, and for a moment or two our eyes meet. Am I right or wrong in suspecting that the merry-souled owner of those eyes is very considerably inclined to burst into a laugh? I don't know. If so, he withstands the temptation, and suddenly withdrawing his head, disappears, closing the door.

I begin to think that, though I am alone in the little church, I may be one too many notwithstanding, and accordingly I make for the door. I happen to be just in time. There comes the Suisse across the green in full fig, with laced sky-blue coat, laced cocked-hat bedecked with a rose of white ribbons, and carrying his ponderous gilded mace before him, from which also white favours are dangling. At his heels follow, with remarkable gravity and solemnity of demeanour, a train of fifteen or twenty persons, all evidently the members and retainers of one family. The first, who walks alone, is an aged patriarch bowed with years, upon whose bare head above fourscore winters have shed their snows. His face is florid with the rose-hues of second infancy, and clear and pure in tint as a young maiden's; and his long white locks, which have not been shorn for more than a lustre, hang in shining waves upon the shoulders of a coat of newest gloss, cut after the fashion of the ancient régime. Crosses, medals, and ribbons glitter on his breast; but there is no consciousness of the scene in which he plays a part in his lacklustre eye; he has been painfully got up for the occasion, and longs to return to his cushioned chair, the retreat of his old age, the cradle of his second childhood. Next to him walks a gentleman of fifty-five, in official costume, wearing a handsome sword at his side: he also is bareheaded and clad in a court-dress, and his grizzled hair is fresh from the hands of the barber. He holds his arms horizontally in front of his breast, and on them lies a new-born infant but a day or two old, buried in long-clothes of the finest lace, and apparently sleeping. Next comes a young officer—whom I take to be the father of the babe—with an elderly lady, who may be his wife's mother, leaning on his arm. Then follow several young people richly dressed, looking charming in flowers and white favours, and walking with solemn demureness in couples. The train is closed by the domestics of the family to the number of eight, all characterised by the same sobriety of expression. Beyond these, there is not a single follower—the rabble, if there be any rabble in Auteuil, are without a representative; and the procession passes on without any other recognition from the inhabitants than a courteous gesture of obeisance from the few who, standing at

their doors or windows, watch it go by. Slowly the open church receives them, until the last domestic has vanished within the portal. I am half inclined to go back and witness the ceremony of the baptism; but seeing that although the church-door continues open, nobody sets me the example, I doubt the propriety of doing so, and therefore go on my way. Not far from the church, I pass the open gate of the château from which the baptismal procession started. I peep in. The mansion is large and roomy, with a handsome entrance; the garden and grounds are exquisitely laid out and cared for; the green grassy lawn is smooth as velvet, and the shadows of fine old trees stretch darkly across it. The dwelling seems deserted; but I know that is not the case, for there is a glorious odour of delicious soup, and I feel that somebody is working miracles in the kitchen, and that, however demurely the christening begins, it will end in feasting and merriment.

Further on, I accost a damsel standing at the door of a wood-shop adorned with a capital work of art, representing a pile of fuel and the instruments for cutting and sawing it, and request her to direct me to some place where I can dine—the odour of the baptismal soup having awakened an unusual appetite. She points to a low cottage-looking *auberge*, a little higher up, and in two minutes I enter it. The hostess, a brisk, active dame, of uncertain age, and jauntily dressed, shews me into a little parlour, one window of which opens upon the garden in the rear, while the other looks into the front shop or salon, where she sits at the receipt of custom. The garden is well stocked with fruit and the commoner sorts of vegetables and roots, and a party of pigs are feeding audibly in a sty at the further end. The waiter, whom I suspect to be cook, garçon, and landlord all in one, says he will get my dinner ready in half an hour. Would I like to walk till then? I can walk in the garden, or Jean shall go with me and shew me Boileau's house, and the house occupied by the great Franklin—of course, that is, if I choose. I do choose, for I see the man wants to get rid of me, to have the dusty parlour put in order. So I sally out with Jean, who is a scrap of a boy in a collarless gray blouse, and who is attended by a knowing old poodle twice the boy's age. Jean leads the way to the Rue de Boileau, and points out Boileau's house, about which there is nothing remarkable; and then he takes me to a garden-door, by peeping over which I get sight of a couple of verandah windows, which he tells me are the quarters of Franklin, but which I suspect to be a piece of sophistication on the part of Jean and the other good people of the place. The boy has nothing more to talk about but the merits of Pompe the poodle, who, according to his version, has reached the summit of canine intelligence, and is a miracle of sagacity, of which I do not care to express my strong doubts.

When I get back to the little parlour, I find it neat and tidy, and the cloth laid; and by the time I am seated, the soup is on the table. I dine agreeably, but not alone. Pompe has forsaken Jean, and attached himself to me, and has plainly made up his mind to dissipate the contemptuous opinion I have formed of him. He gets upon a chair to see me eat the soup, at which he looks on approvingly. When the cutlets come in, he assumes the begging posture; that not having an immediate effect, he looks me seriously in the face, and stretches out one paw in the attitude of an orator making a speech. I am inclined to see how far he will go, and still take no notice of him; he changes his position, begs with his back towards me, and looks appealingly over his shoulder. I cannot stand that, and he gets a piece of the cutlet, which he catches in mid-air, and in an instant resumes the successful posture. It will not do a second time, and he tries a third experiment by squatting and

crossing his paws over his nose in a way most preposterously touching, for which he gets rewarded again. When the landlord brings in the *poale*, I question him as to Pompe's abilities and education. He tells me the dog is of a rare breed, and asks me if I ever before saw a poodle of a chestnut colour, which I certainly cannot remember to have done. As for his tricks, he has been taught them by the young men of the place, who make a pet of him; and he will learn anything readily; which, after the specimens I have seen, I can easily believe. But Pompe is a true dog of the world; though, in return for his performances, I feed him well, I no sooner rise from table, and go to settle my account, than he slinks off, and a moment after is repeating his exhibition before a party of peasants regaling themselves with a ragout in the common room: he has not been educated for nothing, and knows how to earn his livelihood.

It is four o'clock when, having left Autenil behind me, I pass through the gate of the fortifications, and enter the Bois de Boulogne. I find the outskirts of the wood pretty well populated by parties of Parisians, picnickers and others, lounging on the benches beneath the willows, reclined on mossy banks, or feeding the gold-fish in the reedy lakes. I hear their merry voices when I cannot see them; and again, in recesses where all is shadowy and silent, I catch the bright hues of their gay dresses shimmering through gaps in the leafy umbrage. Innumerable pathways winding through the hollows, cross and intersect each other in every direction, and more than once, without knowing it, I trace the same track twice over, in a vain attempt to penetrate to the centre of the forest. Now, when I flatter myself that I have reached a secluded spot, a peal of laughter from a family of children dissipates the illusion; and again, in a darksome glen, that seems a fit haunt for a lone hermit or a gang of banditti, I stumble upon a solitary artist, with his colours spread around him on the grass, silently transferring to his canvas the deathlike repose of the scene. I may have spent an hour beneath the leaves, and may have left nearly a league of the wood behind, when I emerge suddenly upon a broad road track, torn into deep ruts by the passage of wheels, and bordered on each side by a wide sward, in places even as a carpeted floor, and indenting the wood in areas a rood or two in extent. The road winds over a bold swell of the ground, and presents at various points picturesque views both of the near and distant scenery. The spot has evident attractions for holiday-makers, who spread their picnics on the grass, and find convenient seats on the felled trunks of a few trees which the timber-wagons have not yet carried away. In one place, a party of photographers have pitched a yellow-canvas tent, and are pursuing their cunning craft with the alacrity that characterises the profession. In another, lads and lasses are vociferous and explosive in a game at hide-in-the-wood. In a third, there is dancing going on to the music of a couple of *balloons* played by boys in blouses, who, I have a suspicion, have not been brought to the spot on purpose; but, like spirits of mirth as they are, habitually haunt the wood in expectation of votaries. And in one of the cleared recesses above mentioned, a vigorous sport is going on, signalled at a distance by shouts from nearby throats, and the repeated and rocket-like ascent into the air of a black globe some ten inches in diameter. I make my way towards this up-and-down motion, to solve the mystery of its dancing flights. Upon a smooth area, of about an acre in extent, but twice the length of its breadth, I find a dozen or more of athletic young fellows, stripped to their shirts, and playing a curious game—with a ball as big as a *vaudeville*—of what is neither foot-ball nor five, but in yet a modification of both. The ball, which is *grosse* globular, is formed of a thick case of *Indienne*.

inflated with air as tight as it can be blown. The game is played by two gangs, thus: The ball is first thrown into the air by the leader of one gang, and a member of the opposing gang has to strike it up again when it falls—the side which sends it up last scoring one towards the game total. Owing to the unwieldy size of the ball, and the impossibility of grasping it, it is not easy to hurl it above the height of fifteen or twenty feet; but if, on its descent, it be caught by a hearty blow with the clenched fist, directed exactly against its centre, it will rise to double that height the second time. When it falls the second time, a like successful blow may send it seventy feet high, and so on, its rebound being increased by the increased momentum of its fall, until it is seen to rise above a hundred feet in the air. Frequent practice, as may be imagined, is required to play the game well, as unless the stroke of the fist is directed to the centre, or very near the centre of the ball, it glances from the knuckles, and falls to the ground. Further, the ball has to be struck so as to fall within a specified boundary, in the centre of which each successive trial commences. When the receiver of the ball is fearful that his stroke may send it out of bounds, he will rather catch it with a gentle tap, directing it again towards the centre of the ring. Such, as far as I can make them out by observation, appear to be the laws of the game, which strikes me as an admirable one. It is played with infinite zest and enthusiasm, and gives rise to no end of laughter and hearty fun.

I am so much amused with watching this game—with the frolics of the gay dancers, and the general liveliness of the scene—that I forget to take note of time; and the sun is getting low in the sky, when the recollection of an engagement for the evening in the Rue Vivienne, turns me sharply to the right—about on my way back to Paris. I have no difficulty in retracing my route towards the gate of the fortifications through which I entered, and at a very short distance from that is a railway station, whence I can be projected into the heart of Paris in five-and-thirty minutes. The landscape is flushed with the tints of sunset as I mount with my ticket to the platform, and seduced by the brilliant colouring around, instead of entering the carriage, I climb to the covered seats on the roof—a mode of accommodation for third-class passengers which our English railways cannot boast, and which our low-roofed tunnels would not allow of. I enjoy a delicious view of Paris and its environment in the rosy light of a slow-fading summer's day; and ere the gray twilight has settled down upon the picture, I am one of the bustling crowd of the Rue St Lazare, and my ramble in a Parisian suburb is at an end.

TYRIAN PURPLE.

THE monuments of Greece and other ancient nations shew that persons of the upper classes, of both sexes, wore garments of elegant form; but they give us hardly any knowledge of the colours of these garments. The truth is, however, that the dye-resources of ancient nations were very meagre. They continued to be so throughout the entire period of Grecian and Roman history; the number of known dye-stuffs being small, and chemical science in its infancy. The Egyptians and Hindoos probably knew how to impart different colours by one and the same dye-stuff, modifying the tint by chemical re-agents, very much after the fashion of our Manchester calico-printers at the present time. But the Greeks and Romans remained in ignorance of this beautiful art; it was one altogether beyond their resources, nor did the art of dyeing make any considerable progress until after the discovery of America and the development of chemistry. Many of our most beautiful dye-tints are now produced by the combination of two agents,

each colourless in itself, the results being what are now called 'adjective dyes.' There are comparatively few dye-stuffs which really possess the tint they ultimately impart, the distinctive quality of 'substantive dye-stuffs.' The dye materials of the Greeks and Romans were all substantive. The red robe of a Grecian lady was dyed red by dipping it into a red dye, just as a modern lady dyes her silk by dipping it into a pink saucer. The highly valued Tyrian purple was also directly imparted by dipping the threads or fabric into a substantive dye.

Almost every person knows what is meant by cochineal: it is a little insect which lives on the *Cactus opuntia* in Mexico. The cochineal insect is exclusively American, and was therefore unknown to the dyers of ancient Greece and Rome. They had, however, a substitute for it in the kermes insect—a native of Spain—very much resembling cochineal in general properties, but affording a far less brilliant dye. If *Aspasia* owned a scarlet robe, the colour was originally imparted to it by the kermes insect. All the most beautiful scarlets and purples known to modern dyers involve the use of cochineal; variety of hue being imparted by different chemical bodies used in combination with the dye-stuffs, and to which the expression 'mordants' is given, for the reason that they are assumed to bite in or permanently fix the colours. Even cochineal, when used without a mordant, is a very sorry colour; and the scarlet of kermes is still less beautiful when used as a substantive colour; but Grecian dyers, in the time of *Aspasia* at least, were not aware of the use of mordants; therefore, *Aspasia's* scarlet robe would not have done to hang in a Ludgate Hill shop-window.

The most beautiful dye-stuff of antiquity was Tyrian purple, so called from the place of its discovery and chief manufacture. I should rather have said, perhaps, place of reputed discovery, for its records are not reliable. The Greeks were by far too vain a race to admit that any great discovery did not originate with themselves. They attributed the discovery of Tyrian purple to *Hercules*, or rather to a little dog belonging to *Hercules*. As the story goes, this little dog happening to wander along the Tyrian sea-shore, came back with his mouth all purple; and the nymph *Tyras*, a favourite of *Hercules*, was so delighted with the colour, that she bade him see her no more until he brought her a robe dyed purple like the colour of his little dog's mouth. What would an enamoured man have done when thus conjured?—how much more, then, a demi-god? *Hercules* promised to oblige her if he could; so, tracking the little dog's footsteps, to see where they led, and what he would set about, he followed him to the sea-shore, where the animal began to eat shell-fish of two peculiar sorts—the *buccinum* and *purpura*. *Hercules* is reported to have thereupon collected some of these shell-fish, and extracted from a receptacle in the throat the celebrated Tyrian purple. In this way the Tyrian dye-stuff continued to be obtained by careful dyers; some, however, less conscientious than *Hercules*, pounded the shell-fish in a mortar, and incorporated the true dye-stuff with other animal juices.

The preceding mythological account of the discovery of Tyrian purple refers that discovery to a pre-historical age, whereas testimony favours the opinion that it was not discovered until 500 a.c. Long subsequent to the discovery of the art of purple-dyeing, any person might wear robes of that colour who could afford to pay for them: not until the era of imperial Rome was it that purple robes came to be regarded as exclusively imperial. Once adopted by the *Cæsars*, the policy of restricting the manufacture to a few hands followed, until the members of one family alone were licensed to impart the Tyrian dye. At length the process passed so entirely forgotten that no one knew from whence it had passed
1 with this

source the precious colour had been obtained, or how it had been imparted. The exact time when this occurred is not known. A curious fact testifies that it must have been subsequent to the eleventh century. There exists, bearing that date, a document, written in Greek by the Princess Macrembolitissa, a daughter of Constantine VIII., in which is found a description of the purple-yielding shell-fish, the manner of catching it, and of extracting and employing the dye, all which the princess describes from personal observation. However, Tyrian purple, after having been totally lost, was rediscovered in England during the reign of Charles II., and in France shortly after; each discovery being independent of the description of the Byzantine princess, her manuscript not having at that time turned up. In the year 1683, Mr William Cole, of Bristol, during a visit he was paying at Minehead, happened to be told by two ladies, there resident, of a person living in an Irish seaport who made a considerable income by marking linen with a delicate purple dye. The spirit of philosophic inquiry had at this period begun to dawn; the civil wars had ceased, and the Royal Society was established. Mr Cole was an early contributor to the Philosophical Transactions; and a paper on the Tyrian purple was amongst his first communications to that renowned series. Placing himself in relation with those who frequented the Irish linen-market, he soon managed to glean some important particulars about the purple dye. He believed he was at length on the eve of rediscovering the true dye of Tyre—that costly tincture for which many a Grecian lady had sighed, and for which either of the imperial Cæsars would have given more than a hundred times its weight in gold. Pursuing his investigations, he succeeded at length to the extent of exactly one half. Pliny and Aristotle had both testified that Tyrian purple was imparted by means of certain juices, taken from two different species of shell-fish; they had testified, moreover, that the tint of the fluid was not purple originally, but white; and that the much desiderated colour only appeared after the texture imbued with the fish-juice had been exposed to the sun. The Princess Macrembolitissa had indeed given a more circumstantial account; but that lady's manuscript was not available to Mr Cole. The only rays shed by antiquity upon his labours were from the writings of Aristotle and Pliny. He did not hope to obtain any direct information from the Irish linen-marker herself. That good lady got money by her secret; why, then, should she divulge it? Mr Cole went systematically to work; he was a philosopher. The Irish linen-marker lived on the sea-coast; what more probable than that she should mark with the juice of a shell-fish? Mr Cole commenced his labours on this supposition; and though history does not disclose the fact, we are at liberty to imagine the havoc he committed on shell-fish of all denominations. He succeeded in the end, I say, to the exact extent of one half. He discovered the purple-yielding buccinum; leaving the discovery of the purpura to Mr Duhamel in the year 1736.

There could now be no further doubt as to the source of the ancient Tyrian purple. Not only did the buccinum and purpura both agree with the shell-fish described by Aristotle and Pliny; but the incipient shades of colour mentioned by these philosophers were also noticed by Mr Cole. The juice, when first applied, was white; thence assuming many shades of blue and green, it became purple at last, if the linen marked with it were exposed to the sun's rays—not otherwise. Here, then, we moderns have the Tyrian purple on our very shores, if not at our very doors. We have it, the real imperial dye. What can our Lancashire and Glasgow, and Spitalfields and Paisley be thinking of? Why don't they use it? Why and how see silken dresses in the shop-windows of

Regent Street and Ludgate Hill, dyed of the true imperial tint? Why, because Tyrian purple would now be considered downright ugly! Not even a Billingsgate oyster-woman would like to be seen in a gown of the true imperial hue—the fishy idea of its origin notwithstanding. Yet Augustus is reported to have given no less than L.36 of our money for a pound of Tyrian dyed wool; a fact the less extraordinary, when we consider that every fifty pounds of wool required no less than 200 pounds of buccinum juice, and a similar amount of the juice of the purpura; for in order to impart the last shade of purple beauty, the juice of both kinds of shell-fish was necessary. The enormous sum of L.36, for one pound of doubly-dyed wool, is to be considered as more referrible to fashion, than to any intrinsic beauty of the dye itself. It appears to have been the *only* purple dye the ancients possessed: it was, moreover, a substantive colour; one requiring neither chemical skill nor manipulative dexterity; merely dipping into it the material intended to be dyed being sufficient.

It may seem remarkable that the Greeks and Romans—masters of the world, as they called themselves, and in many respects deserving that appellation—were inferior in knowledge of dye-stuffs to many of the outer barbarians. The Chinese, from periods of the furthest historical dates, seem to have possessed a large repertory of dyes. The Hindoos were scarcely inferior in that respect; and the Egyptians contemporary with Pliny seem to have followed the practice of calico-printing, an art which involves some of the most recondite principles of dyeing. Dipping a white cloth into one liquor—necessarily of one colour—they removed it, permanently tinged with a pattern of more than one colour. That is the testimony of Pliny, and there can be little doubt it refers to the art of calico-printing. The Hindoos contemporary with Alexander seem to have been able to use indigo; whereas the ancient Greeks and Romans do not seem to have been able at any period to employ that substance otherwise than as a paint. The ancient Britons dyed their skin with woad—a material of the nature of indigo—though their more civilised invaders were ignorant of the art; and the Romans were unable to dye violet until they learned that art from the natives of Gaul. From Gaul, too, the Romans acquired the knowledge of soap; not that soap was used by the Gauls at any time, or by the Romans for a long period, as a detergent, but merely as a pomade for the hair. Pliny tells us that the Romans contemporaneous with him used madder as a dye-stuff; but it is by no means certain that Pliny's madder and our madder are identical. He informs us, too, that iron was used for imparting black dyes, but he furnishes no circumstantial account of the method of using it.

We have seen that the knowledge of dyeing with Tyrian purple lingered at Constantinople until the eleventh century at least; but in Italy, dyeing in all its branches had pretty well died out before the fourth century; nor do we meet with any new records of it there until the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Dyers know perfectly well that any one dye-stuff is not necessarily efficient for every kind of fibre. Because a dye takes well on woollen, it does not follow that the same dye will be efficient for linen, cotton, or silk. Even Tyrian purple, which is a very easy dye to use, acts best upon wool. Linen can be dyed with it, as the Irish linen-marker discovered, but her marking would have told far better on woollen or silk material. The art of dyeing amongst the Greeks was, anterior to the time of Alexander's conquests, restricted to tissues of woollen stuff; but the philosophers who accompanied him to India brought back some of the refined processes of the Hindoos, which an improved method of dyeing—or rather, extension of methods of dyeing—was one. These

the Grecian admiral, who co-operated with Alexander, had, as is well known, a fleet of war-vessels in the Red Sea and Persian Gulf. Nearchus appears to have been fond of gay colours, and he determined that his war-ships should be pretty to look at. A modern admiral might have covered his rigging with emblazoned flags, but a more original thought flashed across the brain of Nearchus. Profiting by the Asiatic knowledge he had acquired in the matter of dye-stuffs, he caused the canvas of his ships to be dyed.

Between the fourth and the fourteenth centuries, we have few records of the practice of dyeing, but I am not disposed for all that to affirm, nor do I believe, that the dark ages were so dark in the matter of dye-stuffs as some people say. To practise an art is one thing; to record the practice of it is another. All the historians seems justified in affirming as to this matter is, that no records of dyeing, as it existed during the chief part of the dark ages, are extant. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the art began to revive in Italy; but not until the discovery of America had added to our tinctorial resources the brilliant cochineal, and a host of dye-woods. Nor was it until the lamp of chemistry had begun to illumine the western world, that the raw materials of dyeing could be applied with full advantage.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE bodily hurts of the gendarmes were quickly relieved. Cold water and a *petit verre* each sufficed to restore in that respect; but the sacredness of authority, outraged in their persons, demanded a signal atonement; and having rehatred and generally readjusted themselves into official dignity, they sternly demanded the names of the ruffians by whom they had been assaulted. The landlord of La Belle Poule declared with ready volubility that he knew no more than did the pope of Rome who the infamous wretches were; and the officers, finding they were only wasting precious moments, sallied forth in quest of the individual who had been so audaciously withdrawn from their protective guardianship. Faithful to my heedless wont, I followed, and was not at all surprised to see the hasting gendarmes come almost immediately to a stand-still, thoroughly at a loss which way to run, or what to do. The evening was pitch dark, the bleak quay deserted, except by the sabre-girt *douanier*, pacing slowly to and fro on his appointed beat; and he, when questioned, said he had not observed which way the men went, or indeed the men themselves, that had just before left La Belle Poule cabaret. The officers, finding themselves so exasperatingly non-plussed, might, in their eagerness to arrest somebody, I was beginning to be half afraid, pounce upon me, as a possible *particeps criminis* in the scandalous trick that had been played upon them, when, their eyes having become more accustomed to the darkness, their attention was attracted by a large cutter-rigged vessel which was being towed out of the harbour. It may be necessary to explain, that in those days, ere yet steam or the spacious *south* docks were, ships could only sail out of the port of Havre when the wind was easterly; and if it blew strongly from the westward, the towing row-boats were helped by carrying a hawser from the vessel to the north quay, at which a number of men tugged lustily, till the ship was well past the end of the south pier, which, being considerably shorter than that on the north side, enabled her to slant out to sea across the embouchure of the Seine. In the present case, the westerly breeze not being over-powerful, and no doubt, also, because it was expedient to attract as little notice as possible,

boats only were employed on the departing vessel, which, consequently, made but comparatively slow way.

'What *bâtiment* is that leaving the port at this hour?' asked one of the gendarmes.

'The corsair *Espigle*,' replied the customs' officer.

'*L'Espigle!*—*L'Espigle!*' exclaimed the gendarme—'why, death of my life, now I think of it, the chief actor in the tumult, the infernal *bavard* who caused all the mischief, was the man we saw last evening in company with Bourdon, lieutenant of *L'Espigle!*'

'That may be,' remarked his comrade, 'though I am not sure. But if so, what then?'

'What then! Why, *parbleu*, that it is then certain he is gone on board *L'Espigle*, and will escape! For my part, at all events, and to make sure, I shall go to the commandant of the port, and get the chain raised at once.'

A stout chain, I must inform the reader, was in those war-times drawn every evening across the entrance of the harbour directly after *la retraite* was beaten, in order to guard against a nocturnal visit from *Messieurs les Anglais*.

'Excuse me, *messieurs*,' remarked the *douanier*, with an expressive shrug; 'but to do that would, it seems to me, be a little absurd. Certainly, no boat has put off to *L'Espigle* within the last ten minutes; and, more than that, do you not see that your *confrères*, the gendarmes on duty, have not yet left her?'

'That is true,' growled the irritated official. 'Ah, they are leaving the corsair this moment. We can question them.'

The gendarmes whose duty it had been to see that no one left France in the privateer cutter whose papers were not *en règle*, landed at the steps nearly opposite the Rue de Paris, and assured their comrades that no one had been received on board *L'Espigle* since she hauled out of the basin. A brief consultation ensued between the officers, of which the result was, that all four walked smartly off in the direction of the docks; whilst I, having still a full half-hour upon my hands, continued to watch with strong interest the progress of the cutter, which, after she was fairly quit of the gendarmes, the increased exertions of the rowers greatly accelerated. I felt sure that her unopposed departure was an essential condition of Webbe's success in effecting his son's escape from Havre, though how that could be, ignorant as I then was that a boat had been kept waiting at the Tower-steps for the young man and his rescuers, was not very clear.

Sail was got upon the privateer cutter as soon as a sufficient distance beyond the south pier had been gained; she went off at a spanking rate, was speedily lost sight of in the thick darkness; and I was turning away, when two guns, fired in quick succession, revealed momentarily her whereabouts. Presently afterwards a large blue light shone over the waters, giving to view, clearly as in broad day, the cutter lying-to, and a four-oared boat crowded with men rapidly nearing her. I was no longer in doubt as to how the affair had been managed, nor that, thanks to Webbe's clever audacity, his son would on the morrow espouse Maria Wilson!

The philosophic platitudes with which I sought to soothe or stifle the sharp anguish which, with that thought, shot through me, failed miserably to do so till, when nearing the Rue de Paris, a man's face, distinctly visible in its spectre-whiteness, and stamped with the impress of a settled, stern despair, glanced across my sight. It was that of Mr Tyler, who, accompanied by some half-a-dozen officers of justice, was hurrying past in blindly vengeful search of the son of the man who had, as he would say, compassed his own boy's death. Instinctively I shrank back into deeper shadow, and the avengers of blood passed on without observing me. Confronted with that

giant grief, how insignificant seemed the passing smart of disappointed fancy—the fantastic sorrow excited by the memory-mirrored image of a girl I had spoken to but twice in my life, and of whom I knew nothing so certainly as that she felt for my interesting, moon-calf self, the profoundest indifference, if not contempt!

Still, comparatively slight, evanescent, unworthy of serious regard as might be the impressions photographed upon my facile imagination by the sunshine of a beautiful face, they did not wholly cease to shape and colour my thoughts till the first stroke of eight, booming from the tower of Notre Dame—'booming' was the word I should have used at the time, so deep and solemn an echo did it awaken in my beating heart—recalled me to my proper self, and the delightful consciousness that in a few minutes I should be locked in my mother's arms.

The slow strokes of the clock had not yet counted the hour, when I stood, panting for breath, at the church door. Father Meudon was not there, and I entered the church. A considerable number of silent men and women were still kneeling on the stone-floor, with clasped hands and contrite faces turned towards the illuminated altar; but the good priest was not amongst them; and some twenty minutes had elapsed when he entered the church, and recognised me by a glance and gesture which at the same time arrested my eager *abord*, and imposed silence till he too had knelt, crossed himself, and prayed silently, with clasped hands, before the glittering shrine. His devotions finished, the reverend father beckoned me forth.

'*Premièrement*, my young friend,' said he, 'I must apprise you that I have not seen your parents. They were out on a visit to some English friends, but would certainly return, the servant assured me, by eight o'clock. We will go there together, and I will precede you to their presence by two or three minutes only.'

'Let us begone at once. Come.'

'Willingly; but not, if you please, quite so fast, and I may be able *chemin faisant* to acquaint you with the result of a less interesting, but still very important part of the mission I undertook in your behalf. The military friend I advised with,' proceeded Father Meudon, 'accompanied me, after hearing what I had to say, to Monsieur le Maire, who made no difficulty of handing me a "*permis de séjour*" for William Linwood Junior, an English non-combatant, shipwrecked upon the coast of France. Here it is, and pray take care of it.'

I thanked the worthy man, and no more was said till we were in La Rue Bombardée.

'This is Numéro 12,' said Father Meudon, stopping before a respectable house enough—one of the newly built ones—but certainly not such a residence as Mr and Mrs Linwood would have made choice of, had not all prisoners of war on parole been strictly relegated to certain specified localities.

The door was opened by a brisk-looking French servant, who, before M. Meudon could open his lips, exclaimed: 'Monsieur et Madame Linwood are returned, reverend father, and will receive you at once.'

I followed Father Meudon softly up stairs to the first floor, remaining behind at a sign from him, whilst he entered the front apartment. A mute entreaty on my part, aided by a suspicion of the truth, prevailed upon the servant-woman to leave the door open, and I saw that a lady and gentleman, habited in mourning, were seated at a table near the centre of the room. The podgy person of the priest was between the lady and me; and surely that care-worn, age-withered face—that bowed head, sprinkled with gray hairs, could not be my father's! The fevered

throbbings of my brain, the fires that danced before my eyes, prevented me from hearing or seeing aught distinctly, but I presently heard a scream of joy, simultaneous with the upstarting of the lady, and the apparition directly before me of a face deep-graven on my heart of hearts.—'Mother! Dear Mother!'—'My son! My beloved, darling boy!'

We were in the small hours of another day, and my father—overcome by the reaction caused by the seemingly unchallengeable refutation of the huge lie whose crushing weight had for so many years weighed upon his springs of life—had long since retired, before I had finished the narrative of my adventures since I left the Wight, so numerous were the interruptions of tears, laughter, kisses, praise. I told all; my pledge to Webbe, that I would disclose nothing to his prejudice that might come to my knowledge during those adventures, being no bar to that full disclosure, inasmuch that his secret was as safe with my mother as with me. Critical analysis of obscure and conflicting passages in that brief but crowded experience was tacitly adjourned to a future and calmer time; our hearts, brimming over with joy and gratulation, being all too full to entertain such topics. Strikingly akin to the faculty which clothes the palpable and the familiar with golden exhalations of the dawn, is the power of maternal affection to magnify the common-place doings of an only son into achievements of highest heroism; and positively, but for the humbling whispers of a self-knowledge which would not be wholly silenced, I should have been half persuaded, when my mother and I at last parted for the night, that I was a better kind of Bayard, wholly *sans peur et sans reproche*; my only fault, leaning to virtue's side, being an excess of dutifulness, generosity, and daring!

We did not again meet till late in the afternoon, and we could then talk over matters more quietly, soberly. So fragile had my father's health become, so utterly incapable was he of bearing strong excitement, that he could not leave his chamber; but my mother, I found, mainly agreed with the inferences I had drawn from all I had seen and heard during my companionship with Webbe. One thing much surprised and gave me a high opinion of her penetration. She had discovered the secret of my preference for Maria Wilson, although I had been especially careful to afford no hint thereof, and had, in fact, slurred over what I was obliged to say respecting her as quickly, slightly as possible. And gently, tenderly, with infinite gentleness and tenderness, as if conscious as myself of the depth and sensitiveness of the wound she probed, did she seek to medicine the hurt by iterated assurances that love-griefs caused by the chance sight of a pretty face were, could be nothing more than mere surface-scratches—painful for a time—such as a rose-brier might inflict; and all as quickly healed.

Finding I was not to be convinced by either argument or illustration, she passed from that topic; and we debated of the course to be taken in order to the speedy recognition and acknowledgment of Clémence de Bonneville as Lucy Hamblin. The necklace, &c., could not, I found, be identified by either my father or mother; neither remembered to have seen the child wear them, though, of course, there could be no doubt of the fact itself that they were hers.

'So urgent do I deem the necessity,' said my mother, 'of ending all doubt upon the subject before Louise Féron can have time to devise some new and baffling iniquity, that I wrote this morning, before you were up, to Mrs Waller, entreating her to come over with your grandfather as soon as the French ports are open, which I cannot doubt they will be in a few days at furthest, notwithstanding that the Bonapartist authorities here affect to-day, as I have heard, to

disbelieve the reported capitulation of Paris. I further urged upon Mrs Waller, she added, 'the paramount expediency of taking immediate, decisive steps for putting an end to the girl's preposterous fancy for the shoemaker.'

'How will your letter be conveyed to England?'

'By favour of Mr Dillwyn, the United States consul at this port, who has always been most obliging to us in that respect. Till lately, as you must be aware, my letters have been forwarded by him to New York, and thence *via* Canada to England; but now, in the actual state of affairs, he has means of direct communication with Great Britain. All,' added my mother, he requires is, that he be permitted to take a copy of the letter or letters he forwards, in order that he may, if challenged upon the subject, be able to prove that he has not suffered himself to be made the channel of military or political information that might be used to the injury of France.'

Later in the evening, when we happened to be speaking of the passing glance I had obtained of Mr Tyler, just before the hour appointed for my assignation with Father Meudon, my mother asked me, with some abruptness, what manner of man the American captain might be. I described him; and upon mentioning that he had a hare-lip, she exclaimed:

'Then I saw him as I was leaving Mr Dillwyn's office to-day. A commissary of police was with him, and so wild, so distraught an expression of face I have seldom seen. Poor man! his cross is indeed a heavy, afflictive one; and alas! the heavier, the more afflictive, that he rebels so fiercely against the burden that has been laid upon him.'

'Was he going to Mr Dillwyn's,' I asked, 'when you saw him?'

'Well, William, I did not notice; but it is very likely that he was, being an American himself, and a stranger here. Why do you ask?'

'It flashed upon me that—— But it is not likely Mr Dillwyn would shew him your letter; or if he did, that you have inadvertently written anything that could put him on the track of Webbe or his son.'

A flush of alarm tinged my mother's cheeks as she hastily said: 'Certainly Mr Dillwyn would not shew him my letter; and supposing he did, there was nothing in it that could possibly affect the Webbes—except, it may be—except—— Dear me, I fear I have committed a grave imprudence,' she added with heightening colour.

'In what respect, dear mother?'

'Webbe's name does not once occur in the body of the letter,' she hurriedly replied. 'That I am sure of; but in a postscript, there are, I think, these exact words: "The Jersey maiden is, I have little doubt, the wife, by this time, of Captain W.'s son. They were to be married at Honfleur, a town not very far from this, by water."'

'That would, I fear, be sufficient hint for Tyler, should it meet his eye—a most unlikely thing, however, to happen. Besides, the ceremony which was to take place early to-day, once concluded, there will be no tarrying, you may depend upon it, so near Havre, and *L'Espiegle* has swift wings.'

'I fervently hope no misfortune may overtake the young man, especially not through my fault or inadvertence: I should never forgive myself. But it is folly to worry ourselves in anticipation of a contingency that can never occur. Don't you think so?'

'Certainly I do,' I replied; and we echoed each other again and again as to the extreme improbability of Mr Tyler inquiring about the contents of a letter deposited with the American consul by a lady he had never before seen; or that, if he did inquire by some extraordinary chance—which chance could only arise from the circumstance that my mother was well known to the commissary of police, with him—that

Mr Dillwyn would gratify his curiosity; and we were still harping upon the subject, when Father Meudon called to pay us a visit—a welcome one, turning, as it did, the current of our thoughts to politics, and such other mildly exciting generalities as make up the mundane gossip of reverend men. His confidence in the protracted duration of the Empire was, I found, much weakened; he thoroughly believed in the capitulation of Paris, and admitted that there were rumours, entitled to respect, of the actual or imminent abdication of the fallen emperor, either in favour of his son or absolutely.

'Let me, however, caution you,' added Father Meudon, 'that it is dangerous, when one is under the régime of *quasi* martial law, as we have for some time been, to talk above the breath of political events in a sense opposed to that entertained or promulgated by a general of division. Besides, direct communication with Paris is just now so difficult, and so much false news is flying about, that really one cannot be sure that Messieurs les Autorités may not prove to be in the right after all.'

We agreed with the reverend gentleman that it would be highly imprudent—in foreigners, doubly so—to circulate or echo reports offensive to the ruling powers, and freely promised not to offend in that particular. He had not, as his silence upon the subject abundantly testified, heard of the riot at La Belle Poule—not, at all events, that the shipwrecked seamen, who, he had assured a commissary of police, were citizens of the United States of America, were amongst the chief actors therein. That was well; and the worthy father left us in quite buoyant spirits, excited by his reluctant admission of the proximate, if not actual downfall of the imperial throne, which would of course be the signal of immediate peace.

The reverend father's visit naturally brought up the memory of the kindnesses I had received at his hands, and I read aloud the note he had left for me by the bedside. Webbe's half-burnt letter to Dowling happened to be on the table, and as I placed it beside that of M. Meudon's, the exact resemblance to each other of the letters, in the texture and colour of the paper, nay, in the colour of the pale, weak ink, struck me as an odd coincidence, and I was about to call my mother's attention to it, when our vivacious servant-maid announced that 'Monsieur Dillwyn, Consul pour les Etats Unis de l'Amerique,' was below, and wished to speak with madame immediately. 'There came our fit again! However, it was necessary to see Mr Dillwyn, and Annette being instructed to that effect, that tall, spare, high-mightiness of a gentleman presently made his appearance. He came to say that a brigadier of gendarmerie had called on him not very long after Mrs Linwood had left his office, and requested to see the letter which, he was informed, that lady had intrusted to his, the American consul's, care. Mr Dillwyn shewed the officer the copy which had been taken, and the brigadier of gendarmerie put it in his pocket, remarking that he could not himself read English, and walked away.'

'The letter itself has been forwarded,' said Mr Dillwyn, 'as I promised it should be, and there is certainly nothing in the copy now in possession of the authorities that can compromise you, Mrs Linwood, or any one else, and I can hardly therefore comprehend the agitation which the announcement I have, upon consideration, thought it my duty to make, appears to excite. Indeed,' added the consul, 'I was for some time in two minds as to whether I need apprise you of an occurrence that can have no disagreeable result, and which I take to be a piece of hap-hazard official impertinence.'

'Did Mr Tyler of the *Columbia*,' said I, 'accompany the officer who took away the copy of Mrs Linwood's letter?'

'No—certainly not: but, now you recall it to my mind, Mr Tyler *did*, during the morning, one of the clerks informed me, inquire if Mrs Linwood, the lady who had just before left the office, had not left a letter there? But what of that, since the letter in question referred solely to family matters?'

I said it would be difficult, if not impossible, to explain why Mrs Linwood was so especially annoyed at finding that her private correspondence had been submitted to the inspection of the French police; and, finding neither of us was disposed to be more communicative, Mr Dillwyn forthwith took overpowering, high-mightiness leave.

Vain now to attempt concealing from ourselves that my mother's unfortunate postscript might have disastrous consequences in more than one direction; and, after long and painful cogitation, we were fain to console ourselves as we best could with the reflection, more or less well founded, that, as regarded evidence of complicity on our part with the escape of Harry Webbe, it would be impossible to prove that the words used applied either to him or his father; whilst, with respect to the young man's re-capture, time and distance were greatly in his favour. The brigadier's visit to the American consulate could not have taken place before twelve o'clock in the day, and before, therefore, the officers of justice could possibly reach Honfleur, Webbe, his son, and his son's spouse, might be hundreds of miles away. In addition to my mother's womanly concern for young Webbe, it was plain she was anxious for other reasons that his marriage with Maria Wilson should not be frustrated or delayed; and that she clung with an almost superstitious reliance to Captain Webbe's proverbial good-fortune, as a guarantee alike of the safety and the espousals of his son. On the morrow, I was to go forth, and, as circumspectly as possible, ascertain the exact state of affairs, with the adoption of which resolution, our anxious council terminated.

Various matters kept me within till the day was far advanced, so that it was close upon two o'clock when I stepped on board the *Columbia*, which I found berthed in the southern and most considerable of the wet-docks behind, or inland of, the town of Havre. Mr Tyler was not on board: he was gone, the chief-mate informed me, to attend the funeral of his son, which was to take place at three o'clock in the French Protestant Cemetery, at Ingouville. The mate, to whom I introduced myself simply as an English détenu, desirous of speaking with Mr Tyler upon private business, was very civil; and though I was obliged to frame my questions cautiously, I soon ascertained that the American captain had not left Havre since he entered it, and could not consequently have gone to Honfleur, if the police had.

'He'll never be the man he was again,' observed the mate; 'and it ain't much wonder either, for his dead boy, the only one left out of nine or ten, was an uncommon promising lad, and the very apple of his father's eye.'

'He was killed in fair fight, was he not?' I ventured to remark.

'Cuss such a fair fight,' rejoined the mate. 'The *Columbia* was boarded by a set of rascally pirates in the pay of a tarnation scoundrel that had marked our course and timed us up Channel! The cowardly young skunk that hooked it so clever the other night is the old serpent's son!'

I felt I was treading upon dangerous ground, and I came away, after eliciting that Harry Webbe had exhibited the white feather as unmistakably during the sharp fight on board the *Columbia*, as he did in the *Le Renard-Scout* affair off Sercq. I hugged myself; it warmed the sickness at my heart to bear that. I was delighted to be able to look down with super-added, vengeful contempt upon the husband of Maria

Wilson! Verily, youthful male nature in love—unless mine was a singularly depraved specimen—is a very despicable human nature. I was delighted to know that the life-partner of a beautiful, amiable girl, whose happiness, if it contributed to mine, I would have given my heart's blood to insure, was a confirmed poltroon! O William Linwood the younger, I blush to record this fact of you, but an unquestionable fact it is for all that.

I thought I would go see the funeral. I could accost Mr Tyler after it had taken place, and gather from his demeanour, if not from his speech, whether he had any hope of speedily avenging himself upon Webbe or his son. I arrived at the little Calvinist chapel just before the funeral procession from the Hôtel de France, to which Mr Tyler's son had been removed as soon as the *Columbia* came into Havre. It had been organised by the Pompes Funèbres rather in accordance with the father's purse and pride than with the mean chapel in which the body was received—the obscure burial-place which was to be its long, last home. A considerable number of respectable persons were in the chapel, amongst them the American consul; and the service, to those who understood the language, was impressively celebrated by a M. Ponsard, the French Calvinist divine. To my great surprise—though I hardly know why I should have felt surprise—Pope's familiar 'Vital Spark' was sung in French by the choir. The concluding lines:

O Sépulture, où est ta victoire?
O Mort, où est ton aiguillon?

singularly impressed me, chiefly because of the father's fierce sobs mingling with and appearing to dispute, deny, and so disputing, denying, to enhance the effect and power of the swelling, soaring 'Io triumphe'—the feeble murmur, it seemed, of earth-blinded, stammering unbelief, overborne, rebuked, silenced by a transcendent jubilate of Faith's tongues of fire!

I remained till all was done—till ashes had been rendered to ashes, dust to dust—and the Pompes Funèbres, the tedious part of their duty done, had gone off at a smart trot to their homes and stables. Mr Tyler, impatiently shaking himself free of condolences, walked sharply towards the town, I following, at a distance for a while, and remarking, inquisitively, how firm, how determined his step became as he approached the quays. There was *hopeful* anticipation in this firmly accelerated pace. I was sure of that before taking advantage of an obstruction of the thoroughfare by the long-handled wheel-barrow, then, and perhaps now, in use at Havre, I slipped round, and met him face to face in front of the custom-house, on Notre Dame quay. I was about to speak, when he fiercely broke out with:

'I have nothing, and wish to have nothing to say to you, young fellow. Look,' he added, 'here is the copy of your mother's letter: take it; it has, I hope, done its work—my work; and might in other hands have over-promised you and yours. Out of my way! I am in haste!'

He could not prevent me following, and I did to the extremity of the north pier, where I witnessed the almost demoniacal cries of triumph with which he greeted the approach of a small cutter-smack from Honfleur, at the mast-head of which signals intelligible to him were flying.

Soon intelligible to me! The tiny cutter ran as far up the harbour as the flowing tide permitted, and immediately landed her passengers, some half-dressed gendarmes, and with them trembling, fettered, Harry Webbe. A literal howl of ferocious exultation from Tyler met the unfortunate young man as he stepped upon the quay, from which he shrunk back affrighted as if struck at by a sword or axe. My own anxiety towards the craven captive vanished at once, and

with my usual insane thoughtlessness, I sprang forward to interpose between him and his deadly foe. The gendarmes thrust me roughly back, but the poor fellow had recognised me and my purpose; and his vain piteous cry for help rang in my ears for hours afterwards.

Yes, and I had soon pressing need of help myself. As I hurried along after the gendarmes and their prisoner, my steps were suddenly arrested by an enormous *affiche*, recently posted, it seemed, by the crowd in front, from which my own name stared at me in huge characters. Approaching nearer, I saw that it offered a reward of five hundred francs for the apprehension of a young Englishman of the name of William Linwood, but calling himself Jean Le Gros, who had committed a robbery in a dwelling-house at St Malo, and carried off, amongst other valuables, a seed-pearl necklace, with a gold cross attached, having the initial letter of Louise engraved on the back; pearl armlets, &c., &c.

'Tall, strongly framed, florid complexion, dark, wavy hair,' read a voice over my shoulder, upon which a hand was at the same moment firmly placed. 'Do you know, young man, I have a strong suspicion that you sat for that portrait.'

'What is that you say?' I exclaimed, turning fiercely round.

'Nothing more, monsieur,' replied the imperturbable gendarme, 'than that I believe you to be the individual designated by the *affiche*, and that I, as a rigorous consequence, arrest you as the perpetrator of the robbery alleged to have taken place at St Malo.'

MILTONIAN RELICS AT CAMBRIDGE.

The scenery around Cambridge is exceedingly flat and uninteresting, and to a poet must be extremely dispiriting. There are no soft shades to attract the muse, as Milton complains in one of his elegies. With the exception of some old timber on the road to Grandchester, a village about two miles distant from Cambridge, there is not a tree for miles around big enough 'for a man to hang himself upon when he is weary of the barrenness of the place.*' The Cam, too, is a most unpoetical stream, and the town itself poor enough; but there is a picturesque beauty about the college-walks which makes one almost forget the absence of scenic splendour elsewhere. Indeed, as has been remarked, 'there are few finer sights in the kingdom than the row of colleges' on the banks of the Cam—'Queen's, King's, Clare Hall, Trinity, and St John's—each with its garden and smooth-shaven green, its shrubs, its evergreens, and its ancient elms.' There are no elms in the grounds of Christ College, of which Milton was a student when at Cambridge; but there are some fine spreading chestnuts, which, with its stately garden and retired and shady walks, tend greatly to relieve the sombre aspect of the ancient building, and render it no unsuitable place for a solitary scholar.

To hie up wisdom with each studious year.

In a smooth green circle at the foot of the garden stands the mulberry-tree which is said by tradition to have been planted by Milton. It is now a complete wreck, and is only kept from falling in pieces by numerous props and a casing of lead around the trunk. The few branches of which it can boast were, however, when the present writer last saw it, fresh and full of leaves.

Like the tradition in favour of the Stratford mulberry, which the Rev. Mr Gastrell cut down and cleft for firewood in 1756, the Cambridge tradition is

uninterrupted and entire; nor, upon the whole, is it unsuitable to the character of Milton, who loved dearly throughout life to walk 'shrouded in cheerful shade.' It receives corroboration, too, from the fact that King James, about sixteen years previous to Milton's entering Christ's College, imported a number of mulberry-trees, and distributed them throughout England in the most likely places for rearing the silk-worm. Upon the supposition that Cambridge was one of these, the Miltonian mulberry must have been nearly twenty years old in 1625, when tradition says it was planted, which quite accords with the college gardener's estimate of its age, made in a statement to Mr Aris Wilmott in 1844.

A much more interesting, and, in this instance, an undoubted relic of Milton exists at Cambridge in the library of Trinity College. It is a manuscript volume written on coarse foolscap paper, and consists partly of a number of carefully prepared outlines of subjects intended by the poet for tragedies, and partly of copies—probably the first scrolls—of *Comus*, *Lycidas*, the *Arcades*, and some of the earlier sonnets. The manuscript, which is wholly in the poet's handwriting, is kept carefully locked up, and is never exhibited to strangers without special mandate, and in the presence of one of the college fellows. The spelling of the manuscript is extremely uncouth; the initial letters of most of the lines are in what printers would call small Roman; and the corrections and interlineations are so numerous, that the writing is not easily decipherable. Of the tragic 'arguments,' there are in all no fewer than ninety-nine, sixty-two being scriptural, and thirty-seven historical. Of the sixty-two scriptural subjects, fifty-five are from the Old Testament, and seven from the New; of the thirty-seven historical outlines, five belong to Scottish, and thirty-two to English history. It is curious to find amongst the Scottish subjects the pre-occupied one of *Macbeth*, which Milton, however, only proposed to take up at the time of Malcolm's conference with Macduff, and, consequently, *after* the murder of Duncan, 'whose matter,' says the poet, 'may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost.'

To the published poems of Milton, again, the Cambridge copies bear a relation resembling that which the first *Hamlet*, as preserved in the Duke of Devonshire's library, bears to the second, which is on all our bookshelves. As some of the finest passages in the finest of Shakespeare's dramas were added after the first editions were printed, so some of the most exquisite of Milton's lyric bursts were written after the poems in which they are now found had been placed in the printer's hands. Of these amplifications—which were probably made on the proof-sheets—one of the most striking occurs in *Comus*. In the Cambridge manuscript the following couplet forms part of the Spirit's epilogue:

Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where many a cherub soft reposes—

a thought which, in the printed poem, is expanded into an unrivalled series of the most graceful classical allusions; so that, but for the 'linked sweetness' of the versification, recalling us as if to listen to some enchanting choral melody, we might, as we transcribe the lines, fancy ourselves gazing on a picture by Titian:

Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft; and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen.
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced

* So said Robert Hall, whose friends attributed the first outbreak of his mental malady to the depressing influence of the flat scenery of the Cam.

After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride:
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blessed twins are to be born—
Youth and Joy—so Jove hath sworn.

PARCHMENT-PAPER.

PAPER is one of those substances of which it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the value and importance. How wonderful is it to reflect that, as the material productions of the soil, and the sustentation of life, depend mainly on the agency of animal and vegetable refuse, so one of our greatest comforts and conveniences, one of the most powerful agents in the advance of intellectual, social, and moral improvement, derives its origin from a no more dignified source than a pulp composed of old rags!

The merits of paper are known to all; but it still has its defects. It is not strong enough or durable enough for important legal documents; and its fragility renders it incapable of bearing the wear and tear of the school-room or lending library, in the shape of books, maps, &c. To remedy the former of these deficiencies, recourse is had to the skin of the sheep in the form of parchment; but for the latter there has been as yet no resource; at least none before the discovery which it is our purpose to introduce to our readers.

We are so accustomed to wonderful things now-a-days, that we seem almost to expect them in regular succession from month to month; still, our admiration is excited when we are told that a very cheap and simple process will give to paper the tenacity and toughness hitherto sought in parchment alone. The assertion rests upon authority to which we feel bound to defer as fully competent in such matters.

The only thing necessary for this purpose is, to provide a bath, in the form of some wide shallow dish, composed of dilute sulphuric acid, in the proportion of two parts of acid to one of soft water. The paper is drawn rapidly through this liquid, and immediately washed in fresh water, to remove the superfluous acid.

This, when dry, is called 'parchment-paper;' and if science will accept a term from us, the process might be called 'membranisation.' It appears that, under the influence of the acid, the fibres of the paper suffer some sort of contraction, so that they lay hold of one another, and cling together on some new principle of cohesion: we are not disposed to think that any chemical change takes place.

It is asserted that a ring of this kind of paper has actually sustained a greater weight than one of the same size of thin parchment. This being so, it is clear that a great economy may take place in the preparation of legal documents, and in the books and other requisites exposed to rough handling; for the process of membranisation is so simple, and the material used in it so cheap, that if done on the grand scale at the paper-mills, the extra cost will be quite a *minimum*. Perhaps this may occupy a place in the cheap-literature questions of our day. At present, a 'cloth' cover for an octavo volume costs a shilling. One of parchment-paper may probably be sold for half the money.

While on this subject, we shall dwell for a moment on certain other modes of effecting changes in paper, which may be useful in many ways, and are, to say the least, interesting in a scientific point of view.

If a bit of good white soap be boiled in soft water until an oily fluid is produced, and two coats of this fluid are laid with a brush upon any sort of paper, and when dry, coated again with a strong solution of alum, the paper so prepared will be converted into leather, without losing the appearance of paper. By

this process, we have rendered even blotting-paper waterproof.

The same may be done by using an albuminous substance, as the white of eggs, which the alum will also convert into leather. Other ideas of the same kind are actively working in those busy heads which have done so much to advance the material comforts of our species within the last quarter of a century; and it is quite possible that in this, as in many other things, we may be still only on the verge of improvements to which no limit can be foreseen at present.

A VISION OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

LIKE a huge landslip, lo, the monster glides
Solemn and dark, upon the swelling main,
Whose surge, upheaved by her tremendous sides
Indignant, dashes on the shores again.
Shout, multitudes! Guns, strain your iron throats—
'Approving smiles, well pleased, let beauty lend;
Sound, trumpets, sound your high triumphant notes—
Frighted sea-monsters, to your caves descend;
To-day our ocean queen the earth disdains,
And o'er the subject deep, a mighty conqueror reigns!

Friendship no longer to the shore descends
With cheeks bedewed, while fond ones look their last,
As at the bedside of departing friends,
Ere death the bitterness of death to taste.
Securely walking, as on city street,
The self-same heaven above, though stars be strange;
Countrymen, neighbourhoods, and kindred meet,
Serene th' illimitable deep they range;
Many they love, and much of all they know,
Religion, language, laws, together with them go.

Thyself a navy! Offspring of man's mind,
Aspiring ever, and expanding still;
Pilot of labour wheresoe'er we find
The wilderness expecting human skill.
Earth calls—man hears—wide oceans intervene,
Crowds pine on this, hope points to other strands;
Our iron island oscillates between
The old and new, th' outworn and virgin lands;
Labour embarks with proud elated mien,
Glory and wealth with him, albeit as yet unseen.

Instinct with living fires, for purposed ends,
Submissive, pliant to the helmsman's skill,
From continent to continent extends,
From pole to pole the iron isle, at will.
Not belching death from her artilleried sides,
Not clothed with thunder, terror, rage, and pain;
On peaceful errands, olive-crowned, she glides,
Tyrannic only o'er the watery plain;
From teeming nations, scarce-requited toil,
Floats man to nature, labour to the soil.

Linking two hemispheres, the far and near,
Esteeming lightly distance, change, and time,
Ordained to trample on, and domineer
Over the wild dissociating brine;
Far as th' o'erarching western heavens extend,
Onward, still onward, tens of thousands come;
Thy sides food-seeking families ascend,
Descending thence, to their appointed home;
Men of one name, one language, and one birth,
Subduing and replenishing the earth!

JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

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CHURCH-AFFAIRS IN BALLYGARRIFFE.

We have a few real, and a great many pseudo-musical people among us at Ballygarriffe; and it stately occurred to some of them that the church-music required supervision and reformation; indeed, there could scarcely be two opinions on the subject. Plenty of singers there were, no doubt; but as the majority sang out of tune, and the whole out of time, the effect was decidedly far more ludicrous than devotional. Besides, we had a peculiarly evil-minded and perverse organ, which, in the hour of need, would puff, blow, roar, scream, and whistle—in short, do anything but play.

Miss Saunders, with the vicar's approbation, took the lead in effecting a plan of musical progress, and soon changed it from an adagio to a *sforzato* movement. Every one who could sing, and a great many who couldn't, were pressed into the service, enrolled in a choir, and met twice a week to practise in the church. The general effect of this preparatory exercise may be inferred from a story told with great glee and gusto by our worthy vicar himself. A clerical friend from a distance, who came to spend a few days with him, remarked one evening:

'This is certainly a delightful spot to reside in; but are you not greatly annoyed by the multitude of cats that infest it?'

'No,' said Mr Ringston; 'I never remarked that our cats were particularly numerous—why do you think they are?'

'Because, as I was walking to-day on the road above the church, I heard the most dismal and prolonged howling that ever reached my ears, issuing apparently from within the walls; and it occurred to me that the cats here must muster strong, since they have effected a lodgment in the church itself.'

Long and loudly did our vicar laugh, when, on a comparison of time and place, it appeared that it was our choral practice which his visitor attributed to the vocal efforts of the feline race.

But as order out of chaos springs, our church-music did at length become tolerable. The organ was repaired, and began, like Dandie Dinmont's dogs, 'to behave itself distinctly before company.' A new bellows-blower was elected in the person of a smart rhin, named Thady Lynch; the former official having been so inveterate a smoker that he used to seize every opportunity to step out of church and place himself with a pipe; and it was always necessary to keep an active vidette on the *qui vive*, in order to summon him in time for the musical portion of the service. This office of call-boy having been

satisfactorily filled by Master Thady, he in due time succeeded to the functions of the deposed smoker. The boy really threw his whole soul into the business; he blew the bellows of the renovated organ with the enthusiastic *fuore* of a first-rate maestro, and considered himself the very head and front of our oft-offending choir. One fine Sunday, when the congregation was a particularly large one, we were all assembled in the square choir-seat, which is situated on one side of the organ, and within full view of the whole church. The morning-prayers were being read, and we were all prepared to commence the *Venite* with striking effect, a new and somewhat peculiar chant having been practised during the week, when, with eyes opened, and arms stretched out to their fullest extent, in rushed Thady. Regardless of the prayers and of the kneeling people, he exclaimed at the top of his voice:

'Ladies! ladies! ye must all sing like divils, for the bellows is bruk!'

It was too true; and with such voices as suppressed laughter left us, and I fear with a very slight remnant of the devotional feelings which Master Thady's escapade was so well calculated to put to flight, we sang the chants and psalms, unaided by his efforts.

Our vicarage is under lay-patronage, and the emolument is very small. The consequence is, that the non-resident nobleman, who possesses a considerable portion of Ballygarriffe, generally appoints some friend or favourite of his own, without much regard to the fitness for his post of the individual selected; the only *sine quâ non* being that the vicar should possess a private property sufficient for his support, and just rendering a pretty house and garden at a pleasant watering-place and one hundred a year an agreeable addition, and a sufficient recompense for performing the very light duty attached.

There is a traditional memory amongst us of an incumbent who flourished at Ballygarriffe some fifty years ago, and who must certainly have been a queer specimen of the country clergy of his day. The facetious bishop of the diocese is reported to have said to him one day, after having attended service at his church:

'Mr Smith, this is not right: I find, my good sir, you actually make the commandments insinuate atheism.'

'My lord, I don't understand'—said the poor man, quite astounded.

'Yes, Mr Smith, you read the fourth commandment thus: "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, *they say*, and all that in them is."

'Oh, my lord!' cried the vicar, much relieved, 'sure the people here would not understand one bit what I meant, if I said "*thee say*," as the clipping English

do. Ask any one about here, my lord, what he calls the water abroad there, and he'll tell you "they say."

This little difficulty being happily got over, his lordship proceeded to examine a juvenile class, whom Mr Smith was accustomed to instruct in the catechism. He had, as he thought, thoroughly drilled them in the meaning of every recondite word and phrase in that manual of religious instruction; explaining, for example, that 'our spiritual pastors and masters' meant first the bishop, and then the inferior clergy. Being 'guiltless,' he told one dull girl, meant being without guilt; 'just,' he said, 'as if you had broken the point off your needle, you would call it a pointless needle.'

The examination commenced, and the boys and girls of Ballygarraffe got triumphantly through the letter of the catechism.

'Now let us come to the meaning of the words,' said the bishop, smiling kindly on the row of open eyes and rosy cheeks before him.

'What is being guiltless, my dear?' he said, addressing a fair-haired damsel.

'Tis a pointless needle, my lord.'

'What do you mean by that, my child?'

'Mr Smith told us so, indeed, my lord.'

An explanation from the mortified vicar of course ensued.

'Well, well, my good sir,' said his diocesan; 'at all events, we must confess *rem acu tetigitur*.'

'Who is your spiritual enemy?' he asked, reverting to an eager-looking, bright-eyed little fairy, who stood in the class, next to the heroine of the needle.

'The bishop, my lord!' was the energetic reply.

'Thank you, my dear!' said the good-natured prelate, laughing till his portly sides shook; 'you certainly deserve a premium.'

'My lord, my lord!' cried the poor vicar, 'indeed, she thought it was her spiritual pastors and masters you asked her about.'

'Oh, make no apology, my dear sir. I think, with your permission, we'll wind up the examination with a distribution of a certain package of gingerbread which I see my servant bringing, and which I have no doubt our young friends here will decidedly prefer to theological questions.'

And so happily ended the episcopal visit.

Mr Smith had one favourite sermon which he constantly preached. It began in these words: 'There are three kinds of people in this world—three kinds of people, my friends—the bad, the good, and the indifferent!'

But if Mr Smith was neither an expert theologian, nor an eloquent orator, he was something better, even a humble follower of Him who went about doing good. The widow and the orphan, the fatherless and the afflicted, lost a kind friend on that day when the weeping population of Ballygarraffe followed their old vicar to his last home.

The first of his successors of whom I can speak from personal recollection was Mr Colville, a pleasant, gentlemanly, gray-haired little man, but an oddity to boot, and an extremely low churchman. He happened to be cast on the evil days when Oxford theology began to assert itself; and although we had comparatively little of high-church assumption amongst us, yet sufficient of the spirit made itself manifest in some neighbouring parishes to cause our vicar to uplift his voice against what he termed 'the dim religious light which came through their painted windows and stained pulpits.'

Falling, however, into the common error of 'mistaking the reverse of wrong for right,' our vicar was very near throwing the church overboard altogether. Not a thing in the way of repair or adornment would he suffer to be done to the neglected edifice, whose high, dark, narrow pews resembled, as we sometimes told him, the cities of the Amorites, 'great, and high,

and walled up to heaven.' Mauser Headrigg herself was not more opposed than he to the keeping of fast or festival. Even the great Christian holiday of Christmas. I often thought, he observed under protest; pretty much as an ancient Covenanter might have done under terror of the thumb-screw. The church, built before his time, lay, by some accident, curiously enough, north and south, instead of east and west. I often taxed him jestingly with having by some necromancy given it a twist round, in order to prevent his congregation from 'bowing to the east,' and he used to laugh heartily at the accusation. Calvinist though he was, he was far kindlier than his creed: his bright joyous nature refused to be acridulated by the potent vinegar manufactured at Geneva. The alkali was too strong for the acid. 'The five thorny points' became in his kind hands as innocuous as so many daisies.

One evil habit, characteristic of his party, however, he retained—that of delivering the longest, most rambling, and most thoroughly extempore discourses it was ever my fate to listen to. He literally took no thought beforehand what he should say; and being endowed with a strong sense of humour, if any sudden crotchets passed through his brain while preaching, however *mal-à-propos* it might be, it was sure to find instant utterance.

'The day of judgment, my friends,' he said once, 'will come upon you suddenly, just like a railway whistle.'

Preaching one day, as he often did, against the efficacy of works:

'Yes,' he said, 'salvation is to be had free, gratis, for nothing!'

Then his metaphors—he described the Christian in his course of life 'rolling up-hill, like two inverted cones!' The arch enemy of mankind he designated one day 'A roaring serpent!'

Preaching, on one occasion, rather well and solemnly on that Great Name which is not to be taken in vain, he said:

'Yes, it is a Great name, an Eternal name, an Unchangeable name—not,' he continued, while his blue eyes suddenly twinkled at the conceit, 'the ladies' names, which they are all, young and old, so anxious to change.' Fancy for a moment the effect of this coming from the pulpit. Of course, every boy and girl in the church was convulsed, and even the most staid and sober members of the congregation found it difficult to preserve their gravity. It was not often that he scolded us, but on one occasion he was very angry. He had preached a charity sermon for I forget what object, and the collection was very small, consisting in a great part of fourpenny-pieces. Against this obnoxious coin Mr Colville launched into a tirade next Sunday.

'You will not give,' he said, 'crowns, half-crowns, or any of the liberal denominations of coin; as if you can find it in your hearts to bestow are these miserable bits of silver, these collapsed sixpences!'

Poor Mr Colville! While he was with us, we were constantly wishing to exchange him for some more efficient clergyman; but we did not know when we were well: we did not consider how often King Lear is to be preferred to King Stork. Our vicar was not prosperous in the world: many things went against him. He lost his wife, an excellent and amiable woman; of his children, some died, and some turned out badly. He got into pecuniary difficulties, yet the old buoyant spirit bore him bravely through all. He left Ballygarraffe for some remote preferment; and soon afterwards, we heard he was engaged to be married to an elderly maiden lady, who, rich, and tall, and sallow, was, according to numerous predictions in the courts of Cupid, captivated by the poor, blue-eyed little vicar.

'She refused me at first,' quoth he, in substance,

history of his courtship to a friend; 'but I told her it was not of the least use, for that I would still go on, "saint yet pursuing."' And so it came to pass that he captured his fair Philistine; and the match, thanks to the indomitable good temper of the bridegroom, and the really excellent qualities of the somewhat sombre bride, has turned out a very happy one.

'I hate young children,' said the new-married lady, who certainly, as the French say, 'accused' fifty years, as she turned crossly away, while her husband stopped to caress some of his juvenile parishioners.

'My love,' he replied, 'you can't think how differently you will feel when you have babies of your own.' The lady smiled and bridled, and even condescended to pat the curly head that was nearest to her, perfectly unconscious of the gently wicked badinage. The prophecy, so far as I have heard, however, still remains unfulfilled.

Great things at first were expected at Ballygarraffe from Mr Colville's successor, our present fat and rubicund vicar. He purified, adorned, and altered the church, making clean the outside of the cup and the platter with very commendable zeal; but, alas, for the weightier matters of the law! We need not go to a certain neighbouring hierarchy to look for domineering priests, while we have Mr Ringston amongst us. 'The autos of his autocratic mouth' enters into everything. Nothing must be done without him, and, according to his own account, everything has been done by him. His achievements and adventures, as detailed by himself, would be both curious and interesting, but for one slight drawback: their origin may, in almost all cases, be traced to the erudite writings of Joseph Miller, Esq., or the German baron, Münchhausen, or some other more modern, but scarcely more veracious chronicler. 'You see,' said a friend of his one day apologetically, 'he is so accustomed to making out interesting anecdotes for missionary meetings, that it is difficult for him to be always quite certain whether he is adhering to the exact truth or not.' He certainly does come out very strong on the missionary question, especially as regards the conversion of the Hindoos. Mr Ringston has still a datiful party of ladies under his direction, who meekly manufacture pen-wipers, pincushions, book-markers with texts in sample stitch, babies' pinafores, with a variety of other miscellaneous property, and send them out annually on behoof of those dear, misguided, but still amiable sepoys.

I got lately into sad disgrace with the sisterhood, by intimating that bullets, as presented from the mouth of a rifle, were the only offering I felt disposed to make to their fiendish pets. I asked our vicar one day, with a grave face, whether he had lately had any interesting missionary intelligence from the settlement of Borioboola-gah.

'I am not sure,' he replied hesitatingly: 'ah, yes, I think there was. I am certain the labours of some of our dear brethren have been greatly blessed in that important locality; but I'll look at the reports when I go home, ma'am, and let you know all the particulars.' I fancy some one subsequently enlightened him as to the source whence information respecting that celebrated station was to be derived, for he has sought very shy of missionary topics with me ever since.

With respect to Mr Ringston's sermons, the only way in which he can succeed in keeping us awake during their delivery is by scolding us, which he does at times with a vengeance. A few Sundays since, a little child in the congregation began to cry, and said quite audibly to his attendant: 'Will you come away, Mary; he's going to beat us!' In point of vehemence and loudness, Spurgeon is a mouse compared with our vicar, when he gets into a proper pulpit passion. But on ordinary occasions, when his dulness is gentle, his discourses are so thoroughly somniferous,

that we are forced in self-defence to have recourse to every innocent mental excitement which may help to keep us awake. The good old lady in Longfellow's tale, who was quite content with having 'a handsome bow on the congregation side of her bonnet,' would have had no chance of admiration on such superficial grounds at Ballygarraffe. Every side of every one's bonnet is thoroughly criticised during sermon-time.

Our vicar is essentially 'of the earth, earthy.' He has taken to holding evening-service on Sundays before dinner, on the principle, I suppose, of 'duty first, pleasure afterwards.'

'You know,' remarked a young lady, one of his chief upholders, in a pathetic voice, 'poor Mr Ringston does not look like a man who could preach after dinner.'

One day, while taking my accustomed walk along the river-side, I met our vicar proceeding leisurely to pay a round of pastoral visits. It happened that some time before the family of a rich shopkeeper from the next town had come to reside at a very handsome villa near Ballygarraffe. But though they probably possessed as much money as half the other residents put together, their want of 'blue blood' of course prevented their being received into our circle.

'Good-morning, ma'am,' said Mr Ringston as he passed me, laying, as he always does, a peculiar emphasis on the 'ma'am.' 'I am going to pay a visit to the Carrolls.'

I made some slight reply, and he went on. When returning, I met him just issuing from the gate, while a peculiar blandness was diffused over his ruddy visage.

'Well,' he exclaimed, 'I have had a delightful visit! 'I am glad,' I said, 'that you found Mr and Mrs Carroll so agreeable. I believe they are most worthy, excellent people in their line of life.'

'O yes,' responded our vicar fervently; 'and besides, they are people of sound judgment, of clear and admirable intellect. Mr Carroll told me that I could have the use of all the horses in his stable, whenever I wished; and before I had been five minutes in the drawing-room, Mrs Carroll rang the bell, and ordered in cake and wine. Mr Carroll then suggested champagne, and it was brought in immediately.'

The dull and stupid amongst us, the deficient in intellect, *alias* in cake, horses, and champagne, are constantly wishing that our vicar could be fairly sent off to convert the sepoys, or be consecrated bishop of Borioboola-gah.

'MOVE ON.'

It is becoming more and more difficult in the overcrowded streets of London to obey the familiar police injunction, 'Move on.' It is no easy matter to move on. Many thousands experience an analogous difficulty in connection with the financial and social affairs of everyday life; but it is nothing in comparison with the battle which our bodies must maintain in forcing a bodily passage through the metropolitan thoroughfares. Men have been, are, and will be, 'disappointed in the City' occasionally; but they are sure to be so when they wish to make an expeditious progress to and through that labyrinth.

The truth is, that no extension of the metropolis will prevent a certain district of it from being the heart and centre. The Bank, the Royal Exchange, the Stock Exchange, the Glyn's and the Rothschilds' establishments, the commercial, auction, and sale rooms, the insurance offices, the brokers' offices, the offices of the great companies—are as much in the heart of London now as they were when London was only half as populous. Notting Hill and Kilburn can no more despise or neglect the 'City,' than could Westminster or Marylebone half a century ago. The

more there are of us, the more of us must go to be 'disappointed' or otherwise in the City.

Two phases of this subject are troubling our social reformers—How to accommodate the streets to the vehicles; and how to accommodate the vehicles to the streets? Nearly all the openings of new streets in the metropolis, within the last twenty or thirty years, have been direct boons to passengers both of the pedestrian and the vehicular kind, in shortening the distances between certain places, and in providing wide, straight streets, instead of narrow, crooked lanes.

All these openings of new streets, however, fail to meet the wants of the public. The lord mayor is perpetually called upon to make people and vehicles 'move on,' which it is next to impossible for them to do. We have no Louis Napoleon in England, who can order half a city to be pulled down, and replaced in three or four years, with miles of splendid houses. We have bills and acts, and committees and commissions, and boards and corporations, and companies in such number, that each obstructs all the others; whereby the settlement of the details for making a new street becomes an immensely difficult affair. At this present moment, the evil of too great a multiplicity of masters is shewn in the discussions concerning new government-offices and new drainage for London; one authority puts a veto on the decisions of a previous authority, and nothing is done. The English drag in such matters is too tight; it produces too much friction and stoppage.

Pending the discussions on new streets, endeavours have been made, and are being made, and will doubtless continue to be made, to guide the opposing streams of traffic through the existing thoroughfares with more system than in former days. The conventional plans observed by foot-passengers keeping on the right of the foot-pavement, and of vehicle-drivers keeping on the left of the carriage-way have, until recently, been almost the only approach to system in the matter. An additional regulation, laid down by the lord mayor, has been very advantageous in the particular locality to which it applies—namely, London Bridge. Between ten and six on one day in 1853, it was ascertained that the numbers of foot-passengers, equestrians, and vehicles passing over this bridge were respectively 63,080; 114; and 11,498. To facilitate the passage of this stupendous traffic, it was ordered that, as the bridge is wide enough for four lines of vehicles abreast, all the wagons and slow vehicles should occupy the two lines near the curb, while all the omnibuses and fast vehicles should maintain their double stream in the centre of the roadway. The improvement hence resulting has been so marked, as to render many of our street-reformers hopeful of further benefits.

Near the Mansion House, the difficulty of obeying the command to 'Move on' is so great, that the lord mayor has much troubled the equanimity of the 'bus-men by his urgency in the matter. A letter recently appeared in the *Times*, which, if really written by a 'bus-man, is a curiosity worth preserving; but the great journal has not unfrequently inserted communications in which pungent sarcasm or wholesome truth is given under a mask. The reader may take his choice between these two suppositions; but the letter contains a kernel worth a little cracking:

'Mr Editor of the *Times*—You seems to be the sort of thing wot puts a poor man in heart when he gets blowed up by majestraters, and hunted by the bobbies, so me and my mates have got me to write to you about the lord mayor, who says he'll have us fined and punished if we offends in blocking up the streets as we drives our omnibuses. Now what are we to do? We has a time-keeper at starting, and two or three kids along the road, with a little book—with

lots of swella, inside and out, to make us go fast to catch the rail, and do their business—and then theres the bobbies at every corner who cant see great carts unloading all day long at common councilmen's shops and places because they gets figged and we has to pay toll to them ere chaps—or we should all be carpeted—but we does it for peace and custom. Now taint a much use on us writing about offending and the like—without giving a remedy which I think I can, for me and my mates all know what is right and what ought to be done, and we all say that London Bridge is a sample of what ought to be done—the passengers, our masters, and the large shopkeepers would hallow a little; but it would be for al our goods, and if so, why not do it?

'1. First we say—I wouldn't have a cart load or unload in the principal streets between 10 and 4.

'Second, 2. We say—No touting at all, and omnibuses should take up at difrent stations—say Aldgate, India House—Exchange, Mansion House, King and Queen Street—Peel's Monument, Newgate bottom of Hobborn—St Pauls and Faringdon Street. Well, then, if the fast carts and cabs and omnibuses keep on the sides and the slow things in the middle we should all get on (I'm not speaking now Cannon Street is up)—but the principal thing what obstructs is them great vans and carts at the great shops all day long. I am, sir, A GREAT WESTERN BUS MAN.

Oct. 4.

A problem much discussed within the last few years relates to the availability of iron tramways in the London streets. Looking around for evidence, observers have found that New York furnishes an illustration of the system.

These American railway-carriages, or, as they are there called, 'cars,' work on rails laid down on busy streets open to the traffic of any other kinds of vehicle; for the rails being on, or indeed slightly below, the level of the road, generally offer no insurmountable obstacles to other traffic. The cars are almost double the length of a London omnibus; they have seats for twenty-four persons; but not being licensed in regard to number, their capacity is limited by little else than the conscience of the driver or the briskness of trade; and thus the mass of wedged-up humanity on special occasions reaches seventy or eighty persons. On Sundays, being the only public vehicles that run, they are generally crowded. So remarkably, however, does the rail-system lessen the friction and difficulty of draught, that the number of passengers, whether twenty or sixty, seems to exercise very little influence on the ease with which the horses draw the car. The car has two entrances, one at each end; so low that ingress and egress are very easy, inasmuch that it is not necessary to come to a full stop either to take up or set down. The driver stands like an ancient charioteer, guiding the reins from either platform indifferently, according to which end of the car is foremost; for the vehicle is never reversed on the rail; if one end leads when going north, the other will take the lead going south. At the terminus of the line, a slight touch releases the horses, which know exactly what to do; they turn like a good plough-team at the end of a furrow, to be attached at the opposite extremity; and the car presently starts off again in the opposite direction. The line itself is of the simplest possible character; there is no necessity for large sweeping curves of rail, revolving turntables, or shifting from line to line. The wheels are very small, and are rendered nearly invisible by the floor of the car being so near the ground. When the rails are in proper order, the motion of the car is much smoother and more pleasant than that of an omnibus on a common road. The interior fittings vary; some of the cars are old and dingy enough; while others are as bright as crimson velvet, stained glass, and painted decorations.

make them. There is no 'knife-board,' no perilous scaffolding of shin-cutting iron steps whereby to mount to the top. The conductor travels to and fro in the car in an easy way to collect the fares; and the passengers are thus spared the annoyance of waiting while an ancient female fumbles among a miscellaneous collection of odds and ends in her pocket or bag for the coins—or in America the dollar-notes, &c.—necessary. Passengers mostly walk in and out without troubling him; but he or they will pull a bell to bid the driver check his speed a little. These cars make more journeys each in a day than any London omnibus, and work all night as well as all day: relays of men being engaged. There is a uniform fare of five cents—twopence half-penny—for all distances within the city.

Such, then, being the railway-cars of New York, the question arises—whether such a system, if applied with modifications to suit the different circumstances of the two cities, would enable Londoners to 'move on' more pleasantly and quickly through the public streets than is now possible. Under present circumstances, the chief obstacle, perhaps, would be the difficulty of laying down the rails through the City; for the passengers would not be content to be dropped half a mile or so from the centre of the arena of commerce. The oldest part of New York is much smaller than the ancient and narrowest part of London; and the rail can, in the former city, be driven closer to the places of business; but even without the whole advantage derivable, much might be gained by adopting the system wherever it could be worked with facility. The truth is, however, that there would be more obstacles than material ones to be surmounted. Numerous prejudices have to be overcome before any one practical plan is adopted. The proposal to lay down a double line of rails along our wider roads, with large and comfortable carriages, drawn so easily that two horses would do the work of eight, would probably raise a storm of opposition; vested interests would rise in battle-array against it, antagonistic among themselves, but all antagonistic against the plan. And even if the proposal were accepted, there would then arise trouble in determining who should put it in operation. We are a famous people for effecting objects by joint-stock companies; a joint-stock company has purchased most of our metropolitan omnibuses, and has promised a world of good things as a consequence of the purchase; but he must be a sharp-sighted man who can detect much improvement arising out of this matter. And if it be not a company that construct street-railways, who shall it be?

Supposing the question of authority be determined, the plan has been advocated somewhat in the following form: The street-rail might be made the means of connection between different railway-stations with great advantage. It could be carried across the bridges, for it does not require the nicety of levels and the largeness of curves necessary to the locomotive system. Several of the London roads would admit of the rail being laid down, though it is doubtful if it could be carried to all the central parts of the city. Three lines of route appear to come within its range—from Paddington, by way of the New Road and City Road, to the back of the Bank; from King's Cross, by the new Victoria Street, to Holborn Bridge and Fleet Street; and from Islington, by Aldersgate Street, to the General Post-office. The determination once aroused, other routes could doubtless be found practicable. The rail, it is asserted, would not impede other traffic half so much as an unnecessary crowd of omnibuses. No new routes would have to be cut through masses of buildings, for the rail would follow the ordinary roads. There would be a great economy of horse-labour; because the same pair of horses would draw thrice as many persons by the new system as by the old.

It is especially worth remembering that such a system might be a means of completing the railway communications through or around the metropolis. Millions sterling have been spent, and millions more are threatened, to effect this connection by the ordinary costly locomotive system, at the rate of two or three hundred thousand pounds per mile; but surely a less ambitious plan would do partial good at a far lower cost; a road-rail might be worked with horses from one station to another, and might be made a means of expediting and facilitating the transfer of passengers from the dominions of one great company to those of another. Her Majesty, one of the best railway travellers in the kingdom, has lately been the means of shewing that the same passenger carriage may travel from Banchoory, in Aberdeenshire, to Windsor, about 600 miles, without any disruption or change at the London stations: it suggested one mode of supplying a want much felt; and the humble inexpensive road-trams might supply in a smaller degree a kind of service for which the public would be thankful—still leaving the companies, if they so chose, to make proper lines of railway to connect their various systems.

The public mind requires much hammering before a useful idea becomes imbedded therein; and the advocates of road-tramways will need to use the hammer steadily and skilfully; but it is at anyrate proper that they should be heard, in order that we may all be enabled to assist each other in determining how to—'move on.'

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN the gendarme grasped me by the collar, I, William Linwood, must have changed my nature, had I not gratuitously aggravated the danger of my position by roughly shaking off the officer's hold, and forthwith knocking down the functionary, entirely unskilled in the noble art of self-defence as practised in the English prize-ring. The mad act received its immediate chastisement; and but for the resolute interposition of a *sergent de ville*, who fortunately came up at the moment, the patriotic mob, hotly indignant at seeing a French *autorité* flogged by an Englishman, and a robber to boot, would very soon have left justice little or nothing to do in the way of punishing the audacious criminal. As it was, though I lost my 'dark wavy hair' by handfuls, and was unmercifully cuffed, scratched, and pommelled, I had no bones broken; and assisted by two flanking gendarmes, each with an arm tightly locked in his, and guarded by four others in front and rear, I managed to walk along, defiantly erect, amidst the derisive *hutes* of the crowd, towards the jail, and soon found myself safely deposited in the cell adjoining that which had just before received Harry Webbe.

The astounding suddenness of the surprise, the atrocious nature of the accusation launched against me, brought on, as soon as I was alone, a paroxysm of convulsive, rageful laughter; and I was still screaming and gesticulating like a caged maniac, when Father Meudon, who, chancing to be in the town, had heard of my mishap, entered the cell, accompanied by the civil and considerate *sergent de ville*. The officer, at M. Meudon's request, left us together, and the good father succeeded, with some difficulty, in subduing me to calmness and common sense.

The 'robbery' imputation did not at all disturb him.

'That accusation,' said he, 'is, I can have no doubt, a mere flash in the pan; but there are, I hear, other charges against you, my imprudent young friend, which give me much uneasiness. It can be proved that you have travelled in France with false passports, and under two false names—those of Le Gros and Piron—which is a highly penal offence. You are also suspected of having actively abetted the escape of a prisoner of war on parole, and that, by the military code, is punishable by—death!'

'I assure you, with all solemnity, that I had no hand whatever, directly or indirectly, in the escape—the ultimately baffled escape—of Harry Webbe.'

'I am rejoiced to hear it. Your rash young countryman will, I greatly fear, be made to expiate his offence by the last dread penalty.'

'Great God!'

'And many hours, rely upon it, will not be suffered to pass before the irreversible sentence is passed and executed. Power to enforce their ruthless will is about to depart from the violent men who now hold military rule here; and what they purpose doing must be done speedily, if at all.'

'Is there no hope, no chance of escape for the unfortunate young man?' I asked with emotion.

'*Hélas!* I fear, none whatever. His breach of parole, especially as he was actually *gardé à vue*, might have been, if not forgiven, mercifully judged, if one of your fellow *naufragés*, Mr Tyler, had not denounced him to be the son of the notorious Webbe, captain of the *Scout* privateer. The nephew of Captain Le Moine, an officer deeply lamented here, not long since deposed before the authorities, that that son, after having with his own hand slain the commander of *Le Renard* in the action between that vessel and the *Scout*, had the audacity to enter France as a spy of the Bourbons, was detected and denounced at Avranches by himself, Auguste Le Moine; and only effected his escape by the careless or criminal connivance of Captain Jules Renaudin of *L'Espégle*. That is the fatal charge which has kindled the fires of hate and vengeance in the breasts of his judges, and will wither up any inclination that might else prevail to deal mercifully with the unhappy youth. The imminent fate of your countryman affects you very painfully, I perceive,' added M. Meudon.

'Very painfully, indeed. Does the young man admit that he is the person by whom Captain Le Moine was killed, and whom the nephew denounced at the Avranches banquet?'

'Denounced at the Avranches banquet!' echoed Father Meudon, with a piercing look; 'I was not before aware that it was at a banquet in Avranches that Auguste Le Moine detected the Bourbons' spy! As to the accused's admission or non-admission,' added the reverend father, 'that he is the person inculpated, that will be of little consequence in face of Auguste Le Moine's sworn deposition, and the proof by Mr Tyler of his identity.'

'Proof, you mean, that he is Captain Webbe's son?'

'Precisely; that will be quite sufficient to seal his doom, unless—unless,' added M. Meudon, continuing to regard me with an anxious, searching look—'unless Captain Webbe's son can designate and produce some other person by whose hand he can prove Captain Le Moine fell, and whom young Le Moine afterwards confronted at the Avranches banquet! In that case—an impossible case, I must suppose—the real offender would unquestionably be substituted for Monsieur Webbe *filis*, both before the military tribunal and at the place of execution; and that too, I repeat, before another day shall have fled into a past eternity.'

'That stern, staring silence,' resumed M. Meudon, after a few moments' pause, 'thrills me with a fear—

an undefined, shadowy fear, that you have not confided in me so unreservedly as for your own safety's sake I would fain believe you have. Well, I have no right to press you for that fuller confidence. Early to-morrow, I will see you again; at present, I shall serve you best by going at once to the Rue Bombarde. Adieu, young man; and assure yourself that, under all circumstances—in any conceivable extremity, you may count upon my poor services—upon the zealous exertion, in your behalf, of all the influence I possess with the authorities of Havre.'

The sergent de ville let him out, and as the heavy door closed sullenly behind them, shutting me back into the dark silence, an inexpressible horror seized me. The reality of the frightful peril I had exposed myself to, and which I had never before quite believed in, confronted me in terrible distinctness. Harry Webbe, there could be no doubt, to save himself, would denounce me; and if he did not, could I, dared I permit him to suffer in my stead? Impossible! I was brave enough, as the reader knows—that is, I could rush upon, grapple with, defy death in the tumult of battle, in the conflict of elemental warfare, or in the excitement of passion; but to sit there in solitary gloom, fettered, powerless, though full of lusty life—to await the deliberate approach of the King of Terror, whilst counting his stealthy, soundless steps by the hands of the dial, whose tiny round measured the all of time remaining between me and eternity, was beyond my strength, and for a while I was overborne, prostrated by fear, by a shuddering, nameless dread of the dark, fathomless gulf which, as M. Meudon talked, seemed to yawn beneath my feet!

Not, however, for long did that trance of terror hold me in thrall. Gradually my soul grew calmer, stronger, and soon the current of my changeful thoughts was bent as strongly in a hopeful direction. Might not, I argued—might not Father Meudon have consciously or unconsciously exaggerated the danger? Unquestionably he might. Then could I not, through him, warn young Webbe to appeal to Auguste Le Moine himself to confirm his solemn denial of being the person he, Le Moine, had denounced; an appeal which could not with any decency be rejected, and which, the *enseigne* being absent in Paris, would defer the catastrophe till the power to murder either of us had been taken from the Bonapartist authorities of Havre? Again, there was no doubt that Captain Webbe was still at large; and he, a man of boundless resource and daring, would, we might be sure, leave no means untried to extricate his son; ay, and—a minor, but still important consideration with him—to extricate me from the fearful strait to which his own unscrupulous machinations had conducted us!

The entrance of the head jailer and the sergent de ville—the latter with a note in his hand—broke in upon my sanguine dreaming, and flung me back into the sinister reality of my actual position.

'An individual who says he is a friend of yours,' said the sergent, 'has requested to see you, and when informed that he was too late for to-day, wrote and requested me to place this note in your hands, the answer to which he awaits. You understand, monsieur,' added the officer, 'that it is necessary we should see what your friend has written?'

'That is only reasonable,' I said, taking the note. 'I will first read it to you myself;' and tearing it open, I read as follows:

'MON CHER MONSIEUR LINWOOD—I arrive from Honfleur to warn you of the abominable trick which that relative of mine, and for all that, true daughter of the devil, Madame de Bonneville, was about to play you, and find myself, from having been delayed, too late. Mademoiselle Clémence, who discovered what was going on, and insisted upon my coming, will be inconsolable. I pray you, therefore, to tell me what

is the earliest hour to-morrow at which I can see you, as mademoiselle, who is, you know, somewhat *vive*, and extremely dislikes being kept in suspense, will count the moments of my absence from her with grave inquietude.—Votre serviteur, JACQUES SICARD.'

'Jacques Sicard, and from Honfleur!' exclaimed the sergent de ville. '*Sacristie*, but that is droll enough! We have a *mandat d'arrêt* from the deputy procureur-general of Honfleur, brought by the officers who seized the other young Englishman at that place, commanding us to search out the said Maître Jacques Sicard, and lodge him safely in the hands of justice.'

'You have an arrest-warrant for Jacques Sicard!' I exclaimed. 'At whose instance, for the love of Heaven; and for what offence?'

'At the instance,' replied the sergent, taking a paper from his pocket, and glancing at it, 'of Louise de Bonneville, *veuve*, née Féron; and for the crime of complicity in the robbery which you, Monsieur Linwood, are charged with. Had we known this before,' he added with a laugh, 'we should not, *morbleu*, have refused the young man admittance here. But he is in the waiting-room, so there is no harm done. *Allons, camarade*.'

The sergent and jailer hurried off, and I listened to catch the first sound that might indicate Maître Sicard's dawning comprehension of the pretty predicament he had quietly walked into. It was not long delayed. First, an inarticulate scream of surprise and indignation, followed evidently by an attempt to fly, easily defeated by the prison guardians; then a swift crescendo succession of yells, expostulations, threats, mingled with the gruff deep bass maledictions of the officers, irritated by his frenzied kicking and plunging; the uproar increasing in violence and volume as it approached the door of my cell, which arrived at, was flung open, and in staggered five or six gendarmes, bearing Sicard in a horizontal position by the legs and shoulders; he the while striking out viciously with his arms and heels, and calling wildly upon saints and angels, and myself especially, the instant he caught sight of me, to deliver him from the villains that were strangling him.

'On m'assassine, Linwood! On m'assassine!' he screamed as his bearers threw him roughly down upon one of the beds in the cell. He could not, however, have been much hurt, for he was upon his feet in a twinkling, apostrophising his captors with foaming fury. 'Hundred thousand devils!' he shouted. 'But this is infernal!—impossible! It is the end of the world! Why, what, how, sacred thunder, can this be, that I, Maître Jacques Sicard, a respectable bourgeois of St Malo, am outraged, massacred in this manner?'

'"Jacques Sicard,"' said the sergent de ville, reading from a paper, '"*bottier par état*, domiciled at St Malo." Here follows,' continued the officer, 'a description of Maître Sicard's person, which it might not perhaps be agreeable to that individual to hear read; we will therefore pass it. The *mandat d'arrêt* further declares'—

'What is that?—*mandat d'arrêt*!' interrupted Sicard, whom a vague apprehension of the truth was fast subduing to submissiveness. 'What is that, if you please, monsieur?' he added, wiping his streaming forehead.

'A *mandat d'arrêt*,' resumed the sergent, 'which sets forth that Jacques Sicard, *bottier par état*, domiciled at St Malo, is charged by Louise de Bonneville'—

'How! what is that again! Why, sacred thunder, that person is my own near relative!'

'And "une fille du diable," nevertheless,' said the officer, 'if this note of yours is to be believed.'

'That is correct; that is demonstrable. Still'—

'Maître Sicard,' said the officer, 'had better keep silence, if he can, till I have read the *mandat d'arrêt*—Is charged by Louise de Bonneville, *veuve*, née Féron, with complicity with one William Linwood, *alias* Le Gros, an Englishman, in robbing the said Louise de Bonneville, née Féron, of a seed-pearl necklace, to which a gold cross is attached with L, the initial letter of said Louise de Bonneville's baptismal name, engraved thereon'—

It was useless to read further: Sicard dropped down as if he was shot. 'C'est la foudre,' he groaned: 'I am betrayed—annihilated—lost!'

He was at all events dumfounded, and the other officials having retired, Monsieur le Sergent addressing me with great politeness, asked if I had any objection to Maître Sicard's remaining where he was for the night. To which I answered that I should esteem it a favour if he were permitted to do so.

'It is well, monsieur. This prison happens to be overcrowded just now; and as there are two beds here, permission to remain together may be accorded till further orders from superior authority. This is the more readily granted, I must tell you,' pursued the officer, 'forasmuch that Le Père Meudon, whom everybody esteems, not only engaged me to render you all the civilities in my power, but assured me that the charge of robbery would turn out to be an absurd, if not criminal blunder. I hope, notwithstanding the apparently criminating dismay of Maître Sicard, that it will prove so; and I have to add that any refreshments you may choose to order can be furnished from a restaurant close by, wine and *liqueurs* in moderation, inclusive.'

I thanked him; and Maître Sicard, upon being asked what he would prefer for supper, having with indignant pantomime expressed his utter disgust at all things under the sun, I left the matter to the worthy sergent himself, stipulating only for some excellent brandy and cigars.

By that time my naturally joyous, mercurial temperament had recovered, and something more, from the depression caused by Father Meudon's sepulchral croaking: the menacing shadows which had seemed to overhang the future—the immediate future—had vanished utterly; and I have never been, that I remember, in better cue for a jolly carouse, than on the night when I was a prisoner in a French jail, charged with felony, and in all likelihood to be dragged on the morrow before, and sentenced capitally by, a military tribunal, as a convicted spy! Who shall read me the riddle of that buoyant confidence under conditions so overwhelmingly adverse to such a state of mind! Is it that not only do sinister events cast shadows before, but that the silver lining of the threatening cloud also darts onward its *avant-courier* rays of light to cheer the gloom of the troubled soul, and rekindle in its darkened depths the lights of Hope and Faith! Possibly; but my own commonplace interpretation in this particular instance is, that the exultation of spirit I experienced was owing to an unreasoning conviction, based upon previous lucky escapes, that something or other would turn up to shield me from apparently inevitable destruction—a conviction strengthened, sublimed by the secret assurance, simmering softly at my heart, and unblabbed of openly even to myself, that Maria Wilson was not yet at all events the wife of Harry Webbe.

I vainly strove to rouse Maître Sicard from his despondent state. He refused to be comforted. 'My dear fellow,' said I at last, 'do you know that this sudden prostration is, under the circumstances, exceedingly absurd, you having been of course previously aware that I had been arrested upon the charge of robbing that unscrupulous fille du diable, as you have very properly named Madame de Bonneville.'

'I know that!' savagely exclaimed Sicard. 'Thousand thunders, if I *had* known it, I should not be here now—veritable, decided ass, as I have admittedly proved myself to be! No, Monsieur Linwood, I was not even aware that Madame de Bonneville had discovered the abstraction from the armoire of a seed-pearl necklace, to which a gold cross is attached, with initial letter of said Louise's baptismal name engraved thereon, and which letter I was gobe-mouche enough to be persuaded *could* only stand for Lucy. Ah, mon Dieu!—I tell you, Monsieur Linwood,' he went on to say when sufficiently recovered, 'that that traitress Fanchette helped me to mend the fractures of the armoire doors, in order that madame might suspect nothing; and I, in acknowledgment, presented her with a first-rate pair of boots—But what's the use of talking!'

'What trick was it then that Mademoiselle Clémence discovered that her reputed mother was about to play me?'

'That she had formally accused you of travelling in France under a false name—that of Jean Le Gros, to be sure.'

'Well, but my dear Sicard, Madame de Bonneville, bad as she may be, will never proceed to extremities against you—her relative.'

'But, sacred thunder, that is precisely what she will do! You don't know that she has become a tigress—an unchained fury, resolved, *coûte qui coûte*, to be revenged upon you and me: upon you for not marrying Clémence; upon me for persisting, spite of madame's maledictions, that I *will* marry her. Naturally, I hoped that time would mollify her rage; but do you not see that she has passed the Rubicon, by publicly accusing me, her relative, as you say, of robbing her in conjunction with you? Yes, and Fanchette can prove that by my own confession. I shall be sent to the galleys, that is quite clear, and her threat, only a few hours old, that she would effectually dispose of my insolent pretensions—insolent pretensions was the phrase—will be realised.'

I persisted in asserting that he was really scaring himself with shadows; that Mr and Madame Waller—who, I doubted not, would arrive in France before many days had passed—would prove beyond question that the articles I had taken were theirs, and had been stolen from them with their child many years since by Louise Féron; that 'fille du diable' knowing this as well as I did, would consequently never venture, I urged, to appear before the tribunals in support of the accusation—and so on. This view of the case revived Sicard's spirits, and he was becoming himself again, when I, unawares, knocked him over again.

'Tell me,' said I, 'what is the punishment awarded by the Code Pénal to travelling in France with false papers, or under a false name?'

'Two years of prison, with or without hard labour (*travaux forcés*), according to whether there are or are not extenuating circumstances. In your case,' he added, with a tinge of malice, 'hard labour will no doubt be awarded.'

'That is pleasant hearing,' said I. 'Of course, then, you took especial care that Madame de Bonneville should not know it was you that furnished so-called Jean Le Gros with the passport of the sick lieutenant lodging at your house?'

Sicard sprang up bolt on end, as if impelled by a galvanic shock. 'Hundred thousand thunders!' he screamed; 'of course she knows it, and through that accursed Fanchette! Ah, there is no longer any chance. It is all over with me. I am finished—destroyed; that is certain—demonstrable!' and down he fell again in hopeless self-abandonment.

'Come—come,' I remonstrated; 'two years of prison is not, after all, the guillotine, nor one's lifetime. We shall survive it, never fear.'

'And in the meantime my shop,' he groaned—'and my three years' toiled-for connection, and my stock-in-trade left in charge of Dubarle—and Clémence——Say no more; I am definitively done for—finished—massacred! And all, *sacre bleu*, in consequence of my good-nature. Oh, it is desolating—lamentable!'

I ceased endeavouring to console him by words, and awaited what effect the *petit souper*—a very excellent one, brought in and nicely set out under the superintendence of the sergent de ville—might have in restoring his equanimity, which it was essential should be restored, if only that I might learn what had occurred at Honfleur.

The odour of the roast poulet, &c.; the glug-glug of the wine as I poured it out, had, as I anticipated, a vivifying effect. Sicard turned his face from the wall towards the table, sniffed approvingly; and finally remarking, by way of apology, that if a man was sentenced to be hanged, it would be necessary to eat in the meantime, got up, seated himself at the table, and when he was fairly at it, ate voraciously, though occasionally catching himself back, as it were, from the gratification of his appetite, to gaze around despairingly upon the gloomy cell, and exclaim: 'But really this is desolating!—lamentable! Nevertheless, one must always eat; that is certain—demonstrable!'

The supper done, we were locked in for the night; and by the time he had consumed two or three glasses of strong brandy-punch, and as many cigars, Maître Sicard had, in a comparative sense, cast dull care behind him, and willingly consented to relate his experiences in connection with Madame de Bonneville, Clémence, and those sons of Satan, the Webbes, since I parted with him at the Messageries Impériales, St Mala.

As the night was chilly, I proposed that we should get into and sit up in bed; in which position, with the aid of cigars, and brandy-and-water *ad libitum*, he could narrate and I listen in tranquillity and comfort. This was agreed to; we were quickly placed, and Sicard led off *con spirito*.

'I felt a lively satisfaction, Monsieur Linwood,' he began, 'in knowing you were definitively gone; in which state of mind my steps naturally took the direction of the Rue Dupetit Thouars, to impart and share that satisfaction with Mademoiselle Clémence. Ah! with what kindness, with what graciousness did the dear girl receive me!—with what a charming solicitude did she listen to my account of the devices I had recourse to in effecting your escape! Fanchette was there—not precisely at first, she was gone out to post a letter—but before long, and took—sly serpent as I now comprehend—as lively an interest as did her young mistress in what had been done. Never have I passed two such delightful hours, never experienced such effusion of soul, such exquisite *tendresse*—*Bref*, I was happier than a king, and bade Clémence adieu in a state of exalted felicity, after having assisted Fanchette to mend the armoire with some carpenter's glue, which would, she remarked, prevent the *pièces d'accusation* from being missed till, at all events, your purpose in taking them had been accomplished. My last words that evening to Mademoiselle Clémence, who could not shake off the nervous dread with which the thought of encountering Madame de Bonneville inspired her, were these: "Fear nothing, *ma belle*. I promise thee once more, upon the faith of a Frenchman and thy devoted lover, that I will watch over and effectively protect thee from thy real or pretended mother and my relative." I have loyally endeavoured to redeem that pledge,' added Sicard, with a groan—'and—here I am.'

'Early the next morning,' he resumed, 'that detestable traitress Fanchette came to my shop for the boots I had promised her. I fitted her splay-feet à merveille, and she walked off *chaussée* as she had never

been before. Mademoiselle Clémence, she told me, had a slight nervous headache, but would receive me in the evening. "Bon! all goes well," I say to myself; "and now I must turn my attention to business, which, after all, must be minded, whether one is in love or not." There were arrears, as you may suppose, to bring up; and it was eight o'clock in the evening before I had finished and was suitably dressed for a visit to my charming fiancée. At last I am ready, and take my way to the Rue Dupetit Thouars. I arrive there, find the magasin closed, and knock at the door; the blows seeming at the same time to strike upon my heart. There is no answer; I can see no light in the house, and I am getting wild, distracted, when one of the workwomen comes up, recognises and addresses me:

"Ah, Monsieur Sicard," she says, "the magasin has been closed since before five o'clock. Madame de Bonneville returned in the morning; there was a terrible scene—madame, with mademoiselle sobbing as if her heart would break, quitted the house together, and have since, I hear, left St Malo by diligence, accompanied by Fanchette."

'I am thunderstruck at hearing that,' continued Sicard; 'my head turns round, and I am near falling on the pavé; but innate force of character sustains me, and I perceive that the time is come for redeeming my promise to Clémence, of, at all costs and hazards, watching over her safety. I hasten, therefore, to the Messageries. The diligence is gone long since, and in it, I am told, were Madame and Mademoiselle de Bonneville and servant. I can only follow in a hired vehicle; and as there is no alternative, I accept that expensive mode of travelling, order a voiture with two horses to be prepared; hurry to the sous-prefecture, get my passport *visé*; my *paquet* is soon made, and I am off in pursuit of the fugitives, leaving, of course, my business in charge of Alexis Dubarle, a good workman and *bon enfant* enough, but *bon vivant*—gourmand even, when he has the means. And now he will probably have command of the *caisse* of my establishment for two years to come. Oh! it is rushing—insupportable—infernal! Push the carafe a little further this way, if you please, Monsieur Linwood.

'Well,' resumed Sicard, after a reviving draught of punch, 'I follow the diligence in my two-horsed vehicle; but so many delays occur, that I lose instead of gaining upon the *fuyards*, and arrive at Honfleur full twelve hours later than they. Madame de Bonneville, Clémence, and Fanchette are, I discover, at the Toison d'Or. I—for economy, in presence of the eventualities before me, could not be disregarded—take lodgings at *nauberge*. The next morning, at about eleven o'clock, present myself at the Toison d'Or, inquire for Madame de Bonneville, and am conducted to her apartment. Ah, my friend Linwood,' exclaimed Sicard, 'I find myself in presence of a tigress—of a tigress *enragée*, and a terrified lamb; for Clémence, whose eyes I notice are swollen with weeping, and who trembles with fear, is there also. Instantly I am assailed, overwhelmed with insults, maledictions, threats—imperious commands to immediately leave the hotel! Vainly I endeavour to bear up against that hurricane of rage, to obtain ever so brief a hearing. It is impossible; I am compelled to yield, and literally driven away by a merciless torrent of taunt, sarcasm, and abuse.'

'You, of course, soon returned to the charge?'
'Not I, morbleu! I had not the courage; besides, it could have been useless. I determined, however, not to leave Honfleur while my virago relative remained here, and to watch sedulously for an opportunity of seeing Clémence alone. Nothing, however, came of it; and I was no further advanced till early in the morning of yesterday. I had, with many others, been serving the departure of the corsair-cutter, *Espigle*, which had come into Honfleur during the night, and fled again with a light breeze just before dawn.

When she had disappeared round a projecting point of land, I walked away to get my breakfast, but had not gone far, when a *commissionnaire* popped a note into my hand, addressed to Monsieur Sicard, de St Malo. I will give it you, in a hundred times, to guess who the writer was!' added Sicard with vivacity.

'I will guess it the first time—Captain Webbe, alias Jacques Le Gros.'

'You are right. The note stated that the writer was in a position to place my affair with a certain young *demoiselle en bon train*, and would do so if I would call without delay at the Trois Rois de Cologne, and ask to see Monsieur Baptiste. Of course I was only too happy to accept the invitation, and, arrived at the Trois Rois, I was, to begin with, introduced to his tall, handsome son. You know what a tongue the old *gredin* has,' continued Sicard, 'and will not therefore be surprised to hear that he explained most admirably everything in his previous conduct that might, he said, have appeared strange or equivocal to me; and having so far cleared the ground, he presented his plan of present battle.'

'Madame de Bonneville,' he said, 'was determined to discover through him where you, Linwood, were, in order to bring about, *bon gré, mal gré*, the marriage which she had at heart. "Linwood is at Havre at this moment," continued the Sieur Webbe, "and I do not doubt would be induced, notwithstanding all that has passed, to forthwith espouse Mademoiselle Clémence, if Madame de Bonneville could obtain speech of him, so potent are the influences which she could bring to bear for that purpose. Now, observe," he went on rapidly to say, "that I am here to marry my son to a young English lady—her father at least was an Englishman—of the name of Wilson, of which young lady Madame de Bonneville is guardian conjointly with myself, and she will effectually interfere to prevent the union of the attached young couple unless I first aid her to accomplish the marriage of Clémence with young Linwood. Fortunately, she does not yet know that I and my son have arrived here; for if she did, her jealous vigilance would be redoubled, and there would be no chance of a fortunate solution of our difficulties. Neither of us dare consequently shew out of this house; and what I require is an intelligent, trustworthy friend to be a medium of communication between us and Mademoiselle Wilson. If you will undertake the office, I pledge you my word of honour that an hour after my son's marriage, I will present myself with you before Madame de Bonneville, and defy her—you can easily understand under what menace—to withhold her consent to your union with so-called Clémence de Bonneville, and really Lucy Hamblin."

'There was an immense deal more to the same tune,' drowsily continued Sicard, 'which I am too sleepy to relate; but the end of it was, that I undertook the business—and a very awkward, delicate business it was—I—I'll tell you why some day, and why Monsieur le Capitaine particularly chose—chose me to—to—What was I saying? Oh, ah, yes! that after being crammed to the throat with instructions—cautions—promises—morbleu! wasn't he lavish of them—I carried notes and messages to and fro the Rue du Marché all the day long—She was a charming jeune Anglaise—extremely charming, especially when dressed for the wedding, which—which was fixed to take place at seven in the evening—very charming, when she stood at the altar with le jeune Webbe—even Clémence—I thought—Clémence—Clém—'

'Wake up, and go on, will you?'

'Hein! what is it—what do you shake—shake—'

'Go on, I say, or I'll murder you!'

'To-morrow—to-morrow,' he murmured, as his heavy head dropped helplessly upon the pillow.

'Were they married?—answer that,' I shouted, 'or, by Heaven, I'll throttle you.'

'Married—married—parbleu—I understand!—charming!—even Clémence'—

I might as well have shaken a log of wood; and I jumped back into my own bed in a state of indescribable agitation and dismay.

AN AMERICAN DIOGENES.

WHEN Philip of Macedon announced his intention to invade Corinth, the inhabitants of that city, overlooking, or feigning not to perceive, their utter incapability of resistance, affected to make great preparations for defence; while Diogenes, who, like many of us, even at the present time, delighted to ridicule the follies he did not himself commit, rolled about his tub in an excited, bustling manner, by way of deriding the fussy, fruitless show of opposition made by the feeble Corinthians. The transatlantic Diogenes, however, when he observed the foolish, aimless bustle made by the modern Corinthians of the world, in pursuit of the sacred dollar and its glittering accessories, instead of rolling about his tub, quietly sat down in it, and wrote an interesting book, replete with pithy, original observations, but strongly tinctured with the inevitable dogmatism that ever attends the one *soi-disant* wise man who assumes to be the teacher of all the rest of his race. Henry D. Thoreau, the American Diogenes, if we may presume to term him so—assuredly we mean no offence—is a graduate of Harvard university, a ripe scholar, and a transcendentalist of the Emersonian school, though he goes much further than his master; his object, apparently, being the exaltation of mankind by the utter extinction of civilisation. When Nat Lee was confined in Bedlam, the unfortunate dramatist roundly asserted his perfect sanity, exclaiming: 'All the world say that I am mad, but I say that all the world are mad; so being in the minority, I am placed here.' Now, the truth, as it generally does, may have lain between the two extremes; and in like manner, Mr Thoreau, when he lazily lived in a hut, in a lonely wood, subsisting on beans, was not half so mad as his neighbours, the 'cute New Englanders, supposed him to be; nor, on the other hand, were they so mad as he considered them, though they lived in comfortable houses, in towns, and ate beef and mutton, which they consequently worked hard to pay for.

Mr Thoreau had 'tried school-keeping,' but without success, because he 'did not teach for the good of his fellow-men, but simply for a livelihood.' He had tried commerce, but found 'that trade curses everything it handles; and though you trade in messages from heaven, the whole curse of trade attaches to the business.' He had tried 'doing good,' but felt satisfied that it did not agree with his constitution. Indeed he says: 'The greater part of what my neighbours call good, I believe in my soul to be bad; and if I repent of anything, it is very likely to be my good-behaviour.' At last, as he could fare hard, and did not wish to spend his time in earning rich carpets or other fine furniture, or a house in the Grecian or Gothic style, he concluded that 'the occupation of a day-labourer was the most independent of any, especially as it required only thirty or forty days' work to support a man for the whole year. Besides, the labourer's day ends with the going down of the sun, and he is then free to devote himself to his chosen pursuit; but his employer, who speculates from month to month, has no respite from one end of the year to the other.' So, borrowing an axe, he boldly marched into the woods of Concord, where, on the pleasant bank of Walden Pond, he built himself a hut, in which he lived alone for more than two years, subsisting chiefly on beans planted and gathered by his own hands. In the book,* already adverted to, his thoughts and actions during

this period are pleasantly and interestingly related; though, like all solitary men, the author exaggerates the importance of his own thoughts, his *I* standing up like an obelisk in the midst of a level, though by no means barren expanse.

The building of his hut gave rise to many reflections. He wondered that in all his walks he never came across a man engaged in so simple and natural an occupation as building his own house. 'There is,' he says, 'some of the same fitness in a man's building his own house, as there is in a bird's building its own nest. Who knows but if men constructed their dwellings with their own hands, and provided food for themselves and families, simply and honestly enough, the poetic faculty would be universally developed, as birds universally sing when they are thus engaged.' So, as he hewed his studs and rafters, he sang—if not as musically, at least quite as unintelligibly as any bird—

'Men say they know many things;
But lo! they have taken wings—
The arts and sciences,
And a thousand appliances;
The wind that blows
Is all that anybody knows.'

As Mr Thoreau squatted, he paid no rent; but the glass, ironwork, and other materials of his hut, which he could not make himself, cost twenty-eight dollars. The first year he lived in the woods, he earned, by day-labour, thirteen dollars, and the surplus produce of his beans he sold for twenty-three dollars; and as his food and clothing during that period cost him thirteen dollars only, he thus secured leisure, health, and independence, besides a comfortable house, as long as he chose to occupy it. Rice, Indian meal, beans, and molasses, were his principal articles of food. He sometimes caught a mess of fish; and the wood gratuitously supplied him with fuel for warmth and cooking. Work agreed with his constitution as little as 'doing good.' He tells us: 'I love a broad margin to my life. Sometimes in a summer morning, having taken my accustomed bath, I sat in my sunny doorway from sunrise till noon, rapt in a reverie, amidst the pines, and hickories, and sumachs, in undisturbed solitude and stillness, while the birds sang around or flitted noiseless through the house, until by the sun falling in at my west window, or the noise of some traveller's wagon on the distant highway, I was reminded of the lapse of time. I grew in those seasons like corn in the night, and they were far better than any work of the hands would have been. They were not times subtracted from my life; but so much over and above my usual allowance. This was sheer idleness to my fellow-townsmen, no doubt; but if the birds and flowers had tried me by their standard, I should not have been found wanting.'

As he walked in the woods to see the birds and squirrels, so he sometimes walked in the village to see the men and boys. The village appeared to him as a great newaroom: its vitals were the grocery, the bar-room, the post-office, and the bank; and as a necessary part of the machinery, it had a bell, a big gun, and a fire-engine. The houses were arranged to make the most of mankind, in lanes and fronting one another, so that every traveller had to run the gantlet, and every man, woman, and child might get a lick at him. But to one of his village visits there hangs a tale, which he shall tell himself: 'One afternoon, when I went to the village to get a shoe from the cobbler's, I was seized and put into jail, because I did not pay a tax to, or recognise the authority of, the state, which buys and sells men, women, and children, like cattle, at the door of its senate-house. I had gone down to the woods for other purposes. But wherever a man goes, men will pursue and paw him with their dirty institutions, and, if they can, constrain him to

*Walden, or Life in the Woods. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

belong to their desperate odd-fellow society. It is true, I might have resisted forcibly, with more or less effect, might have run a *muck* against society; but I preferred that society should run a *muck* against me, it being the desperate party. However, I was released the next day, obtained my mended shoe, and returned to the woods in season to get my dinner of huckleberries on Fair Haven Hill.

Mr Thoreau failed in making any converts to his system; one person only, an idiotic pauper, from the village poor-house, expressed a wish to live as he did. An honest, hard-working, shiftless Irishman, however, seemed a more promising subject for conversion. This man worked for a farmer, turning up meadow, with a spade, for ten dollars an acre, with the use of the land and manure for one year, while a little broad-faced son worked cheerfully at his side. So as Mr Thoreau relates: 'I tried to help him with my experience, telling him that he was one of my nearest neighbours, and that I, who looked like a loafer, was getting my living like himself; that I lived in a tight, light, and clean house, which hardly cost more than the annual rent of such a ruin as his commonly amounts to; and how, if he chose, he might in a month or two build himself a palace of his own; that I did not use tea, nor coffee, nor butter, nor milk, nor fresh meat, and so did not have to work to get them; again, as I did not work hard, I did not have to eat hard, and it cost me but a trifle for my food; but as he began with tea, and coffee, and butter, and milk, and beef, he had to work hard to pay for them, and when he had worked hard, he had to eat hard again to repair the waste of his system. And so it was as broad as it was long—indeed, it was broader than it was long, for he was discontented, and wasted his life into the bargain. I told him that as he worked so hard, he required thick boots and stout clothing, which yet were soon soiled and worn out; but I wore light shoes and thin clothing, which cost not half so much; and in an hour or two, without labour, but as a recreation, I could catch as many fish as I should want for two days, or earn enough money to support me a week. If he and his family would live simply, they might all go a huckleberrying in the summer for their amusement.'

Puzzled, but not convinced, the Irishman and his 'greasy-faced wife' stared and scratched their heads. Such teaching must have sounded strangely to them, who had crossed the Atlantic to do their share of work in the world, and enjoy its reward in the form of tea, coffee, butter, and beef. Patrick, however, was silly enough to leave his work for that afternoon, and go a-fishing with the philosopher; but his 'derivative old-country mode of fishing disturbed but two fins.' So he wisely went back to his work the next morning, probably studying the proverb of his country which teaches, that 'hunger and ease is a dog's life;' and our author thus rather uncourteously dismisses him: 'With his horizon all his own, yet he a poor man, born to be poor, with his inherited Irish poverty, or poor life, his Adam's grandmother and boggy ways, not to rise in this world, he nor his posterity, till their vading, webbed, bog-trotting feet get *talara* to their heels.'

Another Irishman, of a very different stamp, a quatter in the woods of Walden, might have proved a more facile subject for conversion; but he died just after making Mr Thoreau's acquaintance. This man's name was Quoil; and when he did work, which was very seldom—for he liked work as little as Mr Thoreau himself did—followed the occupation of a ditcher. Having, however, been a soldier in the British army, his American neighbours gave him the brevet rank of colonel. Colonel Quoil, Mr Thoreau tells us, 'was a man of manners, like one who had seen the world, and capable of more civil speech than one could well attend to. He wore a greatcoat in midsummer, being

affected with the trembling delirium, and his face was the colour of carmine. He died in the high-road. Before his house was pulled down, when his comrades avoided it as "an unlucky castle," I visited it. There lay his old clothes curled up by use, as if they were himself, on his raised plank-bed. His pipe lay broken on the hearth, instead of a bowl broken at the fountain. The last could never have been the symbol of his death, for he confessed that though he had heard of Brister's spring, he had never seen it; and soiled cards—diamonds, spades, and hearts—were scattered over the floor. One black chicken—black as night, and as silent—still went to roost in the apartment. In the rear, there was the dim outline of a garden, which had been planted, but had never received its first hoeing, though it was now harvest-time.'

The natural sights and sounds of the woods, as described by Mr Thoreau, form much pleasanter reading than his vague and scarcely comprehensible social theories. He says: 'I had this advantage, at least, in my mode of life over those who were obliged to look abroad for amusement to society and the theatre, that my life itself was become my amusement, and never ceased to be novel. It was a drama of many scenes, and without an end. As I sit at my window this summer afternoon, hawks are circling about my clearing; the tantivy of wild pigeons, flying by twos and threes athwart my view, or perching restless on the white pine boughs behind my house, gives a voice to the air; a fish-hawk dimples the glassy surface of the pond, and brings up a fish; a mink steals out of the marsh before my door, and seizes a frog by the shore; the sedge is bending under the weight of the reed-birds flitting hither and thither; and for the last half-hour I have heard the rattle of railroad-cars—now dying away, and then reviving like the beat of a partridge—conveying travellers from Boston to the country. At night,' he continues, 'when other birds are still, the screech-owl takes up the strain, like mourning women in their ancient *u-lu-lu*. Their dismal scream is truly Ben Jonsonian. "Wise midnight hags!" It is no honest and blunt *tu-whit tu-who* of the poets, but, without jesting, a most solemn grave-yard ditty, the mutual consolations of suicide lovers remembering the pangs and the delights of supernal love in the infernal groves. Yet I love to hear their wailing, their doleful responses, trilled along the wood-side; reminding me sometimes of music and singing-birds, as if it were the dark and tearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung. They are the spirits, the low spirits and melancholy forebodings of fallen souls that once in human shape night-walked the earth and did the deeds of darkness, now expiating their sins with their wailing hymns or threnodies in the scenery of their transgressions. They give me a new sense of the variety and capacity of that nature which is our common dwelling. *Oh-a-o-o-o* that I never had been *bor-r-r-r-r-n!* sighs one on this side of the pond, and circles with the restlessness of despair to some new perch on the gray oaks. Then—that I never had been *bor-r-r-r-r-n!* echoes another on the further side with tremulous sincerity; and *bor-r-r-r-r-n!* comes faintly from far in the Lincoln woods. In the meanwhile, all the shore rang with the trump of bull-frogs, the sturdy spirits of ancient wine-bibbers and wassailers, still unrepentant, trying to sing a catch in their Stygian lake, though their voices have waxed hoarse and solemnly grave, mocking at mirth; and the wine has lost its flavour, and become only water to distend their paunches, and sweet intoxication never comes to drown the memory of the past, but mere saturation, and water-loggedness, and distension. The most aldermanic, with his chin upon a leaf, which serves for a napkin to his drooling chaps, under this northern shore quaffs a deep draught of the once scorned water, and passing round the cup with

the ejaculation *tr-r-r-oonk, tr-r-r-oonk, tr-r-r-oonk!* and straightway comes over the water, from some distant cove, the same password repeated, where the next in seniority and girth has gulped down to his mark; and when this observance has made the circuit of the shores, then ejaculates the master of ceremonies, with satisfaction, *tr-r-r-oonk!* and each in its turn repeats the same, down to the least distended, leakiest, and flabbiest paunched, that there be no mistake; and then the bowl goes round again and again, until the sun disperses the morning mist, and only the patriarch is not under the pond, but vainly bellowing *troonk* from time to time, and pausing for a reply.'

Those were the summer sounds; in winter nights he heard the forlorn but melodious note of the hooting-owl, such a tone as the frozen earth would yield if struck with a suitable plectrum. 'I seldom,' he writes, 'opened my door in a winter evening without hearing it: *hoo hoo hoo, hoover hoo*, sounded sonorously, and the first three syllables accented something like *how der do*, or sometimes *hoo hoo hoo* only. One night in the beginning of winter, before the pond froze over, about nine o'clock, I was startled by the loud *honking* of a goose, and stepping to the door, heard the sound of their wings, like a tempest in the woods, as a flock flew low over my house. They passed over the pond, seemingly deterred from settling by my light, their commodore *honking* all the while with a regular beat. Suddenly an unmistakable cat-owl, from very near me, with the most harsh and tremendous voice I ever heard from any inhabitant of the woods, responded at regular intervals to the goose, as if determined to expose and disgrace this intruder from Hudson Bay by exhibiting a greater compass and volume of voice in a native, and *boo hoo* him out of Concord horizon! What do you mean by alarming the citadel at this time of night consecrated to me? Do you think I am ever caught napping at such an hour, and that I have not got lungs and larynx as well as yourself? *Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo*. It was one of the most thrilling discords I ever heard. And yet, to a discriminating ear, there were in it the elements of a concord such as these plains never saw nor heard.'

'Sometimes,' Mr Thoreau continues, 'I heard the foxes, as they ranged over the snow-crust, in moonlight nights, in search of a partridge or other game, barking raggedly and demoniacally like forest-dogs, as if labouring with some anxiety, or seeking expression, struggling for light, and to be dogs outright, and run freely in the streets; for if we take the ages into our account, may there not be a civilisation going on among brutes as well as men? They seemed to me to be rudimental burrowing men, still standing on their defence, awaiting their transformation. Sometimes one came near to my window, attracted by my light, barked a vulpine curse at me, and then retreated.'

Mr Thoreau went to the woods, because he wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see whether he could learn what it had to teach; so that when he came to die, he might not discover that he had not lived. After supporting animal and intellectual life for two years, at the cost of thirteen dollars per annum, he 'left the woods for as good a reason as he went there.' It seemed to him that he had several more lives to live, so he could not spare any more time for that particular one. He learned, however, by his experiment, 'that it is not necessary a man should earn his living by the sweat of his brow; and to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely. Moreover, if a man advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavours to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude

will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness.'

Who is it, we have more than once mentally inquired, when penning the preceding sketch, that Mr Thoreau reminds us of? Surely it cannot be—yes, it is—no other than his renowned compatriot Barnum. As homespun, beans, and water differ from fine linen, turtle, and champagne, so do the two men differ in tastes, habits, disposition, and culture; yet we cannot think of the one without an ideal association of the other. In one respect only do they seem to agree—both have an antipathy to hard work; but while one prefers diminishing his wants, the other, increasing them, invents extraordinary schemes for their gratification. If Barnum's autobiography be a bane, Thoreau's woodland experiences may be received as its antidote; but, unfortunately, the former masters its readers by tens of thousands, the latter probably in hundreds only. It is to be hoped, however—though all of us have a reasonable predilection for beef, pudding, and the society of our fellow-creatures—that there are few readers of this Journal who would not prefer eating beans in the woods with Thoreau to living on the fat of the earth, in the best show in all Vanity Fair, with Barnum.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

HAPPY AND UNHAPPY WOMEN.

I give fair warning that this is likely to be a 'sentimental' chapter. Those who object to the same, and complain that these papers are 'not practical,' had better pass it over at once; since it treats of things essentially unpractical, impossible to be weighed and measured, handled and analysed, yet as real in themselves as the air we breathe and the sunshine we delight in—things wholly intangible, yet the very essence and necessity of our lives.

Happiness! Can any human being undertake to define it for another? Various last-century poets have indulged in 'Odes' to it, and good Mrs Barbauld wrote a 'Search' after it—a most correct, elegantly phrased, and genteel little drama, which, the *dramatis personæ* being all females, and not a bit of love in the whole, is, I believe, still acted in old-fashioned boarding-schools, with great éclat. The plot, if I remember right, consists of an elderly lady's leading four or five younger ones on the immemorial search, through a good many very long speeches; but whether they ever found happiness, or what it was like when found, I really have not the least recollection.

Let us hope that excellent Mrs Barbauld is one of the very few who dare venture even the primary question—What is Happiness? Perhaps, honest woman! she is better able to answer it now.

I fear, the inevitable conclusion we must all come to is, that in this world, happiness is quite indefinable. We can no more grasp it than we can grasp the sun in the sky or the moon in the water. We can feel it interpenetrating our whole being with warmth and strength; we can see it in a pale reflection shining elsewhere; or in its total absence, we, walking in darkness, learn to appreciate what it is by what it is not. But I doubt whether any woman ever craved for it, philosophised over it, or—pardon me, shade of Barbauld!—commenced the systematic search after it, and ever attained her end. For happiness is not an end—it is only a means, an adjunct, a consequence. The Omnipotent Himself could never be supposed by any, save those who out of their own human selfishness construct the attributes of Divinity, to be absorbed throughout eternity in the contemplation of His own ineffable bliss, were it not for His ineffable goodness and love.

Therefore, whosoever starts with 'to be happy' is

the *summum bonum* of existence, will assuredly find out she has made as great a mistake as when in her abhood she cried, as most of us do, for the moon, which we cannot get for all our crying. And yet it is very good moon notwithstanding: a real moon too, 'ho will help us to many a poetical dream, light us in many a lover's walk, till she shine over the grass of our graves upon a new generation ready to follow upon the immemorial quest, which, like the quest of the Sangreal, is only possible to pure hearts, and which the very purest can never fully attain, except through the gates of the Holy City—the New Jerusalem.

Happy and unhappy women—the adjectives being applied less with reference to position than to character, which is the only mode of judgment possible—to judge them and discourse of them is a very difficult matter at best. Yet I am afraid it cannot be doubted that there is a great average of unhappiness existent among women: not merely unhappiness of circumstances, but unhappiness of soul—a state of being often as unaccountable as it is irrational, finding vent in those innumerable faults of temper and of character which arise from no inherent vice, but merely because the individual is not happy.

Possibly, women more than men are liable to this reary mental eclipse—neither daylight nor darkness. A man will go poetically wretched or morbidly misanthropic, or any great misfortune will overthrow him entirely, drive him to insanity, lure him to slip out of life through the terrible by-road of suicide; but he rarely drags on existence from year to year with nerves, 'low spirits,' and the various maladies of mind and temper that make many women a torment to themselves, and a burden to all connected with them.

Why is this? and is it inevitable? Any one who could in the smallest degree answer this question, would be doing something to the lessening of a great evil—greater than many other evils which, being social and practical, shew more largely on the aggregate census of female woe.

Most assuredly, however unpoetical may be such a view of the matter, the origin of a great deal of unhappiness is physical disease; or rather, the loss of that healthy condition of body, which in the present state of civilisation, so far removed from a state of nature, can only be kept up in any individual by the knowledge and practice of the ordinary laws of hygiene—generally the very last knowledge that women seem to have. The daily necessities of water, fresh air, proper clothing, food, and sleep, with the due regulation of each of these, without which no human being can expect to live healthily or happily, are matters in which he only excuse for lamentable neglect, is still more lamentable ignorance.

An ignorance the worse, because it is generally quite unacknowledged. If you tell a young girl that water, the colder the better, is essential to every one of her delicate skin every morning; that daily outdoor exercise, short of extreme fatigue, regular meals, employment and amusement, are to her a vital necessity; that she should make it a part of her education to acquire a certain amount of current information in sanitary science, and especially on the laws of her own being, physical and mental: tell her this, and the chances are she will stare at you uncomprehendingly, or be shocked, as if you were saying to her something improper; or answer flippantly: 'Oh, yes; I know all that.'

But what good does it do her?—when she lies in bed till ten o' the clock, and sits up till any hour the next morning; eats all manner of food at all manner of irregular intervals; is horrified at leaving her bedroom window two inches open, or at being caught in a light shower; yet will cower all day over the fire in

a high woollen dress, and put on a low muslin one in the evening. When she wears all winter thin boots, gossamer stockings, a gown open at the chest and arms, and a loose mantle that every wind blows under, yet wonders that she always has a cold!—and weighs herself down in summer-time with four petticoats heaped one over the other, yet is quite astonished that she gets hot and tired so soon! Truly, any sensible, old-fashioned body, who knows how much the health, happiness, and general wellbeing of this generation—and, alas! not this generation alone—depend upon these charming, lovable, fascinating young fools, cannot fail to be 'aggravated' by them every day.

However humiliating the fact may be to those poetical theorists who, in spite of all the laws of nature, wish to make the soul entirely independent of the body—forgetting that if so, its temporary probation in the body at all would have been quite unnecessary—I repeat there can be no really sanitary state of mind without a sane condition of body; and that one of the first requisites of happiness is good health. But as this is not meant to be an essay on domestic hygiene, I had better here leave the subject.

Its corresponding phase opens a gate of misery so wide that one almost shrinks from entering it. Infinite, past human counting or judging, are the causes of mental unhappiness. Many of them spring from a real foundation, of sorrows varied beyond all measuring or reasoning upon: of these, I do not attempt to speak, for words would be idle and presumptuous; I only speak of that frame of mind—sometimes left behind by a great trouble, sometimes arising from troubles purely imaginary—which is called 'an unhappy disposition.'

Its root of pain is manifold; but, with women, undoubtedly can be oftenest traced to something connected with the affections: not merely the passion called *par excellence* love, but the entire range of personal sympathies and attachments, out of which we draw the sweetness and bitterness of the best part of our lives. If otherwise—if, as the phrase goes, an individual happens to have 'more head than heart,' she may be a very clever agreeable personage, but she is not properly a *woman*—not the creature who, with all her imperfections, is nearer to heaven than man, in one particular—she 'loves much.' And loving is so frequently identical with suffering, either with or for or from the object beloved, that we need not go further to find the cause of the many anxious, soured faces, and irritable tempers, that we meet with among women.

Charity cannot too deeply or too frequently call to mind how very difficult it is to be good, or amiable, or even commonly agreeable, when one is unhappy. I do not think this fact is enough recognised by those very worthy people who take such a world of pains to make other people virtuous, and so very little to make them happy. They sow good seed, are everlastingly weeding and watering, give it every care and advantage under the sun—except sunshine—and then they wonder that it does not flower!

One may see many a young woman who has, outwardly speaking, 'everything she can possibly want,' absolutely withering in the atmosphere of a loveless home, exposed to those small ill-humours by which people mean no harm—only *do* it; chilled by reserve, wounded by neglect, or worried by anxiety over some thoughtless one who might so easily have spared her it all; safe from either misfortune or ill-treatment, yet harassed daily by petty pains and unconscious cruelties, which a stranger might laugh at; and she laughs herself when she counts them up, they are so very small—yet they are there.

'I can bear anything,' said to me a woman, no longer very young or very fascinating, or particularly clever, who had gone through seas of sorrow, yet whose blue

eyes still kept the dewiness and cheerfulness of their youth; 'I can bear anything, except unkindness.'

She was right. There are numberless cases where gentle creatures, who would have endured bravely any amount of real trouble, have their lives frozen up by those small unkindnesses which copy-books avouch to be 'a great offence;' where an avalanche of worldly benefits, an act of undoubted generosity, or the most conscientious administering of a friendly rebuke, has had its good effects wholly neutralised by the manner in which it was done. It is vain to preach to people unless you also love them—Christianly love them; it is not the smallest use to try to make people good, unless you try at the same time—and they feel that you try—to make them happy. And you rarely can make another happy, unless you are happy yourself.

Naming the affections as the chief source of unhappiness among our sex, it would be wrong to pass over one phase of them, which must nevertheless be touched tenderly and delicately, as one that women instinctively hide out of sight and comment—I mean what is usually termed 'a disappointment.' Alas—as if there were no disappointments but those of love! and yet, until men and women are made differently from what God made them, it must always be, from its very secretness and inwardness, the sharpest of all pangs, save that of conscience.

A lost love. Deny it who will, ridicule it, treat it as mere imagination and sentiment, the thing is and will be; and women do suffer therefrom, in all its infinite varieties: loss by death, by faithlessness or unworthiness, and by mistaken or unrequited affection. Of these, the second is beyond all question the worst: since there is in death a consecration which lulls the sharpest personal anguish into comparative calm; and an attachment which has always been on one side only, has a certain incompleteness which prevents its ever knowing the full agony of having and losing, while at the same time it preserves to the last a dreamy sanctity which sweetens half its pain. But to have loved and lost, either by that total disenchantment which leaves compassion as the sole substitute for love which can exist no more, or by that slow torment which is obliged to let go day by day all that constitutes the diviner part of love—namely, reverence, belief, and trust, yet clings desperately to the only thing left it, a long-suffering apologetic tenderness—this lot is the hardest for any woman to have to bear.

What is good for a bootless bene?

—And she made answer, Endless sorrow.

No. There is no sorrow under heaven which is, or ought to be, endless. To believe or to make it so, is an insult to Heaven itself. Each of us must have known more than one instance when a saintly or heroic life has been developed from what at first seemed a stroke like death itself: a life full of the calmest and truest happiness—because it has bent itself to the Divine will, and learned the beat of all lessons, to endure. But how that lesson is learned, through what bitter teaching hard to be understood or obeyed, till the hand of the Great Teacher is recognised clearly through it all, is a subject too sacred to be entered upon here.

It is a hard thing to say—and yet a truth forced upon us by daily observation—that it is *not* the women who have suffered most who are the unhappy women. A state of permanent unhappiness—not the morbid, half-cherished melancholy of youth, which generally wears off with wiser years, but that settled, incurable discontent and dissatisfaction with all things and all people, which we see in some women, is, with very rare exceptions, at once the index and the exponent of a thoroughly selfish character. Nor can it be too early impressed upon every girl that this condition of mental *malaise*, whatever be its origin, is neither

a poetical nor beautiful thing, but a mere disease, and as such ought to be combated and medicined with all remedies in her power, practical, corporeal, and spiritual. For though it is folly to suppose that happiness is a matter of volition, and that we can make ourselves content and cheerful whenever we choose—a theory that many poor hypochondriacs are taunted with till they are nigh driven mad—yet, on the other hand, no sane mind is ever left without the power of self-discipline and self-control, in a measure, which measure increases in proportion as it is exercised.

Let any sufferer be once convinced that she has this power—that it is possible, by careful watch, or, better, by substitution of subjects and occupations, to abstract her mind from dwelling on some predominant idea, which otherwise runs in and out of the chambers of the brain like a haunting devil, at last growing into the monomania which, philosophy says, every human being is affected with, on some one particular point—only happily he does not know it; only let her try if she has not, with regard to her mental constitution, the same faculty which would prevent her from dancing with a sprained ankle, or imagining that there is an earthquake because her own head is spinning with fever, and she will have at least taken the first steps towards cure. As many a man sits wearying his soul out by trying to remedy some grand flaw in the plan of society, or the problem of the universe, when perhaps the chief thing wrong is his own liver, or overtaken brain; so many a woman will pine away to the brink of the grave with imaginary broken heart, or sour to the very cess of vinegar, on account of everybody's supposed usage of her, when it is her own restless, dissatisfied heart which makes her at war with everybody.

Would that women—and men too, but that is busier and more active lives save most of them—it could be taught from their childhood to recognise as an evil spirit this spirit of causeless unhappiness—this demon which dwells among the tombs, and yet, which first shews itself in such a charming and picturesque form, that we hug it to our innocent breasts, and never suspect that it may enter in and dwell there till we are actually 'possessed;' cease almost to be accountable beings, and are fitter for a lunatic asylum than for the home-circle, which, be it ever so bright and happy, has always, from the inevitable misfortunes of life, only too much need of sunshine rather than shadow, or permanent gloom.

Oh, if such women did but know what comfort there is in a cheerful spirit! how the heart leaps up to meet a sunshiny face, a merry tongue, an even temper, and a heart which either naturally, or, what is better, from conscientious principle, has learned to take all things on their bright side, believing that the Giver of life being all-perfect Love, the best offering we can make to Him is to enjoy to the full what He sends of good, and bear what He allows of evil—like a child who, when once it thoroughly believes in its father, believes in all his dealings with it, whether it understands them or not.

And here, if the subject were not too solemn to be more than touched upon, yet no one dare avoid it who believes that there are no such distinctions as 'secular' and 'religious,' but that the whole earth, with all therein, is, not only on Sundays, but all days, continually 'the Lord's'—I will put it to most people's experience, which is better than a hundred homilies, whether, though they may have known sincere Christians who, from various causes, were not altogether happy, they ever knew one *happy* person, man or woman, who, whatever his or her form of creed might be, was not in heart, and speech, and daily life *emphatically* a follower of Christ—a Christian?

Among the many secondary influences which can be employed either by or upon a naturally anxious or morbid temperament, there is none so ready to hand, or so wholesome, as one often referred to in the course of these pages, constant employment. A very large number of women, particularly young women, are by nature constituted so exceedingly restless of mind, or with such a strong tendency to nervous depression, that they can by no possibility keep themselves in a state of even tolerable cheerfulness, except by being continually occupied. At what, matters little: even apparently useless work is far better for them than no work at all. To such I cannot too strongly recommend the case of

Honest John Tomkins the hedger and ditcher,
Who, though he was poor, didn't want to be richer,

but always managed to keep in a state of sublime content and superabundant gaiety; and how?

He always had something or other to do,
If not for himself—for his neighbour.

And that work for our neighbour is perhaps the most useful and satisfactory of the two, because it takes us out of ourselves; which, to a person who has not a happy self to rest in, is one good thing achieved; this, quite apart from the abstract question of benevolence, or the notion of keeping a balance-sheet with heaven for work done to our fellow-creatures—certainly a very fruitless recipe for happiness.

The sufferer, on waking in the morning—that cruel 'n' ent when any incurable pain wakes up too mi- ply, so sharply! and the burden of a monotonous to falls down upon us, or rises like a dead blank wall the be us, making us turn round on the pillow longing V another night, instead of an insupportable day— could rouse herself with the thought: 'Now, what wo ? I got to do to-day?' (Mark, not to enjoy or to e- r, only to do.) She should never lie down at night without counting up, with a resolute, uncompromising, unexcusing veracity, 'How much have I done to-day?' 'I can't be happy,' she may ponder wearily; 'tis useless trying—so we'll not think about it; but how much have I done—how much can I do to-morrow?' And if she has strength steadily to fulfil this manner of life, it will be strange if, some day, the faint, involuntary thrill that we call 'feeling happy'—something like that with which we stop to see a daisy at our feet in January—does not come and startle into hope the poor wondering heart.

Another element of happiness, incalculable in its influence over those of sensitive and delicate physical organisation, is Order. Any one who has just quitted a disorderly household, where the rooms are untidy and 'littery,' where meals take place at any hour and in any fashion, where there is a general atmosphere of noise, confusion, and irregularity of doing things at all times and seasons, or not doing anything in particular all day over; who, emerging from this, drops into a quiet, busy, regular family, where each has an appointed work, and does it; where the day moves on smoothly, subdivided by proper seasons of labour, leisure, food, and sleep—oh, what a Paradise it seems! How the restless or anxious spirit nestles down in it, and almost without volition, falls into its cheerful round, recovering tone, and calm, and strength.

Order is Heaven's first law,

and a mind without order can by no possibility be either a healthy or a happy mind. Therefore, beyond all sentimental sympathy, or contemptuous blame, should be impressed upon all women inclined to melancholy, or weighed down with any irremediable grief, this simple advice—to make their daily round of life as harmoniously methodical as they possibly can; leaving no odd hours, scarcely an odd ten minutes, to

be idle and dreary in; and by means of orderly arranged, light, airy rooms, neat dress, and every pleasant external influence that is attainable, to leave untried none of these secondary means which are in the power of every one of us, for our own benefit or that of others, and the importance of which we never know until we have proved them.

There is another maxim—easy to give, and hard to practise—Accustom yourself always to look at the bright side of things, and never make a fuss about trifles. It is pitiful to see what mere nothings some women will worry and fret over—lamenting as much over an ill-made gown as others do over a lost fortune; how some people we can always depend upon for making the best, instead of the worst, of whatever happens, thus lessening our anxieties for themselves in their troubles; and oh! how infinitely comforting when we bring to them any of our own, assured that if any one can help us, they can and will; while others we never think of burdening with our cares at all, any more than we would think of putting a butterfly in harness.

The disposition which can bear trouble; which, while passing over the lesser annoyances of life, as unworthy to be measured in life's whole sum, can yet meet real affliction steadily, struggle with it while resistance is possible; conquered, sit down patiently, and let the storms sweep over; and on their passing, if they pass, rise up, and go on its way, looking up to that region of blue calm which is never long invisible to the pure of heart—this is the blesseddest possession that any woman can have. Better than a house full of silver and gold, better than beauty, or high fortunes, or prosperous and satisfied love.

While, on the other hand, of all characters not radically bad, there is none more useless to herself and everybody else, who inflicts more pain, anxiety, and gloom on those around her, than the one who is deprecatingly described as being 'of an unhappy temperament.' You may know her at once by her dull or vinegar aspect, her fidgety ways, her proneness to take the hard or ill-natured view of things and people. Possibly she is unmarried, and her mocking acquaintance insult womanhood by setting down that as the cause of her disagreeableness. Most wicked libel! There never was an unhappy old maid yet who would not have been equally unhappy as a wife—and more guilty, for she would have made two people miserable instead of one. It needs only to count up all the unhappy women one knows—women whom one would not change lots with for the riches of the Queen of Sheba—to see that most of them are those whom fate has apparently loaded with benefits, love, home, ease, luxury, leisure, and denied only the vague fine something, as indescribable as it is unattainable, the capacity to enjoy them all.

Unfortunate ones! You see by their countenances that they never know what it is to enjoy. That thrill of thankful gladness, oftenest caused by little things—a lovely bit of nature, a holiday after long toil, a sudden piece of good news, an unexpected face, or a letter that warms one's inmost heart—to them is altogether incomprehensible. To hear one of them, in her rampant phase, you would suppose the whole machinery of the universe, down even to the weather, was in league against her small individuality; that everything everybody did, or said, or thought was with one sole purpose—her personal injury. And when she sinks to the melancholy mood, though your heart may bleed for her, aware how horribly real are her self-created sufferings, still your tenderness sits uneasily, more as a duty than a pleasure, and you often feel, and are shocked at feeling, that her presence acts upon you like the proverbial wet-blanket, and her absence gives you an involuntary sense of relief.

For, let us pity the unhappy ever so lovingly and

sincerely, and strive with all our power to lift them out of their grief, when they hug it, and refuse to be lifted out of it, patience sometimes fails. Human life is so full of pain, that once past the youthful delusion that a sad countenance is interesting, and an incurable woe the most delightful thing possible, the mind instinctively turns where it can get rest, and cheer, and sunshine. And the friend who can bring to it the largest portion of these, is, of a natural necessity, the most useful, the most welcome, and the most dear.

The 'happy woman'—in this our world, which is apparently meant to be the road to perfection; never its goal—you will find too few specimens to be ever likely to mistake her. But you will recognise her presence the moment she crosses your path. Not by her extreme liveliness—lively people are rarely either happy or able to diffuse happiness; but by a sense of brightness and cheerfulness that enters with her—as an evening sunbeam across your parlour wall. Like the fairy Order in the nursery-tale, she takes up the tangled threads of your mind, and reduces them to regularity, till you distinguish a clear pattern through the ugly maze. She may be neither handsome, nor clever, nor entertaining, yet somehow she makes you feel 'comfortable,' because she is so comfortable herself. She shames you out of your complainings, for she makes none. Yet mayhap, since it is the divine law that we should all, like our Master, be 'made perfect through suffering,' you are fully aware that she has had far more sorrow than ever you had; that her daily path, had you trodden it, would be to you as gloomy and full of pitfalls as to her it is safe and bright. She may have even less than the medium lot of earthly blessings, yet all she has she enjoys to the full, and it is so pleasant to see any one enjoy! Her sorrows she neither denies nor escapes; they come to her naturally and wholesomely, and passing over, leave her full of compassion for all who may have to endure the same.

Thus, whatever her fate may be—married or single, rich or poor, in health or sickness—though a cheerful spirit has twice as much chance of health as a melancholy one—she will be all her days a living justification of the ways of Providence, who makes the light as well as the darkness, nay, makes the light out of the darkness—a help and a peacemaker to her fellow-creatures, because she is at peace in herself; undoubtedly, as is plain to all, a Happy Woman.

ETYMOLOGY OF NAMES OF PLACES.

It might give us a more intelligent idea of many places in our native country, if we knew the meaning of certain syllables, mostly Celtic, which form part of their names. Thus, *Aber*, as in Aberconway, Aberdeen, means the mouth of a river. [Berwick and Perth are believed to be *Aberwich* and *Abertay*.] *Auch*, as in Auchinleck, is a field. *Ard*, as in Ardlagh, is a height. *Bal*, as in Balgown and Ballymena, is a village. *Ben* is a hill. *By* or *bye* (Danish), as in Tenby, Rugby, is a small town or settlement. *Car* and *Caer*, as in Carstairs, Caernarvon, mean a fort [connected with *cathedra*, a seat or chair]. *Combe*, as in Nettlecombe, Cwmneath, is a lengthy hollow. *Craig*, as in Craigphladrig and Carrickfergus, is a rock. *Drum*, as in Drumcondra, Drummore, is a ridge. *Dun*, a fortified hill. *Ey* (Danish), as in Anglesey, Chelsea, is an island. *Glass*, as in Glasgow, is green. *Ham*, a dwelling or small town. *Hurst*, a wood. *Hope*, as in Wallop [Wellhope]. Trollop [Troll-hope], is a hollow in the side of a hill. *Innis* and *Inch*, an island. *Inver*, the mouth of a small stream joining a larger. *Ken*, the head, usually applied to a place at the head of a lake, as in Kenmore, or the top of a height, as in Kinnaird. *Kil*, a cell or burial-place. Places bearing names with this syllable were mostly the hermitages of early Christian saints. *Knock* and *Law* both mean a hill. *Lia*, a pool [Roslin, the promontory at the pool]. *More*, great [Drummore, the great ridge]. *Ness*,

a headland [same word as nose]. *Rath*, a fort [Rathdrum, Logierait, Cape Wrath, are examples]. *Ross*, a promontory. *Stade* (Anglo-Saxon), a town or dwelling. *Stowe* and *Stock* (Danish), a dwelling-place. *Strat*, a street or road. *Thorpe* (Anglo-Saxon), a village. *Wick* (Danish), a bay or a bend in a river; secondarily, a harbour. *Worth* (Anglo-Saxon), a village.—*Chiefly from Sullivan's Dictionary of Derivations, Dublin, 1855*—a remarkably accurate and intelligent little book.

LOST AND FOUND.

SOLENNLY, silently, sullenly slow—

It is the mourners—

See how they go

On through the rains, and the dabbled slush;

In the gray of the day, and the lonely hush

Of the wailing winds, weary with weeping.

Stretching above in the comfortless air,

For it is winter,

And they are bare,

Chestnut and sycamore, gaunt and gray,

Overhead, o'er the dead motionless clay

Bend down silently, thinking her sleeping.

Through the long avenue echoes the tread

Of the crowd, thronging

After the dead,

Living, they knew not as I did know,

Yet, alas! as they pass, I may not go

To mingle my woe with their sadness.

Loveliest, proudest, and gayest of all

Those haughty rich ones

That swarmed in the hall.

Yet for me, lowly, unheeded, unknown,

She, apart bent her heart down from its throne,

To fill me with joy—and with madness.

Like some grand meteor that startles the night

With its great glory

Transcendently bright,

So on my soul—night a moment she shone,

Sudden light, darker night for she was gone,

Gone! Be still, heart, and cease this wild beating

Yet, I shall follow where *They* dare not go,

Ha! those same mourners

Solemn and slow.

For it is creeping up, up to my heart,

Rampant pain, through each vein leaps like a dart.

Ah! new pain adds new joy to our meeting.

Now is that wintry sky shut from my sight,

All, all is darkness

Deeper than night.

Here I no longer stay, mourning alone;

Earth, farewell. Hush that bell; make no sad noise

Two souls are united in paradise.

J. H. R.

THE LAUGHING HYENA.

Mr Timbs, in *Popular Errors Explained*, supplies the name of this animal to have originated in the tale among the Greeks and Romans that the hyena charmed shepherds by imitating the human voice. Let us only visit the Zoological Gardens, and we will find the observation of the hyena there, that the name *laughing* perfectly a peculiarity of the animal, whose behaviour bears a singular resemblance—not pleasant to many people—to an exaggerated human laugh.

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HAPPINESS AND HEALTH.

A **HALE** gentleman of ninety-four had one evening contributed largely to the entertainment of a social party by his performances on the violin. After his departure, the remainder of the company set themselves to speculating on the causes of the good health and soundness of condition which he continued to enjoy at so advanced an age. After many theories had been discussed, one gentleman, who happened to be a near relative of the venerable violinist, told his companions that 'he believed they were all wrong—upon good grounds of observation, it was his conviction that Mr — owed his singular length of days and good health to nothing else than his playing on the violin! He had been a player on that instrument *for the last seventy-eight years*, had during that time played more or less every day, enjoyed it keenly, made others happy by his strains, and derived happiness from seeing them happy: lively music had been the very salt of life to him—he scarcely ever knew what it was to be dull or in low spirits. As there was no other special circumstance in his condition, it became apparent that Mr — had reached an unusual age, in unbroken health and strength, solely by his playing on the fiddle!' The company was startled at first, but, after a little reflection, they fully admitted that, in all probability, the right explanation had been given.

And it undoubtedly was so. It is now quite settled amongst physiologists, that cheerfulness sustains, and care depresses health, and that a certain amount of happy sensations is necessary to the prolongation of life. The doctrine works out its verity in a striking manner wherever there are large bodies of men concerned, as in military or naval expeditions. That officer, it is acknowledged, is sure to have the healthiest regiment or ship's crew who best can sustain their cheerfulness or keep them in merriment; and for this reason it becomes a matter of *serious concern* to encourage the men in the getting up of plays and sports among themselves. This was done with the best effects by Captain Parry during his compulsory wintering in the Arctic regions. We will, on the same grounds, pledge any reputation we may have for wisdom to the conclusion that, in two families of young children, brought up in circumstances otherwise identical, and starting with equal advantages in point of constitution, that will be the healthiest, and come to be the most satisfactory set of men and women, which has been in the hands of parents of cheerful and kindly dispositions; which has been most encouraged under decent bounds, to laugh, to

play, to dance, to sing; has been least frowned at, awed down, and frightened; which, in short, has been made the *happiest*.

Health all admit to be necessary to happiness. It is a commonplace of little direct value to mankind. Happiness is one of the pre-requisites of health—there is an apothegm comparatively new, and of great value. Yes, it is so in this world, that without a fair measure of happiness—that is, a tolerably continuous flow of easy, cheerful, and agreeable sensations—there can be no consistent *good* health, and, consequently, no such thing as long life. When a friend, therefore, wishes one 'long life, health, and happiness,' he uses a needlessly long formula. If he were to wish us happiness only, he would be doing all that could be desired in the case.

As the world now is, we certainly see in it a vast amount of unhappiness—the unhappiness which arises from want of physical necessities—the unhappiness arising from the cares connected with social responsibilities—the unhappiness arising from moral aberrations, from misapplied and mistreated affections, from the infinite variety of tyrannies and cruelties we exercise towards each other. Most sad is the scene consequently presented even in the most advanced communities. Yet this comfort is seen through all—knowledge has a manifest control over the matter, by the improved conditions, the better regulations, the more equable distribution of means, which it introduces, as well as by the control which it gives us severally over our various emotions; and knowledge we know to be a power altogether unlimited. We may therefore fairly expect that happiness will be extended even till it overspreads all. Such appears to have been the constitution of humanity. While the humbler animals were as well at the beginning as they could be, man was made to start with only great potentialities; the perfection of his state in the world was only to be reached through the use of his reasonable mind working out the best conditions for itself.

There is little immediate good in contemplating the matter in this general point of view. Enough for practical purposes that we see the direct bearing of happiness upon health, and consequently, it may be said, on the highest secular interests of society. This brings us at once to the duty we are under towards our fellow-creatures with regard to what we can do for their happiness.

If it be true—and there seems no reason to doubt it—that every one of us, however humble or insignificant, has some influence over the sensations and experiences of some one else—it may be as a member of a household, or as one of many in a workshop, or

as a householder in a 'neighbourhood'—the duty of trying to diffuse a happy state of feeling instead of the opposite, may well come upon us with a deeper sense, if we remember what are the ultimate effects of our conduct—that these are really a *life and death matter* to our neighbours. None of us, it is to be presumed, wish to murder our neighbours. Well, but consider that to take from their happiness in any sensible degree is to shorten their expectation or chance of life. Is it not, then, a partial murder to make them unhappy? Make them, on the contrary, happy even in the smallest degree, cheer them with but a kind word, lessen by the simplest act of friendly help the load of their cares, and you positively add to their days upon the face of the earth. Can you in any way come nearer to the power of divinity itself, than in thus doing what in you lies to foster and prolong what divinity alone can give?

The humblest person may also exercise an influence in this matter by the opinions regarding it which he forms, avows, and acts upon. It is to be feared that with many, happiness is not a thing quite respected as it ought to be. They confound it with pleasure, or they are more disposed to think of the serious than of the cheerful parts of life. The puritan view actuates some: there is even such a thing as a puritan severity without any visible connection with religion—solely from natural austerity, or from twisted and perverse sentiments. Thus in many ways, even to the enactment of laws, a check is imposed on the happiness of society. We would most respectfully appeal to all the well-meaning, but erring mortals here concerned, to reflect on what it is to deliberately will that such and such people shall be less happy than they seem inclined to be, or, what comes to the same thing, that they shall only be happy in a certain prescribed way. There may be some unpleasant-looking adjuncts in the case. A thousand people cannot meet in one place for any kind of pastime, but there will be some rude and reckless emotions amongst them. They may not always eat and drink what is sure to do them good. Still the great question remains, is there not more benefit from the happiness they have had together, than harm from these little drawbacks? And it may also be asked, can we safely dispense with the happiness, even were it only to be purchased at a greater cost? Can human beings be moral, without being allowed a certain daily pabulum of happiness, as well as other necessities? It is much to be feared not: at least, we have always found that a too austere frame of life, imposed upon them by whatever force, and for howsoever good purposes, only led to a reaction in which all decent restraints were swept away. There is one thing, too, which very good people never think of, but which they ought seriously to lay to heart—namely, the effects of high-strung virtue, its tastes, habits, and opinions, in creating or promoting the growth of its opposite—as, for example, through the privilege it assumes of avoiding all contact of the erring, or through the discouraging effect of a condemnation which they mean to be wholesome, and therefore make more severe than the delinquent can own to be just. It is doubtless in great part owing to this very cause, that there is never so large and wretched a class of abandoned or refuse people in rude as in civilised communities. We would have the good, then, to try to work out their good designs and wishes less in the

condemnation of errors than in measures for their prevention, among which, they may be assured, none can be more effectual than the promotion of a reasonable and innocent happiness. By this the lives of men are made more healthy; their dependence on hurtful stimulants is lessened; they become altogether a more satisfactory spectacle to both God and man.

FRENCH JUSTICE IN ALGERIA.

THE FELON BUSH.

SCENE I.—The interior audience-chamber, presided over by the French Resident, who is surrounded by his suite. Inside—the kaid and other native official personages; outside—complainants, witnesses, messengers, and the whole medley of the Arab population.

French Resident. (To his chaouch—a sort of beadle, constable, and crier united.) Admit a complainant.

The Chaouch. Instantly. (He opens the door, and leads in by the arm a young man tolerably well dressed, with a pale face, a sprouting beard, very restless eyes, and in general aspect timid and embarrassed. The youth casts an uncertain glance over the assembly, and begins shouting, without knowing where to address himself.)

Plaintiff. I have been robbed! I have been robbed! *F. R.* Of what have you been robbed? And where did the robbery take place?

P. (Without attending to the question.) I come to make a complaint. I have been robbed. (He turns his head in every direction, not knowing to whom he has replied, and seems completely in a maze.)

Chaouch. But don't you see? Look towards the Agha (the title the Arabs generally give to the chief officer of the bureau), since he is the person you have to address. There; see where he is! Turn yourself in that direction.

P. I invoke Allah and his justice! I invoke Allah and his justice! I invoke Allah and his justice! I have been robbed!

F. R. You have already said so. But answer me. Of what have you been robbed? and in what tribe did the robbery take place?

P. I beg your pardon. I do not understand you. (Shouting)—I do not understand French.

F. R. But I fancied I spoke to you in the purest possible Arabic. You cannot have listened attentively. (Raising his voice)—Open your ears; I am speaking to you in Arabic, and not in French.

C. (To the plaintiff.) How's this! Don't you know he is speaking Arabic?—he speaks it better than you or I. By the head of the prophet, your senses must be turned topsy-turvy.

P. (To the chaouch.) I thought that as he was dressed French fashion, he talked in the same way. But I did understand the last words he said. True; he speaks Arabic. That will be convenient for the settlement of my business.

F. R. Well, then, since you understand me now, just answer my first questions. Of what have you been robbed? and where did the robbery take place?

P. Bou Tekrouide has stolen my mule.

F. R. What! Bou Tekrouide, the kaid of the Ouled Medaguin? You doubtless mean to say, some of his people; for he himself has mules enough without stealing them on the highway.

Bou Tekrouide. (To the plaintiff.) Ah! Si Hhamed, you are a mylord (a title ordinarily given by the Arabs to their *marabouts*, priests, or saints); can you really assert that I have ever stolen anything from any one?

P. It was not you; but it was your people. *F. R.* Tell me how the affair happened, that I may be a little enlightened upon the subject.

P. (Somewhat more at ease.) I went to borrow a

sidi krellil (a law-book) from the Ouled Sidi Calhha, marabouts of the Ouled Medaguin. I arrived there in the evening at nightfall, and I tied up my mule, without suspicion, at the door of my host's tent. The ground was perfectly naked; there was not a single hiding-place for thieves. And, besides, I thought that the Ouled Medaguin, like other people, would respect the property of their marabouts, for fear of drawing down the vengeance of Heaven. I went to rest, then, in perfect tranquillity. During the night, I arose to go and breathe the air, and went up to a bush which I met with, at twenty paces' distance from the tent. When I lay down again, the idea of this bush continued to haunt me. It appeared to me that I had not seen it on arriving the previous evening. Nevertheless, I went to sleep again. A few instants afterwards, I was once more awake; and, casting a glance upon my mule, I perceived in front of her a bush, on which she seemed to be browsing. I looked towards the position of the other, and could see nothing of it. The two bushes were so exactly alike, that the thought struck me that perhaps the ancestor of the Ouled Sidi Calhha—Allah have mercy upon him!—had done me the favour to transport the former to my mule, to replace her straw, which was running short. I could not, in fact, admit the possibility of the bush's having travelled alone, without the aid of some supernatural power. I was puzzled and absorbed in my reflections, still gazing at my animal. All on a sudden, I observed my bush to shake and tremble; and then a man got out of it, jumped upon the back of my mule, and started off at full gallop. I was robbed. The bush was a man. It was an Ouled Medaguin—may Allah curse them! I comprehended then, to my sorrow, the marvellous travels of that diabolical bush; and that I should take the air close by it, and see nothing all the while! By the benediction of my grandfather, Si Hamed—Allah have mercy upon him!—it is too bad.

F. R. It is certainly a singular mode of stealing.

Bou Tekrouide. Gracious Allah! there is nothing at all surprising in it. The Ouled Medaguin are always in that way. I am their kaid, but I do not attempt to conceal their little failings. They are thieves, 'tis true; but that is the very reason why people should be cautious when they pass the night in their company.

F. R. A pleasant answer! Are you not aware that it is your duty to protect strangers, and that the orders on this subject are precise? And, then, who would mistrust a bush, and suppose it to be the means of such diabolical tricks?

B. T. But bush-thieving is well known throughout the whole country. (With some pride)—The Ouled Medaguin are the inventors of it. Under the Turks, when the police was inefficient, they practised it on a grand scale. I shall never forget the thirty camels and seventeen mares that were carried off in this way in one single night, from a caravan which came from the south to purchase grain. Forty-seven Medaguins, exactly the number of the stolen animals, transformed themselves into bushes, and insensibly approached, to be eaten by their future prey, under the very noses of the masters and the watchmen whom they had appointed. Then, at a given signal, every bush sent forth its man, and every man took possession of his beast, to the great astonishment of the people, who believed the whole thing the work of the devil, and took the Ouled Medaguins to be his ministering demons.

F. R. Faith! they were not far from the truth. The devil alone can have sent into the world such people as the Ouled Medaguin. Is there no possibility of improving them, except by utter extermination?

B. T. Oh, but they are greatly changed, ever since you have governed the country. Certainly, they

would take good care now how they played such a trick. Some time ago they decided, in their council of notables, to give up bush-thieving, as carrying things a little too far; and therefore I am greatly surprised to hear what has happened to Si Hamed. It is really incredible.

F. R. It is perfectly credible, according to my ideas. It is, moreover, a very easy matter to set right; you will tell your people that I allow them a fortnight to restore the mule, and to catch the thief. If, at the end of that time, they have not done so, they shall reimburse its value to the owner, and pay into the treasury a fine of ten times that amount. (To Si Hamed)—How much was your mule worth?

P. My mule! She was the handsomest mule in the place. Every one will testify that such a mule was never seen for perfection of form and swiftness of pace. She was worth at least two hundred dours. I refused a hundred and eighty at the last market.

B. T. Two hundred dours for your mule! May Sidi-Ben-Abd-Alla blind my eyes and cripple my limbs, if she was worth so much as thirty!

P. By the justice of the Master of Worlds!—by the benediction of the Holy Chamber, I have only spoken the truth! May Sidi-Bou-Krari wither my tongue, and punish me to the twentieth generation, if I have lied!

F. R. In this fashion, I see it is impossible to arrive at the truth by means of either testimony. You both of you swear with equal facility; and the assertion of the one is as good as that of the other. I shall elsewhere obtain information as to the value of the mule; and as that is not required till the interval allowed the Ouled Medaguin has elapsed, I shall have plenty of time for it. (To Si Hamed)—You may now retire; you will return in a fortnight. (To Bou Tekrouide)—And you, remember my conditions.

B. T. I will do what Allah has written. Do not require impossibilities.

F. R. I shall know how to appreciate your efforts.

ARAB LOVE.

SCENE II.—A female plaintiff is introduced, a girl of eighteen, beautiful both in face and figure, of the Arab type in its purest form, and as simply and neatly dressed as a woman of the middle rank can be. Unlike the plaintiffs of the other sex, she seems perfectly competent to state her case, and expresses herself with a clearness and decision that are rarely met with in Arab women. It is evident that she is under the influence of some genuine and powerful sentiment; in other words, that her soul is illumined by a ray of faith. She commences speaking, without requiring to be interrogated.

Plaintiff. I am come to you, because here neither justice nor truth is to be found, except amongst the French. It is useless for them to deceive us, and shut us up in our tents; we see your works, and we know you well.

French Resident. My daughter, your words impress me with a favourable opinion of you. Speak without fear; and be assured that everything possible shall be done to aid you.

P. Oh! I do speak without alarm. It is not here that a woman need be afraid—I have never felt more at ease.

F. R. Quite right, my child. What complaint have you to make? Has any injustice been done to you?

P. I will tell you all, and that truly; for you are the only one who can understand me, and support my rights. My name is Ourida Bent Douni; I am the daughter of Douni Ben, the *khab* of the tribe of the Beni Todjar, and I have to complain of my own father, who wants to force me to marry his neighbour, Mammam Belasenan, an ugly and infirm old man.

F. R. How came your father to entertain so unfortunate an idea? Could he be seduced by the dowry offered by Belasanen? Does he wish, like so many others, to sacrifice his child for a few crowns?

P. No; the dowry has nothing to do with this affair. My father wishes to marry Belasanen's daughter; and Belasanen refuses to yield her, except on condition that I am given in exchange. I have resisted this with all my strength; because the man to whom I am to be transferred fills me with aversion. My refusal has brought upon me my father's anger, with blows and bad treatment of every description. They bound me fast. Here; look at my arms still bruised by the rope, which I broke—or rather which (the plaintiff here falls into a most becoming state of embarrassment)—which was broken for me. For, without that aid, I know not what would have become of me.

F. R. Let us see, my child; lay aside all bashfulness. It is desirable you should tell me what that aid was, although I fancy I can guess it. Since you seem to understand our nation so well, you ought to know that a sincere attachment is always respected and honoured amongst us, and that we despise only hypocrisy and falsehood. Speak without hesitation. Tell me all you have on your mind.

P. (With a burst of natural feeling.) Yes; I will tell him. And why not? Ought I to conceal anything from you? It was not I myself who broke my bonds; I had not sufficient strength for that. It was Hhabib Oulid Galb, a brave horseman, and one of your Makrezen.

F. R. Whom you prefer to Belasanen, do you not?

P. Yes; I love him. Why not avow it? What harm is there in that? I had much rather die at once, than belong to any other man than him!

F. R. Good, very good, my child; your sincerity and openness of heart do you the greatest possible honour. I give you my word, you shall have satisfaction. But let me have a full and clear explanation: did Oulid Galb carry you off?

P. Oh, I am not ashamed to tell you all. We have loved each other for more than a year, ever since Ben Tàm's wedding, where he saw me dance with the women of the tribe, and where I witnessed his performance of the exercises better than any other rider of all the assembled *goums*. Afterwards, being aware of my father's violent temper, he often tried to persuade me to elope with him. I always refused: but my patience was at last exhausted. On finding myself bound fast and beaten, I sent Bent Soudan, our negress, to inform him; but I swear, by the head of the prophet, that we came at once straight to you.

F. R. I believe you. He accompanied you hither. He is here, then?

P. Yes, certainly, he is here; but of course he did not dare to present himself with me.

Orders are immediately given for the introduction of Oulid Galb, who does not keep the court waiting long. He is a handsome young man, with a countenance at once mild and energetic, and in complete and orderly horseman's costume. A glance is sufficient to justify the plaintiff in preferring him to the decrepit Belasanen. His attitude betrays a certain degree of uneasiness, but only from the fear lest his wishes should be disappointed.

P. (To the cavalier.) Fear nothing. I have told the Agha all: he knows everything.

Oulid Galb. (Evidently more at his ease.) Glory to Allah! You were right to tell him; for, as for me, I should have found some difficulty in doing so.

F. R. Very well. I see I shall be able to make short work of it. (To Oulid)—Will you marry this woman? (The young man shouts the most decided 'Yes!' that ever was heard under like circumstances.) And you: will you take this man for your husband? (Oulid emits another 'Yes!' not

more pointedly affirmative, but certainly shriller, than the former one.) After your mutual consent, in the name of Allah, who has inspired your love, I declare you man and wife. (To the kadi)—Draw up the act of marriage immediately.

The Kadi. (A little out of countenance.) But, Sidi, Sidi Kreilil, in the chapter on the union of the sexes—

F. R. My friend, I know very well what Sidi Kreilil says. He would direct me to restore the daughter to her father, and, in spite of her repugnance and her protestations, would make her marry a man whom she detests, and who is old enough to be her grandfather. But, then, you easily foresee what would happen if I were mad enough to follow his rules. Either Belasanen would murder this poor girl, or else she would elope with the man whom she loves, thereby causing a great public scandal. Is not the dilemma plain to you all? (Here a slight murmur of assent arises in the assembly, piercing the thick strata of prejudices which envelop it.) Now, since by obeying the law you want to revive, I cause an evil or a crime; and since by violating its directions, I produce nothing but good, is it not better to take the latter alternative?

The Kadi. But it is nevertheless written in the commentaries of Sidi El Khhal, that—

F. R. Your Sidi El Khhal tells us no more about the matter than Sidi Kreilil. Those who make laws, and those who write commentaries upon them, can say but one and the same thing; namely, that they must be obeyed. But when a law is not in harmony with the human heart, it is constantly violated, however cruel may be the penalties which enforce it. The law in question has been absurdly enacted in flagrant opposition to the human heart; and one of the two, either the law or the human heart, must necessarily sometimes give way. The law has yielded in the present instance, and why? Because the law is the work of man, while the human heart is the work of Allah. But I fear you do not comprehend this logic.

The Chiefs (in chorus, nine-tenths of whom fancy they are listening to a Chinese oration). What admirable words! It is the spirit of Allah speaking by your mouth!

F. R. (To the kadi.) Well! Does your conscience now permit you to draw up the act in question?

The Kadi (in a fit of common sense, which now and then seizes him). By the justice of Allah! With all my heart. It can do nothing but good.

F. R. Note well, all you who hear me. I wish the Arabs practised less the crimes of falsehood, theft, and murder, and more frequently married the women they love.

The Chiefs (in chorus, with a charming smile, before which the last layer of prejudice promises to vanish). Sidi Boukrari! I call that speaking!

Ben Safi. Oh, certainly. You do quite right in marrying this poor girl. I know her father, who is an old curmudgeon that would skin his own child alive for a dourou.

F. R. I never had any doubts on that subject. (To the kadi)—Where is the act? There is no need to mention any dowry for the father; for if he should come to claim it, you will tell him that the blow he gave his daughter will be reckoned as a set-off against it.

The kadi draws up the act, with the usual forms, gravity, and spectacles. The precious paper is then presented, by the French resident himself, to the now-married couple, who, in their eagerness to seize it, run a risk of tearing it in pieces. Glories to Allah, cries of joy, and innumerable benedictions, flow from their mouths. They depart at last, after two or three times mistaking their way out, in their delirium of happiness. The assembly, involuntarily affected by

the scene, and unused to a sincere display of warm and natural sentiment, are decidedly satisfied with this daring violation of the law.

THE NUN OF KENT.

IN the year 1525, Henry VIII. being king, there lived in the parish of Aldington, in Kent, a certain Thomas Cobb, bailiff or steward of the archbishop of Canterbury, who possessed an estate there. Among the servants of this Thomas Cobb was a country girl called Elizabeth Barton—a decent person, so far as one can learn, but of mere ordinary character, and until that year having shewn nothing unusual in her temperament. She was then, however, attacked by some disease, which reduced her, after many months of suffering, to that abnormal and singular condition in which she exhibited the phenomena known to modern wonder-seekers under the name of somnambulism or clairvoyance. The scientific value of such phenomena is still undetermined; but that they are not purely imaginary, is generally agreed. In the histories of all countries and of all times, we are familiar with accounts of young women of bad health and irritable nerves, who have manifested at recurring periods certain unusual powers; and these exhibitions have had especial attraction for superstitious persons. In the sixteenth century, when demoniacal possession was the explanation received of ordinary insanity, it would not seem illogical to recognise in a manifestation still more uncommon, the presence of a supernatural agency; and we cannot easily make too great allowance for the moral derangement likely to follow, when a weak girl found herself suddenly possessed of powers which she was unable to comprehend. Bearing this in mind, the story we are proceeding to relate will not be altogether unintelligible.

This Elizabeth Barton, it seems, 'in the trances, of which she had divers and many, consequent upon her illness, told wondrously things done and said in other places whereat she was neither herself present, nor yet had heard report thereof.' To simple-minded people, under the beliefs then impressed by the church, the natural explanation of such a marvel was, that she must be possessed either by the Holy Ghost or by the devil. The archbishop's bailiff, not feeling himself able to decide in a case of so much gravity, called in the advice of the parish priest, one Richard Masters; and together they observed carefully all that fell from her. The girl had been hitherto well disposed, as the priest probably knew; she had been brought up religiously; and her mind running upon what was most familiar to it, 'she spake words of marvellous holyness in rebuke of sin and vice'; or, as another account says, 'she spake very godly certain things concerning the seven deadly sins and the ten commandments.' This seemed satisfactory as to the source of inspiration. It was clearly not a devil that spoke words against sin, and therefore, as there was no other alternative, it was plain that God had visited her. Her powers being thus assuredly from Heaven, it was plain also, by a natural sequence of reasoning, that she held some divine commission, of which her clairvoyance, or whatever it was, was the miracle in attestation.

What the commission might be, was not immediately conjectured; but it was obvious that an occurrence of such moment was not to be kept concealed in the parish of Aldington; the priest mounted his horse, and rode post-haste to Lambeth with the news to the archbishop of Canterbury; and the story having lost nothing of its marvel by the way, the archbishop—poor old Warham—who was fast sinking into dotage, instead of ordering a careful inquiry, and appointing some competent person to conduct it, listened with greedy interest; assuring Father Richard that beyond

doubt 'the speeches which she had spoken came of God; and bidding him keep him diligent account of all her utterances.' Cobb, the bailiff, being encouraged by such high authority, would not keep any longer in his kitchen a propheteess with the archbishop's imprimatur upon her; and so, on returning, as soon as the girl was sufficiently recovered from her illness to leave her bed, he caused her to sit at his own table with his mistress and the parson. The story spread rapidly through the country; inquisitive foolish people came about her to try her skill with questions; and her illness, as she subsequently confessed, having then left her, and only her reputation remaining, she bethought herself whether it might not be possible to preserve it a little longer. 'Perceiving herself to be much made of, to be magnified and much set by, by reason of trifling words spoken unadvisedly by idleness of her brain, she conceived in her mind that having so good success, and furthermore from so small an occasion, and nothing to be esteemed, she might adventure further to enterprise, and essay what she could do, being in good advisement and remembrance.' So it is written of her in a Rolls House manuscript. Her fits no longer recurred naturally, but she was able to reproduce either the reality or the appearance of them; and she continued to improvise her oracles with such ability as she could command, and with tolerable success.

In this undertaking she was speedily provided with an efficient coadjutor. The Catholic Church had for some time been rather unproductive of miracles, and as heresy was raising its head and attracting converts, so favourable an occurrence as the present was not to be allowed to pass without results. The archbishop sent his comptroller to the prior of Christchurch at Canterbury, with directions that two monks whom he especially named—Doctor Bocking, the cellarer, and Dan William Hadley—should go to Aldington to observe. At first, not knowing what was before them, both prior and monks were unwilling to meddle with the matter. Beginning to inquire into it, however, they soon perceived to what account it might be turned. Bocking—selected, no doubt, from previous knowledge of his qualities—was a man devoted to his order, and not over-scrupulous as to the means of furthering its interests. He quickly discovered material in Elizabeth Barton too rich to be allowed to waste itself in a country village. Whether he himself believed in her or not, he was anxious to insure the belief of others, and he therefore set himself to assist her inspiration towards more effective utterance. Conversing with her in her intervals of quiet, he discovered that she was wholly ignorant, and unprovided with any stock of mental or imaginative furniture; and that consequently her prophecies were without body, and too indefinite to be theologically available. This defect he remedied by instructing her in the Catholic legends, and by acquainting her with the revelations of certain female saints. In these women she found an enlarged reflection of herself; the details of their visions enriched her imagery; and being provided with such fair examples, she was able to shape herself into fuller resemblance to the traditinary models.

As she became more proficient, Father Bocking extended his lessons to the Protestant controversy, which was then in its early stages of agitation; initiating his pupil into the mysteries of justification, sacramental grace, and the power of the keys. The adept damsel redelivered his instructions to the world in her moments of possession; and the world, with its great discernment, discovered a miraculous manifestation in the marvellous utterances of the untaught peasant. Lists of these pregnant sayings were forwarded regularly to the archbishop, some of which may still lie mouldering in the Lambeth library. It is idle to inquire how far the girl was as yet conscious of

falsehood. She was probably deep in lying before she was aware of it. Fanaticism and deceit are curiously related to each other; and not unfrequently is a deceiver the person first deceived, and the last who is aware of the imposture.

Father Bocking's instructions had made her acquainted, amongst other things, with sundry stories of miraculous cures. The healing of diseases by supernatural means was a matter of ordinary belief, and seemed a more orthodox form of credential than the mere faculty of second-sight, which alone the girl had hitherto exhibited. Being now cured of her real disorder, yet able to counterfeit the appearance of it, she could find no difficulty in arranging in her own case a miracle of the established kind, and so striking an incident would obviously answer a further end. In the parish was a chapel of the Virgin, which was a place of pilgrimage; the pilgrims added something to the income of the priest; and if, by a fresh demonstration of the Virgin's presence at the spot, the number of these pilgrims could be increased, they would add more. For both reasons, therefore, the miracle was desired; and the priest and the monk were agreed that any means were justifiable which would encourage the devotion of the people. Accordingly, the girl announced, in one of her trances, that 'she would never take health of her body till such time as she had visited the image of our Lady' in that chapel. The Virgin had herself appeared to her, she said, and fixed a day for her appearance there, and had promised to present herself in person, and take away her disorder. The day came, and a vast concourse of people had been collected by the holy fathers to be witnesses of the marvel. The girl was conducted to the chapel by a procession of more than two thousand persons, headed by the monk, the clergyman, and many other religious persons, the whole multitude 'singing the Litany, and saying divers psalms and orations by the way.'

'And when she was brought thither,' says the record, 'and laid before the image of our Lady, her face was wonderfully disfigured, her tongue hanging out, and her eyes being in a manner plucked out and laid upon her cheeks, and so greatly deformed. There was then heard a voice speaking within her belly, as it had been in a tonne, her lips not greatly moving; she all that while continuing by the space of three hours or more in a trance. The which voice, when it told of anything of the joys of heaven, spake so sweetly and so heavenly, that every man was ravished with the hearing thereof; and contrary wise, when it told anything of hell, it spake so horribly and terribly, that it put the hearers in a great fear. It spake also many things for the confirmation of pilgrimages and trentals, hearing of masses and confession, and many other such things. And after she had lyen there a long time, she came to herself again, and was perfectly whole. So this miracle was finished and solemnly sung; and a book was written of all the whole story thereof, and put into print; which ever since that time hath been commonly sold, and gone abroad among the people.'*

The miracle successfully accomplished, Aldington was considered to be no longer a fit residence for a saint so favoured and distinguished. The Virgin, it seems, informed her that she was to leave the bailiff's house, and devote herself exclusively to religious services. She was to be thenceforth 'Sister Elizabeth,' especial favourite of the Virgin Mary; and Father Bocking was to be her spiritual father. The priory of St Sepulchre's, Canterbury, was chosen for the place of her profession; and as soon as she was established in her cell, she became a recognised priestess or prophetess, alternately communicating revelations, or

indulging the curiosity of foolish persons who desired to consult her, and for both services consenting to be paid. The church had by this time spread her reputation through all England. The book of her oracles, which soon extended to a considerable volume, was even shewn by Archbishop Warham to the king. Henry sent it as a curiosity to Sir Thomas More, desiring him to look at it, and give an opinion on its merits. More pronounced it 'a right poor production, such as any simple woman might speak of her own wit;' and Henry himself is said to have 'esteemed the matter as light as it afterwards proved lewd.' But the world in general was less critical. 'Divers and many, as well great men of the realm as mean men, and many learned men, but specially many religious men, had great confidence in her, and often resorted to her.*' They 'consulted her much as to the will of God touching the heresies and schisms in the realm;' to which questions, her answers, being dictated by her confessor, were all which the most eager churchman could desire. Her position becoming more and more established, her visions, which had formerly been occasional, took a shape of regularity. Once a fortnight, she was taken up into heaven, mingling in the spirit with saints and angels, and reporting of heavenly delights. The place of ascent was usually the priory chapel, to which it was essential, therefore, that she should have continual access, and which, in consequence, she was allowed to enter at her pleasure. What she was accustomed to do there, when alone, was never clearly known; but she related many startling stories, not always of the most decent kind, touching attempts made by the devil to lead her more or less astray. Devils and angels, indeed, alternately visited her cell; and on one occasion, Satan burnt a mark upon her hand, which she exhibited publicly, and to which the monks were in the habit of appealing when there were any signs of scepticism in the visions to the priory. On the occasion of these infernal visits, exceedingly unsavoury 'smokes' were seen to issue from her chamber; with which, however, it was suspected subsequently that a quantity of brimstone and asafetida, found among her properties, had been in some way connected. But as yet the dupes of the imposture had no suspicion of a trick; and she was held up by the clergy as a witness, accredited by miracles, to the truth of the old faith, a living evidence to shame and confound the infidelity of the Protestant sectaries. She became a figure of great and singular significance; a 'wise woman,' to whom persons of the highest rank were not ashamed to have recourse to inquire the will of God, and to ask the benefit of her intercessory prayers, for which also they did not fail to pay at a rate commensurate with their credulity.

This position the Nun of Kent, as she was now called, had achieved for herself, when the question was first agitated touching the divorce of his wife, Catherine of Aragon, by Henry VIII. The monks at the Canterbury priory eagerly espoused the side of the queen, and the nun's services were at once in active requisition. Absurd as the stories of her revelations may seem to us, she conducted herself, in the dangerous course on which she now entered, with the utmost audacity and adroitness. The pope and the English bishops had hesitated about pronouncing Henry's marriage with his brother's widow inviolable or the contrary; but the nun issued boldly, 'in the name and by the authority of God,' a solemn prohibition against his majesty; threatening that, if he divorced his wife, he should not 'reign a month, but should die a villain's death.' Burdened with this message, she forced herself into the presence of Henry himself; and when she failed to produce any effect

* Letter of Cranmer.

* 25 Henry VIII. cap. 12.

upon his scepticism, she turned to the hesitating ecclesiastics who formed his council, and roused them into some temporary opposition to the proceeding. The archbishop bent under her denunciations, and, at her earnest request, introduced her to Cardinal Wolsey, then tottering on the edge of ruin, and who, in his confusion and perplexity, was frightened by the woman's menaces, and did not know what to think of her pretensions. She made herself known, too, to the papal ambassadors, and through them she went so far as to threaten Pope Clement, assuming, in virtue of her divine commission, an authority above all principalities and powers.

It is matter of history, that after prolonged and various negotiations with the pope, with the view to induce his holiness to annul his marriage with Catherine, Henry at length accomplished the desired divorce, with the sanction of the English prelates, and on his own responsibility married Anne Boleyn. This proceeding, though generally acquiesced in by the nation, was nevertheless an occasion of great scandal to the higher papist party, and particularly to large numbers of the clergy. Prior to the marriage, Henry had taken the Lady Anne with him to the court of France, to have her there publicly recognised by King Francis as the future queen of England; and on returning, having been delayed at Calais for a fortnight by gales in the Channel, Te Deums were offered in the churches for the king's deliverance; since, had he embarked before the storm, he might have probably suffered shipwreck. There was at the time great apprehension of such a catastrophe among his loyal subjects; and perhaps a sort of hope on the part of some that he might thus be hindered from proceeding in the course on which he was bent. On an occasion of such interest, it would have hardly been becoming in a prophetess to be unconcerned about what was going on. Accordingly, we find the Nun of Kent was, with more frequency than usual, admitted to interviews with angels. Under celestial instructions, as she said, she denounced the meeting between Henry and Francis as a conspiracy against Heaven; and declared that if the former persisted in his resolution of marrying Anne Boleyn, she was commissioned by God to tell him that he should lose his kingdom. She did not specify the manner in which the sentence would be carried into effect, but, in different revelations, fixed the date of its infliction variously at one month or six months after the marriage. The marriage, however, eventually took place; and though several consequences followed thereupon, the fulfilment of the nun's prediction was not one of them. The one month, six months, nine months passed over, and Henry was still the king of England. His child—the renowned Elizabeth—was born and was baptised, and no divine thunder had interposed; only a mere harmless verbal thunder, from a poor old man at Rome—the poor old pope, namely, who, in his aimless vacillation, had not dared either to sanction or forbid the marriage.

The nun, however, and her friar advisers were counting on other methods of securing the fulfilment of the prophecy of a more effective sort than supernatural agency. The career on which they had entered was too fascinating to allow them to forsake it on the failure of their immediate expectation. The first revelation not being answered by the event, a second was produced as an interpretation of it; which, however, was not published like the other, but whispered in secret to persons whose dispositions were known to be unfavourable towards the king. It was now intimated that, though Henry continued king in the sight of the world, yet God did not acknowledge him; and the disaffected were left to draw the inference, that they were no longer bounden to be his subjects; 'which,' said the report of the commissioners, 'might have put the king and the queen's grace in jeopardy

of their crown and of their issue, and the people of this realm in great danger of destruction.'

Here, then, we find the nun and her accomplices floundering in the labyrinths of treason. They were in correspondence with the pope, who had threatened Henry with excommunication; the nun had attested her divine commission by miracles, and had been recognised as a saint by an archbishop of Canterbury; the regular orders of the clergy throughout the realm were known to regard her as inspired; and when it was recollected that the king was distinctly threatened with dying 'a villain's death,' and that these and similar prophecies were carefully written out, and were in private circulation through the country, the matter assumed a dangerous complexion; it became at once essential to ascertain how far, and among what classes of the state, these things had penetrated.

Accordingly, in the middle of November 1533, we hear of a commission sitting at Lambeth, composed of Cromwell, Cranmer, and Latimer, for the purpose of ravelling out the threads of this strange story; from which, when the whole was disentangled, it appeared that the divorced Queen Catherine, her daughter, the Princess Mary, and a large and formidable party in the country, had come to the opinion, on the faith of the aforesaid revelation, that the king had forfeited his crown; that his death—either by visitation of God or by the visitation of man—was expected daily; and that whether his death took place or not, a revolution was seemingly impending, which would place the princess on the throne. No sooner were the commissioners in possession of the general facts, than the principal parties—that is to say, the nun herself, and five of the monks of Christ Church at Canterbury—were arrested, and sent to the Tower to be 'examined.' A common method of 'examining,' in those days, was by that delicate process called 'torture,' which probably the monks endured, to bring them to confession. The nun, however, was not tortured. On her first arrest, she was obstinate in maintaining her prophetic character; and she is said to have been detected in sending messages to her friends, 'to animate them to adhere to her and to her prophecies.' But her courage shortly ebbed away under the hard reality of her position. She began to make confession—a full confession, in which her accomplices joined her; and the half-completed web of conspiracy was unravelled out. They did not attempt to conceal that they had intended, if possible, to create an insurrection. The five monks—Father Bocking, Father Rich, Father Rysby, Father Dering, and Father Goold—had assisted the nun in inventing her 'revelations;' and as apostles of disturbance, they had travelled about the country to communicate them in whatever quarters they were likely to be welcomed. When it is remembered that Archbishop Warham had been one of the foremost dupes of this woman, and that even Wolsey's experience and ability had not prevented him from believing in her power, we need not be surprised to find high names among those who were implicated. Vast numbers of abbots and priors, and of regular and secular clergy, country gentlemen, and London merchants, were included in the list. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, had 'wept for joy' at the first utterances of the prophetess; and Sir Thomas More, 'who at first did little regard the said revelations, afterwards did greatly rejoice to hear them.' The nun, too, had frequently communicated with the 'the Lady Princess-Dowager' (the late queen, Catherine) and 'the Lady Mary, her daughter.' Father Goold was proved to have travelled to Bugden, where Catherine resided, with communications from the nun, 'intended,' says the act of attainder, 'to animate the said Lady Princess to make commotion in the realm against our sovereign lord,' and to assure her, on the strength of a recent revelation, that her cause would prosper. The

conspirators, however, had deemed it prudent to wait until the pope should have pronounced sentence against Henry for his contumacy, and absolved the English nation from its allegiance. On such sentence being published, the nun was in readiness to blow the trumpet of insurrection, and had already organised a corps of fanatical friars, who, when the signal was given, were simultaneously to throw themselves into the midst of the people, and call upon them to rise in the name of God, and forcibly overturn the government. The scheme, in the form which it had so far assumed, was indeed rather an appeal to fanaticism than a plot calculated to lay hold of the deeper mind of the country; but as an indication of the unrest and dissatisfaction which was stealing over the minds of men, it assumed an importance which it would not, at other times, have received from its intrinsic character. The guilt of the principal offenders, however, admitted of no doubt; and as soon as the commissioners were satisfied that there was nothing further to be discovered, the nun, with the monks, was brought to trial before the Star-Chamber—a trial which was followed by an immediate conviction.

The poor girl finding herself at this conclusion, after seven years of vanity, in which she had played with popes and queens, and princesses and archbishops, now, when the dream was thus rudely broken, in the revulsion of feeling could see nothing in herself but a convicted impostor. Much as we may condemn, we can hardly refuse to pity her. The misfortunes of her sickness had exposed her to temptations far beyond the strength of an ordinary woman; and the guilt which she passionately took upon herself, rested far more truly with the knavery of the Christ Church monks and the incredible folly of Archbishop Warham. But the times were too stern to admit of nice distinctions. No immediate sentence was pronounced; but it was thought desirable, for the satisfaction of the people, that a confession should be made in public by the nun and her companions. The Sunday following their trial, they were accordingly placed on a raised platform at Paul's Cross, by the side of the pulpit, and when the sermon was over, they one by one delivered their 'bills' or confessions to the preacher, which by him were read to the assembled crowd. The nun's statement ran as follows: 'I, Dame Elizabeth Barton, do confess that I, most miserable and wretched person, have been the original of all this mischief, and by my falsehood I have deceived all these persons (the monks who were her accomplices), and many more; whereby I have most grievously offended Almighty God, and my most noble sovereign the king's grace. Wherefore, I humbly, and with heart most sorrowful, desire you to pray to Almighty God for my miserable sins, and make supplication for me to my sovereign for his gracious mercy and pardon.' After this acknowledgment, the prisoners were remanded to the Tower, and their ultimate fate reserved for the consideration of parliament, which was to meet about the middle of the ensuing month of January.

When parliament assembled, the memorable act was passed (25 Henry VIII., c. 21) declaring the abolition of the papal authority in England; accompanied, however, by a declaration that in separating from the pope the kingdom was not separating from the unity of the faith. This arduous business finished, the case of the Nun of Kent and her accomplices was proceeded with. Their offence being plainly high treason, and their own confessions removing all uncertainty about their guilt, the sentence which followed was inevitable. The bill of attainder was most explicit in its details, going carefully through the history of the imposture, and dwelling on the separate acts of each offender. On the 21st of March, after being deliberately considered by both Houses, it received the royal assent, and remained only to be carried into execution. The

nun herself, Richard Masters, and the five friars, being found guilty of high treason, were to die; the Bishop of Rochester, Father Abel, Queen Catherine's confessor, and four more, were sentenced for misprision of treason to forfeiture of goods and imprisonment. All other persons implicated, whose names did not appear, were declared pardoned at the intercession of Queen Anne.

The chief offenders suffered at Tyburn on the 21st of April 1534, meeting death calmly, as we are told; receiving a fate most necessary and most deserved, yet claiming from us that partial respect which is due to all persons who will risk their lives in an unselfish cause. For the nun herself, we may feel even a less qualified regret. Before her death, she was permitted to speak a few words to the people, which at the distance of three centuries will scarcely be read without emotion:

'Hither am I come to die,' she said; 'and I have not been the only cause of mine own death, which most justly I have deserved, but also I am the cause of the death of all these persons which at this time here suffer. And yet I am not so much to be blamed, considering that it was well known unto these learned men that I was a poor wench without learning, and therefore they might have easily perceived that the things which were done by me could not proceed in no such sort; but their capacities and learning could right well judge that they were altogether feigned. But because the things which I feigned were profitable unto them, therefore they much praised me, and bare me in hand that it was the Holy Ghost and not I that did them. And I being puffed up with their praises, fell into a pride and foolish fantasy with myself, and thought I might feign what I would, which thing hath brought me to this case, and for the which I now cry God and the king's highness most heartily mercy, and desire all you good people to pray to God to have mercy on me, and on all them that here suffer with me.'

And so ended, very tragically, a singular delusion and imposture; ended in the only way it could end, inasmuch as it was not successful, which, had it been, the kingdom must have been shaken with prolonged turmoil and misery, and the great event which is called 'the Reformation' might have been indefinitely postponed.*

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE gloomy night-hours which, as they crept slowly away, brought again into distinctness shadowy images of terror that I had for a time cast behind me, did anything but weaken or allay the savage irritation which possessed me; and so insupportable did suspense at length become, that long before the first rays of the gray cold dawn looked in through the one, high-up, strongly barred aperture by which light was grudgingly admitted to the cell, I once more sprang out of bed and shook the snoring shoemaker till I got him partially awake. By dint of determined importunity, I elicited a confused, fragmentary account of all that to his knowledge had passed at Houlston, with which I was the more content, that the master-fear his half-told story had evoked, was, I clearly ascertained, without foundation.

* The details of this story are derived from state-papers and manuscripts preserved in the Rolls House collection, and are here condensed and placed together into a continuous narrative from Mr Froude's *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*. Mr Froude's language has been in great part adopted, as, in following him, it would have been sheer affectation to try to relate the story in different words.

I am admonished by a glance at the crowded incidents of the next four-and-twenty hours, and the rapidly narrowing space into which they must be compressed, to give the remainder of Sicard's prolix, disjointed story in my own words: I do so, at the same time helping out the halting narrative with information subsequently obtained.

Captain Webbe was apprised by a note from Madame Dupré, left for him at Les Trois Rois, mentioning that Madame Broussard and daughter were already in Honfleur, but, to the best of the writer's belief, were not aware that Miss Wilson and herself had arrived. Madame Dupré had also learned through a chattering servant at her lodgings in the Rue du Marché, who was well acquainted with the people at the Toison d'Or, that Madame Broussard, calling herself Madame de Bonneville, had been followed from St Malo by a fiery-tempered young man, who had made quite a scene at the hotel, and loudly accused the lady, in the hearing of several persons, of being a confederate with the 'scélérat Webbe'—a phrase which he had twenty times repeated. Madame Dupré added, that the wench's garrulous gossip had given rise to vague feelings of alarm and distrust in Miss Wilson's mind, which, if not set at rest, would, to say the least, cause the postponement of her marriage with Mr Harry Webbe.

A glimpse of Sicard as he passed a window of Les Trois Rois, not only shewed Webbe the fiery-tempered young man that had made a scene at the hotel, but suggested to his fertile ingenuity a ready means of dissipating Maria Wilson's suspicions; a result which the impressionable, enthusiastic bootmaker, after being thoroughly crammed with instructions, cautions, and promises, completely achieved. All essential preliminaries being arranged soon after noon, it was finally settled that the wedding should take place at the French Protestant chapel at seven in the evening of that same day. The bride and bridegroom being British subjects as well as Protestants, the civil, which should have preceded the sacerdotal ceremony, and would have required certain formalities to be previously complied with, was not deemed to be essential by the officiating minister; and Webbe kept of course whatever doubts he might have felt upon the subject to himself. Madame Dupré and Miss Wilson would be perfectly satisfied with an ecclesiastical marriage, and should the civil ceremony be thereafter found essential to its validity, it could at any time be gone through with; his son, meanwhile—the only important point—being *de facto* the young lady's husband. Arrangements were made for the immediate departure of the newly wedded pair; and before sundown on the morrow they would, it was expected, be safely landed, *L'Espiegle* aiding, in Jersey, safe out of adverse fortune's reach.

Ten minutes previous to the appointed hour, Harry Webbe and Jacques Sicard left Les Trois Rois, and Madame Dupré and Maria Wilson their lodgings in the Rue du Marché in close carriages, arriving at the Calvinist chapel at nearly the same time. The minister was in attendance; and the trembling bride, clinging to rather than leaning upon Madame Dupré for support, advanced with the bridegroom and Maître Sicard, who was to give the bride away, towards the altar.

Meanwhile, the carriage had no sooner driven off from Les Trois Rois, than Captain Webbe sallied forth in the direction of Le Toison d'Or, for the purpose of announcing his vexatiously delayed arrival to his good friend Madame de Bonneville, and especially to keep, in nautical phrase, that dangerous lady well in tow, till Mr and Mrs Harry Webbe had left Honfleur many leagues behind them.

The privateer captain's star was not that evening in the ascendant. Madame was out; mademoiselle

confined to her chamber with nervous headache; and Fanchette herself in a state of semi-distraction. Her mistress was, she feared, in the custody of justice as a presumed fraudulent bankrupt, a rigour which the sudden closing of the establishment at St Malo, and her flight therefrom, would no doubt justify. To Webbe's impatient queries as to the grounds of her apprehensions, Fanchette replied that since about noon, madame had been in a state of wild excitement, going in and out as if crazed with rage or terror; that about an hour before Captain Webbe called, several gendarmes had come to the hotel, and demanded to speak with Madame de Bonneville, who, after a brief private parley, left the house with them, and had not since returned.

Webbe's explosive malediction indicated a truer interpretation of Madame de Bonneville's furious excitement, and her departure in company with the gendarmes, than Fanchette's. It had, in fact, come to her knowledge that Sicard had arranged with the French Protestant minister to celebrate the marriage of a youthful Englishman and woman, who, she doubted not, were young Webbe and Maria Wilson; although, so cleverly had Sicard managed, she was unable to discover the whereabouts either of her ward or the captain's son. Thoroughly determined not to be foiled, she had at last, with much reluctance, placed herself in communication with the authorities of Honfleur; and the visit of the gendarmes, whom Mr Tyler had caused to be despatched in hot haste from Havre, was the consequence.

Without further acknowledgment of Fanchette's frank communication than the before-mentioned comprehensive execration of human kind in general, and Madame de Bonneville in particular, the privateer captain hurriedly left the hotel. Not a minute too soon either. The marriage-ceremony had been interrupted almost at the commencement, and Harry Webbe torn from his fainting bride by the rude hands of gendarmes, and marched off to prison; Madame de Bonneville remaining but a few minutes behind, to discharge a torrent of bitter reproaches at the insensible girl and Madame Dupré; which duty accomplished, she seized Sicard by the arm, and marched with him out of the chapel; greatly to that gentleman's mystification and astonishment, he hardly knowing whether he was taken into the custody or into the renewed good graces of his formidable relative.

Into her renewed good graces he had, after a few minutes, no manner of doubt, until an hour or more having elapsed, he found himself at his auberge lodgings, reckoning up recent occurrences, and by the brain-clearing illumination of a quiet pipe, perceived, to his extreme disgust, that although he had not been permitted a word with or a glimpse of Mademoiselle Clémence, he had been pumped dry of every particular known to him concerning Webbe, concerning me, William Linwood, and my whereabouts, which the wily woman was desirous of ascertaining. That information determined her to prevent at all hazards my escape to England with the proofs of her crime in my possession. A *primâ facie* case to sustain an accusation of robbery was easily made out; and Jacques Sicard was recklessly included therein, when, on the morrow, the desperate woman heard that he had suddenly set out for Havre, after a stolen interview with Clémence. Active search, untiringly urged by the two officers who were maltreated in the mêlée at La Belle Poule, was made for M. Baptiste, but without the slightest gleam of success; and the gendarmes were fain to content themselves with the recapture of Webbe the younger.

The morning found me still anxiously, not to say despondently considering the chances of the future; a debate which was before long joined in, though not much enlightened by Maître Sicard. After breakfast, we adjourned to the quadrangle, which served for a

common exercise-ground. Harry Webbe was not with the prisoners there, amongst whom we soon noticed a certain agitation of a hopefully expectant, if not positively exultant kind, presently explained to arise from a generally entertained conviction that the last hour of the empire had at length struck—a consummation which suggested a more or less well-founded hope that the restoration would signalise its advent to power by an act of clemency that would reach many of the inmates of that abode of crime and suffering. In proof of the correctness of the general belief, a large white flag, '*le pavillon sans tâche*,' as legitimists loved to call it, which flew out from the summit of the tower of St Thomas's Church at Ingouville, was pointed to.

'*Drapeau de Capucin*!' growled one of the jail officers—most of whom were old soldiers—as he passed us, and noticed the object we were gazing at, 'may be welcomed by Capuchins; but the flag of France still waves over the ramparts and the Hôtel de Ville, and will continue to wave over them for a long time to come yet, traitors and cowards notwithstanding.'

It is well known, I may be here permitted to remind the reader, that the soldiery of France refused to believe, even when disbelief seemed impossible, in the final defeat of the empire—a sad illustration of which feeling was the battle of Toulouse, fought by Marshal Soult after he had been formally, though not officially, apprised of his fallen master's abdication. General Vêray, a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, and military commandant at Havre, was well known to be as stubbornly sceptical upon that point as the marshal, and sternly resolved, moreover, to guard the trust confided to him by Napoleon till *la force majeure* wrenched the sword of authority from his grasp. It thus happened, that whilst everybody in Havre, himself included, well knew that the French senate had solemnly proclaimed the new government, General Vêray remained only the more fanatically resolved than ever to act as if Louis XVIII. was still a proscribed exile, and the soil of France unprofaned by the footstep of a single hostile soldier. It was this, I knew, which excited the fears of Father Meudon. Still, the passionate declaration of the prison official did not seem to me to confirm the good man's fears. The clergy of St Thomas, I must have mentally argued, would not have hoisted the Bourbon banner unless perfectly assured of impunity; and the blessed consequences to myself and mine of the change of dynasty, and all which that change involved, so lifted me, that I sprang forward with a joyous shout to greet poor Harry Webbe, who at that moment dismally emerged into the yard.

In such a state of nervous terror was he, that he staggered back with a faint cry of alarm, not immediately recognising me, or at least not my purpose in so boisterously accosting him. Recovering himself, he held out his cold shaking hand, and with a sickly smile returned my greeting. I told him of the great news, but it failed to excite a throb of hope in his fear-palsied heart; and when, taking him aside, I explained to him, as Father Meudon had to me, that his breach of parole would not, if he were brought to trial before the Bonapartist authorities, be visited upon him capitally, or even with severity, except to punish him for the death of Le Moine and his supposed subsequent entry into France as a Bourbon spy; the falsity of which charge he could, if necessary, demonstrate, without destroying or jeopardising me, by simply appealing to the testimony of Auguste Le Moine himself for its disproof—he turned sadly, impatiently away; and I plainly saw that to trust in his firmness or manly feeling, in the trying ordeal to which he might, after all, be subjected, was in very truth to lean upon a broken reed.

All the more welcome, therefore, was the sight of

that white flag, studded with golden *fleur de lis*, waving and glittering in the morning sunlight; and I was half-unconsciously whistling the first bars of the old royalist air of *Vive Henri Quatre*, when I was politely invited by my friend the *sergent de ville* to return to my cell.

My mother awaited me there; and her joyous aspect—joy-heightened by preceding grief and tears—confirmed my mounting spirits. The streets, she said, were full of gaily dressed folk, making holiday of the assured downfall of the imperial régime; and white cockades, it was said, were in the pockets of nine out of ten of the fickle populace; though, from dread of General Vêray and his exasperated soldiers, not as yet openly displayed.

'This at length accomplished revolution in French state-affairs,' said my mother, 'not only assures your safety, but that of Henry Webbe; which, as my indiscretion led to his recapture, I am most heartily glad of. It was only,' she added, 'in the first moments of bewildering surprise caused by the intelligence of your arrest that your father and I were disquieted by the accusation of robbery—a charge which of course you know from the prison authorities has been already formally withdrawn.'

'Indeed, I know nothing of the kind.'

'There is no doubt, at all events, of the fact. We had it,' said my mother, looking furtively around, and sinking her voice to a whisper, 'from Captain Webbe himself, who called on us soon after it was light this morning.'

'From Captain Webbe himself! You astonish me.'

'You can't, my dear boy, be more astonished than we were to find that "*le bon compagnon*," Pierre Bonjean, from the neighbourhood of La Hève, called to inquire after the young monsieur whose life he had the honour to assist in saving," was ubiquitous, indomitable Kirke Webbe! Kind, excellent Father Meudon came in whilst we were talking together, and Webbe, with that instinctive sagacity which never misses a favourable chance, instantly avowed himself to be the notorious Captain Webbe, of the late *Scout* privateer; and having thus thrown himself upon the reverend father's honour, so improved his opportunity, that they left our house together, in furtherance of some plan to render Harry Webbe's deliverance doubly sure.'

The *sergent de ville* entered to say that the ten minutes granted to madame, without the usual previous reference to superior authority, were expired, and that it was absolutely necessary she should go forthwith.

'Cannot my son leave this dreadful place with me?' she asked; 'the charge upon which he was apprehended being, as you must be aware, formally withdrawn.'

'It is true, madame,' replied the officer, 'that the charge of robbery has been withdrawn; but—but—the man, I noticed, avoided my mother's eye—but there are certain formalities to be observed which will at least delay monsieur's deliverance.'

My mother's glance rested for a moment disquietedly upon the man's partly averted face, and then resolutely putting away, as it were, the vaguely uneasy feeling excited by his manner, she embraced me, and withdrew, remarking that Father Meudon would see me shortly, and by that time she hoped the formalities spoken of would have been complied with.

It was about half an hour afterwards when Father Meudon entered the cell, and startled me by his strange air and manner; and the more so, that he evidently strove to appear cheerful and unconcerned. It would not do. The expression of *bonhomie* habitual with him had vanished, and been replaced by the pale gleaming lustre which the soul, in presence of a great catastrophe or a mighty deed—the light of battle, for instance, seen on the charging soldier's face—cannot fail to impress upon the most common-place features. His greeting, too, was confused and awkward. *Seeing*

himself upon Sicard's bed, he first mechanically offered me his unopened *tabatière*, and immediately returned it to his pocket, without observing that I had no opportunity of helping myself to a pinch, if so inclined: next, as hastily drawing forth two letters, he gave me one, saying:

'It is sent to you by Le Capitaine Webbe. This is for his son. I will deliver it whilst you are reading your own; and return almost immediately.'

This was Webbe's note:

'MY DEAR LINWOOD—"Finis coronat opus." I think that was how we used to write it when I sported yellow stockings, and the o'erarching heavens shone, and dripped, at their sweet will, upon my hatless head: yes, Finis coronat opus, freely rendered by it's the last deal and the last broadside which wins the rubber and the battle. Quite true; and it affords me much pleasure to inform you that the final, crowning stroke of our long tussle with the Féron has been the formal, explicit withdrawal of the charge of "vol avec effraction" preferred against you and the bootmaker; she having lodged in the greffier's office at Honfleur, a circumstantial declaration upon oath, that the articles she missed, and believed you to have stolen, have since been found: it would have been absurd, you will admit, for Captain Webbe and the Féron to have fought à l'outrance till, like the Kilkenny cats, they had mutually devoured each other; and the final result is, that my son, whom the Restoration, and not one hour too soon, gives back to life and love—a handsome present you will acknowledge, if he be not exactly Achilles redivivus—will yet espouse Maria Wilson; and Monsieur le Bottier de Paris même may, for any opposition on the part of Madame de Bonneville, raise Miss Lucy Hamblin to the dignity of Madame Sicard. Further, and to you the most interesting item of all, Madame de Bonneville, née Louise Féron, will make a frank circumstantial avowal of the fact and manner of the abduction of Mrs Waller's child; upon the reasonable condition of being guaranteed against a criminal prosecution. Thus then terminates with a flourish of trumpets our tragi-comedy, the green curtain ring down upon—The Recovery of the Lost One; A Wedding—two possibly; and an uproarious tag, of "Long life to Captain Webbe, and may he live till he dies an admiral"—an aspiration which certainly beats the oriental compliment, "May he live a thousand years," into fits.'

'And I am quite sure, my dear Linwood, that you will not wantonly jeopardise so every way satisfactory a solution of the difficulties in which those dear to you have been so long involved, by any premature boyish boast of your volunteered part in an affair, the real hero of which, but for the fortunate Napoleon-catastrophe, would, there can be little question, have been despatched, before he was many hours older, with military honours, to paradise. Yours more sincerely than you believe, K. W.'

I had scarcely finished reading this curious epistle when Father Meudon reappeared, looking as painfully pre-occupied as before.

'This letter,' said I, 'from Le Capitaine Webbe is written in more hopeful characters than those which I imperfectly read upon that ominous brow of yours, Father Meudon.'

'Since that letter was written,' he replied, 'I have met with Monsieur Tyler, and gathered from the outpourings of his unchristian rage that the *vieux tête de fer*, General Véray, is resolved to avenge the death of his friend, Le Moine, upon the young Englishman who broke his parole, should that deed of blood be the last exercise of his authority. I come,' added Father Meudon, 'from your mother whom the general's vindictive fury chiefly threatens, and I must not lose one precious moment in seeking to shield you from so cruel, so untimely a doom.'

'Surely,' I exclaimed bewilderedly—'surely the general, tête de fer as he may be, will not dare to display his Bonapartist feelings by a murder—for a murder it would be—in the face of a government that will hold him responsible for the atrocious deed?'

'Let us not, my young friend, deceive ourselves,' said the reverend father. 'The sentence which may doom both you and your young countryman in the next cell to a bloody death, would not be an illegal—at all events, not a grossly illegal one. More than that, the new government has vital need of the support of the military chieftains, who have won so much glory for France, so much renown and power for themselves; and you may be sure that much less legally justifiable deeds than the putting to death, by sentence of court-martial, of two Englishmen—one who had broken his military parole, the other a traitorous spy, it would be said—would not subject one of those celebrities to so much as a reprimand. General Véray has, be assured, no responsibility to fear. Still, do not be too much cast down. My military friend, Colonel Durand, has influence with the general; and I must invoke his good offices without further delay. Farewell. God bless you.'

He left me stunned, struggling as it were to break through a horrible dream—hardly the less horrible that I felt it to be a dream—a fantasy as far as it concerned myself; the instinctive, unreasoning conviction of my own ultimate deliverance, before spoken of, not having been sensibly shaken by M. Meudon's revelation. Of Harry Webbe's doom, on the other hand, I felt an equally unreasoning presentiment—a doom which, it would be said, I had largely, my mother in a less degree, helped to bring upon him—and impelled by that strong unreasoning presentiment, I hastened—the cell-doors being left open during several hours of the day to afford the prisoners access to the yard—as soon as I had sufficiently rallied my faculties, to warn and advise with the unfortunate young man.

We had, I found, exchanged characters, or at least moods of mind and temper. He was now as cock-a-hoop as not long before downcast and despairing. His father's letter, conveyed to him by M. Meudon, had wrought that change, confidently assuring him, as it did, that a brief interval only would elapse before he was liberated.

'Colonel Durand,' said he, 'who is well known for his "legitimate" leanings, will, my father tells me, supersede General Véray in the command here before we are many hours older. All shadow of peril will then have passed away, and I shall be free to immediately consummate the—the—'

He checked the ebullition of his jubilant thoughts, and looked away, as if half afraid that I should observe, perhaps resent, the triumphant, almost insolent radiance which lit up his handsome countenance.

'Free to consummate what?' I sharply asked.

'To consummate a blessed purpose, Linwood'—he had sufficiently subdued himself to calmly reply—'the accomplishment of which I shall mainly owe to your chivalrous generosity—my marriage, namely, with Maria Wilson.'

'Indeed! There has, however, been already one slip between your lip and that cup, and there may be another.'

'There is no fear, my dear Linwood. To-morrow, or possibly to-day—who knows!—I shall be the happiest of men; thanks to you in a great degree. Let me add, whilst I think of it, he went on to say, 'that after calmly thinking over the suggestion you made this morning, as to the course of conduct I was bound for your sake to pursue, in the event of a court-martial taking place—of which there is now, thank God, no fear—I fully resolved, come what come may, never to divulge that Le Moine fell by your hand.'

I was amazed, dumbfounded by the fellow's lying intrepidity of face and tongue, which he observing, and blushing to observe—he was not entirely depraved, it seemed—blurted out, that a man might have strong moral courage, however weak in merely physical nerve.

'Yes, strong moral or immoral courage: I see that plainly enough.'

The young humbug was but momentarily abashed, and evidently quite aware of the pleasure he was affording me, said jauntily:

'So confident are we all that the once interrupted ceremony will be definitively celebrated before another day has flown, that the ladies, my father tells me, have already arrived in Havre.'

'What ladies have arrived in Havre?'

Madame de Bonneville and Mademoiselle Clémence, Madame Dupré and Miss Wilson. Immediately, therefore, this hateful jail-bondage is thrown off, I shall enter into that of wedlock, of which the fetters are Love's own sweet constraint.'

'Such sugar-plum stuff! I am almost tempted to believe I am talking to a girl in sex as well as heart.'

The only excuse I can offer for this unbecoming outburst is the fellow's ill-glozed, mocking taunts, which his mere words fail to convey an adequate idea of.

'Something I am not aware of must have occurred to vex you,' resumed the simpering rascal, who was not at all put out or ruffled by my rudeness. 'Ah, my dear Linwood, I only wish for your sake that a like happiness to that which awaits my acceptance.'

'Two ladies,' interrupted one of the prison officers, throwing wide the door—'two ladies, with permission to see Monsieur Webbe, Englishman.'

I leaped aside into a recess, and the next moment in glided the bright presence of Maria Wilson. Harry Webbe sprang forward with outstretched arms to meet her, and she refused not his impassioned embrace. How could she, I afterwards argued with myself, he being her almost husband, and in bonds; notwithstanding, however, which palliative consideration, I have ever since taken credit to myself for not having forthwith murdered the fellow with the heavy iron candlestick upon which my fingers closed with homicidal force. Madame Dupré, who closely followed Miss Wilson, caught sight of me, and imagining I was a partner in Harry Webbe's cell-domicile, acknowledged me by a friendly nod, followed by a slight scream as I rushed past her into the corridor—thence to the quadrangle—anywhere to escape from those poniard-like caresses, vows, kisses, tears!

The Bourbon flag was still flying from the tower of St Thomas's Church—a great fact, to which my attention was directed by one of the prisoners, who must have supposed I had not before observed it—a courtesy which I repaid by a coarse malediction upon flag and Bourbons both. Like Mr Dickens's vivacious Fanny, I was just then violently wishing myself dead—a state of mind not at all conducive to political enthusiasm. After a dozen or two furious turns up and down the yard, I bethought me of Sicard, and not seeing him, made for our cell, passing the open door of Webbe's with hasty strides and averted glance, though it was impossible to altogether avoid hearing that the lovers were cooing and billing, laughing and weeping, all in a breath.

I was *de trop* again! Jacques Sicard and Mademoiselle Clémence were sighing, sobbing, and embracing each other under the gaunt sanction of a tall, large-boned, fierce-eyed Frenchwoman. Clémence jumped up, blushing and confused; and Maître Sicard, vainly striving to brace his voice up to a manly firmness, brokenly, huskily exclaimed: 'Excuse this weak—weakness, Monsieur Linwood:

I—I am a Frenchman—you—you know to the ends of—of my nails; but some—somehow there is something in tears—the—the tears of a charming, amiable maiden, which—which melts the stoutest heart! That is positive, demonstrable!'

'You here!' I thundered, addressing the Frenchwoman, from whom I had not turned my eyes; 'how dare you shew yourself here, Louise Féron?'

'How dare I shew myself here, Mr William Linwood?' retorted the virago. 'Well, I dare, that's all! And I shall dare much more than that, young man, if I find it useful or expedient to do so. Be advised by me— Ah, mesdames, you are going!—our time must then be also expired. Come, Clémence!'

'Hélas!' spouted Harry Webbe, who had entered the cell with Madame Dupré and Miss Wilson—

'Pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever.
Or—'

The measured tramp of armed men approaching along the stone corridor arrested his heroics, and took the colour out of his cheeks. 'Halte!' exclaimed a hectoring voice of command just without: the door was flung open, and at the entrance gleamed the bayonets of a company of grenadiers. The commanding officer stepped forward, bowed slightly to the ladies, and requested the sergent de ville and chief jailer, by whom he was accompanied, to point out his prisoner.

'They all three happen to be here,' replied the sergent de ville. 'Harry Webbe, Englishman,' he continued, reading from a paper, and placing his hand upon Webbe's arm, 'capitally charged with breach of his parole; William Linwood, capitally charged with aiding the escape of said Harry Webbe, and further, with having travelled in France under the assumed names of Jean Le Gros and Louis Piron; Jacques Sicard, Frenchman, charged with having furnished said William Linwood with a false passport, and aiding his escape from justice.' You have them all three, Capitaine Dubourg.'

'What is the meaning of this?' exclaimed Madame de Bonneville. 'What are you going to do with these young men, Monsieur le Capitaine?'

'My duty, madame,' replied the officer, 'is to conduct them before a court-martial now sitting, by whose sentence they will be either shot or liberated within a couple of hours at furthest.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THAT sociology is a science worth studying, may now be accepted as a truth, after the well-deserved recognition it has had in the social conference at Birmingham. Was anything significant meant in selecting the town that makes all the muskets and bayonets for a demonstration eminently favourable to peace, hostile only to social evils? Birmingham has already made attempts, after its manner, towards the solution of some social problems. Seven thousand of its artisans are members of building societies; and a number more are about to purchase Aston Park, containing a fine old Tudor mansion, about three miles from the town, to be used as a people's park. Truly they have need of it in a place so befouled by smoke! The Mechanics' Institute, which did not flourish, has been replaced by a *Middleton Institute*—an architectural ornament to the town—the scheme of which, as its promoters believe, involves a principle of real vitality.

Among noticeable items of things social, we find

from a recently published report, that in 1856 the visitors to Hampton Court numbered 161,764; and to Kew Gardens, 344,140.—A Normal School of Design is opened at the South Kensington Museum; and from the same establishment framed boards, striped with a series of colours, have been sent to various public institutions in the metropolis and elsewhere, to test the effect of the atmosphere on coloured surfaces. One half of each board is glazed, and will consequently be affected by light only, while the other will exhibit the combined influence of light and air. Periodical observations of the several boards will be taken.—The evening classes at King's College are re-opened; and at the Working Men's College, where Rev. F. D. Maurice is still the principal. Observe, too, government are willing to allow two working-men, students of this college, to compete in the civil service examinations.—The designs for subways, one of the subjects which our Metropolitan Board of Works have had under consideration, are on show at the Society of Arts. These subways are underground passages or tunnels along the streets, intended to receive all the gas and water pipes and telegraph wires, and give access to sewers, without disturbing the surface of the street—a frightful inconvenience in our busy thoroughfares. Some of the plans are highly ingenious, and embody a system of ventilation by means of existing chimneys. Now that the *Times* has had a leader on the scheme, we may hope that something will come of it.—Endeavours for the public welfare do indeed advance, notwithstanding the 'stringency' in the money-market and disturbance of trade: Halifax has scarcely got used to the novelty and pleasure of a people's park, ere Blackburn is put in possession of a similar enjoyment; and Wolverhampton, half-stifed by the smoke of the 'black country,' has started a Working Men's College, with fair promise of success.—And last, shewing what women can do when they have a mind, female clubs against celibacy have been formed in Var and Gironde on the other side of the Channel. Two hundred members constitute a club; they pay an annual subscription of ten francs each, which provides a sufficient dowry for the happy few who may be married within the year. With such an unequivocal allotment, they all in time get husbands; and to keep the club going, they continue their subscriptions for ten years after marriage.

The decimal-coinage question is not forgotten: another move in favour of it is to be made in the approaching session of parliament.—The dingy old museum at St Bartholomew's Hospital has been renovated by Mr Owen Jones, and now the visitor or student walks through a cheerful and elegant apartment with facilities for examination heretofore impossible. On the other hand, the hospital sustains a loss in consequence of Dr Stenhouse being obliged to resign the professorship of chemistry through ill health; his place is supplied by Dr Frankland from Owen's College at Manchester, a gentleman whose reputation ranks high among chemists.—The Photographic Society having taken to themselves a local habitation—they achieved a name some time ago—opened their session in their new rooms, in Coventry Street, which will serve for meetings, and for their public exhibitions. The society flourishes, and so does their art. Black leather is now used for photographs: by what is called the 'vitro-heliographic process,' pictures are taken on slabs of porcelain; and the sun is now made to supersede the draughtsman in preparing wood-blocks for the engraver. The block is first wetted with a solution of alum, and dried; then with a camel-hair brush is washed all over with a glue composed of soap, gelatine, and a solution of alum, which keeps the wood firm and free from damp. The surface for the image is then placed for a few minutes in a solution of chlorhydrate of ammonia, and exposed

to the nitrate, after which the negative is laid on, and watched till a satisfactory impression appears, and this having been fixed, the block is ready for the engraver. This power of reproducing the images of objects implies, as is obvious, the most desirable accuracy of representation. And besides these we hear of transparent enamel photographs, of which the picture is preserved by enclosure between two plates of glass. Nothing shews better the popular appreciation of the photographic art than the success of the *Architectural Photographic Association*, which, set on foot last May, now numbers six hundred members. As their name indicates, they occupy themselves with taking pictures of buildings, and at times, of engineering works, for which purpose the art is peculiarly valuable. What the *Association* have already accomplished may be seen in many print-shops: views of the principal public and private edifices from all parts of Europe, and now we are told there is 'a certainty of the operations being extended into India, China, and other countries of Asia.' Photography is used, too, by surgeons to preserve the history of a 'case' by a series of pictures which shew the course of the disease or the cure.

The Manchester Exhibition having been closed at the time appointed, a meeting has been held to decide what shall be done with the building. The question was left unsettled. We are glad to learn that, so far as can be at present ascertained, no loss will fall on the promoters of the great experiment—for experiment it was. The Exhibition was open 142 days, during which time it was entered by 1,053,538 paying visitors. The receipts from all sources amounted to L.98,500; the expenses will hardly be less than L.100,000; but the sale of the building and fittings will bring a considerable sum to the credit side. The total of visitors is not so great as was anticipated; this, however, is a result which may be looked at from the circumstantial as well as from the sanguine point of view. We say it advisedly, that the great mass of our working-classes lack that necessary amount of previous cultivation which would enable them to understand and enjoy such a collection of historical portraits—to say nothing of other works of art—as was exhibited at Manchester. And we should not greatly err if we included a majority of those who claim to rank above the working-classes in the same category. We are of those who hold that the world will not go one jot the faster for being driven, and that education has much to do before the time shall be ripe for the influence of pictures. Meanwhile, we record that a statue has been erected to Madame de Sevigné at Grignan; to the poet Moore—Tom Moore—at Dublin; one in bronze by Steell, in Edinburgh, to the second Viscount Melville; and one on horseback to Lord Hardinge, in the court-yard of Burlington House. This is about as congruous a situation for a warrior, as the front of the Horse Guards would be for a statue of Sir Humphry Davy. Luckily, the equestrian figure is only to remain within the precincts of learning and science for three months, to be a sight for the Londoners, before it is shipped to its ultimate destination—Calcutta.

Mr Alvan Clark of Boston, United States, has made a discovery highly interesting to astronomers: it is, that certain stars in some of the northern constellations which have hitherto been regarded as single, are, in fact, double; and it brings matter to that important question respecting the changes stars undergo which are perceptible only after the lapse of years. Struve of Pulkowa, whose survey of the heavens is well known, did not observe the stars here in question as double when he was constructing his stellar charts.—Of discovering little planets there is no end; we are now at the forty-ninth, to which the French astronomers have given the name of *Pales*; the forty-fifth is *Eugenia*, in honour of the empress. Will the emperor bestow his name on the

fiftieth? or are globes not bigger than Paris too small for his ambition?—Photography is to aid astronomy yet further, and with a view to initiate a method of determining the positions and magnitudes, the Society of Sciences at Haarlem have offered a prize for the best photographs of stars. Whether Mr Bond of Cambridge, Massachusetts, will gain the prize, we know not; but he succeeded so well some months ago in photographing portions of the heavens, that the angles between the stars could be measured on the plate.—Professor Wolf, of Berne, is about to publish tables of observations of the solar spots made in Italy and Germany during the last century, as he is satisfied that they confirm his views as to the periodical recurrence of those spots within definite terms of years.—Mr Porro, the skilful optician, has invented a telescope, or helioscope, which has no dark glasses, and in which the glare and heat are so effectually neutralised, that observations can be carried on without annoyance to the gazer's eye. Seen through this instrument, the spots on the sun resemble bare patches of ground in a great field of snow.—Hansen of Seeberg is one of the most renowned astronomers of Europe; his *Lunar Tables*, the result of long years of careful observation, have just been published, at the cost of our own government, in a large quarto volume, copies of which, under direction of the astronomer-royal, have been presented to observatories in all parts of the world. Herein science is benefited, and praise should not be withheld from those to whom it is due. Already, the *Tables* have proved of good account, Mr Airy having, by means of them, settled a question which has long baffled astronomers—namely, the exact date of the eclipse which took place on the day of the battle of Lariessa. It was May 19, 556 a.c. This may seem a dry question; it is, nevertheless, as the astronomer-royal says, 'valuable, not merely for its chronological utility, but also for its accurate determination of an astronomical epoch.'

Some further advances have been made towards utilising the electric light. M. Legrand, engineer of the French light-house board, recently threw a beam of electric light from the heights at Chaillot into the Champ de Mars at Paris, the illuminating effect of which was regarded as successful. The essential difficulty which has hitherto attended the use of carbon points, is said to be overcome in the new apparatus, in which mercury is substituted for charcoal.

Messrs Schuessel and Thouret of Berlin are exhibiting their new 'fire-preventive,' which is of such a nature that it protects alike the solidest and lightest of combustible substances. Small tables and other articles of furniture painted with it may be put into a large wood-fire for ten minutes, and suffer no hurt, the article being only 'partly carbonised where actually touched by the fire.' 'Wooden shavings,' say the inventors, 'prepared with our secret, being thrown upon a brisk fire, will not catch fire.' Sheets of paper will burn only where left uncoated; muslin, linen, woollens, the materials of curtains and bedding, cannot be made to propagate fire if but once rendered proof by the preventive. The substance, they say, is cheap, and it 'may be applied to articles mixed with the colour during the process of dyeing, or with starch during that of washing.' The appearance of wood prepared with it is not altered, nor has it any unpleasant smell.

Paper that will bear printing on without the usual preliminary wetting, has long been a desideratum; and we hear that such a kind of paper has not only been made, but that it has been worked up into printed books, and published. Printers of all degrees will rejoice when it becomes as available as the ordinary sorts of paper.

The *Cyclops* has sailed to aid in laying down the Red Sea telegraph.—Sir Charles Lyell is paying a

geological visit of inquiry to Vesuvius: it might be worth his while, on the way home, to examine the deposits of coal and iron-ore which have lately been discovered at the foot of the Apennines.—Mr Henwood, whose mining surveys we have at times noticed, has lately returned from a survey of the Chanarcillo mines in Chili, and with valuable information for the Geological Society of Cornwall. His labours have thus taken him, in the space of twenty-three months, to the Himalayas, the Andes, to the Pyramids, and Niagara.—The use of sulphur to check the vine-disease in Portugal, has been found to protect the grapes at the expense of the wine, to which the mineral imparts a disagreeable flavour.—M. Trécul, in a communication made to the *Académie*, on the Circulation in Plants, shews that it is 'the circulation which produces the vessels; in other words, that it is the function which creates the organ.'—A suggestion has been made that the horse-chestnut, being now in demand for commercial purposes, rows of horse-chestnut trees might be planted with profit in the rural districts, by the roadsides, and in avenues across commons. But the best farmers say that we have too many trees already, and macadamisers dislike too much shelter for the roads. Orchards, it is said, might also be formed on the slopes of railway-cuttings—a question for the constructors to decide. Some years ago we mentioned that strawberry-beds would be likely to succeed on the slopes; and travellers on the Great Western may now see strawberries growing in certain places on the sunny side of the line.—M. Brown-Séquard, a distinguished physiologist, whose name has more than once been brought before readers of the *Journal*, has demonstrated the view originally put forth by Haller, that the irritability of the muscular system is independent of the nervous system—able to act without the co-operation of the nerves. He has now, he believes, established the fact, that the irritability 'depends on the action of the blood, rich in oxygen, upon the contractile organs' of the muscular system.

Alas for the hopes of bell-founders, clockmakers, and campanologists! *Big Ben* is cracked, and just as the quarter-bells were all cast and ready to hang. We hope the accident is not ominous. On the other hand, the great gun, or monster mortar, as some call it, has been tried with astonishing results in Woolwich marshes. A charge of 100 pounds of powder sent the ponderous 36-inch shell 2250 yards; and with 150 pounds it flew roaring far beyond the butt, and buried itself deep in the earth.—A patent process for blasting rocks by heat is announced: holes are bored in the rock, and then filled with a composition which splits the solid mass, not by explosion, but by the generation of a sudden and intense heat.—Accounts from Canada state that the works of the great Victoria Bridge at Montreal are advancing favourably; and that the booking of emigrants through from England to the west at one charge is quite successful.

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

I POSSESSED some valuable diamonds which had been unset, and, as I was on a visit to Paris, I thought I would have them re-set. A friend—an old, dear, and valued friend—accompanied me to a jeweller's to make inquiries as to what would be the cost. The tradesman, after examining them carefully, pronounced them to be of great value, and said the cheapest form of setting would come to about thirty pounds. We did not, at the moment, decide about it, and as, shortly afterwards, business compelled me to leave Paris, I deferred the arrangement of my diamonds till my return. Just before I came away, I changed my maid—an Englishwoman—for a French *femme de*

chambre, the former having matrimonial designs; and, consequently, not being quite willing to trust the stranger, I undertook to pack my jewels, &c., myself. For this purpose, I had my jewel-case and deak brought to the drawing-room, and began arranging my ornaments and papers. Whilst I was thus occupied, two gentlemen called successively; the latter being Dr S—, the friend who had accompanied me to the jeweller's. During the time I chatted with him, I took out the diamonds, wrapped them in white paper, tied them with narrow ribbon, and sealed the tiny packet with *green wax*. I then placed it in a small box, and put it into my jewel-case. At that very moment my maid asked if she could speak with me, and excusing myself to Dr S—, I left him; never, of course, dreaming of locking up my half-packed jewels.

I was absent a few moments, and found everything, apparently, as I had left it. I finished my packing, and the jewels remained in their hiding-places till I had reached, and been some days in London. Then the wish to have the diamonds re-set returned, and I went to seek them, in order to take them to Roundell and Bridges. I opened the case, lifted off the lid of the small box, and found the diamonds gone! I searched every other box in the case, hoping I had mistaken their whereabouts, but no—the diamonds were lost. I need not say how grieved and puzzled I was, and how inexplicable the loss appeared. No suspicion, however, of the only person present at their packing distressed me; I should as soon have suspected my nearest and dearest relative. Some time elapsed ere I again found myself in Paris; and then, from all sides, I heard the fame of Alexis, the 'subject' whose trance-powers approached the miraculous. A strong desire and curiosity awoke in my mind to ask him if he could, in his *clairvoyant* state, give me any tidings of my lost jewels.

I must mention here, that shortly after my return to Paris, I had received my former waiting-woman back again, and that I now made her accompany me to Alexis's house.

We were received with great civility by the mesmerist, who, having thrown his 'subject' into a sleep, desired me to place my hand in his, and ask him any question I chose. I obeyed, saying simply:

'Why do I come to you?'

'Madame a perdu quelque chose.'

'What is it?'

'Ah, je vois! A little packet it is of white paper, tied with ribbon, and with a *green seal*.'

I was startled.

'What does it contain?' I asked.

'Il contient des pierres blanches. Eh! *des diamans*!'

'You are right; now tell me—Where have I put it? I have lost it.'

'Non; madame ne l'a pas perdu. Elle a été bien volée.'

'Volé! mais— Can you see the thief?'

'Oui, madame; il fait comme ça.' And he mimicked so exactly the face of my old friend, that my attendant exclaimed immediately:

'O ma'am, it is Dr S—!'

'What is his name?' I asked breathlessly.

'His Christian name is the same as my own. I can see no more.'

Alexander was my friend's name; the clairvoyant, Alexis. Need I say I left the mesmerist's, after paying my napoleon, fully assured of the culpability of my former friend. But what could have induced such a man to rob me? Some dire temptation it must have been. I would give him every opportunity of retrieving his error, but at the same time I would recover my lost diamonds. The opportunity for speaking to him occurred very shortly. We met a few days afterwards. Assuming a jesting air, I laughed, and said:

'By the bye, Dr S—, when do you intend to let me have my diamonds? You have carried on the jest quite long enough now, and given me a severe fright.'

He turned deadly pale; there was no mistaking his change of countenance.

'Your diamonds, Mrs —; I don't know what you mean!'

'Why, you know you took them the night I was packing up—for a jest, of course—but it is really time to end it now. I *know* it was you who did it.'

'From a mesmerist, I suppose,' said he, but without expressing the least indignation at the charge. 'Really some day you will go mad about mesmerism!'

I confessed that I had been to Alexis.

'Well,' said he calmly, 'I shall go to him also.'

A few days afterwards he called on me, producing a written paper from Alexis, declaring that he did not mean Dr S— by his description. I became indignant:

'You have bribed him to give it you!' I exclaimed.

'I also have again visited Alexis, and was reproached by him and the mesmerist for exposing them to a judicial trial for what they had told me. I believe you have the diamonds; I insist on your returning them.'

Again he grew deadly pale, and repeated: 'I did not take them.'

I was very angry. If he had resented such an accusation; if he had been violently angry with me, or very indignant, I should have believed him innocent; but that pale, troubled face, those calm, meek denials! I rang the bell. 'Shew Dr S— out.' And turning from him indignantly, I left the room. Of course, we met no more.

Years rolled on. I thought I had lost both my friend and my diamonds. We were again in London. One morning my husband wanted something I had in my dressing-case. I carried it into his dressing-room, seated myself, and began looking for it. At length I opened the little box, memorable for having held the small white paper parcel. My husband will tell you that the next moment I startled him by a cry.

'What is the matter, Emily?'

'Oh! I gasped, 'the diamonds—the diamonds!'

Yes, there they were: they had never left their first hiding-place. It happened thus: The box had a deep lid, the green wax was still wet when I shut it down; it adhered to the lid, and remained there. Every time before, when I had removed the lid, I had put it down as I took it off—the top upwards. Now, by a strange chance, I turned the top down, and behold the diamonds were within it. I leave you to imagine how grieved I was at my unjust suspicions of my dear old friend. If I had known where to find him, I should at once have written to beg his forgiveness. Happily, I at length heard of him. I was invited to dine with an old East Indian friend, who on my arrival said:

'I have an old friend of yours staying with me—Dr S—.'

'I am so glad. Shall I see him?'

'No. I told him you were coming, and he said he would dine at the club, for that you would not sit in the same room with him.'

'Did he tell you why he thought so?'

'No; he said you were angry with him.'

The meek, generous-hearted man had never even hinted at the cruel injustice I had done him. As soon as I returned home, I wrote him the most penitent of notes—and was forgiven. Thus I recovered both my friend and my diamonds; but I have never quite forgiven mesmerism for the pain it caused me; nor can I to this day explain by what unaccountable means Alexis was able to tell all about my loss, and yet to be so grievously far off the truth.

I must add, that I went to a *juge* about the diamonds,

and he would have given me a writ on Dr S——, but old friendship prevented me from exposing him in any way. How rejoiced I was that I had not done so!

VULGAR ERRORS IN LAW.

Verbal and written guarantee.—It is commonly believed that if a man accompanies his friend to a shop, and passes his word for the debt he may there contract, the guarantee is good in law. But this is a mistake: the purchaser is the person to whom credit is given, and the other can take the debt upon himself only by means of a *written* promise.

Tender in payment.—If you offer to a creditor what you conceive to be the just amount of your debt, you think you have made a legal tender; but that depends upon your discretion in making it. If you clog the offer with any condition, even the stipulation for a receipt in full, it is invalid: a legal tender, to be good, must be entirely unconditional.

Copper and silver as tenders.—Various good stories are told of revengeful debtors tendering in copper money the sums they were compelled to pay, and at so critical an hour of the day that their busy creditors would almost rather have done without. But this is all fudge. Copper coin is not a legal tender when the debt is of an amount that can be paid in silver or gold; and even silver is not legal to the amount of more than forty shillings. Bank of England notes are as good a tender as gold; but they again are convertible on demand at the Bank into gold at the mint price.

Civil liability of drunkards.—We all know that offences against the person are held to be aggravated rather than otherwise by their being committed under the influence of intoxication; but it is less known that a drunkard is securely bound by his written deeds. The signature of a drunken man is vitiated only when the drunkenness was produced by the contrivance of those to whom the bond was given, or when the intoxication went the length of depriving him entirely of reason.

Plants belong to the ground.—When you give up your occupation of a garden, and do not choose that the trees and shrubs you have planted should become the property of the landlord, you are tempted to cut them down if you cannot remove them. Don't; or you will subject yourself to an action at law. Leave your own flowers, too, and your own box-borders, or else prepare to stand the consequences of a contravention of the law.

Ladies, mind what you are about!—A lady thinks her property is her own till the marriage-knot is tied: but she is mistaken. From the moment she has accepted the offer of marriage, everything she possesses, or is to possess in reversion, becomes the property of her intended; and no deed involving its transfer, executed by her in the interval before marriage, is valid. The reason is that the intended covenanted for herself and her havings at the moment of the engagement, and she has no right to disappoint him.—These items are condensed from Mr Timbs's *Popular Errors Explained*, and serve as a specimen of the useful and sometimes curious information to be found in the book. It may be well to remark that, being matters of English law, they are not necessarily applicable to Scotland.

POSTAGE ENVELOPES.

M. Piron tells us that the idea of a post-paid envelope originated early in the reign of Louis XIV. with M. de Velay, who in 1658 established (with royal approbation) a private penny-post, placing boxes at the corners of streets for the reception of letters wrapped up in envelopes, which were to be bought at offices established for that purpose. M. de Velay also caused to be printed certain forms of *billets* or notes, applicable to the ordinary business among the inhabitants of great towns, with blanks, which were to be filled up by the pen with such special matter as might complete the writer's object. Pellisson, Madame de Sevigné's friend, and the object of the *bonmot*

that 'he abused the privilege which men have of being ugly,' was amused at this kind of skeleton correspondence; and under the affected name of Pisandre, he tied up and addressed one of these forms to the celebrated Mademoiselle de Scuderi in her *pseudonyme* of Sappho. This strange *billet-doux* is still extant; one of the oldest, we presume, of penny-post letters, and a curious example of a prepaying envelope.—*Quarterly Review*.

THE DARK HOUR ERE THE DAWNING.

SHE rocks her baby to and fro,
Crying aloud in anguish wild:
'I cannot bear that deadlier wo,
So, God of mercy, take my child.'
Poor soul! her act belies the prayer
She breathes into the midnight air—
It is before the dawning.

For while she speaks, her arms enfold
The babe with a still tighter clasp;
As fearing Death, so stern and cold,
Should hear, and rend it from her grasp.
She knows not—were that dark hour past—
Of hers, 'tis doomed to be the last,
The one before the dawning.

You had not wondered at the prayer,
If you had seen that hovel poor,
And known what *she* had suffered there,
Since first the grim 'wolf' forced the door:
But the prayer sped; the widow's pride,
Of sickness—not of hunger—died,
An hour before the dawning.

Half thankful, half remorseful, now
This only treasure, hers no more—
Tears raining on its marble brow,
She lays upon her pallet poor,
Then whispers: 'Would I *too* might die,
And so together we should fly
To seek a brighter dawning.'

The dawning came, and with it brought
Tidings of friends, and wealth restored;
They fell scarce heeded, as she sought
The little corpse, and o'er it poured
Her wild lament, her ceaseless moan
That such had found her all alone—
No child to share the dawning.

A hungry bee will strive to sip
Sweets even from a faded rose:
Thus hangs she on the pallid lip
So long, one almost might suppose
That she is striving with her breath
To thaw away the frosts of death,
Which yield not to the dawning.

And now she murmurs day by day:
'O God, that I had learned to wait;
'Tis so much harder than to pray,
As I have found, alas! too late.
I might have deemed the worst was past,
And that dark hour *must* be the last,
The one before the dawning.'

RUTH BAKER.

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SUCCESSFUL PEOPLE.

'Nemo succeeds like success,' says the universal voice of Great Britain, speaking from all mouthpieces—especially loud from the great national speaking-trumpet, the *Times* newspaper. In all departments of human work and human play, Englishmen honour those who are visibly, conspicuously successful. Success is a sort of certificate of merit that every one can read and understand. It is not written in Latin, intelligible only to the few; but it carries the translation of 'doctissimus' and 'optimus' deep into the minds of the crowd. They honour the man who has done the thing he willed to do; quite as often, too, they honour the man who has done a thing he never willed anything about, but which he hit upon 'by luck,' as men say. To succeed in the world is a sort of religious duty with some folk—the only one they are very assiduous in performing. These people generally do succeed, because to will a thing strongly, to turn our hearts and brains constantly towards an object, is going more than half-way towards the attainment of it. These people are praiseworthy—worthy of the praise they get. To succeed in ever so small an undertaking in life, argues the exercise of certain highly respectable moral and intellectual qualities—courage, perseverance, patience, self-denial, and intelligent observation and reflection. True, successful people are not always very great or very wise; but it does not become the unsuccessful to disparage their achievements, as they do frequently, while they are sick with envy at the result of these achievements.

The most common objects of so-called success in the world are, to make a fortune, to found a family, or to make one's self famous. It is these objects steadily pursued for many generations by a large proportion of the British people, that has built up and consolidated our material prosperity, and has helped largely in our intellectual and spiritual greatness.

What a Yankee would call 'the eloquent capabilities' of success in life are great. It would bear a deal of talking about; but we should consider much of what might, could, or would be said in its glorification as mere talking for talking's sake—at all events, in this country, where no one lives upon the fatalism of the Turk, but where we believe that a man, in the common phrase, is the architect of his own fortunes. Practically, all successful men in this country put forth the strength, intellect, and will that are necessary to succeed, and leave the rest to a higher power. They take care to keep their powder dry, and then put their trust in Providence.

'The race is not always to the swift, or the battle

to the strong,' says the proverb. Solomon and other wise old men are gentle-hearted. This saying was meant as a kindly encouragement to the slow and weak, who are really anxious to make the best of their deficiency. The 'always' is their qualifying ray of hope. Let it shine ever before them, and lead them on to the utmost; but let no friend teach them to over-value its promise. It is false kindness which would lead the tortoise to disparage the hare's speed, or make the little Jacks of everyday life believe that giants will be easily overcome by them. God made the laws of nature like those of the Medes and Persians. Fire burns, water drowns a body heavier than itself, you do not gather grapes of thorns, wisdom from fools, nor tender acts from tigers. Let those who contend in the battle and the race rest assured that the strongest and the swiftest must win, if their other qualifications be on a par with those of their opponents. It is only when they are unusually defective in the will or power to turn their superiority to account they can fail. Hence the astonishment of the world when its Samsons and Atalantas are defeated; and the good-natured proverbs that cheer and encourage inferior people. 'The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' Not always! So, courage, young Mediocrity! Do your best—it is sure to be worth something to the world, surer still to be worth immortality to your own soul. If you fail when you are doing your best towards God, it will count for you more than ten successes in the eyes of the world.

All honour to the successful man who succeeds, as most men do, by *fair* means! A successful rogue is rarely successful through a lifetime. The brilliant instances of roguery in the last few years go far to prove that. We are willing to admire the manly energy, courage, and industry which does something in the world. It is a beautiful thing to see a human being succeed in any right work—to see the requisite power put forth in the fittest way, and directed by adequate intelligence. Human skill in exercise has an irresistible charm for men; it is beautiful as well as useful; and we all love it; but we should love it no more than in reason.

The successful men of the world get credit for doing the work of the world. That portion of it that lies on and above the surface they do, in their day and generation; but those who have this visible, tangible something to shew for their labour, generally owe much to the unheard-of labours of their predecessors, who have been their *navvies*, and dug out rubbish, and laid the firm foundations of their edifices. To labour is the lot of man, and no one gains anything by shirking.

Glory is something superadded to the reward of labour; but the true reward never fails the steady, honest worker whose power is equal to his task. So much work done buys such and such wages—health, peace, and competence. The successful man does more than the ordinary labourer; having more than ordinary means and faculty, he achieves a conspicuous work, and is honoured of men. How is it that the world's successful men are often—not to speak paradoxically—disappointed men? Because happiness or content has not essentially any connection with success in the world. If happiness be our being's end and aim, the successful men of the world do not hit that mark as often as their admirers suppose. Perhaps because these admirers do not draw a distinction we wish to draw.

Success in the world is a different thing from success in life, although in many instances individuals have attained both. These are they who noble ends by noble means pursue. Still, if the prizes and blanks in the lottery of the world were identical with success or failure in the objects of this earthly existence, it would be a sadder life than it is on this planet of ours, which yet 'goes sobbing through space,' as the poet says. It is not so. Each man and woman among us—the feeblest, the least endowed with good gifts—may live a life, develop his powers to the utmost of his means, and exercise them not all for self. He will then have succeeded in life, done the best with the earthly mantle of his soul; and he will not wish to throw it up in disgust, or say to his Maker, 'Why hast thou formed me thus?' To quote the expression of Balzac, in speaking of discontent in life and suicide: '*La vie est un vêtement; quand il est sale on le brosse; quand il est troué on le raccommode; mais on reste vêtu tant qu'on peut.*' (Life is a garment; when it is dusty, we brush it; when it is torn, we mend it; but we remain clothed as long as we can.) This is not taking a high view of the matter; it is merely making the best of a bad matter; but the life is no such bad matter as the cynics declare. It is quite possible for mere ordinary folks like you and me to achieve a great success in life, though we are unsuccessful in the world. 'Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city.' To rule one's own spirit, is to succeed in life—to live royally. Such self-subjection begets love and confidence in others. Women especially cling to those who are self-reliant and modest. It is true that some women love the proud and ambitious man who moves heaven and earth to compass his own honour; but such love is earthly in its nature, and dies out with prosperity or notoriety. Many a great man, too, has been unsuccessful in the world, but has lived successfully, working ever towards a high end, and pioneering the way for those who shall make a successful work before the world. The alchemists of the middle ages were many of them of this class; they did not deem their lives wasted or unsuccessful, though they did not achieve their definite purpose. The true way to succeed in life is to find out what God has fitted us for doing, and to do that as persistently as we can through all the lets and hinderances of our own nature, and the circumstances over which we have no control. We may fail in the special world's work we hoped to do, in the labour we loved; but we can learn to bear the disappointment, and take to something that may prosper with us. We can comfort ourselves by reflecting that another will do better what we had hoped to do, and that we can appreciate his worth, and praise him more meetly than another could who had not laboured in the same field. If we live in this spirit, we can never 'fail' in life—never sink down to wretchedness and weak despair. It will not make us unhappy to hear the sad laments

of the poets over the mutability of this life; we can listen to Shakspeare's melancholy cry—

When I consider everything that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge state presenteth nought but shows, &c.—

and we can sympathise in it; but not so far as to forget that this rapid passing on from one stage to another of existence is merely a series of developments, of which what we call death is the closing one on earth—probably the opening one in another life. Success in this one consists in bearing with intelligent resignation, and working with intelligent energy, all that we are called upon to endure or to do. The two kinds of successful people—those who succeed in the world, and those who succeed in life—meet each with their reward: happy are they who succeed in both.

DROWNED, BUT NOT FOUND.

We are told that such are the numbers of London corpses now conveyed by the 'Funeral Trains,' that, upon arrival at the necropolises, the coffins get separated, and the processions mixed, so that you are as likely to be following another party as your own dear departed to his or her long home; a misapplication of sentiment sufficiently mortifying when you become aware of it, but not involving any lifelong wretched uncertainty, such as is suggested by the heading of this paper. Fancy the horror, even in the case of our dearest and nearest, of meeting him or her, on a sudden, above ground, whom we had concluded, years ago, to have been under water! Leaving out of the question our being her or his male or female relative, and our having chanced to marry again in the interim, or having published his or her *Remains*, without the smallest regard to private feelings, and taking the matter under as ordinary circumstances as such a thing can be taken, so that the little rencontre may occur in the most mitigated manner—not by moonlight or by twilight; not in Finsbury Square nor on Salisbury Plain, but—in Cheapside upon a Monday morning, yet how horrible is the bare idea of it! It is doubtful, perhaps, whether broad noonday and crowds of people going about their usual avocations would not heighten, by contrast, the terror of such a sight. As our gaze fell upon him or her, upon the opposite side of the roaring street, whom we had believed to be five fathom five in ocean, and to have suffered a sea-change these many years, how suddenly the hand would drop with which we were receiving our change, or with which we were hailing our omnibus. The poet has truly written that, for the most part, such supposed guests of Pluto (or Davy Jones) would find but an iron welcome upon their return. But supposing that one had been their heir, and had spent the policy of their life-insurance! I wonder what the poet would have said about it then. Having myself been secretary to a life-assurance company for many years, I know something about these matters. We, the company, are most ungrudgingly distressed at the death of any of our customers, but we feel a satisfaction, melancholy indeed, but still a great satisfaction, in seeing the body, before we pay the piper—the policy. Within the present century, and soon after I was appointed to the Grand National and Provincial Costermongers' Friend Society, occurred the following circumstances: The G. N. P. C. F. S. did not confine itself to benefiting costermongers, of course, but took everybody's life it could get; amongst others, that of a young tinman, name, Robert Noggin, residence, Ipswich; peculiarity, weakness in the left leg—for which he wore an elastic stocking—insurance, four hundred pounds: a large sum for a tinman, we thought, and be sure we stuck it on to the premium, on account of the elastic stocking. He told our

doctor, in answer to the usual questions, that his uncle had died 'by accident'—tumbled off a tree with a rope round his neck, as we discovered afterwards; and as that sort of disease is in some measure hereditary, we were extra particular.

In rather less than five months after his admission, we received a letter from Joseph Noggins, his cousin and executor, written on mourning note-paper, in a black-edged envelope, with a black wafer:

'IPSWICH, November 2.

'GENTLEMEN—I regret to have to inform you that my dear cousin Robert was drowned last evening at Lowestoft, while bathing from off the beach.'

'Drowned!' said our manager; 'ah, he doesn't say whether he's found.'

So I wrote an answer of condolence to Joseph Noggins, saying that the company would like to show their respect for the departed, by sending down some trustworthy person to attend the inquest. We were referred, by return of post, to the advertisement columns of the *Times*, wherein we read that L.25 reward was offered for the recovery of the body of Robert Noggins, and L.2 for that of his watch. The unfortunate deceased, with a sort of foreboding, as it almost seemed, of his affecting end, had lately insured himself for the same amount of L.400 in two other offices besides our own; so that the three companies clubbed together, and instead of replying to the lawyers' letters, which daily arrived, upon the subject of the policy, we sent down a detective officer to Lowestoft.

This was what that gentleman gathered there, upon the sea-shore and other places, sauntering about, as it might be pleasure-seeking: That Robert Noggins had been residing at Lowestoft for a fortnight previous to his untimely death, having been recommended to try sea-bathing for his weak left leg; that he did bathe every day, and sometimes in the morning, not from a machine, but from the beach; that he bathed from the beach as late as seven o'clock upon the 1st of November at high-water, and was never seen afterwards; his clothes were found above high-water mark, but not his watch and not his elastic stocking; moreover, he had taken a great bag with him when he went to bathe; that the fishermen all assert that they have had no experience of a Lowestoft body not being found; that since L.25 had been offered for this particular 'party,' they have done their best both inshore and upon the sandbanks, and believe the melancholy event to be all gammon. To this opinion, our detective, in conclusion, cordially assents. The three companies accordingly resisted Cousin Joseph's several claims, in the absence of more certain proofs of Robert's demise, and received, in due course, notice of action.

After an interval of six weeks, a letter arrives from the enemy's solicitor, with news that the body is found—found in the river Humber, at Kingston-upon-Hull, and the inquest is to be held upon it on the following day. Off I start, within an hour, northward, by express train, in company with two of our clerks; the distance is so great that fast as we travel, we don't arrive at Kingston in time. The inquest is closed. We have an interview with the coroner, and he declines to interfere. The cousin of the deceased and two intimate friends have identified the body upon oath, and every legal regulation has been complied with. Then said we: 'We suspect fraud;' and laid before him our reasons for suspecting it. At last, he consented to the reopening of the inquest for one day; in the meantime, and unknown to the other party, we got permission for a neighbouring surgeon to examine the corpse very particularly; we got counsel, the next morning, to cross-examine the witnesses very particularly also.

'How did they identify the deceased person?'

'By his forehead, which was a remarkably high one.'

'And was that'—with indignation—'the sole ground upon which they had come into that court and taken oath?'

'No; the deceased person had remarkably long nails, and the corpse had very long nails also. There was the mark of an elastic stocking, such as the deceased was known to have worn, still traceable upon the left leg; and fourthly, there was a tooth missing from the lower jaw, and the deceased was known to have had a bottom tooth extracted.'

Our own medical witness then deposed.

Had carefully examined the corpse upon the preceding evening, and did not consider the forehead to be a particularly high one; it was neither a high forehead nor a low forehead; there was no mark of an elastic stocking upon the left leg, so far as he (witness) could observe, at all; with regard to the length of the nails, the corpse had not any nails whatever (sensation); nevertheless, the action of water during a long period, which had destroyed the nails, had bared the skin beneath in such a manner as to give the appearance of long nails, perhaps, to a superficial observer. Fourthly, had examined the lower jaw very minutely; and although there was a space between the middle teeth, it arose from a decayed tooth whose stump was still remaining; no tooth in the bottom row had ever been extracted.

Our counsel pressed these contradictory assertions upon the attention of the jury, and commented upon the exceeding improbability of a body drowned at Lowestoft finding its way past the Wash and other convenient inlets to Kingston-upon-Hull. Finally, he threw out the delicate suggestion that Joseph Noggins, being, as we had discovered, a sexton, had opportunities of setting bodies afloat which were not enjoyed by everybody. All this opposed to the fact that the cousin and the two friends still swore to the similitude of their dear departed as stoutly as ever, so bewildered the jury, that they returned an open verdict, to the effect that there was not sufficient evidence to establish the identity of the body.

On the next day, the corpse was interred with considerable pomp, its three identifiers in deep mourning and tears following it in three funeral-coaches to the church-yard. One thing only was wanting to prove their entire conviction that it was poor Robert Noggins and no other, and that was, that they resolutely refused to pay the fisherman who found it the L.25 reward advertised for its recovery; and under these circumstances, the G. N. P. C. F. S. considers itself also justified in not paying the policy.

FROM ANCONA TO LORETTO.

THE famous *Santa Casa*, or holy house of Loretto, has long been recognised as the principal attraction of the Marche; indeed, it is so well known to tourists, that I should have left my excursion thither unrecorded, had not this omission rendered my picture of local manners and customs incomplete.* Little as the Anconitans are given to locomotion, I never met an instance of one who had not visited the shrine at least once in his or her life, whilst many make it a point of conscience to repair thither every year. The distance from Ancona by the high-road is twenty miles—a journey of five hours, in that country of steep hills and slow coaches; but travellers are generally disposed to overlook the tedium of the way in their admiration of the scenery it discloses. Few, however, have any conception of the still more picturesque features of the circuitous route through which, one lovely evening in June, we pursued our pilgrimage to Loretto.

There was nothing very original or brilliant in our

* See *Chambers's Journal*, Nos. 151, 166, 187.

party. The V—— family—the same with whom we went to the rural christening—joined the expedition, too adventurous for any of our Italian friends; the consul, the Chevalier V——, this time escorting his wife and lively Polish daughters, very proud, as he protested, of the charge my uncle had delegated to him as his representative towards my cousins and unworthy self. He was a good man, that dear chevalier, in every acceptance of the term, but his sphere was certainly not a scrambling gipeying enterprise, such as we contemplated, and his presence would have proved hopelessly depressing, had it not been for the antidote furnished by the indomitable spirits of a lieutenant and two little midshipmen belonging to an English frigate lying in the harbour, who had obtained permission to accompany us. The fair hair and ruddy cheeks of the midgies, reminding Madame V—— of her own absent boys, had pleaded irresistibly in their favour; their extreme juvenility too, she argued, screened her from any breach of the convenances she was always so solicitous to maintain. As to the young lieutenant, he was a married man, carried about his baby's likeness in a locket, and spent fabulous sums in presents for his wife. No anxiety could therefore be felt on his score, no dread of exciting the remonstrances of a certain black-browed parish priest, who, I very well know, left the poor lady no peace on the impropriety of throwing her daughters into the temptations of English male heretical society.

It had been arranged that we should walk the first five miles of the way, with the exception of the *consolessa*, who was provided with a donkey, as far as an unoccupied country-house, kindly placed at our disposal by its owners; thence, after needful rest and refreshment, we were to ascend the Monte d'Ancona, a lofty mountain, famed for a Trappist convent on its summit, and a magnificent range of prospect. To reach the top before daybreak, in order to see the sun rise, was an essential feature in our programme; it was the only subject connected with nature on which the Anconitans ever shewed any enthusiasm. Several of our acquaintances had, in their youth, they told us, braved the exertion and loss of rest to witness the *levata del sole* from the mount. Others regretted they had not the energy to attempt it. None ridiculed our undertaking. I felt very curious to behold what awoke such unusual admiration.

We were all in a cheerful mood, and not a little diverted, as we passed through the narrow streets on our way to the gate, at the astonishment excited by the appearance of Madame V—— on a very antiquated chair-saddle, upon her long-eared steed. The people flocked to look at her with unrestrained curiosity, till the consul turned suddenly round, and apostrophising the gazers, inquired sternly, whether they considered the foreign custom of riding upon an ass more wonderful than their own of being driven by a cow. The justness of this reasoning, or rather the energy with which it was enunciated, having produced an instantaneous effect in the dispersion of the crowd, we were suffered to proceed unmolested, followed by a second donkey laden with provisions.

Our route, immediately after quitting the town, lay near the cliffs forming the line of coast behind the promontory on which Ancona is built, in singular contrast to the sandy beach extending northward towards Sinigaglia and Pesaro. Sometimes the road quite skirted the edge of the precipice, and deviating from the undulations of the cliffs, would change the marine to a pastoral landscape, and lead to paths shaded by trees and flowering hedges, admitting occasional glimpses of mountains in the distance.

For the next two or three miles, our course lay entirely between hedges, screening the *possessioni*, or small farms, into which the land is subdivided from

the road. It was rapidly growing dark; for it must not be forgotten there is no twilight in Italy, and the moon was not yet visible; so we had nothing to do but admire the fireflies which the midshipmen ruthlessly persisted in ensnaring in their caps and handkerchiefs, or laugh at the efforts of *l'officier marié*, as our friends had named the young lieutenant, to sustain a conversation in French. No fear of robbers crossed our minds; the consul and our countrymen were armed, it is true, but more as a security against danger in the vicinity of Loretto, than in the unfrequented districts we were traversing, where there were no travellers or wealthy householders to attract the gangs which swarmed on the papal highways.

At last, after the consul's lamentations on the weariness of the way began to find an echo in our own hearts, we emerged from a narrow path, shut in by steep banks, upon the *casino*. But it was not on its open doors, or the hospitable lights kindling for our reception, that our eyes were turned. I do not remember being ever so enchanted by any view as that now presented to us. I know not whether daylight would rob it of any portion of its beauty and soothing influence; I can only speak of it as it impressed me then—so calm, so pure, so still. We were standing on the verge of a lofty cliff that stretched precipitously forward like a crescent, and formed a bay on whose waters the moon, which had just risen, poured a flood of trembling silvery light; while on one side, dark, ominous, and frowning, rose the mount, projecting far into the sea, and towering in its sullen grandeur above the rippling waves which bore their snowy wreaths of foam in tribute to its feet. Clear and defined against the moonlit sky, with no trees or verdure to clothe its rocky steeps, there was something inexpressibly sublime in the aspect of this mountain, and the lonely character of the surrounding scenery. No sound invaded the perfect quietude of the hour except the reverential murmur of the sea, and faintly in the distance, the voices of some fishermen, whose barks were gliding forth, their sails filling with the evening breeze, and glistening in the moonbeams.

The preparations for supper were soon completed. The peasants left in charge of the house had eggs, and fruit and wine in readiness, and Madame V—— had taken care that our donkey's panniers should contain all the substantial requisites for a repast. The midshipmen delightedly superintended the laying of the cloth, and then summoned us to table, where their bibations of the sparkling Muscatel profusely supplied, did credit to the excellence of our friend the count's vintage.

When the meal was over, the old *contadina*, who officiated as housekeeper, her Sunday costume and strings of pearls donned in honour of our visit, recommended us to take a little sleep before midnight, at which hour we were to set out for the mount in *birocci*—those primitive-shaped carts drawn by oxen or cows that I have elsewhere minutely described. This reasonable advice the consul forthwith enforced by example as well as precept, and was soon slumbering sonorously on a sofa in the dining-room. Not feeling inclined to follow his admonitions while the moonlight shone almost as bright as day, we all preferred exploring the casino and strolling in its vicinity, accompanied by the dear patient *consolessa*, who evidently did not think the convenances permitted her to lose sight of us, and consequently protested that she was not in the least fatigued.

The house was soon looked over. No arm-chairs, no couches, no ottomans; nothing but stiff high-backed cane sofas, that seemed intended for anything but repose. There was a billiard-room, and a little chapel, or rather recess, divided by a pair of folding-doors from the principal sitting-room, where mass was celebrated when the family were in the

country: but we could discover no books or traces of aught resembling a library. In fact, as I have before remarked, as most Italians consider reading a study, and have no idea of it as a recreation, all appliances thereto are generally left behind when they come professedly in search of health and mental relaxation to their *villeggiature*. From six weeks to two months is the utmost amount of time they devote for this purpose. What with looking after their farms and a little shooting, the men get through this period with tolerable satisfaction; to the ladies, it is always fraught with intense ennui.

The resources of floriculture with rare exceptions, are unknown to the women of the Marche. There was one lady of rank in Ancona who had laid out a garden at one of her country-houses with considerable taste. It was the only innovation I witnessed upon the orthodox quadrangular enclosure, fenced in by high walls with espaliers of lemons, and little three-cornered flower-beds, intersected by gravel-paths, which graced a few of the *casini* of the wealthiest proprietors. Her example, however, found no imitators; and with a soil and climate exquisitely adapted for their cultivation, flowers receive less attention and seem less prized in the Roman states than in any other part of Italy. Here, in this secluded villa, where the interest and occupation attendant on such a pursuit would have beguiled the weariness of the contessa's banishment from the fleas, bad smells, and stifling atmosphere which render Ancona, during the hottest months, a somewhat questionable Elysium, a small wood adjoining the house, a few rose-bushes planted round cabbages, and two or three cobwebby arbours, were all the evidences of ornamental gardening we could trace.

About midnight, we heard the slow dragging of wheels, and presently the peasants of the *possessione* came up with two birocci to the gate. Mattresses were then placed at the bottom of each, on which we were to sit; and after Madame V—— had carefully arranged the cloaks and shawls her prudent care foresaw would ere long be necessary, we took our places, and in good earnest commenced the ascent. Before long, the extraordinary and unnecessary steepness of the road became apparent. With a singular defiance of all engineering, it was carried abruptly up to the tops of hills, merely to descend with corresponding rapidity on the other side, reminding me more of the Russian sliding mountains than any other illustration I can think of, and occasionally becoming so disagreeably perpendicular, and so distressing to the poor cows, which panted loudly at every step, that we often preferred getting out to walk, to overtaking their strength and risking our own safety.

When the moon went down, the air became chill, and all of us gave tokens of weariness. As it approached three o'clock, our conductors, pointing to a faint break in the horizon, urged us to hasten our steps, as day would soon be dawning. Thus admonished, a few minutes of brisk walking brought us to the top of the mountain, which, so far as we could distinguish in the dull grayness pervading every object, was an irregular platform, on three sides overhanging the sea, and on the fourth commanding a wide dark boundless expanse, on which the blackness of night still rested. A little lower down, in a sheltered hollow, amid dusky groves of evergreen, cold, stern, and desolate, rose the white walls of the celebrated Trappist monastery. The strange tales current of the austerities of its inmates and of the disappointment or remorse which had driven them to its seclusion, seemed appropriate to the surrounding gloom and the spectral aspect of the building, when the tones of the matin-bell broke the oppressive silence that prevailed, and the *Ave Maria del giorno* summoned the monks to their orisons in the choir. Our guides, reverently

uncovering, made the sign of the cross, and then flung themselves wearily upon the ground, screened by a low parapet from the wind, which circled in keen gusts around; while we look forth upon the sea, and the glowing light that was stealing fast upon it.

Brighter and brighter grows that radiance, until, as by the lifting of a veil, the distant peaks of the mountains on the opposite Dalmatian shores become distinctly visible, thrown into bold relief by the illuminated background, and we span the breadth and borders of the beauteous Adriatic. Fleeting as a dream is that unwonted spectacle, for lo! the glorious sun has leaped upwards from his mountain-bed, and the glad waters quiver and exult beneath his presence. Higher and higher still he rises, and Night flies scared before him, as if seeking a refuge in that vague dim space where yet she holds her sway. It is a wondrous contrast, the golden sparkling sea, and sable land, nature's mingled waking and repose—but short-lived as wondrous, for like the gradual uprolling of a scroll, so does the darkness recede which covers the face of the fair and wide-spread prospect; and hamlets and towns, hills and valleys, fields thick with corn, olive trees and vineyards, seem to start into being while we gaze.

The peasants pointed out exultingly a number of towns distinguishable with the naked eye—Osimo, Loreto, Recanati, Macerata, besides many others, all with an individual history of their own, in feudal times having boasted an independent existence, and waged petty wars with each other. Nearly a hundred towns and villages are said to be discernible from this height; but it was not on any of these in particular that the attention of a stranger would be admiringly directed, but rather to the grand panoramic effect of the whole, bounded by its unrivalled background of Apennines, rising in terrace-like succession, till the last range blended with the clouds.

After nearly an hour's survey—it was much longer according to the chevalier's impatient calculation, in which he was abetted by the midshipmen—we prepared to depart. After bidding farewell to our birocci, we descended upon the opposite side of the mount on foot, accompanied only by a boy to act as guide, and not without casting many lingering looks at the convent, and longing for a glimpse of those white-robed monks, who—each isolated in his own cell, and occupied in the cultivation of the patch of ground whence he derives his subsistence—holding no communion of speech without the permission of the superior, except on three great festivals in the year, and never permitted to go beyond the walls of the convent, have voluntarily delivered themselves to a foretaste of the silence and confinement of the tomb.

An hour's quick walking brought us to Umana, where carriages were to be in readiness to convey us across the country to Loreto. Formerly of some importance as an episcopal see, Umana is now reduced to a mere harbour for fishing-boats; still, however, containing some handsome though half-ruined buildings, and having its grass-grown piazza, dingy caffè, and aristocratic loungers. The bishopric has been merged in that of Ancona, but the palace yet remains, in readiness for an occasional pastoral visitation. We had been courteously promised we should find it open for our reception; and dusty, tired, and hungry, we were glad to cross its threshold. But before allowing us to sit down, the old couple who had charge of the *palazzo* insisted on conducting us through all the apartments, that we might see the best accommodation they had to offer was placed at our disposal. Accordingly, we were forced to perambulate long corridors and innumerable rooms full of doors, opening one into the other, through which it seemed vain to search for one that was not simply

a passage to the rest. The brick floors were sunken and uneven; and the furniture, which consisted of tarnished mirrors, high-backed stamped-leather chairs, carved worm-eaten tables, with discoloured gilding, all looked faded and decaying. The beds, with their heavy brocaded quilts, canopies, and hangings, did not look particularly inviting; but in the total absence of sofas, they served for an hour or two of repose: after which, refreshed by such ablutions as the scanty washing arrangements permitted—nothing beyond the usual tripod containing a small basin and jug being allotted to each chamber, or procurable throughout the whole palace—we assembled for breakfast. Here one of the middies narrowly missed upsetting the general harmony by relating his fruitless attempts to obtain a tub, winding up his narrative by the remark, 'that these *padres* must be a queer set, decidedly not hydropathic.' This observation being unfortunately overheard by the chevalier, who perfectly understood English, was immediately interpreted into a want of reverence for the priesthood. Turning very red, he said with emphasis: 'It was extremely unfair and narrow-minded to cast that as an imputation upon one class of the community, which was decidedly a national characteristic;' and an awkward pause ensuing, we should all have felt very uncomfortable, if the entrance of several *botteghe*, waiters from the caffè, bearing a number of little brass trays containing each person's cup, tiny coffee-pot, milk-jug, and allowance of powdered sugar, had not given a happy turn to the state of affairs. The price of this collation, including a liberal supply of rolls and cakes, did not exceed five *bagocchi* a head (twopence-halfpenny). More substantial fare was supplied by the remaining contents of the basket that had furnished last night's supper; and being now completely recruited, we all sallied out to see something of Umans.

Our appearance on the piazza created an immense sensation. It was evident the presence of strangers was no common occurrence to the industrious citizens pursuing there the *dolce far niente*. Then, too, in addition to the flattering notice of the outdoor population—the barber, the apothecary, the keeper of the lottery-office, the tobacconist, besides whoever happened to be making *conversazioni* with them at the moment, all stood at their respective doors to look at us, and bowed with flattering urbanity. This tranquil demonstration, however, was soon eclipsed by an inroad of beggars, who had at first presented themselves in limited detachments; but as nothing could restrain our sailor-friends from distributing small coins in profusion, their numbers soon became astounding, and we ran the risk of being pulled to pieces in their eagerness, or deafened by their clamour. At this juncture, the consul and the three delinquents, forming themselves into a body-guard, faced round and menaced the most importunate with their sticks, while we availed ourselves of the opportunity to escape further pursuit, and laughingly descended a steep stony path leading to the beach.

Here some fishermen at once gathered round, and assailed us with inquiries as to whether we would not like to see the famous Grotta de' Schiavi, distant half an hour's row along the coast. This had not formed part of our projected itinerary; but the sea being exquisitely calm, and the weather delightful, the majority of the party were strongly inclined to follow the suggestion. While the point was still in discussion, an unexpected ally in surmounting the opposing side presented himself in the *Chiarissimo* and *Dottissimo* *Signor Dottore* — (most enlightened and most gifted, thus he would be styled officially), the most popular physician in Ancona, and an especial favourite in my uncle's household. Summoned the previous night to Umans for a consultation, he had promised to remain till evening to await the result of the treatment he

enjoined, and not being a frequenter of caffès, was now beguiling the time by a stroll on the sea-shore.

Assuring the consolessa, who had a vision of banditti before her eyes, that even a delay of two hours would not hinder our reaching Loreto before sunset, and offering his escort in lieu of Monsieur V—, whose politeness was combated by his dislike to any marine expeditions, we soon obtained the good pair's acquiescence. The consul went back to the episcopal palace to take a second nap; his spouse, faithful to her duties, cheerfully prepared to accompany us, too amiable to give herself the satisfaction of looking victimised. Two boats were soon selected from a host of applicants, who remained furiously wrangling among themselves, and hurling imprecations at the head of their successful comrades, long after we had pushed out to sea.

Although the men pulled vigorously, rather more than the stipulated time elapsed before we descried a dark speck at the base of the white cliffs which rose, without a strip of intervening shingle, abruptly from the water's edge. As we approached, this proved to be an aperture wide enough to admit the entrance of a boat, and crouching as we glided under the low, dark passage, we found ourselves in a lofty circular cavern, with no place for the foot to rest upon except a narrow ledge of rock, two or three feet wide, that ran around it. A mournful interest, derived from well-authenticated facts, is attached to the Grotta de' Schiavi—that is, of the Slaves—to which its name especially bears reference. It was here, as the sailors told us, and the dottore confirmed, that in those times when the Adriatic coast was ruthlessly swept by the Algerine corsairs, they used temporarily to confine their prisoners, and deposit the booty they had collected. Landing them upon the narrow ledge within the grotto, they would leave them securely bound while they went in quest of further plunder, confident that no means of egress, or possibility of rescue, lay before the wretched victims they had torn from their homes and kindred.

This scene gave rise to an animated conversation, in the course of which the physician drew a parallel between the Christian slaves and the political victims still crowding the dungeons of Italy.

It was a sombre picture—yet the bright sunshine, the sparkling waters, the ineffable beauty of the cloudless sky, as we emerged from the grotto, were irresistible spells to counteract any feeling of dejection.

Duly drawn up on the piazza, we found, on regaining the shore, the two *vetture* previously bespoken, surpassing specimens of that delectable style of equipage—each with three spectral horses, whose mean bodily appearance was supposed to be atoned for by an extra supply of ginging bells and scarlet worsted tufts; the drivers, fierce and bravo-like; and the interiors painfully redolent of musty straw. There were six places in each, two in the *cabriolet*, and four inside; and the consul and Madame V— respectively taking the command of a division, with many expressions of thanks and good-will to the dottore, whose presence had formed a very agreeable interlude to some amongst the party, we set forth in great style. The whole mendicant population, at least half apparently of the inhabitants of Umans, escorted us, like a guard of honour, as a tribute to the largesses of our good-humoured tars, and filled the air with their benedictions; while a number of boys and girls, even after the horses had been urged into a feeble trot, pursued us indefatigably for at least a mile, the former making wheels of themselves, and bowling along after the most approved fashion; and the latter springing up to the windows to offer their bunches of flowers, and obtain a farewell token of English liberality.

After a drive of four hours or thereabouts, through country equally fertile and diversified, we drew near

Loretto, situated on the brow of a very steep hill, crowned by the church of the Santa Casa. As we wound slowly up the ascent, we met the peasants in large numbers returning from some neighbouring fair, and were struck by the scowling looks with which they eyed us, and a general air of menace and defiance. Singularly enough, it is notorious that the population in the vicinity of this venerated shrine is the worst throughout the whole pontifical dominions. This is a perplexing fact to persons who, like the V—— family, were perfectly sincere in their belief of the legend of the holy house's miraculous transportation by angels from Nazareth; and who naturally would infer that the immediate presence of such a relic ought to have produced a salutary effect upon public morals. Their explanation of this inconsistency was briefly, that the town having been for centuries the resort of pilgrims of all ranks and from every clime, the Loretani had become corrupted by ever-changing intercourse with these strangers: an hypothesis we unquestioningly accepted, for it must not be forgotten we were now on delicate ground, and many an observation that might have jarred on our foreign companions, had to be altogether suppressed or carefully kept amongst ourselves. The sinister aspects of the groups we encountered gave a clue to the numerous robberies perpetrated in the neighbourhood; to say nothing of the darker tales of murder and revenge, of which the way-side crosses, so frequent during the last few miles, were ominously suggestive.

Equally unfavourable were our first impressions of the town, as we drove through a narrow street, lined on each side with booths, where every description of medals, chaplets, rosaries, and other objects of devotion lay exposed for sale, which we were loudly called upon to purchase. Slipshod women, their black hair escaping, matted and disordered, from the coloured handkerchiefs bound about their heads; beggars, in every stage and form of human misery—blind, palsied, maimed; squalid children; lean, fighting dogs; portly priests; dirty pilgrims with staff and scallop-shell: such is the appearance of the crowd that greets the traveller on entering Loretto.

On reaching the inn, we found a fresh assemblage of mendicants drawn up in array in the courtyard; objects so dirty and revolting, that one involuntarily shrunk from contact with them; and clamorous, even peremptory, in their demands, which are in general liberally complied with. Their trade is supposed to be a thriving one, since the majority of persons repairing to the town, do so from religious motives, and esteem this promiscuous alms-giving a stringent duty. Besides these, we encountered upon the unswept stairs several women with baskets of rosaries and medals, which they kept importuning us to buy, that we might have them blessed at the Santa Casa; and lastly, two or three tottering old men waylaid us on the landing, and pressingly offered themselves as our *ciceroni* to the shrine. But it was too late, or rather we were too weary for any more sight-seeing that day; and as soon as dinner was concluded, we were glad enough to betake ourselves to repose.

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XIX.

I MAY not deny that with the commanding officer's words a great fear fell upon me, although pride—Maria Wilson being present—enabled me to assume an air of defiance, which no doubt favourably contrasted with the demeanour of my fellow-prisoners. Jacques Sicard's suspended breath burst forth in a torrent of wordy, ignoble rage, bespattering his captors, the court-martial, and all others directly or indirectly

concerned in the infamous conspiracy against him with volleys of unflattering epithets, till silenced by 'Tais-toi, cochon!' emphasised by a sharp blow on his mouth with 'the hilt of the officer's sword'; whilst Harry Webbe, whose face had blanched to the hue of death, and whose knees smote each other at the bare appearance of the soldiers, presently gave unresisted way to the mortal terror which he had vainly struggled to master, and sinking down with a cry of horror at Captain Lenoir's feet, abjectly clasped them in the delirium of fear which deprived him of all self-respect and control.

'Get up, miserable coward!' exclaimed the officer, spurning the wretched suppliant with his booted foot.

My blood flamed at the humiliating sight, and casting off the hold of the soldier to whose more immediate custody I had been consigned, I darted forward, lifted young Webbe by main strength upon his feet, and retorted upon Lenoir with:

'It is you who in perfect safety insult a young man whom a—sudden surprise has overcome for the moment, that are a miserable coward! Courage, Webbe!' I added, vainly the while striving to make him stand upon his feet. 'Courage!—a Frenchman's bark is a much grander thing than his bite at all times; and so it will prove in this case. The bullets that will kill you and me are not cast yet, take my word for it.'

Let not the reader suppose that this was a very daring act on my part. I must have felt, without reasoning upon it, that nothing I could say would in legal parlance damnify my actual position in the slightest degree. I was, besides, greatly irritated by Lenoir's brutal conduct towards Sicard as well as Harry Webbe; and then Maria Wilson, to say nothing of Clémence, was looking on.

Captain Lenoir stared at me with rather an expression of amused surprise than of anger. 'You crew well for so young a cock,' said he. 'We shall presently see whether it is true or false fire that gives life to such bold words. As to this poor devil,' he continued, 'there must be, I think, some mistake, for he cannot surely be the young desperado denounced by Monsieur Auguste Le Moine. If he were'—

'No—no—no; I am not he!' screamed the wretched youth. 'It was not I that slew Captain Le Moine: I was below in the cabin, and took no part in the fight—no part whatever, I swear to you.'

'Still your name is Webbe; and it was he that'—

'No—no; it is a horrible misapprehension! This is he,' added the fear-frenzied young man, turning fiercely upon me—'this is he who on that dreadful night led the boarders of the *Scout*. Speak, Linwood: deny, if you can, or dare, that it was at your hand Captain Le Moine met his death; that it was you whom Auguste Le Moine denounced at Avranches'—His eye suddenly encountered Miss Wilson's, and instantly checked in his passionate appeal to me, he cast himself at her feet, and with sobbing agony exclaimed: 'Ah, God! I am ruined—undone—lost!'

'On the contrary, you are, I think, saved,' remarked the officer, 'if what you say is true; and your friend does not, it seems, challenge its truth.'

'It would be folly to do so, now that'—

'Enough! enough!' interrupted Lenoir. 'You are not compelled to criminate yourself. It is a pity, besides, that a brave lad should perish to save the life of a wretched cur that— But time presses. Fall in, if you please. And I advise you, Monsieur Webbe, to recover the use of your legs without delay. Quick—quick! It is only ladies, be pleased to remember, that are privileged to faint,' he added with a glance at Maria Wilson, who had swooned in Madame Dupre's arms. 'If you do, the remedy we shall use will be the sharp point of a bayonet liberally applied. Oh, you can walk, I see. Adieu, mesdames. March!'

Thus suddenly collapsed Mr Harry Webbe's fighting reputation, destroyed by himself in the very insanity of terror, since a moment's cool reflection would have shewn him that if the military authorities of Havre were determined to be revenged upon Webbe, the privateer captain—and that, I felt, must be their chiefly actuating motive, as well as Mr Tyler's—by the legal murder of his son, the violation of parole would be quite sufficient excuse for such a deed. I sincerely pitied the unfortunate young man, whose timidity was, there could be no doubt, constitutional, impressed upon his being by the circumstances attending his birth, and uncontrollable by any effort of his will; and now, should he escape the menaced doom by court-martial, the grace and ornament of life were gone for ever. Maria Wilson, he must have read as plainly as I did in her look and gesture of astonishment, indignation, contempt, as she freed the skirts of her dress from his trembling grasp, was irrevocably lost, and what more afflictive stroke than that could fate have in reserve for him!

And if lost to him, might she not be won by me in the bright future which, upborne by Love's light wings into the airy regions of romance, and loftily overlooking with youthful Hope's bold, creative eyes, the cloudy screen of present doubts and fears, was, I fancied, already flushing the horizon with rising, rosiest light! Assuredly I might win her; and that thought glowed within my heart, inflamed my blood with fire from heaven!

Some gleams of that transcendental illumination of mind must have been reflected upon my features, for Father Meudon, who entered the prison in a state of extreme agitation, whilst we were halted for a few minutes in the fore court-yard, was struck with astonishment by my aspect and bearing.

'How is this?' he exclaimed: 'you look as if you were going to be crowned in the Capitol, instead of being dragged forth to suffer a violent, untimely death!'

The strength and sincerity of the good priest's apprehensions rudely dissipated the volatile fancies which uplifted and sustained me in the region of dream-land, and I fell at once to the hard, commonplace, matter-of-fact earth again.

'I cannot bring myself to believe, I have not been able to realise the possibility,' said I, 'that the members of the court-martial before which we are about to appear, will dare to carry out the ferocious purpose you impute to them.'

'Dare! not dare!' echoed M. Meudon. 'Have I not explained to you over and over again that there is no daring in the case; that the will of the general in command is the law during a state of siege, and Havre has been in a legal state of siege for several weeks past, though the military régime has not been rigorously enforced? A few hours' delay,' added the reverend father, 'might have saved you; for there is now no doubt that the restored government will supersede General Vêray; and that too, it is expected, by my friend Colonel Durand. Alas! the official mandate will arrive too late.'

The reappearance of Captain Lenoir, who had been giving a written receipt for his prisoners, was the signal to proceed: the heavy, sullen gates were thrown open, and the next minute we were in the midst of a hooting, yelling mob, all of whom, whether Bourbonist or Bonapartist, were unanimously in favour of shooting or hanging the two English pirates, as they were pleased to designate Harry Webbe and me. The soldiers effectively protected us, however, from the physical assaults of the crowd, and their merely verbal attacks were easily borne. One paramount, well-established fact, Messieurs Mob were determined we should be fully impressed with—that our execution, namely, had been already settled to take place on the

North Rampart, at four o'clock precisely, it then being a few minutes past three.

'The scoffs and curses of the canaille,' said Father Meudon, who walked close beside me, 'are fortunately much less formidable than offensive, and I am not without hope—a faint one, I grieve to say—that their brutal wishes may yet be balked.'

'Is my mother,' I asked, 'cognizant of the gravity of my position?'

'Not as yet. She believes you to be simply accused of the minor offence of making use of false papers. It will, however, be impossible to conceal long the dread truth from her, now that savage denunciations of the English spies and pirates are resounding on all sides. *Le Capitaine Webbe*,' added Father Meudon, in a voice subdued to a whisper, 'has, I hear, fled from Havre: there is no hope of aid, therefore, from that quarter. But what could he have done to help us had he remained? Nothing, after all!'

The court-martial was to assemble in the *Hôtel de Ville*; and as Father Meudon was speaking, we turned out of the *Rue de Paris* into the flower and vegetable market, where the crowd was so dense that it was with difficulty our escort hurtled slow way through it. Suddenly, there was such extreme pressure upon us that the line of march was broken in the rear of where I walked; and the soldiers and prisoners were for a minute or two mixed up with the mob. I looked back, and saw a man wearing a blouse and a flapping broad-brimmed black straw-hat, which completely shadowed, and, except to a very near observer, concealed his features. He had viciously assaulted Harry Webbe, whose coat was nearly rent off his back in the struggle; and it was with difficulty the soldiers rescued their prisoner from the man's ferocious clutch. As I gazed, the broad, shadowing hat was slightly pushed aside, and I saw that the furious assailant was no other than Captain Kirke Webbe himself!

He had achieved his purpose of secretly thrusting a scrap of paper into his son's hand, which, when we had reached the Hall of Justice, Harry Webbe glanced at, and then passed to me. It contained these words: 'Be bold—fearless; deny nothing—confess nothing: I will save you yet.'

The caution had come too late with reference to the confession which Captain Webbe was chiefly anxious to prevent his son from making, and as for the promise to shield that son from the sentence of the court-martial, I could not, with all my superstitious faith in the privateer captain's genius for bold expedients and calculated daring, place the slightest dependence thereon. Force was hopelessly out of the question, and what could the subtlest cunning devise to arrest a doom which would be carried into effect immediately after it was pronounced? His father's positive assurance had, however, a vivifying influence upon Harry Webbe. A faint colour stole doubtfully back to his white cheeks, his drooping frame grew erect again, and his downcast eyes confronted the grim array which was presently before us with a trembling hope, a shrinking boldness as it were.

When we were marched into the *Salle*, two or three inferior officials only were present; but the public having been, after some demur, it seemed, admitted, the *Salle* was in a few minutes densely packed with excited spectators. Their impatience was not irritated by delay. Cries of 'Silence!—silence!' by the *huissiers*, preceded the entrance of General Vêray, Colonel Durand, and three officers of inferior rank, who took their places in stern silence at a baize-covered table, before which Harry Webbe, Jacques Sicard, and I had been ranged in line with a hedge of glittering bayonets immediately behind us.

General Vêray was a fine, soldierly-looking, gray-haired veteran; in the strong lines of whose war-and-age moulded features not a trace of human weakness

or indecision could be seen. Colonel Durand's handsome face wore a kindly expression, strikingly in contrast with the iron sternness of the general's; and the other members of the court-martial did not interest me much, thoroughly aware as I was that the fiat of the majority is conclusive of the decision of such courts, so called. I shall pass briefly over the formalities observed at that mockery of a judicial trial. We, the prisoners, were sternly questioned, and made to convict ourselves either by positive admissions or by refusals to answer, which were held to be tantamount to admissions of guilt. Harry Webbe, whose frenzied fit of terror had returned upon him, could not, for example, deny that he had given his *parole d'honneur* not to leave Havre, and that he had violated that pledge by escaping to Honfleur, with the intention of passing over to Jersey—a fact which was wrung from Sicard. Colonel Durand ventured to suggest that the prisoner was *gardé à vue*, which greatly mitigated his offence; and that it was besides extremely probable that he had been coerced into breaking his parole by his father, the notorious Captain Webbe, who, it had been ascertained, was the Baptiste spoken of by the gendarmes as the originator of, and chief actor in the riot at the cabaret.

'That is certainly possible,' remarked General Véra; 'but that audacious corsair not being before us, we must deal with those that are. It was not, at all events,' he added, with a look and voice of thunder, 'Webbe, father, who, a few days after a combat with a vessel of the imperial navy, presented himself at Avranches, a garrison-town, in the character of a citizen of the United States of America.'

Harry Webbe's wild denial of that part of the informal charge was confirmed by M. Auguste Le Moine himself, who I had understood was safe in Paris. He stepped forward, and assured the general-president that, if the prisoner who had broken his parole was Webbe the corsair-captain's son, he certainly was not the individual whom he, Le Moine, had detected and denounced at Avranches.

'That person is, however, before the tribunal: there is the young man,' he added, pointing to me, 'by whose hand my uncle fell, in perfectly honourable combat, I admit, and who, a few days afterwards—seduced, corrupted, no doubt, by the execrable English government—accepted the well-paid infamy, and will, I cannot doubt, receive from this tribunal the reward of a traitorous spy.'

A grim assenting smile flitted over the general's cast-iron countenance, and an approving murmur ran through the vengeful auditory. All eyes were now turned from Harry Webbe upon me; and the president, honouring me with a stern, stony gaze, demanded if I admitted the facts stated by M. Le Moine.

'I admit, Monsieur le President, that I had the misfortune to deprive, in accordance with the usages of war, Captain Le Moine of his life; and that at a banquet at Avranches, I committed the folly of permitting it to appear that I was an American; but I deny, with all the indignation which so dishonouring a charge excites in the breast of an honest man, that I was in France for any hostile or unworthy purpose.'

'You will not deny that you assumed various disguises in France, and passed under at least two different names. In St Malo, you called yourself Jean Le Gros, and were confederate with Jacques Le Gros, pretendingly your uncle, and really the corsair Captain Webbe.'

Mr Tyler, whom I had not before noticed, rose in a tribune at the right-hand upper end of the hall, and begged to state that he did not believe I was in the slightest degree cognizant of Webbe senior's infamous schemes; and that he, Tyler, had seen me without any disguise in St Malo—wearing, in fact, the very clothes I then had on.

'We are nevertheless informed,' said the subaltern officer who acted as secretary, after translating what Mr Tyler said—'we are nevertheless informed that William Linwood, whilst residing in St Malo, was disguised as a French peasant of the proprietary class.'

'That may be,' said Mr Tyler; 'but I repeat that I saw him on the very day I left St Malo in the dress he now wears.'

'Although,' persisted the secretary—'although you do not believe that the prisoner, William Linwood, was confederate with Jacques Le Gros, otherwise the corsair Captain Webbe, it is certain that he was on board the *Scout* when temporary possession was obtained of your ship, the *Columbia*. It is also well established,' added the officer, addressing the general-president, 'that William Linwood was one of the party at La Belle Poule cabaret, on the evening of the riot and rescue of his now fellow-prisoner.'

'Enough—more than enough!' exclaimed General Véra. 'The facts are too plain to require either comment or interpretation. Who,' he added, fiercely addressing me—'who furnished you with the passport of Adolphe, Louis Piron, by aid of which you for a time baffled justice?'

I did not answer, and Sicard was asked if he had not furnished me with the said Adolphe, Louis Piron's passport. The reluctant reply was a hesitating admission of the fact, followed by a vehement denial that he either then or now suspected or believed me to be a spy, or in any respect the enemy of France.

There were but few more questions asked, and the court were about to withdraw, not to deliberate upon our guilt and doom, but to formalise their decrees, when Father Meudon rose and requested that I might at least be allowed to give my own version of the motives and purposes of my visit to France. That very reasonable request was peremptorily refused. A statement which could not be verified, the general replied, would not refute or modify well-established facts.

The members of the court-martial then retired, and a buzz of animated conversation succeeded to the strict silence which had been imposed upon the crowded auditory. The conclusions that had been arrived at by nine-tenths of the spectators were freely bandied about, generally accompanied by a jest or sneer—in a few instances only by an expression of pity. It was decided that I, at all events, would be shot at the breaking up of the court, and at the open space near the North Barrier I heard a sous-officer say, in reply to a question from an acquaintance. Opinions seemed to be divided with respect to the fate of Harry Webbe; and Sicard was quite forgotten in the eager discussion of the two Englishmen's chances of life and death.

Strange to say, neither the quite openly manifested determination of the members of the court-martial—Colonel Durand excepted—to condemn me to death, the confident opinions I heard expressed on all sides that my fate was sealed, nor the cold, trembling pressure of Father Meudon's hands enfolding mine, whilst tears streamed down his pale face, brought home to me that the strong life dancing in my veins was upon the verge of extinction. The day was bright and genial; the fresh breeze, admitted through the wide, open windows of the Hall, brought with it the odour of flowers, the merry voices of market-girls, the laughter of children, and in the distance, a military band was playing lively melodies. The common air was vocal with busy, lusty life, and refused, as it were, to entertain the idea of death—of black, dumb death, and especially of death by murderous violence! No question that this was a very illogical impression of mine; still, I felt it strongly, and it was not sensibly weakened till the door through which the court had passed was again flung wide upon its noiseless

hinges, and the arbiters of fate stalked slowly to their places. The look of mournful compassion with which Colonel Durand regarded me, more startlingly impressed me than the stern visages of General V éray and his servile subordinates; and I suddenly awoke from a vain dream of security to find myself upon the edge of a precipice, at the bottom of which yawned a newly dug grave! My breath came thick and short; a dizziness seized me, and for a few moments I feared that I should disgrace my name and race by a degrading, and useless as degrading, exhibition of womanly weakness. By a great effort, I fortunately managed to keep up an appearance of unruffled, defiant composure, which powerfully excited the sympathy of Colonel Durand, and drew from General V éray a curt expression of regret that so bold a youth had rendered himself justly liable to a shameful death.

The reader will understand that all this while Harry Webbe was prostrated with abject terror; and I mention this the less reluctantly, that it throws into high relief—gives, in fact, the only moral value to the firmness he subsequently displayed, since what in him required an almost superhuman effort, would, to a son of ordinary nerve, have been a matter of course.

The command of the huissiers to keep silence was superfluous. The auditory held their breath that they might not lose a syllable of the tragedy of real life acted before their eyes.

Jacques Sicard, bourgeois and bottier of St Malo, was convicted and condemned to one year's imprisonment. This was the first judgment pronounced; and although it excited the liveliest indignation on the convict's part, the spectators seemed to be merely annoyed that it should have been permitted to delay the more exciting announcements for which they impatiently listened.

'William Linwood,' continued the military secretary as soon as Sicard's indignant remonstrances had been silenced—'William Linwood, a British subject, convicted of having entered two garrison towns of France as a spy; of being confederate, whilst there, with the notorious English corsair Webbe, and of having planned with him attacks upon his imperial majesty's allies, the United States of America; convicted, moreover, of having conspired with the said Webbe to enable his son, Harry Webbe, to violate his *parole d'honneur*—is, by a plurality of voices, condemned to be shot; two hours' respite being allowed, that he may avail himself, if so disposed, of the services of a minister of religion.'

A piercing, convulsive scream, which I too well recognised, broke in upon the last phrases of the infamous sentence. A sword passing through me would not have inflicted a sharper pang, and I leant for support upon weeping Father Meudon. 'I will go to thy mother,' he said, 'but presently return. Be comforted: thou art nearer Heaven than any here—nearer than thy cruel judges will ever be.'

'Harry Webbe, British subject,' proceeded the unmoved secretary, 'convicted of having broken his parole, and of being confederate with his father, Kirke Webbe, in piratical attacks upon his imperial majesty's allies, the United States of America, is condemned to be shot!'

'Mercy! Mercy!' shrieked the poor fellow; and he continued to pour forth such a torrent of wild supplication for pity, mercy—that it was some time before the general could make himself heard and understood, to the effect that the sentence of death would be remitted upon his, Harry Webbe's acceptance and fulfilment of a precedent condition to be named by the court.

'Anything—any condition, I will accept—fulfil,' gasped the prisoner.

'I believe that,' said General V éray, 'though that which I am about to propose is one which, but that

the public weal requires it, I would not suggest, even to such a contemptible catiff as thou art. Listen: You are definitively doomed to be shot, and that sentence will be carried out within, at the latest, two hours from now, unless you are willing and able to ransom your life by—by— Read the condition insisted upon, Lieutenant Rogier.'

'The sentence of death passed upon Harry Webbe, a British subject,' said Lieutenant Rogier, reading from a paper, 'will be remitted, if the said prisoner can and will enable justice to lay hold of the corsair Captain Webbe, who is known to be either in Havre or the neighbourhood.'

A cry of horror arose from the auditory as the atrocious proposal left the lips of the military secretary, and it was some minutes before silence could be restored. As for the son, he gazed aghast, speechless, upon his tempters with an expression which no words could interpret.

'Silence!' thundered General V éray, 'or the hall shall be forthwith cleared. The proposal you have just heard,' he continued, addressing Harry Webbe, 'is dictated by a stern sense of public duty. The corsair-captain was the concocter of the traitorous conspiracies that have brought you, and what is much more to be regretted, the young man at your side, to the brink of an untimely grave. You are now offered a chance of avoiding that death. Which, then, do you choose—life or death?'

'You cannot mean this,' gasped young Webbe; 'you are men, not fiends in human form!'

'We are desirous of bringing a notorious malefactor to justice. You can aid us to do so; and by so doing, save your own life. What, once for all, do you say?'

'I cannot—dare not—will not!'

'Enough!' interrupted the general; 'your blood be upon your own head. The court is adjourned. Captain Lenoir, remove your prisoners.'

'One moment—hear me but for one moment!' screamed Harry Webbe.

'Do you accept the condition offered you?' sternly broke in the general. 'Yes—or no?'

'No—no—a thousand times no!' shouted the young man with the courage and energy of despair; 'I will die first.'

'The answer does you honour, and seals your doom,' said the general. 'Let the prisoners be removed at once.'

'I have a question to ask of Monsieur le Général,' said Father Meudon, pressing forward to the front of the tribunal. 'Does he pledge his word that if the corsair-captain, Kirke Webbe, is surrendered into the custody of this tribunal, the life of the prisoner, Harry Webbe, will be spared?'

'I pledge my word of honour to that effect. The corsair-captain once in our power, his son shall be immediately liberated.'

'I accept that pledge,' said a man, stepping lightly up. 'I am Kirke Webbe, the corsair-captain!'

FOUNDED ON FAITH.

In the neighbourhood of Bristol there exists an institution but little known to the general public, yet of such a singular nature that it may fairly be classed amongst the wonders of the age. It is situated at Ashley Down, one of the most beautiful suburbs of the city, and is simply and unobtrusively named 'The New Orphan Asylum.' Within its walls, 300 fatherless children, aged from a few months upwards, are fed, clothed, and taught. The elder girls are instructed in sewing and all domestic arts, and at a proper age are each provided with an outfit and a suitable situation; the boys are similarly fitted out, and apprenticed; and all this is done without any regular subscription, by a man who neither does now, nor ever

did, possess any property, or pecuniary means. Nor has a single shilling ever been solicited for its support, for the New Orphan Asylum is *founded on faith*.

This statement will probably raise a smile of incredulity; but it is, nevertheless, a fact which cannot be gainsaid. There is the extensive range of buildings, in substantial stones and mortar; there, too, are 300 living witnesses, the recipients of its bounty and protection. On every Wednesday, the doors are open to all who choose to inspect for themselves this monument of love and charity. Enter: in this stern, practical, matter-of-fact nineteenth century, it is refreshing to halt for a moment on such a verdant oasis. There is no charge for admission; neither are the attendants permitted to receive any fees; but in the entrance-hall is a small box labelled, 'For the Use of the Orphans'; and if you think fit to drop a coin therein, you may do so. Visitors are shewn the dormitories, each little bed with its snowy coverlet; the wardrobes, fitted up with presses, wherein every child deposits his or her Sunday clothing with admirable precision of folding and arrangement; the nursery, and its tiny inmates, their basins and toys; and the dining-room, so large and lofty, and well ventilated, that it must be a pleasure to eat therein. Then there are the schools, three in number—the girls', the boys', and the infants—all of whom go through their exercises and sing their simple melodies, wearing, withal, a healthy, hearty, and happy expression, which speaks volumes for the system under which they are trained. Passing on, we visit the 'cutting-out' and 'making-up' rooms, the bakery, the dairy, the kitchens, the laundry, the bath-rooms—all well arranged, and indeed perfect in their appointments. Another range of offices is devoted to various store-rooms. There are stores of flour, of bread, of meat, of rice, of oatmeal—good Scotch meal, which forms the staple of the children's breakfast. There are stores of shoes, of clothing, of soap, of linen, of crockery, and even of toys for the delectation of the younger ones. The staff of teachers, nurses, and servants is large and efficient; the mental and physical wants of the children are amply provided for, and their comfort most sedulously studied; and all this, as many well know, has been brought into existence literally out of nothing. Doubt it not. Were you as incredulous as Thomas of Didymus, yet must the evidence of your senses convince you of the reality of this extraordinary fact. Seek not to explain it away, for the truth of the history attached to that asylum is incontrovertibly established.

That history is to be read in a little book, entitled *A Narrative of some of the Lord's Dealings with George Muller**—a quaint, strange title, which, of itself, seems to remove us far from the world of steam, and gas, and electric telegraphs. It is written in a simple style, wherein is no seeking after effect or ornament, and consists principally of extracts from the author's diary. I much fear, that in giving the substance of this narrative, I shall be unable to render it due justice; but my limited space forbids expansion. Here it is:

George Muller's creed is so unsectarian, that I have never yet been able to ascertain its precise nature; he, indeed, distinctly states that he does not belong to any sect, and his writings, no less than his deeds, confirm the assertion. He is a Prussian by birth, and emigrated, in 1829, to England, where, to quote from the narrative, he 'began the service of caring for children who are bereaved of both parents by death, born in wedlock, and are in destitute circumstances, on December 9, 1835.' For ten years he carried on his work of love in Wilson Street, first renting a single house for the use of his protégés. As their number increased, other premises became necessary;

till in 1845, four contiguous houses were occupied by about 180 children.

The expense of supporting these establishments was entirely defrayed by unsolicited contributions. Upon this principle they were started, and even when sorely pressed, it was rigidly adhered to. A perusal of the author's journal shews that he was often reduced to great extremities, from which he was always relieved in what will no doubt be deemed an unaccountable manner. Thus, under date August 10, 1844, is the following passage:

'In the greatest need, when not one penny was in hand, I received L.5 from a brother at Hackney.'

And again:

'Aug. 16, 1845. Our poverty is extremely great. The trial of faith as sharp as ever, or sharper. It is ten o'clock, and there are no means yet for a dinner. I now thought of some articles which I should be able to do without, to dispose of them for the benefit of the orphans, when one of the labourers (teachers) gave me L.1. There were also taken out of the boxes in the orphan houses 1s. 6d., and by knitting came in 2s. 3d., and from A. A., 2s.'

Such passages as these are of continual recurrence. Frequently, the last crust of bread, and sip of milk, was consumed, and Muller never contracted debts. Over and over again, the daily record commences with, 'Not a penny in hand!' and ends with, 'Only a few pence left;' and there was no treasure to draw upon, save the inexhaustible fund of faith—a fund which indeed appears to have fully answered every demand upon it, for the wants of the day were always fully supplied.

But the great work was yet to come. In 1845, Muller first began to conceive the idea of building an asylum for the accommodation of 800 orphans, and having fully considered the undertaking, 'I judged,' he says, 'that the cost would be L.10,000; and on November 4, I began asking the Lord for means.' Strangely enough, on the following 10th December, L.1000 came to hand. This was the largest donation which, up to that time, had ever been received; 'but when this money came,' he writes, 'I was as calm, as quiet as if I had only received one shilling; for my heart was looking out for answers. Therefore, having faith concerning the matter, this donation did not in the least surprise me.' Other donations followed, including a second sum of L.1000 on the 30th of December; and then he relates how he, 'having asked the Lord to go before him, went out to look for a piece of ground' whereon to build.

Here is a picture of startling sublimity! Imagine a gaunt, grave man, attired in a suit of rusty black, walking forth into the bustling city, like the pilgrims in Vanity Fair, and in all simplicity of heart, and earnestness of faith, seeking to be so directed to a suitable site. One almost expects to read on the next page, how that 'one of shining countenance appeared unto him, and bade him be of good cheer.'

It is not my intention to follow George Muller throughout the gradual process by which he effected his purpose; suffice it to say that, by little and little, the necessary funds flowed in. The building, which, with the land, cost eventually upwards of L.15,000, was commenced in July 1847; and in June 1849, the children were removed from Wilson Street to the healthier locality of Ashley Down. No flourish of trumpets ushered in the event; quietly and unostentatiously the children and their more than father walked from the one house to the other; and save that the old school-rooms were closed, whilst merry voices awoke the unwonted echoes of the Down, no change was perceptible.

Little more than twelve months elapsed ere Muller began to contemplate an extension of his work; and undeterred by the absence of visible means, the

frequency of pecuniary difficulties, or the magnitude of the undertaking, he determined to build another wing, capable of receiving other 400 orphans, with a view to the ultimate extension of this additional number to 700, or 1000 in the whole. The first donation received for this purpose was ten shillings! But, nothing discouraged, he persevered; and in May 1852, the building fund amounted to L.3530, 9s. 0½d. The next year this amount had increased to L.12,531. In 1854, upwards of L.5000 was added to the fund; and in 1855, the sum in hand being L.23,059, 12s. 0½d.—always the odd farthing—the new building was commenced, and is, at this present writing, on the point of being opened for the reception of the forlorn little beings for whose benefit it is designed. Whether the benevolent founder will be enabled to complete his self-imposed task, by the construction of the intended third building, time alone can determine. Let us hope so.

Muller seems to have been incited to his efforts by the success of a similar institution at Halle, in Prussia, founded in 1696 by A. H. Franke, professor of divinity. This is the largest charitable establishment for poor children in the world, containing 2000 inmates, and is in a flourishing condition. We will here let our author speak for himself:

‘Franke is long since gone to his rest, but he spoke to my soul in 1826, and he is speaking to my soul now; and to his example I am greatly indebted in having been stirred up to care about poor children in general, and about poor orphans in particular. . . .

‘At the last census in 1851, there were, in England and Wales, thirty-nine orphan establishments, and the total number of orphans provided for through them amounted only to 3764; but at the time the New Orphan House was being built, there were about 6000 young orphans in the prisons of England. Does not this fact call aloud for an extension of orphan institutions? By God’s help, I will do what I can to keep poor orphans from prison.’

The utter abnegation of self which pervades the work is remarkable and characteristic. ‘What have I done,’ he cries out in one place, ‘that men should praise me? I have only sought to be used as the honoured instrument of saving young children, who have neither father nor mother, from sin and vice.’ Truly, such men are in the world, but not of it.

Contributions appear to arrive from all parts of the globe, and from all kinds and conditions of men. Here are a few entries, for example: ‘From negro brethren in Demerara, 12 dollars;’ ‘From an archdeacon, and one of the Queen’s chaplains, 12 guineas;’ ‘From one of the orphans formerly under our care, a sovereign;’ ‘From Mount Lebanon, L.2, and from Orleans, five francs;’ ‘From an Israelitish gentleman, an entire stranger, L.5;’ ‘From a shepherd in Australia, who had read my narrative while tending his flock, 12s.’ The amounts vary from a single farthing to thousands of pounds; and the receipt of a copper coin, or the presentation of a check for L.5000, is recorded in an uniformly grateful strain.

Nor is it to money alone that assistance is confined. One gentleman offers his services gratuitously as an architect, and another as a surgeon. Another gives glass for the three hundred windows of the new building, and others send jewellery and ornaments, silver spoons and tea-pots, watches, gold and silver, old coins and needlework—to be sold for the benefit of the institution. On one day, ‘three autographs of William IV., two of Sir Robert Peel, and one of Lord Melbourne,’ were received; and on another, ‘a Coverdale Bible of 1585, perfected almost sheet by sheet.’ Perhaps the most singular gift of this kind was, ‘A silver medal, given to the donor for being engaged in the taking of Java; but, laying down his honour, he desires to have this medal used to lay a stone in the new

building.’ Then there are donations of books, of coats, of provisions, and of clothes—old and new; donations, indeed, in almost every conceivable form. And in this manner, to sum up all in his own words, ‘without any one having been personally applied to for anything, the sum of L.84,441, 6s. 3½d. has been given to me for the orphans since the commencement of the work.’ And greatly has it been needed, for, in addition to the expense of purchasing land, and building and furnishing the asylum, the present average expense for each of the orphans is stated at L.12, 6s. 8d. per annum.

Not the least peculiar feature in the subscription-list is the absence of all personal publicity. Those who give to the New Orphan Asylum must do so from a pure and unmixed feeling of charity, for their names are carefully withheld; even their initials are rarely given; nor would any offer induce a departure from this rule.

No sectarian doctrines are taught in the schools, neither is any interest necessary to obtain admission for orphans. If they be deprived of father and mother, and in distress, that is sufficient passport to the large warm heart and helping-hand of George Muller. Long may his life be spared, and his labours blest!

‘PRESENT AND FUTURE OF MECHANICS’ INSTITUTES.

It is not many years since the upper classes of this country enjoyed exclusively, as if by prescription, the advantage of newspapers, periodicals, and books. In towns, even of a moderate size, they had their reading-rooms and libraries; while their artificer brethren, when they would indulge in intellectual luxuries, were obliged to be satisfied—if indeed they had the luck to come into turn at all—with a ten minutes’ glance at the one political paper of the tap-room. Times are now changed. Throughout a considerable portion of the country, even in places where the upper classes are not numerous enough to afford a news-room, the working-classes—whose name is Legion everywhere—have their mechanics’ institute; and this has not only its reading-room, but its educational classes, its lectures on interesting and important subjects, its concerts of music, and its enlivening soirées. Most of these institutions are self-supporting; but all are largely assisted by what used to be considered the antagonistic class, with contributions of money, gratuitous lectures, and gratuitous teaching. Even ladies assume the part of schoolmistresses—for there are female classes as well as male—and may be seen patiently assisting their humbler sisters in reading, writing, cutting out clothes, &c. Of what is this institution not susceptible? Already it has begun to add to its system penny-banks, which inculcate lessons, as good as any of the rest, to its juvenile members; and already access to higher than mechanical employments has been freely opened to such of the members as turn to test account the scholastic and practical teachings they enjoy.

The institution of examinations by the Society of Arts is certainly the most important event in the history of mechanics’ institutes. The Society offers to test the acquirements of the pupils, and to bestow prizes on the most deserving, with certificates of progress which will be worth more to the possessors than any number of ordinary letters of recommendation. This fact will be understood when it is known that from four to five hundred of the leading firms have formally consented to receive these certificates as ‘testimonials worthy of credit.’ When this system comes to maturity by being responded to not only by the institutes themselves, the jealous competition will cease of clever but friendless young men, and the poorest youth in a well-doing village may

upon the Society of Arts as a powerful friend, from whom he will receive a warm introduction to the first commercial and manufacturing houses in the kingdom.

There is another great advantage which has opened to the institutes—their banding together in a certain local union, which gives the poorest and most recent some share of the advantages of money and experience. The Yorkshire Union has just published its annual *Report*, which shews very clearly what may be done in this way. The *Report* itself is a history, carried on from year to year, of a certain number of institutes, and must be an admirable guide in the reformation of old and the formation of new ones. A delegate from each institute in the Union is sent to the annual meeting, and each institute furnishes its own *Report* for the period. The central committee gives advice, and, as far as possible, aid; it inquires into the merits of lecturers, and publishes the names of the paid and gratuitous; it sends its agent, when requested, to assist the local committees, and to deliver lectures; and finally, it lends books, in fifty volumes at a time, to institutes in need of the supply. Such advantages are obtained at a mere nominal fee: 5s. per annum when the members are 70 or under; 10s. when they are between that and 150; and 20s. when they exceed that number.

One interesting feature of the Union is the Itinerating Village Library, for the advantage of the inhabitants of villages where no mechanics' institute or local library exists. A subscriber to the library pays 1d. per week or 1s. per quarter in advance. Places where there are 25 subscribers have the use of 50 volumes, and for each additional 25 subscribers an additional 50 volumes. The history of this system, as given in the *Report*, seems to shew that a reading-room is essential to its full success. In three places, since the last *Report*, the result has been the establishment of independent libraries—the nuclei, probably, of institutes. The system exists also in Norfolk, where its operations were carried on last winter in forty parishes. 'Upwards of 3000 publications had been issued and circulated in the associated parishes, and the *Report* adduced instances of the anxiety of the labourers to read, or to have read to them, the contents of the society's book-cases. These cases are thirty-one in number; they circulate among a population of about 16,000, or three-fourths of the whole district.'

The number of institutes in the Yorkshire Union is 130, with 20,960 members. The annual income of 89 institutes is £10,324. To shew the proportion of the sexes, we may add that in 100 institutes there are 17,387 males and 1112 females. Among the few complaints made in the *Report* is the falling off in the number of female members, amounting on the average to 14.6 last year, and 10 per cent. the year before. The following remarks are made on this subject in the *Report* from Ripon: 'To those who know anything of the domestic economy of our poor, it need not be said how much of its disorder, extravagance, and misery is owing to the want of proper training in early life. The daughters of the poor, sometimes from want of means, sometimes because the hard-working mothers with large families require their help at home, are taken from school at the very time when its restraints, discipline, and instruction are most likely to be beneficial. For the benefit of such, the ladies who work in our institute give their time and energies. On working evenings, they are in attendance to give instruction in cutting-out, making, mending, knitting, and whatever else in this department may be of use, as tending to the better ordering, comfort, and economy of the poor man's home. While the work is going on, an instructive book is read, remarks are made, and questions asked.'

The discouraging fact of the diminishing number of such pupils would seem, on the face of the *Report*, to be strangely at variance with another—that an increase in the infinitesimal fees does not seem to affect, in general, the number of the male pupils: but both these facts seem to us to depend upon the same principle. The average subscription is three half-pence per week, which usually includes not merely the classes, but frequently the library, lecture, and news-room. But what kind of education is it possible to give for this sum? In the sixty-seven best institutions of Yorkshire, we are told, 75 per cent. of the pupils were learning nothing more than reading, writing, and arithmetic. This, however small the outlay for each, was a bad speculation, for such acquisitions would hardly improve the learners' prospects; while, on the other hand, an increase to 4d. or 6d. per week would be considered prudently spent money, inasmuch as it would open out to them access to a chance of higher and more remunerative employment. As for the girls, of what pecuniary advantage is education of any kind to them? Why should not the mothers have their assistance at home, and save the half-pence their classes cost? These questions may be, to a partial extent, answered in domiciliary visits by the benevolent instructresses; but the practical solution will come before long of itself. The educated young men will not marry profoundly ignorant women, and the mothers will then see that it is an excellent speculation to leave their daughters for a reasonable time in the institute.

From a comparative table given in the *Report*, it is clear that lectures are not so popular a feature as they have been; and in the *Reports* of the affiliated institutes, the complaint is pretty general of the small attendance on such occasions. This seems to us to be owing to the subjects being very frequently too high-pitched. In the lists of lectures we find a great proportion that would do very well in the institutions of the gentry, but are quite out of place in the mechanics' institutes of small towns and villages. The taste of the institutes is shewn pretty clearly in the issues of books from the libraries. At Leeds, where the members are probably of a better class than usual, theology, philosophy and education, poetry and the drama, attracted, on an average, 1400 or 1500 readers; voyages and travels, 2300; fine arts and literature, 3000; history and biography, between 5000 and 6000; the exact sciences, chemistry and natural philosophy, a few hundreds; and *fiction*, 14,166. The amusing and the practically useful are the most popular subjects for the masses: the elegant, the learned, and the *recherché* fit audience find—though few.

The *Reports* of the affiliated institutes appended to the general *Report* of the Yorkshire Union, are exceedingly interesting. Some of these societies are shewn to be in a most flourishing state, while others are in the depths of misfortune, the committee only consoling themselves with the idea, that an energetic canvass of the place may give a turn to events. The most frequent complaint, however, is of want of accommodation: this chokes the whole concern, keeping down even the classes, and is the more vexatious that the sum required to build a complete institute is only about £500.

We have ourselves, however, no fear of the ultimate result. Our only difficulty is in imagining how far an institution of such capabilities is to go as a lever for elevating the lower masses of the people. The thirst of these lower masses for knowledge communicated in an attractive form may be guessed by a statistical statement on the subject of free libraries and museums read to the Association for the Promotion of Social Science by Mr David Chadwick of Salford. By this document we learn incidentally, that last year the total number of visitors of the British Museum was

861,000, while that of the Royal Free Museum of Salford was 580,000, and is expected this year to exceed 800,000. The cause of this extraordinary difference can only be, that the British Museum is closed at six o'clock in summer, while that of Salford is kept open till dusk: in other words, the difference between the numbers must be composed in great part of the working-classes.

MY INTERVIEW WITH AN ACHENESE PRINCESS.

Nor many years ago, a severe attack of what is known in India as jungle-fever compelled me, at the suggestion of my medical advisers, to seek change of air and scenery, by visiting for a period that most delightful and hospitable of eastern islands, Pulo Penang.

Whilst there, I was so fortunate as to be the guest of a worthy Scotch merchant, a near relative of Viscount Strathallan; and, as he had frequent commercial intercourse with the least frequented ports on the west coast of Sumatra, I gladly availed myself of his offer to accompany him on a betel-nut collecting cruise along the Pedir coast.

The vessel we sailed in was his own, and in every way fitted out suitably for the cruise in question, which was one not unattended with danger. The people of Sumatra, especially those about the west coast, were notoriously treacherous, and by inclination and rearing, a horde of ruthless pirates—a blood-thirsty, reckless set, in whose hearts humanity had never yet found a lodging-place; consequently, we went well armed: the ship carried six guns, and an unusual complement of men, including ten Manilla gunners. We had three officers besides the captain, the supercargo, and myself, all armed with pistols and cutlasses; and last, though by no means least, a famous old dog, the gift of a Danish captain, a creature nearly as high as a moderate-sized calf, and the best and most faithful watch we could rely upon in times of danger. After the watches were set, and the eight o'clock grog and biscuits had been discussed, I should have liked to see the man that durst venture upon deck before Phaon had been duly warned, and coaxed into recognition. He would instantly have been extended upon his back on the deck, and have lain there, under the animal's powerful paws till the captain's or some other well-known voice interposed for his liberation.

With such means, offensive and defensive, a few cases of Spanish dollars, and a full cargo of Turkey red cloth, we sailed from Penang one evening towards sunset; and after encountering the usual provoking calms, so prevalent between that island and Diamond Point, eventually anchored off Achen Head—one of a rather considerable fleet of trading-vessels, principally English and Danish, which were there assembled for the purpose of sharing amicably among them the various points of the coast, so that the trading operations of one captain might not clash with the interests of another.

In the course of a few days the commodore of this betel-nut fleet—a veteran Dane, the oldest trader to Sumatra—had appointed the vessels to the various trading-ports along the coast; and to us fell the lot of loading an intermediate cargo of rice, and carrying it to Penang; the supercargo in the meantime remaining upon the coast, bartering Turkey red for betel-nut, and warehousing the cargo in convenient sheds against our return.

Of Achen itself, I have very little to say; an open and exposed roadstead, with a low uninviting coast, to reach which a formidable shoal had to be crossed, possessed but small attraction for the little floating colony of Europeans there assembled; and, in security from the risks to be incurred amongst a people

notoriously treacherous and cruel, we found ample occupation in fishing alongside the ships, especially by torch-light, or in shooting the wild ducks and geese, which hourly swept overhead, bound to those inland-lakes reputed to be so abundant in Sumatra, and equally famous for the deadly miasma their vicinity emits. Even had we possessed the inclination, our time was limited; and before the expiration of a week, the small fleet had separated, and was scattered over the intervening coast between Diamond Point and Achen Head. We ourselves anchored off a wretched village called Psatu Barra, so far from the land, that the natives brought off the rice in some of the largest proas, many of which were armed; all well equipped, and so dangerous, as to oblige us to permit only one boat to come alongside at a time, whilst a main-deck watch rigidly observed the movements of all the other boats hovering about us. The rice was measured over at the gangway; and at every tenth measure, its equivalent, either in Turkey red or dollars, was handed to the proprietor, who, seated upon the poop, smoked pipe after pipe of English tobacco, and drank brandy neat with as much apparent impunity as though it had been spring-water.

We worked day and night, for the moonlight favoured us, and in less than three days had completed our cargo. Not only the hold, but every available cabin had been stuffed full of rice in bulk; and the result of this glut in cargo had well-nigh proved our destruction. Just when midway between Sumatra and Penang, we were overtaken by one of those fearful squalls so prevalent off Diamond Point, and which come upon the unwary so unexpectedly as to endanger the safety of the vessel. Our captain was an old trader, but the great serenity of the night had, I am persuaded, lulled him into an unscrupulous nap. At all events, the first notification we had of the squall was the crash of the topmasts going over the side, and the simultaneous jerk of the vessel as she threw us out of our berths, and bent, gunwale under, to the force of the wind. The cabin light had been smashed to atoms; the binnacle swept over the side; the heavens were obscured by an impenetrable pall; and in the alarm and confusion of the moment, Buxo, the owner's Hindostanee servant, and myself, rushing from our respective berths towards the companion-ladder, were suddenly overtaken by, and completely hemmed in with, what in our alarm we supposed to be the sea making a clean breach over the vessel. Never was there a more ludicrous spectacle than we must have presented to the astonished Seacunny,* when he came below, horn-lantern in hand, to ascertain the amount of damage. The bulwarks of the side-cabins had given way under the pressure, and the whole volume of loose rice stowed therein had literally and *de facto* nailed Buxo and myself to the opposite side of the vessel—a dilemma from which we were liberated by the assistance of the lascars, as soon as they recovered from their convulsions of laughter.

After discharging our cargo of rice at Penang, we returned to the Pedir coast, and anchored off the town of Pedir itself, which was the chief city of that independent principality, then under the sway of a rane or princess. Her highness, who had been previously apprised of our advent, had caused a considerable quantity of betel-nut to be warehoused in the immediate vicinity of her palace; and the day after our arrival, we were invited ashore to a friendly interview with the royal lady: at least, such was the intimation conveyed to us by an interpreter, a native, who at the same time hinted mysteriously, that we had better land well armed and prepared against treachery.

If truth must be told, not one amongst us relished

the honour conferred; for my own part, despite curiosity, I would have much preferred being left on board; but for mutual security, it was best that all of us that could be spared should leave the vessel; and with as many arms secreted about our person as we could conveniently carry, we left the ship's side, and pulled in towards the landing-place. The distance was considerable, so that there was no hope of succour from the vessel, should that be required. As we approached, our spirits did not rise at the prospect before us: the boat had to be pushed over a very shallow bar, and we then entered a narrow river, whose banks were lined with luxuriant verdure, till a sudden bend shut out the view of the sea, and brought us into the presence of some forty or fifty half-naked savages, who were all armed with formidable Malay creeses, many of them also carrying spears. The loud shouting and capering of these ruffians seemed anything but conciliatory: however, the interpreter who accompanied us assured us that all was right, and we jumped ashore, determined at all hazards to sell our lives as dearly as possible.

Forming a kind of guard of honour, preceded by a drum and one or two ragged banners, this company escorted us into a dense, and apparently impenetrable brushwood, from which, however, we speedily emerged again, coming suddenly upon a wide clear space of ground, which had hitherto been entirely shut out from view, and in the centre of which rose a bamboo and mud stockade, containing the palace of the princess, and one or two smaller houses. The stockade had but one entrance-gate, and though it mounted six guns, was in so deplorable a condition, that the report alone of these cannon would have been almost sufficient to shake it to the ground. The palace was more substantially built, and consisted of a large bamboo and mat edifice, raised a considerable height off the ground, and supported upon the stumps of trees that had been evidently left there for the purpose when the rest of the forest was cleared away. Up a rickety old ladder our party climbed into the presence of royalty, and whilst her own subjects crouched on all-fours around, we were permitted to approach the *musnud*—which consisted of an empty rice-basket reversed—and to shake hands after English fashion.

Of the princess's personal appearance I have but little to say, save that she was portly, like most orientals who live well; whilst her garments consisted merely of a gold and silk tissue petticoat, with a loose shawl thrown over the shoulders. By her side was seated an extremely good-looking girl about fifteen years of age, who proved to be her only daughter. The floor of the apartment was liberally strewn with cocoa-nuts, yams, and a great variety of delicious fruits peculiar to these parts; there were also huge piles of betel-nut and the betel-leaf, from which the assembled native courtiers supplied themselves; whilst one man, who may have been the prime-minister, was continually occupied in pounding the ingredients in a little mortar, from which he supplied the princess, who, having lost a great many of her teeth, was thus saved the trouble of mastication. I need hardly say that, owing to this practice, and frequent expectorations, the floor was spotted like a leopard-skin.

We were welcomed with much courtesy, and feasted with fruits, rice-cakes, and the fresh milk of the cocoa-nut; then tobacco, rolled up in dry leaves, was handed round, and, princess and all, we fell a-smoking, and, through the medium of the interpreter, the palaver-ing part of the business commenced. The princess undertook to supply us with a full cargo of betel-nut—the greater portion of which had been already collected—and to take, as equivalent, certain pieces of Turkey red. These preliminaries being arranged, preparations for dinner were commenced on rather

a large scale. Immense quantities of rice were boiled in hollow bamboos; and from the screaming in the poultry-yard, we were convinced that great slaughter was going on there. The cookery was carried on down stairs under the immediate supervision of the princess's daughter, and in an incredibly short space a really sumptuous repast was served up on wooden platters. Some of the dishes were novel and tasty, consisting of chickens stewed in cocoa-nut milk, well seasoned with green chillies and onions; baked yams were also by no means contemptible. After partaking of this hospitality, we were escorted back to the boat, which we found deep laden with fruit, vegetables, and poultry, the gift of her highness the princess of Pedir.

After this interview, I visited the shore frequently, and though but slightly versed in the Malay tongue, managed to carry on trifling conversations. Emboldened by impunity, I often pushed my walks further perhaps than prudence might have dictated; but the younger of the princesses generally accompanied me upon these tours, and her presence alone was a sufficient guarantee for my safety. The girlish delight she evinced whenever I was fortunate enough to bring down some gaily plumaged bird with my gun, amply recompensed her for any fatigue or trouble.

A few days prior to our departure, three of the Malay lascars deserted, and, having obtained the princess's permission to search for them in the environs of her domains, accompanied by a native guard, we penetrated far into the country, both on land and by water. On the river, the scenery was desolate and wild. Now and then, a huge rhinoceros would poke up his nose in unpleasant proximity to the boat; but, apparently more alarmed than ourselves, would as speedily retreat. Once, and only once, I caught sight of one beautiful bird of the bird of paradise species; the trees by the water-side teemed with animation, and I do not remember to have ever seen so great a variety of the monkey-tribe as were here, swinging from branch to branch.

On shore I found the generality of the houses constructed upon the same principle as the princess's palace—that is, elevated upon poles. The country seemed in a high state of cultivation, and each house had a well-stocked poultry-yard and kitchen-garden, upon the produce of which, and the abounding fruits, in addition to a large supply of rice, the people subsisted and thrived.

A rather unexpected and ludicrous circumstance brought my visit to Pedir to a sudden close: the princess had set her heart upon retaining me on the island as the future husband of her only daughter, and to this intent offered my friends several boat-loads of betel-nut as an equivalent. I am sorry to say that I was ungallant and unambitious enough to object to the intended honour, although, if I had known my own interest better, I might by this time have been a prince in my own right. The old lady, however, was exceedingly obstinate; and refusing to continue any further shipments until her demands had been complied with, we were compelled to go foraging at other ports; and very shortly afterwards, I bade a final adieu to the Pedir coast and my prospects of royalty.

KOUAN-FOU-YOUAN.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A WIFE.

FROM THE CHINESE.

IN the fifth watch of the first day of the year, when winter reigns in all his severity, my tender wife died. Is there on earth a man more unhappy than I? Oh, if thou wert still alive, I would give thee a new robe for the new year! But, alas, thou hast descended to the gloomy kingdom watered by the Yellow Fountain. Come to me in the middle of

the night, that husband and wife may see one another again; come to me in the third watch; let me renew the illusions of the past.

In the second moon, at the birth of the spring, the sun shines longer in the sky, and each family washes its robes and linen in pure water. Husbands who have still their wives, love to adorn them with new clothes; but I, who have lost mine, I am a prey to a grief that wastes my life away. I have removed from my sight the little shoes that enclosed her pretty feet. Sometimes I have thought of taking another companion; but where should I find another so beautiful, so witty, and so kind!

In the third moon, at the epoch called Tsing-ming, the peach-tree opens its rose-coloured blossoms, and the willow begins to display its green tresses. Husbands who have still their wives, go with them to visit the graves of their relations. But I, who have lost mine, I go alone to visit her grave. When I see the spot where her ashes repose, burning tears stream down my cheeks. I present to her funeral-offerings; I burn for her images of gilded paper. 'Tender wife!' I exclaim, with a tearful voice, 'where art thou? Tender wife! where art thou?' But, alas, she is deaf to my cries! I see a solitary tomb, but I cannot see my wife. * * *

In the sixth moon, at the epoch called San-fo, it is difficult to support the burning heat of the day. The rich and poor then spread their clothes to air. I will expose a silken robe to the sun's hot rays. Look, here is the robe she wore on festival days!—here are the elegant shoes that enclosed her pretty feet! But where is my wife? Oh, where is the mother of my children? I feel as if a cold steel-blade were dividing my heart. * * *

The fifteenth day of the eighth moon, when her disc shines with its greatest splendour, men and women offer to the gods melons and cakes, which have a rounded form like that of the orb of night. Husbands and wives go two and two to walk in the country, and enjoy the sweet moonlight; but the round disc of the moon can only remind me of the wife I have lost. At times, to relieve my woe, I pour for myself a cup of generous wine; at times I take my guitar, but scarcely can my trembling hand draw forth a sound. My relations and friends come, turn by turn, to invite me; but my heart, full of bitterness, refuses to share their pleasures.

In the ninth moon, at the epoch called Tchong-yang, the chrysanthemums open their golden cups, and every garden exhales a balmy odour. I would gather a bunch of newly blown flowers, if I had still a wife whose hair they could adorn. My eyes are wet with tears, my hands are contracted by grief, and beat my fleshless breast. I enter into the elegant chamber that was once my wife's; my two children follow me, and come sadly to embrace my knees. Each one takes me by the hand, and calls me with a choking voice. By their tears, their sobs, their gestures, they ask me for their mother.

The first day of the tenth moon, both rich and poor present winter-clothes to their wives. But I who have no wife, to whom shall I offer winter-clothes? When I think of her who shared my bed, who rested on the same pillow, I burn for her images of gilded paper, and my tears flow fast. I send these offerings to her who now dwells beside the Yellow Fountain. I know not whether these funeral gifts will be of use to the shade of her who is no more, but at least her husband will have paid her a tribute of love and regret.

In the eleventh moon, when I have saluted winter, I call my beautiful wife. In my cold bed, I double up my body, I dare not stretch out my legs, and half of the silken counterpane covers an empty place. I sigh and invoke heaven; I pray for pity on a husband who passes solitary nights. At the third watch, I rise without having slept, and I weep until the dawn.

In the twelfth moon, in the midst of winter's cold, I called my tender wife. 'Where art thou?' I said. 'I think of thee all day, yet I cannot see thy face.' The last night of the year, she appeared to me in a dream: she pressed my hand in hers; she smiled on me with tearful eyes; she

encircled me with her caressing arms, and filled my soul with happiness. 'I pray thee,' she said to me, 'to weep no more when thou rememberest me; henceforth, I will come thus each night to visit thee in thy dreams.'

THE STRANGER.

THE wedding-bells are ringing as if it could not be That there was any heart to-day which was not full of glee.

The wedding-bells are ringing; you hear it in their sound That this is a high holiday for all the country round.

The wedding-bells are ringing, drums beat, and bugles blow;

A stranger passing through the place the cause of this would know.

He asks the brawny blacksmith who stands before his shed, Wearing a coat with buttons bright, as if he too would wed.

The blacksmith answers smiling: 'You come from far away,

Else you would know of Lady Grace, and of her wedding-day.

'Tis a day of great rejoicing; and if your heart is light, I'd bid you see our village sports, and join the dance to-night.'

The stranger stands there gazing—the carriages pass by: 'That's Lady Grace,' the blacksmith says—'she with the brave, bright eye.'

Gay horsemen follow after the carriages and four, And all are trotting merrily towards the church's door.

Without the church the stranger stays, and hears the words begin;

He hears her voice—his eye grows dim—his heart grows cold within.

And now the altar's silent, and with her joyous train, The pride of all the country side comes smiling forth again.

But soon her footstep falters, and soon her smile has fled: How can it be that she is sad, who was this instant wed?

She sees the stranger standing there, and it seems as if there lay,

'Twixt her and all her gladness, a shadow on the way.

But now the look is over—she turns away her eyes: The past it can be hers no more—her path before her lies.

E. F.

DECAY OF IRON RAILINGS.

Every one must have observed the destructive combination of lead and iron from railings being fixed in contact with the former metal, and the oxygen of the atmosphere keeping up the galvanic action between the two. This waste might be prevented by substituting zinc for lead, in which case the galvanic influence would be in the whole of its action would fall on the zinc, and the iron would be preserved; and as zinc is oxidated with difficulty it would, at the same time, be scarcely acted on; and remaining uninjured, and the other party was formed of the oxide of zinc, for the same reason, serves iron exposed to the atmosphere. *Timbs's Popular Errors.*

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RECKONING THE WINNINGS.

In England, the grand epochs of the year are connected with the fate of grouse and partridges: on the continent, with a thing of far more general and absorbing interest. The great resorts of fashion there, where people crowd to drink nasty water and enjoy, or pretend to enjoy, fine scenery, have a third attraction much more powerful—public and licensed Gaming; and to many, of course, the opening and closing days of the tables are the most memorable dates in the calendar. Paris, although more abounding in *eau de vie* than in mineral springs, and in *monts de piété* than in picturesque hills, was formerly the most distinguished of the temples of play, paying two million francs a year to the government for its licence; but it has now lost this dignity by the interference of the legislature, and its great *salons de jeu* have retired into the dangerous obscurity of the hells of London. One or two other places have likewise been erased from the list, which now chiefly consists of Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Homburg, Ems, Spa, Geneva, and Monaco.

The gaming season begins in spring, when the leaves come out green and glittering in the sun, and closes in most places on the 1st of November, when they drop scar and withered from the trees. The 1st of November has more general excitement than the opening date, for on that day there comes into play a new element of interest; a new class, hitherto rigidly excluded, being then for the first and only time in the season, permitted to approach them. Many a wistful glance have these latter been accustomed, for months past, to throw at the shut doors; many an investigating look have they fixed upon the pale or flushed faces, the dead or burning eyes, of the privileged classes emerging from them; but now at length their turn comes, they are permitted to enter within the sacred precincts, and to feel in their own experience the glorious excitement of play. The time allowed them, it is true, is short—only a single day; but that suffices for the purpose: a few francs or florins don't take long, and luckily they have no fund to fall back upon when these are swept up by the good-natured bankers. In, therefore, they flock—gentlemen's servants, waiters, hotel commissionaires, petty trades-people of the town, shopmen, neighbouring villagers, agricultural labourers, farm-servants, with the wives of all who have wives to bring, and boys and girls from their first teen to their last—all are welcome to the honour of risking their year's savings upon the identical table which yesterday ingulfed the inheritance of princes.

In the meantime, the members of the other class, for whom the season is already at an end, prepare to carry

elsewhere their haggard looks and aching heads. Some set out for Paris, some for London, some for Vienna, some for Berlin, some for St Petersburg, some for America; a good many lose themselves by the way, and sinking into some obscure pitfall, never turn up again till the following spring; not a few, on getting home, shut themselves up in their room to examine the pin-holed cards they have brought away, containing the history of the campaign, and invent from these data an absolutely infallible system of play by which to lose their money next year; while of those who reach London, a fair proportion forget the way to their clubs and their old landladies, and are fain to swell the competition for cabmen's boxes.

But the bankers? What becomes of them? How have they fared in the conflict? The answer to these questions is curious; and it so happens that we are able to throw some light upon a subject hitherto shrouded in mystery.

We shall take the principal temples of play seriatim, as we have catalogued them above.

Baden-Baden pays an annual licence of 300,000 francs. The present lease is for seventeen years from 1854, a period of eight years being fixed, and the remainder renewable, either on the same terms or at an advanced ratio. In four years, therefore, the bankers will have the option either of giving up their lease or submitting to a perhaps considerable augmentation of the licence. This large sum does not go into the pockets of the Baden government. It is laid out, through a special commissioner of the Baths, in embellishing the place—in gilding refined gold and painting the lily, for the whole locality is a paradise of beauty as it is. The seven less important baths receive only 50,000 francs among them, that of Baden-Baden taking the lion's share. In addition to the licence, the expenses are of course heavy, making up the aggregate costs to not less than 700,000 francs; but notwithstanding this, the net profit of the last season amounted to above *two millions*! Nor is there any chance of a reduction of this large sum in future years, so long as the place retains the prestige of fashion; for a curious clause in the treaty defends Baden-Baden even against the effects of its own justice or generosity by *forbidding* it to renounce either of its two zeros with which the game of roulette is played, or the *refait*, as it is termed, of *rouge et noir*. On the other hand, it is not permitted to be too greedy of business; its tables being limited to the present three—namely, one for *rouge et noir* and two for roulette.

The above is the speculation of a private individual, but the tables of Wiesbaden and Ems belong to a joint-stock company. They pay for the double licence

115,000 florins; but are prepared, it is rumoured, to offer 100,000 florins more for permission to keep their play-rooms open during the winter months. The expenses of this company for the season are estimated at 750,000 francs; yet at the last division of profits, a dividend was declared which entitled each of the 25,000 shares to 49·30 francs. This exhibits a net profit for the season of 1,282,500 francs! Baron de Wellens, the *gérant* or manager of the society, receives in lieu of salary, for what is reckoned his able services, 5 per cent. on these profits—an allowance which makes up the very respectable income of 61,625 francs or L.2465. As this sum, for six months' work, is more than equal to the salaries of all the Grand Duke of Nassau's ministers for a year, it has excited some remark; and at the last meeting of the society to hear the Report, one shareholder, astonished and alarmed at the announcement of so large a recompense, declared that it was absolutely 'scandalous.'

'Well, gentlemen,' said the baron with his usual serene courtesy, 'I admit that the sum which produces this amount at five per cent., and pays you so handsome a dividend, is a large one. I am sorry you are dissatisfied with it: but another year the misfortune might be remedied; and I am sure if I could do anything that would give you satisfaction'— But here he was interrupted by a general laugh, and the Report was received with acclamation. At Wiesbaden there are two tables for roulette, and two for rouge et noir; at Ems one for roulette and one for rouge et noir.

Homburg pays a licence of 50,000 florins, for which it is at liberty to keep the tables open throughout the entire year. The lease is for fifty-five years, of which sixteen have expired; the cost of all buildings, embellishments, and improvements to be defrayed by the society. The capital is divided into 10,000 shares; which received for last season (summer only) a dividend of 53 francs per share, giving a total profit of more than half a million. The owner of more than half these shares is a single individual, M. Blanc, the manager. There are five tables, three for roulette and two for rouge et noir; and they have this remarkable distinction, that the play is with only one zero. This does not affect stakes of less than 500 florins, but still it tends so far towards equalising the chances between the gamblers and the bank, that in April next the second zero, customary at all the other tables, is to be added.

Spa, since the suppression of the tables at Aix-la-Chapelle, has become a flourishing concern. The Company set apart 150,000 francs for the general expenses of embellishment, &c., and then divide the spoil with the state. This year's profits have exceeded a million francs. There is only one table for roulette, and one for rouge et noir.

Geneva, like Spa, pays no licence; but, unlike Spa, it has no connection with the government. Although it has enemies in the state council, however, the company are domiciled in the private mansion of the President of the Council himself, whom it gratifies with a rent of 25,000 francs. The general expenses here are about 125,000 francs, and the net profits 800,000; but this is nothing to its future, if it can only get over the enmity in the council, and be allowed to keep open the tables till the railway from Lyon, expected to be ready shortly, acts as a duct for treasure to pour into

its bank. In anticipation of this, the manager, in imitation of the autocrats of the Opera, has been recently on a tour among the other gaming temples to recruit his staff, and has already at a fabulous sum engaged the services of one of the best croupiers of Homburg.

At Monaco, the society gives the prince one-fourth of the profits, guaranteeing to him 25,000 francs as the minimum. This year its receipts (about 80,000 francs) are said to have fallen short of its expenses; but notwithstanding this, as well as the unfavourable eye with which it is regarded by Sardinia, the prospects of Monaco are good, as by and by a ramification of railways will encircle it like the net of a spider. This is believed to be the only instance in which the reigning prince is a personally interested director of the Bank.

On casting our eye over the foregoing figures, we find that the half-dozen banks we have specified must have gained at play in a single season—putting profits and expenses together—seven million francs. Nor is this extraordinary fact to be taken as something peculiar to the present year: it is probably nothing more than the average annual rate at which the visitors of the places indicated submit to be shorn. And who are these visitors? Our readers may perhaps suppose them to consist of the mass of tourists who throw away here and there, without a thought upon the subject, a handful of five-franc pieces, or a few napoleons; but the fact is, that the most important of the victims are themselves intending victimisers, that the most feathery of the pigeons are the knowing ones, who, after mature study of the doctrine of chances, set forth every year from England, France, Germany, Russia, America, for the avowed purpose—to use their own language—of giving a lesson to M. le Baron de Wellens, of taking the shine out of M. Benazet, and of sewing up M. Blanc!

If these knowing ones, on sitting down to play a game of mere blind chance with a friend, were asked to give him odds, they would laugh at the idea. Odds, they would say, are given only in games of skill, such as billiards, to balance the inequality of the players, but in games of chance there is no inequality to balance. Yet this is precisely what they do with the Banks, which are secured certain odds by their fundamental rules. In playing either with the friend or the bank, however, in this unequal way, it is by no means impossible, despite the odds, that they may win; but with a difference. On finishing the friendly game, they pocket their winnings with a laugh, and determine not to risk them by repeating the frantic play, at which success was a kind of miracle; but success at the rouge et noir table is another matter: their mind is confused by the magnitude and complexity of the whole affair, by the mystery of the bank, the hopeless, fearless, bloodless serenity of the automaton-like croupier; they are incapable of reasoning as they do in the other case; the play, on the same terms, continues from hour to hour, from day to day, from week to week, and if they can hold out so long, from month to month, till they reach the inevitable goal of ruin at last. In the one case, in short, it is possible to win: in the other, impossible.

The principle is so clear, that there would be no chance of mistake, were it not that the prestige of the tables is kept up by the spectacle of temporary

success, while few or none are present at the final result: except when that is signalized by the report of a pistol, the withdrawal of the effigy whose last stake has been lost, and the scattering of the saw-dust upon the floor preventing the company for a few minutes from closing round the table as before, to drink in the absorbing announcement of a new game, *Le jeu est fait*. Not, however, that such catastrophes are common, although they have happened; people are more considerate now-a-days than to enact such scenes in public: when they do sink under their misfortunes—at least, when we English do so—it is into a chair by the tap-room fire opposite the cab-stand.

The reason why the last day of the season is the most popular, may be deduced from the foregoing. The visitors have no second day, or week, or month to insure their ruin: some, therefore, may win; and a single instance of success is worth more to the fame of the tables than a whole village of bankrupts. Only fancy that happy grisette, who, with flushed face, and yet shivering as if from cold, carried to the princely rooms in the morning her whole worldly fortune, which she had hoarded in an old stocking, consisting of two *pièces de cent sous*, and who could hardly be got out of the doors by force at night. She had won; she was winning—what cruelty to break off her golden dream in the midst! Happy grisette! another deal of the cards, another whirl of the roulette, would in all probability have stripped her of every sou; but kind fortune has turned her out of doors, the mistress of six bright and heavy crowns. It is true, *Victoire* was one of the great majority who lost; but does not her treasure make up for it, and will not the wedding come off just the same as if nothing had happened? This grisette will always be a benefactress of the Bank, for she will become a traditional heroine of her village; and as each new season approaches, her six pieces will be multiplied by report in at least arithmetical ratio.

It is an old notion of ours that if a man will have the folly to throw away his money on so hopeless a speculation, the less he knows of the doctrine of chances, and the less he bothers himself with pricked cards, the more easily he will get off. Many years ago we witnessed a circumstance at Frascati's, in Paris, which quite demolished our faith in the doctrine. The rouge et noir room was well filled with visitors of both sexes, and the playing went on pretty briskly. A new deal took place—*le jeu est fait*—and the company obeyed the signal. The red wins. Some left their money on the red; some transferred it to the opposite side. The red wins again, and is the favourite. Again—again. The players become suspicious: the doctrine of chances is now dead against the red, and the black is loaded with gold and silver. The red wins. The red wins—again—again. People don't know what to do. They have lost enough on the black; but what knowing one would trust the red? They stand looking on, except a few who persist—but cautiously—with the black, and fewer still who put down a trifle on the red with a smile, as if they did it in jest. The red wins. Again—again. The red wins, in short, to the very end; and a game which, without the intervention of the doctrine of chances, ought to have broken half-a-dozen banks, terminated in comparatively little mischief to either side. Whether a circumstance like this ever happened before or since, we cannot tell; but what we have related, certainly did occur in our own presence, at a time when we visited, from curiosity, all sorts of places as well as gaming-tables.

We are not sure that much good has been effected by the numerous moral treatises against gaming, or the equally numerous stories of ruin and misery the habit has occasioned. Gamblers, we fear, don't read moral treatises, and moral examples are looked upon as mere illustrations of the doctrine of chances. But we

are more sanguine as to the antidotal power of the revelations of this paper. Seven millions a year against one is an awkward fact to get over. How do you like giving odds under the circumstances?

THE PARIAS'S REVENGE.

I WAS once acquainted with a Frenchman who could smoke any two Germans down. He was an artist, and, when I knew him, an exile, having got mixed up in some of the conspiracies against Louis-Philippe; but he always declared that his uncommon skill in the art of consuming tobacco had been acquired during his residence in British India, where he was employed for years in copying sculptures and inscriptions from the ancient tombs and temples for the Institute of France. Of his other experiences in the land of the Brahmins, he was not inclined to talk much on English ground; but one evening when we sat together, and his long pipe was in full play—my friend was generally most fluent then—our conversation happened to turn on the extent of empire England had obtained in the east.

'A curious study they are,' he said, 'the Hindoo and his ruler. Nature never intended the two races to occupy one country: suppose they were willing, it is an absolute impossibility that they could ever understand each other. The Oriental character and that of the Anglo-Saxon are the opposite poles of mankind; hence the rule of England in India has had no moral result. It has familiarised the natives with European commerce, and, to a certain extent, with European science too, but the Hindoo and the Mussulman remain as far from Britain as their ancestors.'

My response was about missions, and schools, and time.

'Well,' said my friend, 'we would never agree, and it's no matter; but I'll tell you an adventure which rather enlightened me on the subject when I was new in India.' This he did as follows:

It was at Agra, the ancient capital, where the sultans of the Persian dynasty reigned and built before the days of the Mogul. The modern city is still of great importance. There are holy places within its walls for Hindoo and Mohammedan, an English garrison, and a considerable trade; but all round stand the witnesses of earlier power and splendour—temples and palaces, and regal tombs—scattered for miles over the country, and interspersed with palm-groves, native hamlets, and the bungalows of the English residents. I had a full twelvemonth's work among them; and among other acquaintances made in my peregrinations, was that of an English family named Jackson. They had what might be termed a strong position in Hindostan. Mr Jackson was a high law-officer for the province; Mrs Jackson's brother was at the head of the Agra custom-house; their son was a captain in one of the regiments of that native army by which England keeps her hold on India; and their daughter was married to one of the Company's judges in Calcutta. With their family interest so well represented, and titled connections in one of the midland counties of England where they were born, you may believe that the Jacksons were rich and important people. They had a house in the city of Agra, chiefly for the transaction of business, and an extensive bungalow in the outskirts, situated on the banks of a rivulet, surrounded by a garden full of Indian flowers, shaded from the southern sun by tall palms, and commanding a glorious prospect of splendid ruins and eastern vegetation. There they lived in a degree of material luxury known only to the Anglo-Indian. Nothing was wanted that wealth could purchase, and they possessed the love for elegance and taste; so the great lawyer and his lady were considered the elite of Agra society, and my acquaintance with them could only be

accounted for on the ground that Europeans out of uniform were rather scarce, that life is somewhat dull in the Company's territory, that the Jacksons wanted their portraits, and that I was wanted to paint them.

They had resided almost thirty years in India, and believed themselves thoroughly acquainted with it and its people. So they might have been as regarded time and opportunity; but unfortunately the Jacksons had brought the English midland counties with them, and never could get rid of the burthen. They reasoned on the dwellers by the Jumna exactly as they would have done on those beside the Trent, and applied the rules of conduct laid down for Jim and Bill, in all the rigour of their Angloism, to Ali and Ranou. Mr Jackson was an upright, honourable man, with little depth and much narrowness of mind. Of his spouse I will only venture to premise that she did not pretend to be interesting, and the only part of her conversation I recollect is a lament over the inferiority of meat in India, and a wonder that the Hindoos did not leave off worshipping idols when they were told it was wrong. Their son—of whom I saw a good deal, his regiment being then in garrison at Agra—was a handsome young man, with very red whiskers, and a great, though silent, esteem of himself; and of their daughter I know only that she was a young married lady of remarkable propriety, and had two really beautiful children, twin-boys, around whom the whole family's affection, and much of its pride, was gathered.

The letters from Calcutta were full of them; their sayings, their doings, and their general progress. They were the theme to which Mrs Jackson returned from the two leading subjects I have mentioned—the topic to which the lawyer came down from his official dignity, and on which the captain condescended to unbend his mind. The twins were now in their fourth year, but the old people had not seen them since their first summer. The distance between Agra and Calcutta made the visit of the judge's lady to her parents rather rare. However, in the third quarter of my acquaintance with the Jacksons, it was publicly announced that Mrs Lester was coming with the dear children, and I was engaged to paint their portraits.

Like most families of distinction in British India, the Jacksons kept a considerable retinue. The requisitions of caste, which always limit the Hindoo's labour, and the indolence superinduced by a tropical climate, contribute to augment the number of these household troops. My friends had servants of all sorts and sizes; but among them there was none in more esteem or trust than a native girl, who acted as Mrs Jackson's own maid, and held besides sundry important offices, such as the charge of the household linen and the dealing out of the spices. They called her Zelle; and when her good mistress was in a hurry, it became Sally sometimes, but I believe her proper name was Zelleya. She was a Pariah, at least she did not object to do or touch anything; but her appearance had something of high caste in it, for that peculiar institution of India has the advantage of making the classes known without the help of dress or equipage.

Zelle had the tall, slender figure, the features of that fine mould which might be termed the classical of Hindostan—the upright carriage and elastic grace, the long, shining hair and pure olive complexion, which distinguish the Brahmin's daughter. She was young, too—I think not more than seventeen. By the way, that is not counted extreme youth in the east; but there was a cold glitter in her black eye, which, in spite of so much beauty, would not have charmed me. I thought Captain Jackson had come to a different conclusion. The near neighbourhood of his garrison made him almost a resident with his parents, and my frequent visits, in the double capacity of artist and friend to the family, enabled me to observe that

Zelle's dress, which was a tasteful compromise between the costumes of Europe and India, was always more studied, and her black hair more carefully braided, when the captain was at home. Of course, it was by accident; but I once espied something very like an assignation in the garden, though, from circumstances too minute to be so long remembered, I believe that the siege did not advance as rapidly as the gallant captain could have wished; and Mr Jackson had a mighty opinion of her maid. It was not easy to make an impression on the heart of the very respectable lady; but Zelle had achieved it, for the girl was clever and handy. I was told she could mend and clear-starch, mark and cut out as well as any maid from England; that she never had been known to tell a fib, black or white; might be trusted with anybody's wardrobe or jewel-case, and gave no trouble on the score of caste. Mrs Jackson also said that the girl was sincerely attached to her family; and with good reason, for they had been great benefactors to her and all her relations; and the good woman was accustomed to relate how Zelle's life, as well as that of her four sisters, had been saved in their infancy by the attorney-general's interference with that peculiar institution which, in some parts of Hindostan, saves the higher castes the trouble of providing trousseau and wedding-feasts; how her mother had been prevented from becoming a suttee by Mrs Jackson's cousin, then in the Agra mission, 'though the poor creature was scorned for it by all her heathen people, and somehow fell into the Jumna afterwards;' how her three brothers got advice and assistance from every branch of the Jacksons to take up honest trades, when the Company dispossessed them of some land to which they had no right in law; how, in consequence, one had a place in the custom-house, one had become a soldier in the captain's regiment, and one a small merchant in Agra. Mrs Jackson always wound up that recital of benefits by stating, that Zelle had been three years at the school for native girls; that she could read English as well as Hindostanee; that she never refused a tract, and the missionaries had great hopes of her.

Mrs Lester's visit had been expected to take place in that cool and pleasant season of the Indian year, which the English residents persist in calling the winter, because it extends from October to March, and their Christmas dinners come off in the midst of it. Intervening between the time of rain and the fierce heat, it seems the natural season for travelling; but by those many casualties which beset the goings forth of ladies—who will take everything with them, as well as maids and children—the judge's spouse, for he himself, good man, stayed at home in hot Calcutta, found it impossible to set out so early as she had intended; but as she travelled in the most expeditious manner, by boat and palanquin, it was hoped the family would reach Agra before the regular deluge set in. Meantime, my commission to paint the children had widened to a family group. Somebody had suggested that the moment of arrival would be the most striking scene; and as it was necessary to witness the ceremony before transferring it to canvas, I was bound to be at the Jacksons' bungalow in good time on the day the visitors were expected. Having English patrons to deal with, I was punctual. Mrs Lester and company were due early in the afternoon, and the house was on the *qui vive* for hours; but there was no arrival. Towards evening, the rain, which had fallen in occasional showers for some days, as it does at the beginning of its season, came down in good earnest, with a fag-end of a thunder-storm, which we heard raging far to the southward, and the Jacksons comforted themselves with the hope that the travellers had taken refuge in some tomb or ruin, of which there was no lack on their way, and should come on as soon as

the storm ceased and the moon rose. It had been arranged that I should remain till the picture was finished, and a painting-room was assigned me accordingly, situated in a sort of wing which Mr Jackson's predecessor had built for a ball-room; but the Jacksons being quiet people, who gave no balls, had divided it into three, by partitions of Indian matting. The central division was my painting-room, rather better lighted than any artist would desire by two windows looking into the garden; to the right was my bedroom, and on the left a spare apartment, considered the coolest in the house, and, therefore, intended for the much-regarded twins. Partitions of Indian matting, though cheap and movable, have two great faults—namely, that they allow sounds to pass readily, and are apt to shew minute crevices when they get dry. I was standing close by the one which divided mine from the children's room, putting my colour-box in order by the last light of day, and the Indian night gives short warning, when, through the heavy rain, which was coming down in water-spouts, there came a sort of half hiss, half whisper, the queerest sound that ever struck my ear. I was born in France; and there was a crevice within reach of my eye. What need of further apology? There was Zelle, alone, and all wet, as if she had just crept in through the window, which stood open, taking out of her little grass-basket something like a large green ball, which she carefully tucked in under the bolster of the bed. Which of her duties the trusted maid had come to perform so stealthily, I could not guess; but she stepped out of the window, and closed it behind her so swiftly and silently, that I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw her glide away into the verandah.

The rain continued, and the travellers did not come. Mrs Jackson hoped they had stopped for that day with some of the many friends they had on the road, and the family retired to rest at the usual hour. But the dry season makes crevices in roofs as well as in partitions: the rain had found one just above my bed, and poured in such a torrent, that before it was discovered, the chamber was perfectly uninhabitable. My good hostess, however, requested that I would occupy the children's room for the night, and I had installed myself there with candle and writing-case, in order to write letters which were justly due to sundry correspondents, for I was not inclined to sleep.

The whole house was silent. It was near midnight; and I was half-way in a letter to Armandine—we were friends then—when a slight rustle made me look up, and there stood Zelle as erect and composed as if she had come for one of the oft-mentioned tracts.

'Saib,' said she, 'there's a cobra in your bed: I smelled it as I passed your door, for my family were serpent-charmers. What will you give me if I take it away?'

'How did it come there?' said I, pretending to write on, though my pen was making cobras on the paper, for the green ball I had seen taken out of the basket recurred to my memory, and I knew the said serpent to be one of the most deadly of its kind. The Portuguese settlers call it the capella or hooded-snake, by which name it is known in Europe; but it had obviously not been placed under the bolster for me; and as Zelle replied quite innocently—

'I don't know, saib,' my resolution was taken, though it certainly was not the best policy.

'I'll give you half a rupee,' said I; and with a quiet gesture of assent to the bargain, Zelle approached the bed, turned up the bolster, and, without haste or fear, lifted out the deadly thing, coiled up exactly as she had laid it in; and, may I be forgiven, but I half wished it might bite her. Nothing of the kind happened to Mrs Jackson's maid: she laid the cobra carefully into her muslin apron, opened the window, and stepped out into the garden. The rain had

ceased, and the moon was shining. I saw her go down the walk straight to the outer gate. She opened it too, and I followed her; but long before I could reach the gate, it was locked behind her, and the girl was out of sight. I returned to my writing-table, certain that she would come back for the half-rupee; and in less than half an hour, back Zelle came by the very way she went, and calmly closed the window, saying:

'Now, Saib, the cobra's at home with his friends, and has promised never to come near your bed again.'

'Very well, Zelle,' said I, getting between her and the door, 'I have promised you a half-rupee, and I will give it to you, but I saw you put that cobra in the bed this evening. If you tell me why you did so, I will not mention it to any of the family till you are two days safe out of the house; and if you do not, I will rouse them all, and tell them this instant.'

Zelle looked to see whether there was any way of escape, but I had my eye on the window; then her face took the fixed, stony look of the Eastern, who knows his destiny is not propitious.

'Saib,' said she, 'I put it there to kill the judge's children. My mother sent it to me, to be revenged on this family for all the evil they have done to ours. Listen, and I will tell you the truth, for you do not come from England. My father was a Brahmin and a Zemindar; he inherited his land by adoption into the family of our ancient neighbour Guzroo, and the Saib Lester, who then gave law in Agra, took it from him, saying he had no right, and it belonged to the Company. It had always been the custom to rear but one daughter in our house, and in due time that daughter was wedded, with a marriage-feast becoming a family of high caste; but the Saib Jackson found out this custom, and so frightened our people with his law that all the girls grew up. When my father's soul departed, my mother determined to become a suttee, according to the custom of her ancestors, that the family might have honour in this world and in paradise; but the preaching Saib, who is also one of the Jacksons, talked so much, that fear came upon her when the pile was ready, and she could not perform the ceremony. Now, see what the doings of these hogs, who eat everything, have brought upon my people. By the loss of his land, my father could not make the accustomed offerings; he therefore lost his standing in the temples and in the favour of the gods. By the loss of their inheritance, my brothers were brought down to trades beneath their castes. There was no means to make marriage-feasts for five daughters; all my sisters are therefore married to low-caste men, and I am a Pariah, drinking out of common vessels, and going abroad with an unveiled face. My mother was so despised by her neighbours and at the holy places, that she would not live, but threw herself into the Jumna, an offering to the goddess Durgā, who will not refuse even the polluted. By her favour, she has reached the transmigration of the serpent, and sent the cobra to me that we might be avenged on this family, who worship nothing but rupees, and think to buy heaven and earth with them. Now, Saib, give me my wages, for I have taken away the cobra and told you the truth.'

'I did not venture to reason with the maid of whom the missionaries had hopes. She took her half-rupee, and glided away to her own room. My own sleep was not sound that night, and in the morning Zelle was nowhere to be found. Neither mistress nor servants could give any account of her, but that she had performed her accustomed duties, and retired to rest as usual; that her room was all in order, and her trinkets and best clothes gone with her. I resolved to keep my promise, and let the two days elapse; but in the interim, I could not resist telling the story to a countryman and confidential friend of mine, who had been for fifteen years a silk-merchant in Agra.

'Take my advice,' said he, 'and say nothing about it. I know something of the English; they'll wonder why you did not immediately tell her master—what business you had to look through chinks—in short, they won't believe you; and if the girl's disappearance produces no worse effect on your reputation, you will be set down as a Jesuit in disguise; and I understand the Jacksons are stiff Protestants; yet it might be as well to warn the family by an anonymous letter.'

I took his advice, and the letter was sent; but not being in their confidence, the Jacksons never mentioned it to me.

The lady deeply regretted the absence of her handy maid. Mr Jackson made diligent inquiries after her, but all to no purpose; but some time after, the part of her doings which most puzzled me was cleared up. Why, do you think, did she come to remove the cobra? Not for the half-rupee alone; but her brother, the merchant at Agra, happened to be the very man from whom I was in the habit of purchasing trifles for myself and presents for my friends at home, and the bill I owed him just then saved my life.

The children arrived a week after, and I painted the family group. I saw Zelle dancing as a nautch-girl at one of the festivals at Delhi. I heard in the following summer that the twins had died from the bite of a serpent received in the garden of their father's country-house near Calcutta; and since then I never went to bed in India without looking narrowly under the bolster.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

LOST WOMEN.

I ENTER on this subject with a hesitation strong enough to have prevented my entering on it at all, did I not believe that to write for or concerning women, and avoid entirely that deplorable phase of womanhood which, in country cottages as in city streets, in books, newspapers, and daily talk, meets us so continually that no young girl can long be kept ignorant of it, would be to give a one-sided and garbled view of life, which, however pretty and pleasant, would be false, and being false, useless. We have not to construct human nature afresh, but to take it as we find it, and make the best of it: we have no right, not even the most sensitive of us women, mercifully constituted with less temptation to evil than men, to treat as impure what God has not made impure, or to shrink with sanctimonious ultra-delicacy from the barest mention of things which, though happy circumstances of temperament or education have shielded us from ever being touched or harmed thereby, we must know to exist. If we do not know it, our ignorance—quite a different thing from innocence—is at once both helpless and dangerous: narrows our judgment, exposes us to a thousand painful mistakes, and greatly limits our power of usefulness in the world.

On the other hand, a woman who is for ever paddling needlessly in the filthy puddles of human nature, just as a child delights in walking up a dirty gutter when there is a clean pavement beside it, deserves, like the child, whatever mud she gets. And there is even a worse kind of woman still, only too common among respectable matrons, talkative old maids, and even worldly fascinating young ones, who is ready to rake up every scandalous tale, and titter over every vile *double entendre*, who degrades the most solemn mysteries of holy Nature into vehicles for disgraceful jokes, whose mind, instead of being a decent dwelling-house, is a perfect Augean stable of uncleanness. Such a one cannot be too fiercely reprobated, too utterly despised. However intact her reputation, she is as great a slur

upon womanhood, as great a bane to all true modesty, as the most unchaste *Mecasina* who ever disgraced her sex.

I beg to warn these foul grubbers in the dark places of the earth—not for purposes of cleansing, but merely because it amuses them—that they will not find anything entertaining in this article. They will only find one woman's indignant protest against a tone of thought and conversation which, as their consciences will tell them, many other women think it no shame to pursue when among their own sex; and which, did the other sex know it, would injure as much as any open vice, by making men disbelieve in virtue—disbelieve in us. As to its vileness in the sight of Heaven—truly many a well-reputed British matron may be considered as much a 'lost' woman as any poor, seduced creature whose child is born in a workhouse, or strangled at a ditch-side.

It is to this class, who have fallen out of the ranks of honest women, without sinking to a lower depth still, that I chiefly refer: because with them, those for whom those papers are meant—namely, the ordinary middle ranks of unmarried females—are more likely to have to do. That other class—awful in its extent and universality—of women who make a trade of sin, whom philanthropists and political economists are for ever discussing, and can come to no conclusion about—this I leave to the wise and generous of both sexes who devote their lives to the subject; to the examination and amelioration of a fact so terrible that, were it not a fact, one would hardly be justified in alluding to it here. Wretched ones! whom even to think of turns any woman's heart cold, with shame for her own sex, and horror at the other: estimate to whom happiness and love are things unknown; God and heaven mere words to swear with; and to whom this earth must be a daily hell:

Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda, e passa.

But the others cross our path continually. No one can have taken any interest in the working-class without being aware how frightfully common among them is what they term 'a misfortune'—how for young women come to the marriage-altar at all, or come there just a week or two before maternity; or having already had several children, often only half brothers and sisters, whom no ceremony has ever legalised. Whatever be the causes of this—and I merely skim over the surface of a state of things which *Times* and sanitary commissioners have plumbed to shocking depths—it undoubtedly exists; and no single woman who takes any thought of what is going on around her, no mistress or mother who requires constantly servants for her house, and nursemaids for her children, can or dare blind herself to the fact. It is easy for tenderly reared young ladies, who study human passions through Miss Austen or Miss Edgeworth, or the *Loves of the Angels*, to say: 'How shocking! Oh, it can't be true.' But it is true; and they will not live many more years without finding it to be true. Better face truth at once, in 'all its bareness, than be swaddled up for ever in the folds of a silken falsehood.

Another fact, stranger still to account for, is that the women who thus fall are by no means the worst of their class. I have heard it affirmed by more than one lady—by one in particular, whose experience is as large as her benevolence—that many of them are of the very best—refined, intelligent, truthful, and affectionate.

'I don't know how it is,' she would say—'whether their very superiority makes them dissatisfied with their own rank—such brutes or clowns as labouring men often are!—so that they fall easier victims to the rank above them; or whether, though this charge will shock many people, other virtues can exist and flourish, entirely distinct from, and after the loss of

that which we are accustomed to believe the indispensable prime virtue of our sex—chastity. I cannot explain it; I can only say that it is so: that some of my most promising village-girls have been the first to come to harm; and some of the best and most faithful servants I ever had, have been girls who have fallen into shame, and who, had I not gone to the rescue, and put them on the way to do well, would infallibly have become "lost" women.

There, perhaps, is one clue caught. Had she not 'come to the rescue.' Rescue, then, is possible; and they were capable of being rescued.

I read lately an essay, and from a pure and good woman's pen too, arguing, what licentious materialists are now-a-days unblushingly asserting, that chastity is not indispensable in our sex; that the old chivalrous boast of families—all their men were brave, and all their women virtuous—was, to say the least, a mistake, which led people into worse ills than it remedied, by causing an extravagant terror at the loss of these good qualities, and a corresponding indifference to evil ones much more important.

While widely differing from this writer—for God forbid that our Englishwomen should ever come to regard with less horror than now the loss of personal chastity—I think it cannot be doubted that even this loss does not indicate total corruption or entail permanent degradation; that after it, and in spite of it, many estimable and womanly qualities may be found existing, not only in our picturesque *Nell Gwynnes* and *Peg Woffingtons*, but our poor everyday sinners: the servant obliged to be dismissed without a character and with a baby; the sempstress quitting starvation for elegant infamy; the illiterate village lass, who thinks it so grand to be made a lady of—so much better to be a rich man's mistress than a working-man's ill-used wife, or rather slave.

Till we allow that no one sin, not even this sin, necessarily corrupts the entire character, we shall scarcely be able to judge it with that fairness which gives hope of our remedying it, or trying to lessen in ever so minute degree, by our individual dealing with any individual case that comes in our way, the enormous aggregate of misery that it entails. This it behoves us to do, even on selfish grounds, for it touches us closer than many of us are aware—ay, in our hearths and homes—in the sons and brothers that we have to send out to struggle in a world of which we at the fireside know absolutely nothing; if we marry, in the fathers we give to our innocent children, the servants we trust their infancy to, and the influences to which we are obliged to expose them daily and hourly, unless we were to bring them up in a sort of domestic Happy Valley, which their first effort would be to get out of as fast as ever they could. And supposing we are saved from all this; that our position is one peculiarly exempt from evil; that if pollution in any form comes nigh us, we just sweep it hastily and noiselessly away from our doors, and think we are all right and safe. Alas! we forget that a refuse-heap outside her gate may breed a plague even in a queen's palace.

One word, before continuing this subject. Many of us will not investigate it because they are afraid: afraid, not so much of being, as of being thought to be, especially by the other sex, incorrect, indelicate, unfeminine; of being supposed to know more than they ought to know, or than the present refinement of society—a good and beautiful thing when real—concludes that they do know.

O women, women, why have you not more faith in yourselves—in that strong inner purity which alone can make a woman brave! which, if she knows herself to be clean in heart and desire, in body and soul, loving cleanness for its own sake, and not for the credit that it brings her, gives her a freedom of

action and a fearlessness of consequences which are to her a greater safeguard than any external decorum. To be, and not to seem, is the amulet of her innocence.

Young women, who look forward to marriage and motherhood, in all its peace and dignity, as your natural lot, have you ever thought for a moment what it must be to feel that you have lost innocence, that no power on earth can ever make you innocent any more, or give you back that jewel of glory and strength, having which, as the old superstition believed,

Even the lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity?

That, whether the world knows it or not, you know yourself to be—not this. The free, happy ignorance of maidenhood is gone for ever; the sacred dignity and honour of matronhood is not, and never can be attained. Surely this consciousness alone must be the most awful punishment to any woman; and from it no kindness, no sympathy, no concealment of shame, or even restoration to good repute, can entirely free her. She must bear her burden, lighter or heavier as it may be at different times, and she must bear it to the day of her death. I think this fact alone is enough to make a chaste woman's first feeling towards an unchaste that of unqualified, unmitigated pity.

This, not in the form of exaggerated sentimentalism, with which it has of late been the fashion to treat such subjects, laying all the blame upon the seducer, and exalting the seduced into a paragon of injured simplicity, whom society ought to pet, and soothe, and treat with far more interest and consideration than those who have never erred. Never, as it seems to me, was there a greater mistake than that into which some writers have fallen, in fact and fiction, but especially in fiction, through their generous over-eagerness to redeem the lost. These are painted—one heroine I call to mind now—as such patterns of excellence, that we wonder, first, how they ever could have been led astray; and secondly, whether this exceeding helplessness and simplicity of theirs did not make the sin so venial, that it seems as wrong to blame them for it as to scold a child for tumbling into an open well. Consequently, their penitence becomes unnecessary and unnatural; their suffering, disproportionately unjust. You close the book inclined to arraign society, morality, and, what is worse, Providence; for all else, feeling that the question is left much as you found it; that angelic sinners such as these, if they exist at all, are such exceptions to the generality of their class, that their example is of very little practical service.

To refine away error till it is hardly error at all; to place vice under such extenuating circumstances that we cannot condemn it for sheer pity, is a fault so dangerous that charity herself ought to steel her heart against it. Far better and safer to call crime by its right name, and paint it in its true colours—treating it even as the Ragged Schools did the young vagabonds of our streets—not by persuading them and society that they were clean, respectable, ill-used, and maligned individuals; or by waiting for them to grow decent before they dealt with them at all, but by simply saying: 'Come, just as you are—ragged, and dirty, and dishonest. Only come, and we will do our best to make you what you ought to be.'

Allowing the pity, which, as I said, ought to be a woman's primary sentiment towards her lost sisterhood, what is the next thing to be done? Surely there must be some light beyond that of mere compassion to guide her in her after-conduct towards them.

Where shall we find this light? In the world and its ordinary code of social morality, suited to social convenience? I fear not. The general opinion, even among good men, seems to be that this great question

is a very sad thing, but a sort of unconquerable necessity; there is no use in talking about it, and indeed the less it is talked of the better. Good women are much of the same mind. The laxer-principled of both sexes treat the matter with philosophical indifference, or with the kind of laugh that makes the blood boil in any truly virtuous heart.

Then, where are we to look?—

'I came not to call the righteous but *sinners* to repentance.'

'Neither do I condemn thee: go and *sin no more*.'

'Her *sins*, which are many, are forgiven; because she loved much.'

These words, thus quoted here, may raise a sneer on the lips of some, and shock others who are accustomed to put on religion with their Sunday clothes, and take it off on Monday, as quite too fine, maybe too useless for everyday wear. But I must write them, because I believe them. I believe there is no other light on this difficult question than that given by the New Testament. There, clear and plain, and everywhere repeated, shines the doctrine, of which until then there was no trace either in external or revealed religion, that for every crime, being repented of and forsaken, there is forgiveness with Heaven; and if with Heaven, there ought to be with men. This, without entering at all into the doctrinal question of atonement; but simply taking the basis of Christian morality, as contrasted with the natural morality of the savage, or even of the ancient Jew, which without retribution presupposes no such thing as pardon.

All who have had any experience among criminals—from the poor little 'black sheep' of the family, who is always getting into trouble, and is told continually by everybody that strive as he will, he never can be a good boy, like brother Tommy, down to the lowest, most reprobate convict, who is shipped off to Norfolk Island, because the mother-country cannot exactly hang him, and does not know what else to do with him—unite in stating that, when you shut the door of hope on any human soul, you may at once give up all chance of its reformation. As well bid a man eat without food, see without light, or breathe without air, as bid him amend his ways, while, at the same time, you tell him that however he amends, he will be in just the same position—the same hopelessly degraded, unpardoned, miserable sinner.

Yet this is practically the language used to fallen women, and chiefly by their own sex: 'God may forgive you, but we never can!'—a declaration which, however common, in spirit if not in substance, is, when one comes to analyse it, unparalleled in its arrogance of blasphemy.

That for a single offence, however grave, a whole life should be blasted, is a doctrine repugnant even to nature's own dealings in the visible world. There, her voice clearly says—Let all these wonderful powers of vital renewal have free play: let the foul flesh slough itself away; lop off the gangrened limb; enter into life maimed if it must be: but never, till the last moment of total dissolution, does she say: 'Thou shalt not enter into life at all.'

Therefore, once let a woman feel that, in moral as in physical disease, 'while there is life there is hope'—dependent on the one only condition, that she shall *sin no more*, and what a future you open for her! what a weight you lift off from her poor miserable spirit, which might otherwise be crushed down to the lowest deep, to that which is far worse than any bodily pollution, ineradicable corruption of soul.

The next thing to be set before her is courage. That intolerable dread of shame, which is the last token of departing modesty, to what will it not drive some women! To what self-control and ingenuity,

what resistance of weakness and endurance of bodily pain, which, in another cause, would be called heroism—blunting every natural instinct, and goading them on the last refuge of mortal fear—infanticide!

Surely even by this means, many a woman might be saved, if there were any one to save her; any one to say plainly: 'What are you afraid of—God or man—your sin or its results?' Alas, it will be found almost invariably the latter: loss of position, of character, and consequently of the means of livelihood. Respectability shuts the door upon her; mothers will not let their young folks come into contact with her; mistresses will not take her as a servant. Nor can one wonder at this, even while believing that in many cases the fear is much more selfish than virtuous, and continued long after its cause is entirely obviated. It is one of the very few cases in which—at least at first—the sufferers cannot help themselves; they must suffer: they must bear patiently for a season the effects of the immutable law which makes sin, sooner or later, its own Nemesis.

But not for ever—and it is worth while, passing over this insane terror of worldly opinion, to ask: 'Which half of the world are you afraid of, the good or the bad?' For it may often be noticed, the less virtuous people are, the more they shrink away from the slightest whiff of this odour of un-sanctity. The good are ever the most charitable, the pure are the most brave. I believe there are hundreds and thousands of Englishwomen who would willingly throw the shelter of their stainless repute around any poor creature who came to them and said honestly: 'I have sinned—help me that I may sin no more.' But the unfortunates will not believe this. They are like the poor Indians who think it necessary to pacify the evil principle by a greater worship than that they offer to the Good Spirit; because, they say, he is the stronger. Have we not, even in this Britain, far too many such tacit devil-worshippers?

Given a chance, the smallest chance, and a woman's redemption lies in her own hands. She cannot be too strongly impressed with this fact, or too soon. No human power could have degraded her against her will: no human power can keep her in degradation unless by her will. Granted the sin, howsoever incurred, willfully or blindly, or under circumstances of desperate temptation; capable of some palliations, or with no palliation at all—take it just as it stands in its whole enormity, and—there leave it. Set it aside, at once and altogether, and begin anew. Better beg, or hunger, or die in a ditch—except that the people who die in ditches are not usually the best of even this world's children—than live a day in voluntary dishonour.

This may sound fine and romantic—far too romantic, forsooth, to be applied to any of the cases that we are likely to meet with. And yet it is the plain truth: as true of a king's mistress as of a ruined servant-maid. No help from without can rescue either, unless she wishes to save herself.

She has more power to do this than at first appears; but it must be by the prime agent, truth.

After the first false step, the principal cause of women's further downfall is their being afraid of truth—truth, which must of necessity be the beginning and end of all attempts at restoration to honour. For the wretched girl, who, in terror of losing a place, or of being turned from an angry father's door, fabricates tale after tale, denies and denies till she can deny no longer, till all ends in a jail and a charge of child-murder; for the fashionable lady whose life is a long deceit, exposed to constant fear lest a breath should tear her flimsy reputation to rags; and for all the innumerable cases between these two poles of society, there is but one warning—No virtue ever was founded on a lie.

The truth, then, at all risks and costs—the truth

from the beginning. Make a clean breast to whomsoever you need to make it, and then—face the world.

This must be terrible enough—no denying that; but it must be done: there is no help for it. Perhaps, in many a case, if it were done at once, it would save much after-misery, especially the perpetual dread and danger of exposure which makes the sin itself quite a secondary consideration compared with the fear of its discovery. This once over, with all its paralysing effects, the worst has come to the worst, and there is a chance of hope.

Begin again. Put the whole past life aside as if it had never been, and try what you can do with the future. This, I think, should be the counsel given to all erring women not irretrievably 'lost.'

It would be a blessed thing if our honourable women, mothers and matrons, would consider a little more what could be done with such persons: any openings for useful employment; any positions sufficiently guarded to be safe, and yet free enough to afford trial, without drawing too harshly the line—always harsh enough—between these and those who are of unblemished reputation. Reformatories, Magdalen institutions, and the like, are admirable in their way; but there are always a host of cases in which individual judgment, or help, is the only thing possible. It is this—these thoughts which shall lead to acts, that I desire to suggest to individual minds, in the hope of arousing that imperceptible small influence of the many, which forms the strongest lever of a community.

I said, in a former paper, that the only way to make people good, is to make them happy. Strange that this fact should apply to circumstances like these now written of; and yet it does; and it would be vain to set it aside. Bid a woman lift up her head and live; tell her that she can and ought to live; and you must give her something to live for. You must put into her poor sore heart, if you can, a little more than peace—comfort. And where is she to find it?

It may appear a strange doctrine to some, but it seems to me that Heaven always leaves its sign of hope and redemption on any woman when she is left with a child. Some taste of the ineffable joy, the solemn consecration of maternity, must come even to the most wretched and guilty, on feeling the double life she bears, or the helpless life to which she has given birth—that life for which she is as responsible to God, to itself, and to the world, as any married mother of them all.

And the sense of responsibility alone conveys a certain amount of comfort and hope. One can imagine many a sinful mother, who, for the very child's sake, would learn to hate the sin, and to make to the poor innocent the only atonement possible, by giving it what is better even than stainless birth—a virtuous bringing-up. One can conceive such a woman taking her baby in her arms, and starting afresh to face the world—made bold by a love that has no taint in it, and cheered by the knowledge that no human being can take from her either this love, or its duties, or its rewards.

For it rests with herself alone the comfort she may derive from, and the honour in which she may be held by her child. A mother's subsequent conduct and character might give a son as much pride in her, and in the nameless parentage which he owes her, as in any long lawful line

Whose ignoble blood

Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood.

Even a daughter might live to say: 'Mother, do not grieve; I had rather have had you, just as you are, than any mother I know. It has been better, for me at least, than if you had married my father.'

I have written thus much, and yet, after all, it seems but 'words, words, words.' Everywhere around us we

see women falling, fallen, and we cannot help them; we cannot make them feel the hideousness of sin, the peace and strength of that cleanness of soul which is not afraid of anything in earth or heaven; we cannot force upon their minds the possibility of return, after ever so long wanderings, to those pleasant paths out of which there is no peace and no strength for either man or woman; and in order to this return is needed—for both alike—not so much outside help, as inward repentance.

All I can do—all, I fear, that any one can do by mere speech—is to impress upon every woman, and chiefly on those who, reared innocently in safe homes, view the wicked world without like gazers at a show or spectators at a battle—shocked, wondering, perhaps pitying a little, but not understanding at all—that this repentance is possible also; that once having returned to a chaste life, a woman's former life should never once be 'cast up' against her; that she should be allowed to resume, if not her pristine position, at least one that is full of usefulness, pleasantness, and respect—a respect the amount of which must be determined by her own daily conduct. She should be judged—as indeed human wisdom alone has a right to judge, in all cases—solely by what she is now, and not by what she has been. That judgment may be, ought to be, stern and fixed as justice itself with regard to her present, and even her past, so far as concerns the crime committed; but it ought never to take the law into its own hands towards the criminal, who, for all it knows, may have long since become less a criminal than a sufferer. Virtue degrades herself, and loses every vestige of her power, when her dealings with vice sink into a mere matter of individual opinion, personal dislike, or selfish fear of harm. For all offences, punishment retributive and inevitable, must come; but punishment is one thing, revenge is another. One only, who is Omniscient as well as Omnipotent, can declare, 'Vengeance is Mine.'

KIRKE WEBBE,

THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER XX.—CONCLUSION.

THE suddenness of Webbe's appearance, and the boldness of a self-announcement which was nothing less than sentence of immediate death passed upon himself, literally lifted the members of the court-martial to their feet, and a hush of astonishment, I might almost say of fear, inspired by a greatness of daring, in presence of which every man there felt himself morally dwarfed, pervaded the crowded hall. Certainly the calmest, least excited person there was the privateer captain himself: true, his face was paler than usual; but he was perfectly self-possessed, and the gleaming smile which played about his cold, stern eyes, and slightly curled lips, seemed the expression of a sovereign disdain, untinged by a shade of personal fear, of the men into whose vindictive hands he had surrendered himself. I say, 'seemed' to be that expression, for could I have looked beneath the impenetrable iron mask acquired by many years' exposure to the hardening atmosphere of an ever-present mortal peril, I might possibly have seen a human heart, wildly palpitating before the immediate presence of the dread Shadow feared of all men, with whatever boldness faith, duty, pride, may enable them to confront it.

Still, not a momentary sign or hint of weakness could be discerned by the eager, vengeful eyes which searched Captain Kirke Webbe's aspect and bearing; and it occurred to me for the hundredth time that, but for that unfortunate game at leap-frog upon the quarter-deck of the *Gladiator*, and his consequent dismissal from the British naval service, on the eve of a

twenty years' war, he might have won a peerage, and a monumental tomb in Westminster Abbey.

General Véra presently reseated himself; motioned his subordinates to their places; the lieutenant-secretary nibbled his pen with a business air, and the interrogatory of the self-constituted prisoner forthwith began.

'You acknowledge yourself,' said General Véra, 'to be Webbe, captain of an English corsair lately sunk by French gun-boats off Cherbourg?'

'I repeat that I am Kirke Webbe, late captain of the *Scout* privateer, which foundered off Cherbourg a few days since.'

'And that you are the Jacques Le Gros whom the commander of the *Columbia*, an American ship, met with at St Malo?'

'It would be absurd to deny that in presence of the gallant commander of the *Columbia* himself, who, to avenge an injury done to him by a man, has endeavoured to hunt to death a stripling, as innocent of offence towards him—in a responsible sense—as yourself, Monsieur le Général. That he has not succeeded in doing so,' added Webbe, 'is solely due to the magnanimous offer of the court to permit the boy to save his own life by the sacrifice of his father's.'

'You further admit,' continued the general, 'that you are the commander of the French cutter, *L'Espégle*, and, when acting in that capacity, are known as Captain Jules Renaudin?'

'Yes; and who in that capacity, it has been established by the unimpeachable evidence of the *Moniteur*, beat off, with a slight vessel mounting only four guns, a British frigate of forty cannons, after a running-fight of nearly an hour's duration, in which the ascendancy of French valour, compensating for any odds, was, as ever, strikingly displayed. That, messieurs, you will in candour admit to be something *per contra*.'

Old stagers in such scenes as the members of the court were, the man's cool audacity took them completely aback, and they mutely questioned each other with interchanged looks of indignant astonishment as to whether they could possibly have heard aright. The mob of spectators, on the other hand, greeted the privateer captain's jibbing sarcasm with a buzz of satisfaction and approval. The French are no doubt as acute as well as brilliant people; but for all that, he or she who could suggest a compliment to their genius or valour so outré, extravagant, that, if uttered without laughing, would not be taken by the mass of them as *series*, must, according to my experience, have a great talent for invention. For myself, I was in doubt whether Webbe was comporting himself as such a man might when certain that nothing on his part could delay or accelerate the doom he had challenged, or whether he might not possibly have some expedient in reserve which would save him under all circumstances. My superstitious reliance on his fortune or 'luck' could alone have suggested the latter hypothesis. Certain it was, however, that he had at all events perfectly succeeded in impressing the court with a thorough conviction of his reckless, devil-may-care sincerity.

'The prisoner's confession is ample warrant for his condemnation to death as a spy,' said the general, looking round upon the members of the court, and gathering their, on this occasion, unanimous suffrages, given with a curt 'Oui,' or silent nod. 'Record the judgment,' he added, addressing the lieutenant-secretary.

'Stern and sharp,' interposed Webbe, 'as may be the practice of such courts as these, it permits the accused, I suppose, to speak a few words in defence or explanation, before definitive judgment is pronounced?'

'Well, yes; say on, but be brief.'

'I have first to state most solemnly—and standing as I do upon the brink of a grave voluntarily dug with

my own hands, my word ought not to be doubted—that the prisoner, William Linwood, is guiltless of the offences laid to his charge. He came to France, as Father Mendon will, if necessary, be able to clearly prove, for a perfectly legitimate, honest purpose'—

'That is true, messieurs!' exclaimed M. Mendon; 'for an entirely innocent, laudable purpose.'

'As to his assumption of the character and attire of an American and French citizen, and passing by the name of Le Gros, all that was done by my direction and advice, and with no more thought on his part, that he thereby incurred the doom, than he had of lending himself to the work of a spy.'

'I beg to reassert my thorough conviction,' said Mr Tyler, again rising from his seat, 'that William Linwood is guiltless of participation in the crimes of the privateer Webbe.'

General Véra, after briefly consulting his colleagues in an under-tone, said, addressing Webbe:

'We are disposed to place faith in your declaration as regards the prisoner Linwood, and the execution of the sentence passed against him will be respite, in order to a further investigation of his case. Have you anything to urge on your own behalf?' added the general with abated sternness—the courage and generosity of the self-immolated prisoner having somewhat won apparently upon the veteran's favour.

'Nothing that to-day would avail me!' replied Webbe; and for the first time I detected a flash and tone of anxiety—slight and swiftly passing, but distinctly discernible by me who knew him so well, and watched him with such breathless scrutiny. It recalled the irrepressible gleaming forth of the flame disquietude of a practised gambler, when about to turn the last decisive card upon which depends success or ruin.

'Nothing that would to-day avail me! The mighty emperor who raised France so high amongst the nations of the earth, has fallen: at this moment, the crowns monarch is being ignominiously driven forth into exile by kings who are indebted for their thrones to his generous forbearance; and who is there even amongst the veterans whose scarred brows the most directly reflect the glory which he has shed over all Frenchmen, that will now respect the wishes of one so condemned, powerless, cast down, when by so doing they must render themselves odious to the Bourbons whom foreign bayonets have placed upon a throne based upon a thousand victories, won for France by the great emperor? It would be folly to expect such self-sacrificing fidelity in these degenerate days; and I knew this morning, when I saw the white flag waving from the tower of St Thomas's Church, that the time had passed when Napoleon's protection would have availed me. It may be as well, therefore, that an appeal certain to be fruitless should remain unspoken.'

I should vainly attempt to describe the effect produced by this speech. Affected, bombastic as it may sound in English ears, nothing could have been more skilfully suited to the tribunal it was designed to influence. Even the miscellaneous crowd, who, if time-servers, worshippers of the rising sun of the Bourbons, were still Frenchmen, murmured hesitating, then applause; and General Véra, who had several times risen from his seat as if about to speak, and as often checked himself and sat down again, his knees, hard eyes flaming, softening the while, at the allusions to the past glory and present humiliation of the emperor, burst out, the instant Webbe had concluded, with:

'Perish the Bourbon flag and those who display it! It does not wave over Havre yet; and whilst I command here, the emperor's authority shall be maintained intact, supreme as when his voice gave laws to Europe! But hope not, crafty, sordacious man, that assertion unvouched by clearest proof will save you. Your word is nothing; but prove to me that your

under the especial protection of his imperial majesty, which could only be for some signal service rendered by you, an Englishman, to him or to France; and I will set you free, though the Bourbon and his allies were at the gates to forbid me doing so.

'The proof is easy, conclusive,' said Webbe. 'It was for a signal service rendered to General Bonaparte, and therefore to France, that I obtained the protection which, a few moments since, I had no hope would serve me in my present strait. It is true,' he added, drawing forth a folded, carefully kept paper—'it is true I am an Englishman; but'—

'What paper is that?' interrupted the general, with impatient vivacity.

'One written in a kind of hieroglyphic hand, which those who have once seen it never fail, I have been told, to instantly recognise. Monsieur le Général,' added Webbe, 'has no doubt, I perceive, upon that point.'

'None—none whatever: it is the emperor's character, and written when he was a young man. "I commend to the good offices of my friends and of all Frenchmen, the bearer of this writing—a foreign seaman who has just rendered me the greatest service that one man can owe to another.—BONAPARTE, General of the Army of Egypt." How came you by this?' sternly proceeded General Vêray; 'and what was the great service spoken of?'

'It happened,' said Webbe, in a voice which I strove to persuade myself must be that of truth—so firm, clear, sonorous did it ring through the hushed hall—'it happened that I was in Malta when the French army, on its way to Egypt, landed there and took possession of the celebrated fortress of the Knights of St John. One morning, when the wind, having become favourable, the troops were re-embarking'—

'Stop!' thundered General Vêray—'stop till you have heard me say that I was at Malta with the army, and distinctly remember all the circumstances, the minutest, connected with the deed to which, I have now no doubt, this paper refers. If you are "the foreign seaman" mentioned, you shall be instantly set at liberty; if, on the contrary, I find you to be an impostor, and if you are one, cool, astute, daring as you may be, detection is, be sure of it, inevitable—you shall be as immediately shot. Go on,' added the general, in a calmer, almost respectful tone, after having keenly marked the effect, or, more correctly, non-effect of his abrupt intimation and menace upon the privateer captain—'go on; I begin to believe you—and yet; but go on.'

'One morning,' resumed Webbe, 'when the wind having become favourable, the troops were re-embarking under the personal supervision of the commander-in-chief, a fanatical Maltese priest—a Spaniard, it was said, by birth—suddenly rushed at the general, whose back was towards him, with a naked poniard in his hand; and if he had not ended that great life, he would most certainly have inflicted a severe wound upon the Man of Destiny, had not the "foreign seaman," who chanced to be on the spot, perceived the danger in time to receive the assassin's blow upon his own arm. Here is the cicatrice of the wound inflicted by the poniard of the baffled priest,' added Webbe, turning up his right sleeve.

'Silence!' exclaimed the general, checking a movement of applause amongst the body of the audience. 'All this may yet prove, so far as the prisoner is concerned, to be an audacious fable. Where,' he added, continuing his interrogatory—'where, on what spot did the occurrence take place?'

'On the esplanade overlooking the great harbour.'

'Were any officers present with General Bonaparte at the time?'

'Not exactly present. Murat was sitting reading a newspaper upon one of the cannons a few yards off;

and Kleber had just left the general-in-chief, who at the moment was observing the embarkation through a telescope.'

'What became of the intentional assassin?'

'He was shot within five minutes of his atrocious attempt by a party of the 2d regiment of the line.'

'How is it you remember so slight a circumstance as the number of the regiment?'

'Because the 2d of the line remained at Malta, and I several times afterwards saw and even drank with individuals of the firing-party.'

'The affair must have caused a great sensation in Malta?'

'It caused no public sensation whatever, inasmuch as it was forbidden to speak of it, perhaps because a disposition to murder is thought to be epidemic. I know, at least, that one French soldier was punished for alluding openly to the matter.'

'How was it that General Bonaparte did not, in return for such a service, recompense you in a more solid manner than by a recommendation to the "bons offices" of Frenchmen, which might never have been of the slightest service to you?'

'I wished for no other recompense; and besides that, General Bonaparte himself embarked within, I should say, a quarter of an hour of the occurrence.'

'How is it that the document neither gives your name, nor states that you were an "English" seaman?'

'The omission not only of a name but of a date, as you will have observed, I can only account for by the general's hurry. As to the expression "foreign seaman," I so designated myself. It would have been as imprudent on my part, at that time, in Malta, to afford a hint or suspicion that I was Webbe, captain of the English privateer *Wasp*, as to have made a similar avowal the other day at St Malo.'

'How has it happened that you have never sought to utilise this precious document during the many years it has been in your possession?'

'My vocation as captain of an English privateer was incompatible with a request to the emperor for any other than a pecuniary reward; and I was too proud, and, I may add, not sufficiently necessitous, to ask for alms, even of a Napoleon, in recompense of what, after all, was but an act of common humanity. It is, however,' continued Webbe, 'not quite correct to say that I have made no use of so 'precious a document, since, but for a secret reliance that it might one day stand my puissant friend at a pinch, I might not have ventured to play the hazardous game which, but for the fortunate accident that it is General Vêray who commands at Havre, might this day have had a fatal termination.'

'And may have that termination yet,' retorted the general—'though, so much do I respect a man of nerve and courage, that I heartily wish the contrary. I shall ask you but another question,' he continued, 'and if you answer that with the same readiness and precision as you have all the previous ones, I can, and will doubt you no longer.'

The general paused before putting that last decisive question, and my pulse beat wildly, my breath came thick and short, for I again detected, or thought I did, the faint flush of disquietude which I had before observed. It had seemed to me during the last ten minutes that I was the spectator of a duel fought with flashing, fatal weapons, in which from one moment to another a mortal stroke might be given and received. That dread moment was now I believed come, and my heart sank within me.

'Your look quails not,' at length resumed the general, 'and your aspect seems to challenge and defy the menaced question; which in itself is to me a more satisfactory reply than you could make in words, for after all, one who has shewn himself to be so intimately acquainted with the Malta affair, will not find it a

difficult one to answer. Nevertheless, it shall be put. It is this: Where did General Bonaparte write this document, and where did he procure the paper and ink?'

'The paper and ink were supplied by an *invalid* who had been partially crippled by an accident on board the *Guillaume Tell*, I believe, and who was just then returning from the great harbour, where he had been to write letters for such of his embarking comrades as could not write themselves. The table used by General Bonaparte was one end of a big drum.'

'Enough. I am satisfied. You are free.'

A burst of applause from the changeable crowd followed the general's decision, which was, however, sternly rebuked and silenced.

'By my authority, as the general commanding in Havre,' said General V  ray, 'I revoke and annul the findings of the court-martial upon all the accused, since it is manifestly impossible to pardon the chief offender and punish his subordinates, and I order that they be forthwith set at liberty. Record my decree in form,' he added to the lieutenant-secretary, 'and I will sign it at once.'

'Captain Lenoir,' said the general, after the formality of signing had been gone through with, 'you will escort the acquitted prisoners to their homes. As for you, Monsieur le Capitaine Webbe,' added the veteran, with a grim smile, 'I advise you to quit France without delay. A government may be installed here to-morrow from which I shall not be able to protect you, and in whose eyes the emperor's protection would be a crime, instead of, as with me, an inviolable safeguard. The court is dissolved.'

It was not long after three o'clock when I emerged from that stifling hall into the free air: in but little more than an hour I had, as it were, passed from life to death; and back from death to life! My brain swam with the rush and conflict of emotions so acute and violent, and, darting away in a kind of delirium from the escorting soldiers, I pushed my way through the crowd in I neither knew nor cared what direction, so that I could obtain sufficient space to think, to breathe in. That fevered tumult of the mind subsided, and I presently found myself in La Rue Bombard  e, whither I do not now ask the reader to accompany me. There are incidents in the lives of us all before which, though an angel would smile as he looked thereon, it is imperative to draw a veil.

We dined late on that day; and I was sitting alone, as evening closed in, over the dessert, when Captain Webbe made his appearance. The torturing ordeal through which he had so lately passed, had not left a perceptible trace upon his buoyant, elastic spirits; and it was not long before I knew that his resolution to marry his son to Maria Wilson was as fixed and determined as ever. He said he should probably quit France in a few days for Jersey, though not for the reason suggested by General V  ray, as he had nothing to fear from the Bourbon government, which, there was no longer any doubt, would be formally proclaimed in Havre on the morrow.

'Which formal proclamation,' added Webbe, 'would have taken place some hours too late for us, but for my success in bamboozling the illustrious General V  ray to-day.'

'That elaborate story was then a fabrication—the imperial voucher a forgery!'

'You have an unconquerable propensity, Master Linwood, to jump at extreme conclusions: the imperial voucher was perfectly genuine, and the story, with one slight variance, true throughout—the slight variance being, that the name of the foreign seaman was Hans Kliebig instead of Kirke Webbe.'

'How on earth, then, came you in possession of the important document?'

'By a very natural sequence of causes. I was at

Malta when the attempt was made upon Bonaparte's life, and Hans Kliebig was one of the crew of the *Wasp*, which was dodging about off and on in the vicinity of the island. Hans had the misfortune to be killed a few weeks afterwards in a brush with an armed French transport, and the paper in question fell into my hands. It was not, however, till General Bonaparte and Captain Webbe had respectively become emperor and Captain Jules Renaudin, that it occurred to me that such a testimonial might some day prove a trump-card in the very ticklish game to which I was inextricably committed. And now as to matters of pressing moment. Madame de Bonneville has been arrested and lodged in prison.'

'Say you so? That is indeed a swift commending of the poisoned chalice to her own lips.'

'She is charged with having fled from her creditors, and, as a consequence, with fraudulent bankruptcy. She must, of course, be liberated by the immediate payment of her creditors in full.'

'Pray, who must of course liberate Louise F  ron by the immediate payment of her creditors in full?'

'I—you—your family; all of us who, from various motives, are interested in not setting such a plotting, unscrupulous devil at defiance. In the note you received from me in the early part of the day, I apprised you that I had been compelled to compromise with her—Ah, the reverend Father Meudon, the very person I have been wishing to see and speak with!'

'That wish has been reciprocal, Monsieur Webbe,' replied M. Meudon, as he shook hands with me in silent gratulation of my escape from that day's perils; 'for I was told you were about to fight a duel with Monsieur Tyler, the American captain.'

'It was fought an hour since,' said Webbe; 'at least, I was twice fired at by Mr Tyler, which was held by the seconds to have afforded him complete satisfaction, as, not being hit, it certainly did me. I hardly need say that I did not return his fire. And now, my dear Linwood,' he added, 'I have to request, with leave of this reverend gentleman, that you inform Mrs Linwood that we, Father Meudon and I, wish to speak with her for a few minutes privately.'

'Meaning that I may not be present?'

'That is my meaning. I am anxious to consult Mrs Linwood and Monsieur Meudon upon a matter chiefly personal to myself, and for the present only them.'

'Not having the slightest wish, Captain Webbe, to force myself upon your confidence, I will at once convey your message to Mrs Linwood.'

That private council of three lasted for perhaps an hour, at the end of which, Webbe and M. Meudon left the house together without seeing me, and my mother herself not very long afterwards sent a message to say she was about to retire to rest—my father had done so some time before—and advised me, after a day of such painful excitement, to do the same.

I was in no humour to comply with such sensible advice. This avoidance of me gave strength to the suspicion which had begun to dawn upon me, that the private conference related to some scheme hatched in Webbe's fertile brain for bringing about a reconciliation, and if a reconciliation, the immediate marriage of his son with Miss Wilson. My mother was, Webbe knew, strongly desirous of promoting the match, but, forsooth, her precious son should throw himself away upon a mere nobody, whom God had nevertheless gifted with rarest personal and moral loveliness and grace. I was not so clear with respect to Father Meudon's part in the plot, unless, indeed, they were about to attempt carrying their point by a coup de main, as it were, and celebrating the marriage forthwith.

Absurd! impossible!—I must have lost my senses to imagine such a thing. Equally absurd to ~~then~~ suppose that romantic, hero-admiring Maria Wilson could possibly be induced to unite herself with the

wretched craven that, in her presence, had crawled in the dust before—been spurned, in her sight, by the booted foot of an insolent Frenchman, and resented it not. Never, never, never!

The eccentric *pas seul* which accompanied my arrival at that delightful conviction, was arrested by a brisk rat-tat at the street door, presently followed by a step ascending the stairs, which I believed to be that of Father Meudon. I was right—it was Father Meudon; his round face and black eyes sparkling with radiant bonhomie, with goodness enlivened by benevolent joy, and a few gleams, perhaps, of gratified self-esteem.

'Ah, my young friend,' he exclaimed, almost running to, and then tightly embracing me, 'allow me to again congratulate you! This is, indeed, a day of happiness. But where is madame your mother?'

'In bed, long since.'

'Madame is right, and you also ought to have been in bed long since. So ought I; but never mind, I shall not leave Havre to-night, so there is still time for me to sit down and take just one glass of wine with you. You do not know what that fierce, gentle, mean, generous Captain Webbe wished to consult Madame Linwood and me upon,' added the exulting priest. 'No, but I may tell you now, for the mission with which he intrusted me is accomplished, the object gained, completely, finally! Blessed are the peacemakers. Gloria!'

'What is accomplished completely, finally?'

'The reconciliation of two youthful lovers, whom a misunderstanding—no, not a misunderstanding, that is not true—whom, what shall I say?—a misfortune, yea, a misfortune, had estranged. Ah! the beauty, the grace, the ingenuous candour of that young girl! I give you my word,' added M. Meudon, proffering me his snuff-box, 'that never, to my recollection, have I seen a more charming person than Mademoiselle Marie Wilson. Do not be impatient, my young friend; that is no doubt a platitude to you who know Mademoiselle Wilson; but'—

'But—but me no buts,' I rudely interrupted. 'If you have anything to tell me, tell it.'

Father Meudon looked grave, almost offended for a moment, but his happy face, refusing to be wrinkled into that expression, relaxed immediately. 'You are evidently suffering from febrile irritation,' said he; 'nevertheless, I should like to make you a participator in the pleasure I have this evening experienced.'

'Proceed, Monsieur Meudon: I will listen in respectful silence.'

'Well, this is what has occurred since I left you: Monsieur le Capitaine Webbe explained to madame your mother the estrangement that had taken place between the lovers, and its cause—before known both to you and me. Madame Linwood shewed the liveliest anxiety to remove that estrangement; and when Monsieur Webbe hinted that I, as an entirely disinterested person, could do so more effectually than any one he knew, madame entreated me to exert myself to the utmost to bring about so desirable a result. I consented, the more willingly that the young Webbe's heroic sacrifice of himself to-day, rather than betray his father, had given him, spite of previous prejudice, a high place in my esteem.'

'The heroism of refusing to purchase shameful life by butchering his own father! Bah!'

'Not heroism in you, my young friend, nor in others physically and morally constituted like you, would there be heroism in such an act. You would do so as readily and instantly as you would interpose your person between your mother and the uplifted dagger of an assassin; but the young Webbe is, you know, physically, morally, a—a'—

'A coward! out with it—a wretched coward! You will say nothing truer than that, reverend sir, if you talk for a week.'

'Be it so; and how much greater, sublimer, therefore, the effort which enabled him to triumph over that physical and moral weakness, that—— But the discussion, I perceive, irritates you, so I will just glance over the incidents of the last delightful hour, and take leave. I was to go, you understand, to the Hôtel de France, where Mademoiselle Wilson, Madame Dupré, and Mademoiselle de Bonneville, or Waller, are staying—not ostensibly as a reconciler of estranged lovers, but to speak with Captain Webbe, who would precede me there by a few minutes. Having in that manner introduced myself, it was arranged that Madame Dupré should refer to the doings at the Hôtel de Ville, and question me thereon—opportunity for me to dilate upon those agitating occurrences in a sense favourable to the young Webbe, who sat apart in an attitude of the profoundest dejection. I do not think I was ever so eloquent before,' continued M. Meudon with swelling self-esteem; 'and the result was that the way having been judiciously prepared by me, the proposition of reconciliation was made in a direct manner by Madame Dupré, and seconded, enforced by everybody. Such an appeal, judiciously prepared for as I stated, could not be permanently resisted; and at length Mademoiselle Wilson yielded reluctantly—yes, reluctantly, I must admit that—to our entreaties. With a modest grace which would have delighted you, as it did me, she rose from her chair, and gliding towards Webbe *filis*, who was fairly sobbing with excitement, said, in the sweetest voice in the world: "Let the past be forgotten, Harry"— Harry, by the way,' M. Meudon interrupted himself to inquire, 'is an endearing variation of Henry, is it not?'

Repressing with difficulty a malediction upon both Harry and Henry, I asked the priest if he had finished.

'You are ill, very ill,' said he—'that is clear, and I will no longer detain you from needful rest, than to say that the reconciliation was perfect; and that to-morrow Marie Wilson and Harry Webbe will be married by Monsieur Pousard, the Protestant minister at Ingouville—both bride and bridegroom being, unhappily for themselves, members of the heretical Anglican church. And now, my dear young friend, go to bed at once, and good-night.'

I think I must have fainted after M. Meudon went away, for I had no recollection of the interval—more than an hour—which elapsed from the time he left till I crept to bed, not to sleep, but to toss about in feverish unrest till towards the morning, when I dozed off into dreamy broken slumber, during which the terrible events of the day oppressed my struggling faculties with shadowy incongruous terrors. Suddenly light and calm took the place of darkness and tumult. I stood before an altar near a bride, Maria Wilson; but the next moment my grandame Linwood replaced her, and called upon 'Master William' to come nearer. I vainly strove to do so; my limbs seemed to be manacled, till, with the fierceness of the struggle, I awoke.

'Awoke to find my dream in part realised—that good Dame Linwood was bending over and calling upon Master William to arouse himself, in a voice broken with joyful, tenderest emotion. As soon as we could speak of anything but the joy of again seeing each other, I learned that immediately upon the receipt of my mother's letter, sent through Mr Dillwhyn, Mr and Mrs Waller hurried to Portsmouth, communicated with Mrs Linwood, and hired a fast-sailing cutter, in which all three embarked for Havre, where they arrived shortly after the substitution of the white flag for the tricolor gave notice that the port of Havre was at last unsealed to the nations so long at enmity with France.

'It is late—nearly eleven o'clock,' said Dame Linwood, 'and Mrs Waller is waiting with nervous

impatience for you to rise and bring her recovered daughter to her arms. We have sent for Webbe, but he, his son, and the aspiring shoemaker who proposes to espouse Lucy Hamblin, are gone to some distance, it seems, to make arrangements for a marriage between Webbe's son and a Miss Wilson, which is to take place to-day.'

I rose at once, and hastened down stairs to the tiny drawing-room. The first person I saw on entering it was my grandfather Waller, the tall, portly gentleman of my childhood. I did not recognise him, but he greeted me with affectionate cordiality, and turning round, presented me to his wife, Mrs Waller.

Heavens and earth! Mrs Waller was Maria Wilson herself, wanting only the bloom and freshness of youthful life; and ah! now I remembered where I had seen the sweetly pensive expression of face which had so struck me when I first beheld the Jersey maiden! Mrs Waller's portrait to be sure, forgetful, senseless dolt that I had been, once shewed to me by Mrs Linwood, wore that peculiar expression, as still did the beautiful original.

Instantly I seized the clue to the whole Webbe-Féron mystery. All was clear now; and simultaneous with that conviction, was the flashing thought that I might yet be in time to prevent the detested marriage with young Webbe. With a scarcely articulate cry, intended to explain that I would bring Mrs Waller her daughter, I dashed out of the room, down the stairs, into the street, hailed a passing empty *fiacre*, and was swiftly driven off to the Hôtel de France. Maria Wilson and Clémence, both dressed as brides, were there alone, Madame Dupré herself being temporarily absent. I said they must both come with me at once upon a matter of life and death. They yielded mechanically, as it were, to the fiery impulse communicated to them, and in less than ten minutes the *fiacre* set us all three down at No. 12 Rue Bombardée. The street door opened—I seized Maria Wilson's hand—we ascended the stairs, closely followed by Clémence; and dragging the terrified girl as it were towards Mrs Waller, I exclaimed: 'Your daughter, madam, your lost child!' I heard the cry and sob of maternal recognition, and then the room, the figures swam around me, and I knew nothing more till some half-hour afterwards, when having, by the help of vinegar, burnt feathers, and other stimulants, regained consciousness, I learned that the drama had at last been finally played out. Webbe, who returned to the Hôtel de France a few minutes after we left it, at once hurried to the Rue Bombardée with the desperate hope of being yet in time to prevent Miss Wilson from seeing my mother: the Wallers' arrival he had not heard of. In presence of the scene which there awaited him, he saw that further deception would be useless, absurd, impolitic, and he at once acknowledged that Maria Wilson was the long-lost Lucy Hamblin; Clémence, the true Maria Wilson!

I have little to add, and that little must be very briefly set down. Webbe's version of his and Louise Féron's substitution of one child for another was, that till about three years before negotiations were opened with my mother, they were really not aware that there existed an indelible mark which would render the scheme of passing off the niece of Madame de Bonneville—who was really the sister of Captain Wilson's wife by the same mother, though not by the same father, and had in her younger days as often gone by the name of Broussard as Féron—for the true heiress, impossible. They believed the assertion in the hand-bill to be a mere ruse, intended to frighten the abductors into restoring the child. That discovery made, a compact was ultimately entered into by which Madame de Bonneville consented that young Webbe should marry the true heiress upon condition that she, Madame de Bonneville, received the twenty thousand

pounds odd belonging to her niece, who was to be compensated for her loss of fortune by marriage with rich—according to French ideas, rich William Linwood, my noble self. There is nothing else of importance, I think, which the narrative itself does not sufficiently explain; and now as to the results that followed the elucidation of the plot, and the defeat of the plotters, in which those readers who insist upon what is called poetical justice—a myth, I fear, which has no tribunal in this unpoetical, work-a-day world—will find themselves disappointed.

In the first place, abundant care was taken that my father's vindication before the world should be full, complete, unchallengeable. It was so; and he lived to a good old age in happiness and honour.

No one was disposed to deal harshly—I ought perhaps to say justly—with Captain Kirke Webbe; and about three weeks subsequent to the final frustration of his marriage project, he sailed with his wife and son, and something like three thousand pounds in his pocket, for the Cape de Verd Islands—the reward promised by my mother and grandmother having been paid to him. He departed in high spirits, and I must be excused for saying I could have better spared a better man.

Maria Wilson, alias Clémence de Bonneville, espoused honest Jacques Sicard, and the happy pair finally domiciled themselves in a handsome villa upon the Havre *côte*. Madame de Bonneville was supported by her niece in undeserved competence, which she did not, however, live long to enjoy. She was drowned about six months after her niece's marriage, while crossing in an open boat from Havre to Honfleur.

Light flows upon the paper as I write down the last paragraph which I shall pen—light and warmth—a pale, cold reflex of the soul-sunshine which has shed a glory over my noon of life, and now glides the evening of my days: This, copied from the London *Times*: 'Married at St James's Church, William Linwood, Esq., grandson of Anthony Waller, Esq., of Cavendish Square, to Lucy Hamblin, daughter of Mrs Waller by a former marriage.'

Vale, vale.

END OF KIRKE WEBBE, THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

THE FOSSIL-FINDER OF LYME-REGIS.

WHAT trifling incidents may and often do become important in the course of years! We are even tempted sometimes to view them as preternatural, or designed by Providence to be harbingers to future events.

We were led to this reflection when reviewing something we witnessed at Lyme-Regis. We were sojourning there in beautiful weather in the year 1800. A day or two before, a company of strolling equestrians had arrived, and displayed their agility in various performances; but they presented no departure in any point from what we had seen, and for many years after continued to witness in the out-of-door exhibitions of vaulting, and the grand finale of Billy Butts's journey to Brentford. In the middle of the performance, tickets were issued for a lottery, in which copper tea-kettles, gown-pieces, legs of mutton, and a silver watch were the prizes. In those days, no charge was made for admission into the field; the riders were remunerated by the profits upon the lottery. Good roads now enable equestrians to carry about a tent with them, and a charge is made for each admission-ticket.

On this evening, attracted by the vaulting, crowds of townspeople were seen making their way to the Rackfield, through the narrow and ancient streets of that borough, by the Cockmole or prison, Minnowth Street, and the church.

Expecting the arrival of our invalid aunt, we had

left the crowded ring of delighted spectators standing upon the grass in a level field at the back of the town. The weather was very sultry, and the harvest was nearly in, it being the 19th of August. A passing cloud discharged a heavy shower, and crowds hastened through the streets to their homes. About five o'clock there was an awful peal of thunder, which re-echoed round the fine cliffs of Lyme Bay. Our attention was called, soon after, to a group of noisy talkers, who had an infant, for whom they wanted some hot water. A bath was procured, and the apparently dead child was bathed with ultimate success, amidst the joyful exclamations of the assembled crowd. Three dead bodies were carried home at the same time, one of whom was the nurse of the infant whom she had taken to the Rackfield. There, the three were together with the infant in arms when the shower began, and the whole ran under the dangerous shelter of an elm-tree, when the flash of lightning dealt instant destruction to all but the babe. This baby was the offspring of a carpenter and his wife, who lived near the jail. She had been a dull infant, but was dear to her parents: her name was Mary Anning.

Fifty years before the catastrophe we have described, two very important entries in the world's bulky catalogue—watering-places and geology—did not exist.

As regards the former, the sea, up to that time, was judged to be designed for commerce, and sea-side towns for the residence of merchants and fishermen. There were no migrations to the sea-side. Why should people go to the coast? and at a time when the healthy climate of Northampton was attributed to its distance from the noxious fumes of the sea. There were watering-places, it is true, but these were towns which possessed mineral waters. At this period, however, 1750, Dr Russel, the son of a London bookseller, wrote upon the beneficial effects of sea-water upon glandular affections; and straightway did our countrymen, like so many land-crabs, make towards sea-lodgings wherever they could find them. Dr Russel was obliged to reside at Brighton to direct the bathers, his patients, and old towns were revived in a surprising manner, and new ones founded. Brighton, Hastings, Weymouth, Lyme-Regis, &c., were metamorphosed; Torquay, Worthing, Bognor, Bourne Mouth, Weston-super-Mare, &c., sprang up from the bare shore.

As to geology? This great science was in its earliest infancy, without form or fashion. Some noble pioneers had been clearing the way; but the startling outbreak had not yet taken place. Watering-places had begun when geology was unknown. But what have watering-places and geology to do with our story? You shall hear.

The infant thus recovered, as we have told, grew up a fine lively girl. Her fate was decided by circumstances which rule most of our destinies; and it involves some interesting particulars which pertain to the history of science.

The coaches from London to Exeter passed through Charmouth, two miles from Lyme. A man named Lock, whom Dr Maton, the tourist, calls *Curiman*—that is, curiosity-man; but who is better known as Captain Curry, had for some time accustomed himself to attend the coaches. He offered for sale *curoisities* to the passengers daily, and adopted the nomenclature of the day for his fossils. There were the *bones of crocodiles' backs and jaws, ladies' fingers, John Dore's petrified mushrooms, &c.* This captain was the first vendor of *curoisities*; a Mr Crookshank, a retired London tradesman, was the first collector of such things; and soon a gentleman, named South, came occasionally in the summer in pursuit of interesting objects.

Richard Anning, the infant's father, was a carpenter, and often accompanied Mr South to the shore. When Richard found anything pretty, he placed it

upon a table in front of his residence to attract the attention of visitors. But at length Richard, when on his way to Charmouth in the year 1810, to deliver a message, taking a short-cut, fell over the cliff at the present New Cut, and died in consequence of the injuries he received. This fossil-seller's visits to the beach had made his wife, Molly Anning, very angry, as she considered the pursuit utterly ridiculous.

After her father's death, which the family, consisting of a widow, one son, and a daughter, felt sorely in a pecuniary point of view, Mary Anning went down to the shore to look for curiosities. She found a *cornemonius*, a corruption of *cornu ammonis*, which is now called an ammonite. Her age was then ten years. Something occurred as she was returning which decided at once her future career. A lady in the street, seeing the pretty fossil in her hand, offered her half-a-crown for it, which she accepted; and from that moment fully determined to go down 'upon beach' again, and thus find means to support the family. She did so regularly, and roamed over the ledges of blue lias left uncovered by the sea at low-water. When the layer of stone was removed by workmen or the action of the sea, a bed of marl remained. In four months after, Mary Anning saw a bone of some kind projecting from this marl. She traced the organic fossil—a crocodile as was then believed—and men she hired dug it out. H. H. Henley, Esq., the lord of the manor, purchased these organic remains for the sum of £23, intending the fossil for his private museum; but he eventually gave it to Bullock's Museum, where it was greatly admired; and the trustees of the British Museum purchased it when the Piccadilly collection and exhibition were dispersed. This so-called crocodile was no less than a specimen of the ichthyosaurus, and what a history does the name of this fossil animal present! It quite engrossed the attention of the scientific world. The great geologists, Buckland, Delabèche, Sir Everard Home, Birch Conybeare, Cuvier, and the élite of that body in this and other nations, were for six years deep in the study of the contribution from the young girl of Lyme-Regis. Mary Anning, now called with great respect Miss Mary Anning, furnished drawings of fragments, supplied deficiencies in published accounts, and proceeded to discover plesiosaurs, pterodactyles, and fish more numerous than the present sea produces. Only look round the cases of the British Museum, and you will see that the grandest specimens were found by Miss Mary Anning. The science of geology has become firmly established; honour to those who, and under no small discouragement, laboured in its infancy. Miss Mary Anning was known to Sir R. Murchison, Sir C. Lyell, Professor Owen, Agassiz, and, in a word, to the greatest savans of the age. Many illustrious foreigners made a pilgrimage to Lyme. Her death, when it took place, was a great misfortune to the town; but the inhabitants smiled incredulously when the fact was mentioned. Just so at Yverdon, Pestalozzi having gone to prison for the sum of £25, no one could see what that could have to do with the welfare of the place. One hundred and fifty residents, however, who had come from Russia and other countries to take lessons from Father Pestalozzi for a twelvemonth, returned home, and the town was nearly ruined.

Mary Anning was of rather masculine appearance. She braved all weathers, and was far too generous in allowing even wealthy visitors to accompany her in her explorations without requiring a fee, as some naturalists now very reasonably do. A cancer in the breast was the cause of the death of this remarkable character, at the age of forty-seven, on the 9th of May 1847. An obituary window has been set up in Lyme Church in remembrance of her. Who can ever hope to fill the place she occupied? Were Mary alive, I

should like to have extracted from her a list of the famous men of all countries with whom she maintained a correspondence. The Geological Society subscribed towards the window, 'in commemoration of her usefulness in furthering geology.' Molly Anning, the mother, who was quite an original, used to say of her famous daughter that she was a history and a mystery. The lower orders, who could not understand what she had achieved, remembered the deadly flash of lightning.

SIMPLE PEOPLE AND THEIR INVESTMENTS.

THERE is so much truth, sagacity, and practical usefulness in the following little article of the *Scotsman* newspaper of November 17th, that we believe we must be conferring a public benefit in helping to extend its circulation:

About joint-stock companies there lurk many obstinate and mischievous prejudices in the human mind, confusing the relations of debtor and creditor. When a merchant possessed of just five thousand pounds invests it all in boxes of indigo, and sells them at a tempting price to a buyer, who fails to pay him, he goes into the *Gazette*, of course, and the result is counted in the natural order of things, for he had his eyes open, and must have known that he ran some risk. He is to some extent, in fact, a gambler—he tables his stake, and he pays the loser's forfeit. But the retired half-pay officer, the widow, the slenderly endowed old maid, do not perceive that they may be doing precisely the same thing when they lay out their £500 in the shares of a joint-stock company. They do not speak of trading—they say they are investing. If the joint-stock company sell to unsound purchasers, or lend to precarious debtors, they risk the individual partners' money as much as if he did the same thing with it. And yet how many people, who would not entertain for a moment the notion of risking their money in trade, or of lending it to some private borrower who proposes to do so, will, without hesitation, hand it over to a joint-stock company to be gambled with as the managers may please. Nor is there generally, in times when all runs smooth, the slightest anxiety about the soundness of the 'Investment,' or any curiosity to know what those who have taken the pittance into their clutches are doing with it; but there is a child-like reliance not only on their honesty, but on the extreme prudence of men generally of a class who being ever ready to risk their own wealth on the chances of extravagant profits, cannot be expected to resist the temptation of throwing other people's money into the game, especially when they are neither controlled nor even watched.

Individual thrift makes public wealth, and individual losses make public calamities. It surely tends to support the hallucination which causes these calamities, that in mercantile nomenclature the losses of shareholders are not losses to the public. It has been the boast of the Scottish banking-system that every bank truly founded on it has paid 20s. in the pound to every note-holder, and to every depositor; but how has this been accomplished? By the ruin of whole tribes of shareholders. And the shareholder, is he not a man and a brother—is not the shareholder often in the position of a helpless sister? If a hundred poor depositors have their savings restored to them, is it nothing that a hundred poor shareholders have lost all their humble investments?

There seems in the meantime no remedy for risks and disasters, such as we have been referring to, but individual prudence. In the first place, let humble investors eschew large and tempting profits or percentages, for these are the sure concomitants of risks. But further, they ought to be assured about the business of the joint-stock company in which they embark their capital, as if they were embarking it in business entirely of their own. They cannot, of course, make themselves acquainted with the several transactions of the company, but they should know that it does not speculate in fluctuating sales—like an eminent bank which speculated in indigo, an article liable to great oscillations in value—and that it does not advance money on insufficient or tainted security. It is hard, perhaps, for those who are not men of business to assure

themselves on these points, but unless they know them either through their own skill or the assurance of adepts whom they can trust, they must keep in mind that in buying shares they do not *invest* their money—they *speculate* with it. The vast enlightened enterprise—the great prosperity of the company—will be no effective substitute for such a knowledge, for the bold operations which are likely to bring it to ruin will readily invest it with the characteristics. . . . When the humble seeker of investment sees the names of capitalist potentates in a list of directors, he should remember that these are who can afford to gamble for great prizes at the risk of losses, and he may be none the worse of keeping in recollection the story of the giant and the dwarf who went out together to battle. Even the new arrangements for establishing companies on limited responsibility, capable as they no doubt are of very beneficial results, must not supersede individual prudence and inquiry. Let the natural limitation of the word 'limited' be duly remembered. It does not exclude the subscribed capital from loss. He who subscribes £500 to such a company is warranted against further loss, but he may lose that £500, and if it be, as it may be, all that he possesses, the limitation will be of small service to him.

THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

SHE sleeps; but the soft breath
No longer stirs her golden hair,
The robber hand of Death
Has stolen thither unaware;
The lovely edifice
Is still as beautiful and fair,
But mournfully we miss
The gentle habitant that sojourned there.

With stealthy pace he crept,
To the guest-chamber where it lay—
That angel thing—and slept,
And whispered it to come away;
He broke the fairy lute
That light with laughter used to play,
And left all dull and mute
The silver strings that tinkled forth so gay.

Then with his finger cold
He shut the glancing windows too;
With fringe of drooping gold,
He darkened the small panes of blue.
Sheer from the marble floor
He swept the flowers of crimson hue;
He closed the ivory door,
And o'er the porch the rosy curtains drew.

The angel-guest is gone,
Upon the spoiler's dark wings borne;
The road she journeys on,
Wends evermore, without return.
To ruin and decay
The fairy palace now must turn,
For the sun's early ray
Upon its walls and windows shall not play,
Nor light its golden roof to-morrow morn.

NEW ROMANCE BY MAYNE REID.

On the 2d of January 1858 will appear in this Journal
the commencement of

OCEOLA:

A STORY OF THE SEMINOLE WAR.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID,

AUTHOR OF THE 'WAR-TRAIL,' &c.

To be continued weekly till completed.

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FALSE THEORIES AND THEIR RESULTS.

Our community does a vast amount of hard work, and realises considerable returns for it; but it is wonderful how much of these results is wasted. False theories in political economy lose us half the benefits of our national industry. One by one, we get them trampled out. One age sees the prejudice against forestallers expire. Another witnesses the extinction of 'protection.' But these pets of ignorant selfishness are hard to kill. One which clamours for large credits and encouragement to trade, and for large issues of paper-money as needful thereto, has been in the habit of killing for many years, but unhappily is not dead yet. What may be called the authorised or elementary monetary system of the country, is not it; but it lives, nevertheless. Unwise theorists repeat it; and in places where speculative commerce is carried on, there are men who venture their means to carry it into action; for, somehow, a false theory will work itself out. Some of its votaries may be kept right by the applomb of their common sense; but others are sure to be carried beyond the line, being most likely favoured in that movement by certain persons to whom the results of the false theory are convenient.

The consequence is—a Bank, professing to supply 'a want generally felt in the commercial community.' Its directors are partly men of substance under the false theory, partly men of little substance for whom 'increased accommodation' is desirable. Shareholders of the same character are obtained, besides a vast number of innocent, ignorant people, who are led to believe that their little fortunes, portions, and endowments cannot be better placed for a profit. The leading spirit is the false theory as to 'increased accommodation.' Some would take a less charitable view of the said spirit; but we believe that sincere error does nine-tenths of all the mischief done in this world, and deliberate roguery but a small part. Even those ultimately found to have done the most harm as the debtors of the bank, we believe to be in general men misled by views false, but entertained in perfect good faith.

Well, the bank goes on. Now, what should a bank do? In the first place, how should merchants carry on their business? The fundamental principle in all great scenes of industry is simply this: *Saved results of labour—or capital*—are the means by which further work is done. Those who possess such results, and employ them in fresh undertakings which they have thoroughly ascertained to be calculated to make a profitable return—the only criterion of their soundness—will be benefiting the world and themselves in

so doing. And where the capitalist is himself the worker of the fresh undertaking, or keeps a sharp eye on those to whom he intrusts his funds to be used, the results are likely to be tolerably satisfactory. Such may be called the *natural* order of things in work and in commerce. To proceed on this principle, is to act in harmony with the divine ordinances; and all such action is productive of good. Where, on the other hand, a set of men, with little or no capital of their own, are endowed temporarily with a merely ideal capital based on credit, we always find that wilder projects are undertaken, management is less prudent, and waste and loss almost inevitably follow. The latter kind of trader has everywhere to outbid and undersell, to grasp at every promise of a market however perilous, to be constantly making great sacrifices for the fulfilment of his engagements; he raises obstructions against himself by the very inflation which his kind of business gives to the prices of all those articles on which his work-people live. While he almost ruins, or at least creates great difficulty and loss to all sound and well-intending traders in the same line, he does no real good to himself, but sooner or later comes to destruction—the fate of all those who will not take God's rule as *this* way, which is truth, but insist on taking it *that* way, which is error.

There is a legitimate, safe, and honourable business for banks in facilitating the business transactions of persons trading on actual capital; but if a bank sets itself to support adventurers with little or no capital by giving them credit, it clearly lends itself to what is wrong, and prosperity cannot be expected for it. Fortunately, the greater number of our banks keep mainly to the legitimate business—scarcely any, perhaps, but what go beyond the line somewhat, for the false theory cannot quite be withstood; but, happily, the greater number do not trespass to any serious extent. But there is an order of banks—generally of recent institution—it is not the destiny of any to be *old*—which act almost wholly on the false theory. 'Assistance to expanding commerce' is with them the cry. The colossal speculations of Liverpool and Glasgow impress them greatly. Pushing men who have suddenly sprung from nothing into transactions of considerable moment, especially those who seem to have been clever in breaking into new walks of commerce, are received with favour, and allowed liberal accommodation. Directors permit each other to get similar favours. At first, perhaps, a certain moderation is observed, but with an 'expanding commerce' this is difficult to be maintained. After five thousand is in peril in an account, it becomes necessary to give other five thousand to recover the first. This, too, being

compromised, further advances must be made. Good money goes out in search of bad, and neither comes back. The debtor sometimes honestly expresses a desire to stop and declare insolvency; but the bank, for its own credit, will not allow him. It advances more—and more—and more. We have lately been astounded with single accounts in a deficit equal to a grandee's fortune. There is something Titanic in such sins. There can be no doubt that the actual posture and character of a bank such as we have described, is simply that of a fomentor and supporter of all kinds of false and unprofitable business throughout the country. It is the adventurer ultimately in all these cases, and it becomes the ultimate sufferer. In short, its funds and its credit are compromised, till, error having spent itself, a collapse takes place, and the bank is obliged to suspend payment. Then do we hear a Babel of wild outcries. The bank, according to some, has only suffered a little in a good cause—so tenacious of life is the false theory. Other banks are loudly railed at for not supporting it through its temporary difficulties. A judicious few see that great errors have been committed, and acknowledge the justice of the punishment. But the sad thing is, that the shareholders, who thought themselves only employing their money at a fair rate of interest, find they are committed to losses of indefinite magnitude. It never had occurred to them that they were authorising a set of men, hardly known to them, to speculate for them, and on their responsibility, in every kind of imaginative project which the seething brains of a commercial city could invent. Quiet ladies, living the most unspeculative of lives, were thus speculating by proxy, without once dreaming of responsibilities, till they were suddenly startled with the prospect of ruin, or an approach to it. Could anything be more pitiable than such a consequence of simple ignorance? One looks round for some one to wreak vengeance upon, or at least to visit with a seemingly due indignation. But if he takes a candid view of the matter, he will most likely be arrested in his design. The immediate administrators have been doubtless greatly to blame; but they have not meant any harm; quite the contrary. They had a doctrine that there was need for increased accommodation to an expanding commerce—they have fairly worked it out—and, the doctrine being unfortunately false, behold the consequences.

Yet, while we acquit the fallacious banking-men of dishonesty, we must frankly express our opinion that they are encouragers of dishonesty in others. The reckless speculators with other people's money, whom they supply with funds, are all dishonest workers, for they are seeking gains at the hazard of others; indeed, pursuing a career of the purest selfishness. The proper destiny of these men, seeing they had no capital of their own wherewith to seek profits, was to take subordinate places in the concerns of those who really have capital, and to try thus to realise a fair remuneration for a modest industry. But they despised such honest working. They would be quickly rich at the expense of their neighbours. For all who countenance, or in any way assist such unrighteous ambition, there can be nothing but condemnation. And if they suffer loss in consequence, and are themselves brought to ruin, they have only reaped the crop which they sowed.

Increased intelligence, and an improved sense of the real government of the world, and of the necessity of conforming to it, will alone save our community from such shocks as it has lately received. If men would truly learn that there is but one source of wealth, *work done judiciously in time and place*; that promises to pay can never be themselves wealth, or be of any good use unless they represent real wealth; if they would, amidst the excitements of an industrious career, never lose sight of the beauties of soberness and moderation,

and keep in mind that there are many other precious things to look after in this life besides money; we might hope to see these disgraceful confusions cease to be periodical, as they have hitherto been. The great evil is ignorance. Our people shew immense industry; but want of sound knowledge is constantly balking them of its fairest fruits. Men occupying important stations in life, men commissioned with great trusts, will, as a rule, be found unacquainted with the simplest principles of political economy. Active merchants, whose aspirations have perhaps led them into the senate of the realm, will be found standing up, and unblushingly advocating fallacies in that science of the most transparent character—all the time pretending to be sound practical men, and no theorists, as if a multitude of right practical steps became a falsity and a dream when they were agglomerated into a general principle. The success of such men will generally be found to have depended on adherence to some profitable routine, or a few lucky conjunctures. They are in danger from every new and unwonted step they take, particularly when they attempt to carry realised means into higher fields of business—as, for instance, into banking. Then they are seen to act like the children which they really are; then does the value of their boasted practicalness appear. The last estate of these men is extremely apt to be worse than the first.

MORAL SUNSHINE

In the Jardin des Plantes at Paris is a sundial bearing this inscription: *Horas non numero nisi serenas* (I count only the sunny hours)—a pretty and appropriate motto for the ancient timekeeper, and one which might, with almost equal propriety, be adopted by those merry mortals who are the moral sunshines of our work-a-day world, and who appear as heedless as the dial itself of the fact that even sunny hours are numbered by a shadow. Happy beings! the birth-right of enjoyment they possess surpasses the faded gifts bestowed by fairy godmothers, since it enables them by a mental alchemy to turn dross to gold, and to laugh away the wrinkles from Time's brow of care. And then the power they have over the sympathies and the affection of their fellow-creatures! Time and difference of opinion cannot shake the hold these counters of the sunny hours take on our good-will and kindly feeling; and we think of Raleigh cheerful in the prison and on the scaffold; of More meeting death with playfulness; and even of the worldly but merry Cardinal de Retz, laughing at the malice of Mazzara, and seeking a gay revenge for his imprisonment by writing the life of his jailer—with a sort of affectionate interest which we do not bestow on other perhaps wiser and better personages. Even in fiction we acknowledge the charm, and love Falstaff in spite of his cowardice and gluttony, and feel more for Mercutio than for Romeo himself. Happy-tempered people are perfect sunbeams in our everyday life, and, like sunbeams, make their way through difficulties and obscurities that would effectually repulse duller spirits. We will introduce some two or three of these light-hearted individuals to our reader, trusting that he may find them, as we have, pleasant acquaintances. And first, out of respect to the motto which suggested our sketch, we will select M. Jules Bernard, whose history is a good exemplification of the advantage to be derived, even in worldly matters, from a cheerful and sanguine temper.

He was born of republican parents during the first French Revolution, and received a good education, being destined for the profession of the law. His father was engaged in commerce, and was supposed to possess a large fortune; but at his death, which took place when Jules was about nine-and-twenty, his affairs were found to be greatly embarrassed. Their final

arrangement left the young man almost destitute, and dependent on his own exertions for support. Having always had a great facility in acquiring languages, he determined to proceed to England, and try to turn his powers as a linguist to good account; but he brought to his adopted country no introduction and a very slender purse, and found himself therefore as completely lost in London as if he had suddenly alighted in the Great Desert.

A heavy shadow was then marking his life, but he saw only the occasional gleams of sunshine vouchsafed him in the kindness of some few of the surrounding strangers. His lodging was in a time-stained, gloomy house in one of the dulllest and dirtiest streets of London, but he used to congratulate himself on its elevation bringing him into a purer atmosphere; and on its comparative quiet, from its not being a thoroughfare. At first, the reserve and coldness of the people, so different from the sociable and courteous character of his own countrymen, somewhat chilled him; but, as he said when recounting his history to us, 'there was warmth behind the snow-cloud;' at least it was evident that the dwellers beneath the same roof were thawed by the sunny hilarity of the Frenchman, whose singing the popular *chansons* of the day attracted the attention of his landlady, and introduced him to her tea-table. To be sure, the good woman was by no means equal in point of education or station to her lodger, but Jules was not fastidious; he appreciated her motherly kindness and common sense, and preferred her society to his former absolute solitude. The rainy days of England and his want of employment were now the evils he most deplored; but the former were destined to be of essential service to him, and even in the end, to remove the still greater one of idleness.

It was on the very wettest of wet days that Jules, weary of watching the descent of the rain on the opposite house-roofs, tied his comforter round his throat, and armed with an umbrella, issued out into the streets. He had walked to some little distance from his abode, when he perceived a gentleman with a young lady leaning on his arm standing beneath an archway. The former was endeavouring to shield his companion as much as possible from the storm, from which they had no other shelter than the narrow arch, being without an umbrella; moreover, there was no cab-stand, or rather hackney-coach stand, near, nor any shops in which they might have taken refuge. Bernard, with the courteous gallantry of his nation, advanced, and offered the lady his umbrella; the gentleman, rather surprised at such unusual civility from a stranger, accepted it for her, 'till a vacant carriage should pass;' and Jules took his place beside them, meantime, beneath the arch. They entered into conversation on the weather—the ordinary topic of the English—and the stranger, perceiving that their new friend was a Frenchman, asked him if the contrast between the sunny days of his own land and the climate of England did not greatly distress him. The cheerful negative which followed, the light spirit that disdained that subjection to the elements which the sadder Anglo-Saxon acknowledged, interested the unknown, who was a man of intellect, and considered himself a philosopher. He asked if his companion found that his health, as well as his spirits remained unaffected by the island atmosphere; and Bernard acknowledged that he had been slightly indisposed on his arrival in England; 'but,' he added, 'it was from the change of diet, not the air. I was too poor to be able to procure sufficient fruit, and the want of it, in warm weather, affected me; but happily, one day I thought of oranges, which were not quite gone out, and leaving off all other food, purchased two dozen; and by the time I had eaten them, was quite well again. Ah! monsieur, we do not half appreciate the good gifts *le bon Dieu* bestows on us. The people round me

looked on the over-ripe fruit that cured me as worthless, and for myself I then first learned the full value of an orange.'

The stranger was amused, and when the arrival of a vacant hackney-coach separated them from his new acquaintance, expressed a wish to know him better, and asked for his address. Bernard gave it willingly; and from that time a way was opened for him to fortune and comfort. The unknown proved to be a physician of eminence, and very speedily procured in the families of his patients, pupils for the French teacher. The cheerful energy of Jules rapidly brought him into repute. His pupils loved him, for childhood is seldom uninfluenced by the attraction of a happy temper, and his teaching was consequently most successful. Indeed, it was impossible not to learn with a master who could not be brought into daily communion even with nouns and verbs without bestowing on them a portion of his affections; who talked of words as of living things, till the student remembered them and their adjuncts rather as friends than as mere abstractions, and, consequently, were as little likely to forget the gender of a noun or the conjugation of a verb, as they would have been to become oblivious of the names of their intimate acquaintance. A merry jest or a whimsical similitude fixed many a dry rule in their memories; and thus he laughed his way up the high road to success, till the dingy lodging was exchanged for a good house in a large city square, where he saw bright-green on leaves veiled by eternal dust, and rejoiced in having a prospect of a wide space of sky, regardless and heedless of the intervening smoke.

It was when his fortunes were most prosperous that he became our teacher, and occasionally we gathered from his own lips the story of his life; though so completely did he dwell on and count 'the sunny hours,' that even the account of his early trials and difficulties did not cause a painful impression.

Happy old man! in a strange land, he had created round him, by his warm-hearted hilarity, a circle of friends, perhaps even more affectionate than if attached to him by the ties of affinity. His portrait by a first-rate artist smiles from the wall of his pleasant drawing-room; it was painted for, and presented to him by his pupils. The elegant silver coffee-pot from which his coffee is poured on *les Dimanches* was also their gift. He is wealthy, and he rejoices in diffusing round him a portion of his own happiness. Daily, some poor and unknown foreigner or struggling teacher dines at his hospitable board; and on Sundays a group of such persons spend their weekly holiday in his house, and he devotes himself to their entertainment: a motley party, speaking many different tongues; some well dressed, some very shabbily attired, but all infected by the contagion of his mirth, and forgetful of their work-a-day cares in his presence. Some of his more peculiar friends once remonstrated with the excellent host on the incongruous mixture of his society, and received the simple reply, 'that his invitations were given in accordance with the spirit of *l'Evangile*.'

Monsieur Bernard is a rare and happy specimen of the union of industry and contentment; truly might he assume the motto: *Horas non numero nisi serenas*.

Our next 'merry mortal' was far less blessed by nature and fortune with those external gifts we are apt to value so highly; yet, with a calmer and quieter manner than the volatile Frenchman, he possessed, we believe, to the full as happy a disposition.

We were walking on a cold March morning on the esplanade of a fashionable watering-place, when we first saw him. It was one of the most uncomfortable days we can remember. The sky was thickly overcast with clouds; the wind was high and chilly; the sea looked heavy and sullen, and there was a disconsolate tone in the hoarse murmurs it breathed upon

the shore; and yet there stood, leaning against the railing of the esplanade, a Hindoo, clad in the graceful and picturesque, but very insufficient garb of his native land. He was a slight delicate-looking man of good caste, judging by his complexion and features; his eyes were fixed with a mild thoughtful expression on the sea, and he held a few tracts in his hand. His presence reminded us forcibly of the brilliant east, towards which our thoughts had turned with vain regret several times that morning; and approaching him, we asked 'if he did not miss the sunshine.' He replied: 'Sun shine here too sometimes, Ma'am Sahib, and to-day clouds very pretty!' The reply struck us. We entered into conversation with the dark-browed Asiatic, and found that he was called John, having received baptism from a Christian missionary. He had accompanied an English master to his native land, and married a very young and pretty English girl; but unhappily, shortly afterwards, the gentleman died: his family, if he had any connections, did not care for or trouble themselves about his Hindoo attendant, and the poor fellow, when his last paid wages were gone, found himself wholly dependent on his wife's labour for support; but she was burdened with the care of a child, and in very delicate health, so he had resolved on trying to get something himself by selling little books. 'People very kind,' he added; 'they buy books, and I get bread and meat for the wife and baby, and rice for me.' 'But you must be so cold.' 'No, not very; and then when the sun shine, he *great deal prettier, because he hide his face before.*' We grew in a few days quite an intimate acquaintance of John Commo; he confided to us all his little successes, but never troubled us with complaints of his privations. One theme on which he loved to decant was the beauty of his young child. Its image appeared to haunt his path, and, doubtless, thoughts of it beguiled the weary hours during which he stood patiently waiting the charity of the passers-by, for he never begged of any one. Suddenly we lost sight of him, and we fancied he had left the place, his old station remained so long unoccupied; but at the end of about three weeks or a month, we saw him again standing one Sunday near the church door. We went up and spoke to him immediately. He looked ill, and his bright sunshiny smile was gone. We asked him how he was. 'Very well,' was the reply. 'And the baby?' His dark eyes filled for a moment, and then he gave his own smile again, as he answered: 'Poor baby! gone where *sun shines always.*'

He had been ill, and had been obliged to go into the Union with his wife and child. The little family were separated, and he never saw his boy again. 'But,' he added, 'not all bad even there.' The chaplain of the house had been a missionary in the east; could speak his language; had grown interested in him; and had promised to get him sent back to his native land by the Missionary Society; and till that hoped-for time arrived, he resumed his former mode of life; looking, in the gloomiest and coldest weather that visits us during our chilly spring, as if he always saw the sun behind the cloud. One morning he stopped us—his face wearing an expression of more than ordinary pleasure—to offer a little gift as a token of his gratitude for the small services we had rendered him. It was a wafer-stamp, manufactured from a bone he had picked up in the road! but carved with great skill, and quite an elegant little affair, considering the coarseness of the material and tools used in its formation. It was a parting souvenir, as he was about to be sent to his own land again. We bade him call on us at the house of our friend, in order to receive some trifles in the way of clothing for his wife and her infant—another child born since he left the Union. He came, and we introduced our happy vagrant to the notice of one of the most beneficent

men we know; he was loaded with gifts of all kinds; hospitably entertained in the servants' hall, and finally bade us farewell for ever, with the deepest shadow on his merry face that we had yet seen, leaving us with the conviction, that wherever the remainder of his pilgrimage might be cast, it would be cheered by a contented spirit.

But we must not close our sketch without giving a little instance of counting the 'sunny hours' in one of our own nation; albeit, our slow Anglo-Saxon spirits are, we are bound to acknowledge, more prone to mark the shadow than the sunshine.

There stood, in our village, an old-fashioned cottage, the property of a maiden lady named Markham, who was, however, universally called, by all who knew her, 'Miss Sally'—a certain proof of her popularity with her neighbours. We are of those who think that there is a physiognomy in houses, and that the general effect of their appearance helps the observer to some knowledge of their occupants' characters. Now, Miss Sally's cottage was precisely the sort of dwelling that, if it had belonged to a miser or a 'dull fellow,' would have been a very temple of gloom. The rooms were low, with heavy beams across the ceilings; the windows had deep seats, and being long and narrow, gave but little light; tall prim poplars shaded the front of the house, and there had been, in former days of superstition, a ghost-legend attached to it; nevertheless, Miss Sally Markham managed to render it a cheerful home. Her old-fashioned furniture was always arranged to the best advantage, and with a certain degree of taste; in winter, a blazing fire; in summer, a profusion of the gayest flowers enlivened her sombre parlour; and no ghost, we are quite certain—unless it were an uncommonly happy sociable one—could have resisted the exorcism of her merry musical laugh: anything evil or unhallowed must have fled from it. And though she lived alone with only one old servant, and had but a very limited income, Miss Sally was much sought after and even courted. There was not a house with children in it where her appearance was not hailed with glee; they understood and loved her, and she was 'aunt' by adoption to half the parish. She never appeared to grow older—her blithe nature retaining, far beyond the period of youth, its freshness of enjoyment and perception; and yet village rumour said that she had had her cares—nay, had even been crossed in love! but, if the latter tale were true, she had borne it much better and more wisely than Viola's imaginary sister, for it had evidently not proved detrimental either to her health or her complexion.

About the time we first became acquainted with Miss Markham, a new arrival had recently taken place in the village; the great house, *par excellence*, had been taken by a wealthy manufacturer, who proved to be a bachelor. It was astonishing what a sensation he created in the place! How the young ladies bought new bonnets, and how the mammas, as soon as they knew he was wifeless, ceased bemoaning the extinction of the 'good old family' of the ancient squire! The parish-church was as gay as a parterre of tulips the first time Mr Spicer occupied his new pew. Almost the only lady who had not grown smarter was Miss Sally Markham, who still wore the same straw-bonnet and quiet shawl, and, moreover, the same sweet smile she was ever wont to have on her happy face.

The next week, people called at the manor, and gave parties to its new lord. The little place became quite gay, and Miss Markham was invited everywhere; for she was of great use in making a party go off well, her spirits being generally a strong stimulant to those of others: moreover, she was not considered likely to become a dangerous rival to the fair aspirants to the vacant place at the manor. People were pleased that she amused Mr Spicer, and that she rendered themselves more amusing also, and they rather over-

calculated the counter-charm of her plainness and her poverty.

One morning, some three months afterwards, an astounding announcement electrified the village gossips: Mr Spicer was going to be married! and—alas for the matchmakers—to Miss Sally Markham! The report was at first too much for their faith; but time fully confirmed it: very shortly, the church-bells were ringing merry peals in honour of the marriage of the lonely little lady of the cottage; and the vicar related how Mr Spicer had told him, that from the first, he had resolved on proposing to Miss Sally; requiring, to cheer his retirement from the excitement and toil of the world, not a young lady who dressed well and sang Italian bravuras, but an amusing companion, who looked on the bright side of things, and would help him to count the sunny hours, and to forget the shadows.

HINDOO EMIGRANTS.

The writer was one of twenty Englishmen engaged in conveying from east to west 260 natives of the Carnatic. Forty of these were women; and thirty, children under ten years of age; the remainder, youths or adult men. Most of the males were strictly coolies or labourers, chiefly agricultural; but some had exercised specific arts or callings, as metal-workers, bricklayers, painters, basket-makers, cloth-weavers, confectioners, barbers, milkmen, washermen, shoemakers. One had been employed in making garlands for native festivals and funerals. Many had been gardeners, drawers of toddy from the palmyra trees, bullock or bandy drivers, and a number had worked in the paddy-fields. Several had been 'boys' or palanquin-bearers, some peons, policemen, or messengers; others, domestic servants, cooks, or horsekeepers. One had been a sepy. Two had been schoolmasters, of whom one could read and write English imperfectly. About a dozen had been to the Mauritius as free emigrants, and had there acquired some knowledge of French. Fifteen of the party were Mussulmans, six or eight, Roman Catholics, and of the remaining, about fifty were Pariahs. Their ages varied, but by far the greater number were in the prime of early manhood.

Their complexions were of all shades, from light bronze or yellow, through rich chestnut brown, to dark olive, bordering on black. The children were the fairest, but among adults there was a wide range. The younger men were especially handsome, with open oval countenances, fine eyes and teeth, smooth soft skins, and well-proportioned forms. Some were, of course, of less graceful mould, but scarcely any were misshapen, and a few were of peculiarly attractive aspect. The women were inferior to the men in personal appearance.

Though amply supplied with clothing by the government emigration authorities at Madras, they made little use of it on board, and dressed as they were accustomed to do on shore. The men contented themselves with a cloth round the loins; the garment of the women was a long cotton cloth, wrapped and folded so as to conceal the trunk, and descending to the knees, or a little below them. Simple as were the materials, there was much scope for elegance and taste in the way in which this female drapery was worn. They invariably left the head uncovered; the men sometimes did the same; but at other times investing it with a turban or cap. In both sexes, the feet and legs were bare. Young children were quite nude, but had a string round the middle, to which the forecloth would afterwards be attached.

Unpretending, however, as was their costume, these coolies were as profuse in ornaments as their means would allow. The women, if unable to procure

bracelets of the precious metals, wear rings of glass upon their wrists, and the greater the number of these rings, the better are they pleased. As they are necessarily drawn on over the hands, they fit loosely upon the arms, and clank one on the other as the wearer moves. Rings of silver, pewter, or brass, in lieu of more costly fabrics, are worn upon the fingers and toes, and rings or jewels hang from the tip and sides of the nose. The neck is encircled with strings of beads, or decorated with tassels and trinkets of various devices, suspended from a cord. The lobe of the ear is perforated, and through the aperture is introduced a coil of painted paper or palm leaf, wound on itself like a watch-spring. By contrivances such as these, the lobe is sometimes much elongated, and converted into an open circle, larger in circumference than the whole remaining portion of the ear. Little children are decked with necklaces, bracelets, and rings, before they assume a particle of clothing. Among men, ear-jewels are frequent, and in a few may be observed the pendent lobe. Some also wear finger and toe rings.

In the arrangement of their hair, these emigrants exhibited a great diversity of taste, with much of what some might call an absence of all taste. It was frequent with the men to shave the head, except a tuft on the crown and at the sides. The hair of the vertex is never cut, and is sometimes long enough to reach the waist. It is either plaited into a queue or tied into a knot, or suffered to hang dishevelled. The hair is occasionally cut in the most fantastic shapes and patterns, and at other times permitted to preserve its natural growth and appearance. The women leave it as nature formed it, and in them it is often luxuriant and beautiful. It is generally lank and soft—in a few instances, thick and curling. In young children, it may be brown; in adults, always black, but soon whitens with age. Most of the women had their arms tattooed in blue, but there was nothing remarkable in the devices. The other prevalent adornments, if such they may be called, were the usual idolatrous symbols. The Vishnuites paint three yellow lines, diverging upwards from the root of the nose; the Sivaites present three parallel horizontal white lines across the forehead, breast, and upper arms; and it is common with them to have a vertical blue line down the centre of the forehead. It was the absence of these marks that chiefly distinguished from the rest the Mohammedans and Roman Catholics.

Both sexes were sadly inattentive to personal cleanliness. Every morning, however, they might have been seen in rows along the deck, washing their mouths, and rubbing their teeth with pieces of stick, kept for the purpose. This was not neglected, even if it included the whole ceremony of ablution. They were also in the habit of frequently pouring water on their feet. The principal occupation of the women was that of destroying the vermin with which they were infested.

Their food was according to a dietary scale prescribed by government, and was more liberal than their necessities or inclinations required. Rice was the staple article, to which the other ingredients, the dhol—a species of pulse—the salt fish, the ghee or clarified butter, the tamarinds, and savoury herbs, were rather regarded as accessories. Each day's first duty was to serve out in one mass the requisite amount of provisions for the whole. The subsequent appropriation and preparation of this food were left to the emigrants themselves. It was for the most part conducted by a certain few, who possessed more activity than their neighbours, and sufficed to occupy them all the morning. The rest were perfectly willing to be exempt from any trouble but that of eating. The proper quantity of rice they estimated by a measure brought with them, which allotted to each about twenty-four ounces a day; and having been

duly proportioned, it was set to boil in large pans. A cook-house was provided on either side of the ship, one for men of caste, the other for Pariahs and Mussulmans. Mohammedans will not eat unless the cook be of the faith, but Pariahs are quite content to take their food at Moorish hands. One day, at the commencement of the voyage, the Mohammedan cook refused to act, in consequence of some offence he had received, and his place having been taken by a Pariah, the Mussulmans refused to eat. They demanded a fresh supply, but with a view of correcting such evils for the future, the request was disregarded. One of the number, however, whose flesh was weak, although his name was Tippoo Saib, partook of the accursed thing, and thereby provoked an indignant outbreak on the part of the 'true believers.' The torrent of abuse poured forth, by one youth in particular, was overwhelming and terrific. Of expletives and epithets they have no lack, but the denouncement most in vogue is that of all kinds of defilement and dishonour to the female relatives of the offender, past, present, and to come. A Hindoo, one morning, was detected eating meat that he had obtained from the ship's cook, and had a sentence of excommunication passed upon him by those of his own caste, though with none of the violence of the Mussulman proceedings. The Pariahs will eat anything. The greatest difficulty in provisioning the emigrants related to the article of water. At first, there was much grumbling about the scantiness of the supply, although the consumption exceeded the stipulated allowance of three quarts a head per day. So, one morning the distribution was given up into their own hands, and as it was so managed that many did not obtain any at all, we had in the evening a rather serious disturbance. After this, we had to watch it ourselves, but by degrees they learned to practise greater discretion and equity, and a better understanding soon prevailing among all classes, they could safely be intrusted with the management of their own affairs. In the cooler weather experienced in the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, the allowance of water was more than they needed, and the only article of which the full prescribed amount was ever in demand was tobacco.

Smoking was their great solace, but they had some positive and defined amusements. A tumtum or native drum had been provided for them, and when first introduced, occasioned much merriment; but as, in their music, noise is the chief element, the instrument was soon disabled and laid aside. There was a good deal of singing among them, and they had many rhyming tales or fables, but the sounds to which they rehearsed them scarcely deserved the name of tunes. Men would dance in circles to a measured step, clapping their hands or striking short sticks; but women never joined in the exercise. The only sedentary game remarked was one played with counters upon a diagram, like a draught-board, chalked on the deck for the purpose, and seemed to partake of chance and skill combined. Many of the youths amused themselves with athletic sports, and there was a general tendency to cheerfulness and mirth, with no deficiency of resource as to pastimes. During the lovely weather we enjoyed while running through the south-east trade of the Atlantic, their fondness for grotesque dressing, mummery, and practical joking was pursued in a more systematic manner; and with the aid of some rude scenery, and a concerted plan, they got up a kind of theatrical entertainment. We Europeans were ceremoniously invited to witness the performance, in which, so far as we could comprehend it, there was not much to admire, but as a means of harmless diversion to a native audience, it was not to be despised.

On this, as on other occasions, we were necessarily

much indebted to the services of the professed interpreters; but such lingual acquirements as passed muster with the authorities at Madras, were far below the standard that strangers like ourselves would have found it desirable to impose. One only of this official class spoke fluent English. He was a smart young man, who had been servant to an officer, and could converse with equal apparent ease in four of the languages of India, but his character was by no means a model of propriety. The vernacular tongues of the people were the Tamil and Telugu, and the Mussulmans among themselves used the Hindostani, which they have derived from their migratory forefathers, but it is not generally known to the heathen inhabitants of Southern India. The Telugu natives were about a fourth of the entire number, but most of them could speak Tamil also, and many of Tamil extraction were acquainted with Telugu. A knowledge of the two languages would seem to prevail extensively; but while they have common affinities, they are very unlike in details. The Telugu men who worship Vishnu are the proper Hindoos. From fifteen to twenty on board were able to read and write with ease. Some denied that they could do either; but on trial, it was found that they could form and pronounce the numerous alphabetical characters and combinations of their native language. The number of these letters and sounds is something formidable to an English student of the Tamil. Others said that they could read; yet, when books were placed in their hands, they were evidently at a loss. It seemed a common occurrence that they should know their alphabet, picked up, it may be, from their parents or playfellows, without possessing, under ordinary circumstances, an opportunity for further acquirements. The information thus gained would be almost mechanical, and of little practical utility. The inquiries made with a view of testing their attainments, led to a great rage for cultivating the literary arts. Paper, pens, and ink were eagerly asked for, or else they were content with borrowing or contriving styles for engraving the palmyra-leaf. Some became teachers, others learners; and from morning to night, for several days, the ship resounded with the accustomed din of a school-room. Each little world, like the larger one, has its fashions and its toys, pursued intensely while they last, but easily changed and soon forgotten. But every encouragement was given to the emigrants to favour their efforts for improvement; and it is to be hoped that, during the voyage, all learned something which may have contributed to their subsequent advantage.

Two births took place into our community. The attendant process, with Hindoo women, appears to involve little suffering or restraint. They had amongst them a species of medical and surgical practice. In local hurts and pains, they trusted much to local applications, poultices of tamarind, or dhool, or anything they could procure, chunam rubbed upon the spot, frictions, and shampooing. For inward complaints, their great remedy was 'pepper-water,' a warm infusion of aromatic herbs and spice, with onions and sugar. Castor-oil was the medicine with which they were best acquainted, and with the use of opium they were too familiar. To prevent or cure convulsions in children, they were in the habit of scarring the body with red-hot needles. This proceeding was chiefly regarded as a charm, though the counter-irritation might have some effect. They would also fashion strings round their limbs, both as amulets during disease and as votive tokens after recovery. These were called Sawmy, and supposed to have some sacred character or consequence. This word was of the commonest application in reference to the creed of heathenism. It entered into their most familiar patronymics, the equivalents of our Jones and Smith, as Ramasawmy, Veerasawmy, Venketasawmy, Madrasawmy, &c.

sawmy, Moonesawmy, Rungasawmy, Cundasawmy, Appasawmy, Chiunasawmy. Some man would occasionally rant and rave, as if divinely or demoniacally inspired, throw himself into paroxysms resembling epilepsy, and then give vent to incoherent sayings, while the bystanders looked on with superstitious reverence and awe. This was explained as being the work of Sawmy—that is, of some good genius, whose influence had been invoked, or else of some evil genius whom there was a struggle to expel. Such an exhibition was several times presented, and it reminded us of the pythonesses of old, or of the 'possessed' of the Gospel narrative.

To the dark and uncertain teachings of their heathenish creed may be traced their moral imbecility, and especially their propensity to suicide. On two occasions, when morning broke, alarm was given of a comrade missing; and the only conclusion at which we could arrive was, that he had voluntarily drowned himself during the night. Both had been on the sick list, though not dangerously indisposed; and no motive for the deed could be alleged but their general want of power to bear up against suffering of any kind. Threats, and even attempts at suicide took place, as the result of disputes and annoyances, and but for interference, would have been carried into execution. The emigrants were sadly prone to regard trifles in the worst light, and exalt them into affairs of serious importance. They were deficient in moral energy to resist physical evil, soon became depressed, and thus were unable to raise their fallen spirits. This was especially the case with bodily ailments and disasters; those vexations and disturbances which so often arose among them, were found, when analysed, to originate in the most absurd and trivial causes. Although so fond of quarrelling, they were not much addicted to fighting. They were lavish in the foulest abuse, and indulged in menacing gestures, but they rather avoided than courted a close engagement, and a few blows soon dismayed them. Tall stout men would cry like children, if perchance the assault they received were more than verbal; and in all their disputes, there was little danger of their doing one another much harm. They were frequently vexed with the question, who among them should be greatest? Some pretended that before embarking they had been invested with a kind of authority or pre-eminence, and would occasionally appeal to the ship's officers for confirmation of their claims. From the extreme difficulty of ascertaining the truth, it was generally advisable not to interfere; but care was always taken to correct any evident mistakes, and to prevent the exercise of improper liberties. They were treated with uniform kindness; and on the whole, their conduct was good. At no time had we to deal with positive disaffection or disrespect. Some who at first occasioned a degree of trouble and anxiety, afterwards became orderly, civil, and industrious. At the termination of the voyage, there was in all a perceptible improvement in condition and demeanour.

When the hour of parting had arrived, not women and children only, but men also, shewed evident signs of sorrow and reluctance. Much of this may have resulted from timidity or doubt as to their future lot, but much of it arose, we fully believe, from pure regret, and grateful estimation of the care they had received. They were not landed direct in Georgetown, but sent to estates up the river Demerara, or along the coast, in small schooners belonging to the proprietors. Our coolies were distributed among five different estates, in gangs of fifty, formed by mutual arrangement, according to caste or family and social connections, each party having an interpreter; and most of them had to travel from twenty to thirty miles. Every one was furnished with a passport, which, after five years' service, would procure him a free return to his

native country, if he chose to demand it. On the estates, they were to be accommodated with lodging and medical attendance, free of charge. For the first fortnight or month, they were supplied with food in lieu of wages; they afterwards would earn according to their amount of labour, being paid in the same proportion as Africans or Madeirans. For hard toil, they were not well suited; but what they undertook, they would execute with neatness; and there was enough in the necessities of the colony to give them all remunerative employment.

A REALLY GOOD DAY'S FISHING.

I HAVE a most unfeigned admiration of good old Izaak Walton, and all fishermen; I like to think of them as contemplative men, who might be anything they choose—statesmen, divines, poets—only that they prefer being fishermen—lovers of their kind, lovers of scenery, lovers of all living things, and possessing some good and unquestionable proof that the worm which they thread alive upon their pitiless hook, and which, to the ordinary eye certainly seems not to like it, does not in reality suffer in the least. I confess I have been many times upon the verge of calling Piscator, my uncle, from whom I have expectations which such an appellation would ruin, a cruel and cold-blooded old villain for the quiet way in which he will torture his live bait—never taking the poor creature off until it has wriggled its last, and then instantly impaling a fresh victim—or selecting a lively minnow out of his green water-box, and throwing him into the pleasant river, his wished-for home, with a hook that he does not know of at first, poor thing, in his under-jaw. When he has done his duty even over so well, and given warning of the approach of prey in the most sagacious manner by pulling at the float, and has been rescued alive, Jonah-like, from the interior of some enormous fish, Piscator will not yet suffer him to depart, but, confessing that he is a very good bait—as if that compliment could atone for these many indignities and pains—drops him again delicately into the stream; conduct only to be equalled by that of the widowed lady in the legend, whose late husband's body is discovered by her lover in the garden fish-pond, a receptacle for eels; upon which, 'Poor dear Sir Thomas,' says the lady, 'put him in again, *perhaps he'll catch us some more.*' Worse than all, to my taste, looks my revered uncle, when he is running after a May-fly, in order to impale that: one can bear to see a boy in pursuit of a butterfly, because it is not so much cruelty that actuates him as curiosity; but an old gentleman, bald, pursy—which epithet reminds me that I must not let Piscator peruse these remarks—and perspiring, striving to catch and put to death, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, a happy and inoffensive insect, is a shameful sight. No; I confess I like to see fishermen use artificial flies; the mere hooking of the fish—which, after all, are meant to be eaten—through those horny, bloodless lips of theirs, I don't believe is very painful; and I regard these baits with a clear conscience. A good fisherman's book is a museum of unnatural science, and I like to examine it gratis upon some river-bank, with a cigar in my mouth, while Piscator fishes. He sets about this new creation about October, and by April has finished quite a pocket-arkfull of these additions to nature. This scarlet fly, almost as big as a bird of paradise, must have taken him a good long time. 'It is a military insect, and a most tremendous bait for the female,' says my uncle, who, I am thankful to say, is a confirmed old bachelor; 'there is nothing in that fine creature whatever except a little wood and wire; but he kills, Bob—he kills.'

Why, by the by, do pursy old fellows after fifty, almost without exception, repeat their words?

'It is a fine day,' observes Piscator, when I salute him in the morning—'a very fine day—a very fine day, indeed, Bob,' as though there was somebody contradicting that assertion. And 'your mother is well, is she, Bob? Your mother is well? Good, Bob, good—very good.' I think they have some idea that this makes an ordinary sentence remarkable, and they wish, perhaps, to give you an opportunity or two of setting it down in your note-book.

'What is this huge black and white fly, uncle,' I inquire, 'like an excellent imitation of a death's-head moth?'

'Death's-head fiddlestick!' cries Piscator, in a fury; 'it's nothing of the kind, Bob—nothing of the kind. I call it the Popular Preacher, and it also is a good bait for the female—the serious female, that is. I have killed a number of chub with that fly, sir—a number of stout chub.'

There is a sort of box, also, attached to Piscator's book which contains even still more wonderful effigies; spinning minnows, twice as large as any in real life, and furnished with Archimedean screws; mice with machinery inside instead of intestines, and composite animals—half toad, half gargoyle—of which pike are supposed to become readily enamoured.

What a glorious amusement must indeed be that of the fly-fisher, climbing up in his huge waterproof boots the bed of some rock-strewn stream, amid the music of a hundred falls, and under the branching shelter of the oak and mountain ash, through which the sunbeams weave such fairy patterns upon his watery path! I never could throw a fly myself by reason of these same branches; I left my uncle's favourite killer—brown, with a yellow stripe—at the top of an inaccessible alder, on our very last expedition together, just after we had taken a great deal of trouble, too, in its extrication from the right calf of Piscator, where I had inadvertently hitched it. I am too clumsy and near-sighted, and indeed much too impatient for the higher flights of fishing. Piscator starts in the dusk, in order to be up at some mountain tarn by daylight, and comes back in the evening with half-a-dozen fine trout, well satisfied; now I would much rather have half-an-hour's good fishing for bleak in a ditch with a landing-net. However, I do rise to gudgeon-fishing.

I know no pleasanter and more dream-like enjoyment than that I have often experienced on the bank of some ait (which some ingenious persons still spell 'eyot') in the bosom of old Father Thames; or, better still, on an arm-chair in a punt pitched in one of his back-waters. Let a little beer be in the boat and some tobacco, with perhaps a sympathising friend; then what a scene it is! Before us, the great roomy eel-pots are hanging idle over the foamy lasher, in waiting for the night; their withy bands seem dry and rotten enough in the sunshine, but they are good for many a summer yet; beyond them lies the round island where the bending osiers dip their green heads into the flood till they be needed; in its centre, is the large leafless nest of her, 'born to be the only graceful shape of acorn,' the river swan; and around it grow those 'starry river buds,' the lilies; on the right hand, stately woods slope up from the very bank to the horizon; on the left is the miller's garden, upon an island likewise, with the high broad mill-stream running swiftly on its eastern shore, almost upon a level with the flowers; clack, clack, goes the great clumsy wheel, whose shining paddles we see disappear, one after one, under the low dark archway; and whirl, whirl, go half a score of little wheels within the bowels of the quaint old wooden house; along the main stream, beyond the mill-race, and separated from it by another island, ply the heavy-laden barges with half-a-dozen horses apiece, on one of which the lazy driver sits, like a lady, sideways, with his red woollen cap drooping upon one side, and his pipe scarcely kept alight;

market-people are going and returning along the towing-path, too, to Camelot, or, as it is called at this particular time and place, to Cookham; pleasure-boats pass in the distance, filled with ladies, with brass bands, with racing crews; the locksmen see them from his lofty post, and the huge gates slowly part to let them through: all this we watch afar off, and have no part with the great stream of existence regarded from its calmest of back-waters. As for the fishing itself, that is very pleasant; I always look away when the man puts on the gentle; and my friend and I have shilling bets upon which catches the next fish. We did bet at least at one time, until I detected him in the ingenious but fraudulent manœuvre of pulling the same perch up again and again, by which he not only won half a sovereign of me, but gloried in his shame. I love the very dropping of the boat from 'pitch' to 'pitch'; the careful fixing of it between its two bare poles; the measuring with the plummet for length of line; the chucking the bread and meal in for the gratuitous entertainment of the fish; the grating of the iron rake in the pebbly bottom; and all the machinery which is set in motion to persuade me that I am doing something and not nothing.

Better than all, perhaps, is the after-entertainment at the old-fashioned river inn, where jack is stuffed in some peculiarly fragrant manner, or there is an especial patent for frying trout; where awful specimens of both those fish, with particularly protuberant eyes, are suspended in the low-roofed cosy dining-room, along with the portrait of some famous fisherman, and the rules of the local angling club. The heroes of these places are not insolent and puffed up with knowledge, as hunters and shooters for the most part are, but freely and graciously impart intelligence to the unlearned. I confess at once that I have caught but two perch all day; my friend, three perch; and Jones, the man, about eight dozen. 'Ay, ay, and very well too,' observes the landlord; 'Jones is a good rod; you should have tried Miller's Hole with the minnow;' and so on. I have fished for bigger fish than perch. I once went out—went in, I should say—to spear barbel: that is a very splendid and almost warlike amusement. You see the leviathan reposing upon the pebbles beneath; silently, softly, you seize a long barbed spear, and measure the distance between you and your prey exactly; you think it to be about four feet, whereas the real depth of water is six feet at the very least. Striking, under this impression, with all your force, you throw yourself into the river, arrive upon the very spot which the barbel recently occupied, and are lucky if you can swim as well as he. Whenever I attempt anything above my perch, indeed, I fail miserably; 'the party' who occupied my seat in the punt on the previous day has caught so many trout, he could not carry half of them away with him; and 'the party' who comes the day afterwards, again, is equally successful; but, for me, I might just as well have baited my hook with a pack of cards. However, at the end of this last summer, I had one really good day's fishing, killing with my single rod carp and trout, of such magnitude and number as Piscator himself would have been proud to tell of; and it came to pass in this way.

The Marquis of B—, whom I call 'B.' in conversation with strangers, is a good friend of mine, who has known me for many years. If he met me in the market-place of our borough, his lordship would, I am sure, say: 'How d'ye do?' or, 'How are you?' and thank me, perhaps, for the pains I took about the return of his second son. I have dined more than once at the Hall, during election-time, and his lordship has not failed to observe to me: 'A glass of wine with you?' or, 'Will you join us, my dear sir?' quite confidentially upon each occasion; the words may be nothing indeed, but his lordship's manner is such that

I protest that when he speaks to me I feel as if *I had had the wine*. Well, only a month ago, he sent me a card, permitting me to have one day's fishing in his home preserves. Piscator tried to persuade me to give it up to *him*, but I said 'No,' because he can catch fish anywhere, and I do not possess that faculty; so he gave me the most minute directions overnight, and lent me his famous book of flies, and his best rod.

How beautiful looked the grand old park upon that August morning! The deer—

In copse and fern,
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail—

cropping with reverted glance the short rich herbage, or bounding across the carriage-drives in herds; the mighty oak-trees, shadowing half an acre each; the sedge pools, with water-fowl rising from their rims with sudden cry; and the winding brooks, where shot the frequent trout from side to side. Now from their right banks I fished—now from their left; and now, regretful that I did not borrow Piscator's boots, I strode, with turned-up trousers, in the very bed of the stream; still, I could not touch a fin. I began to think that my uncle had given me, out of envy, wrong directions, and provided me with impossible flies. At last I came upon a large brown pool, with a tumbling fall; and 'Now,' cried I aloud, 'for a tremendous trout, or never!'

'Never,' cried a hoarse voice, with provincial accent; 'I'm dang'd if thee isn't a cool hand, anyway.'

This was the keeper. I saw how the case stood at once, and determined to have a little sport of some kind, at all events.

'Hush, my good man,' I whispered, 'don't make a noise; I have reason to believe that there are fish here.'

'Woot thee coom out of t'stream (it was up to my waist), or maun I coom in and fetch thee?'

'No,' said I blandly, 'don't come in on any account, the least splash would be fatal; stay just where you are, and I daresay you will see me catch one in this very spot. It's beautiful weather.'

I got out upon one bank, as the giant, speechless with rage, slipped in from the other. When he had waded half-way across—

'Do you think I am poaching, my good man?' inquired I innocently.

'I knows thee is't,' quoth the keeper, adding a violent expletive.

'Well, I have a card here from my friend B.,' said I, 'which I should have thought was quite sufficient.'

'Thy friend B.,' roared the other sarcastically, 'let me get at thee.'

'Yes,' said I, 'old B. of the Hall; don't you know him?—the marquis.'

The dripping savage was obliged to confess that my ticket of permission was genuine.

'But how do I know as thee beest the right man as is named here?' urged he obstinately.

A cold sweat began to bedew me, for I had not thought it necessary to bring out my visiting-cards.

'Right man,' cried I indignantly; 'of course I am, why not?'

'Of coorse, why of coorse,' sneered the brutal ruffian, 'thee must coom along with me.'

A bright thought suddenly flashed across me: 'Look here, my good man; look at my pocket-handkerchief; J. P.; ain't those the right initials? Confound you, would you like to see the tail of my shirt also? I'll tell B. of you, as sure as you live.' At which the giant, convinced against his will, left me in peace.

I fished until dewy eve, and still caught nothing. At last, in the near neighbourhood of the Hall itself, I came upon a little pond environed by trees; the fish

were so numerous in it, that they absolutely darkened the water. I had only just lodged my fly upon the surface, and, behold! I caught and easily landed a magnificent carp; again, and a trout of at least six pounds rewarded me; a third time, and I hooked another carp; and so on. I was intoxicated with my success. In the couple of hours of daylight which yet remained to me, I filled not only Piscator's largest fishing-basket, but my pockets also. 'What will my uncle say to this?' thought I. He did not know what to say. We dined, we supped, we breakfasted off the very finest; we spent the next morning in despatching the next best in baskets to distant friends. I was the hero of the family for four-and-twenty hours, although Piscator tried to make out that it was all owing to the excellence of his flies. At four o'clock on the following afternoon, however, arrived my friend the keeper, taller than ever, pale with passion, more inimical-looking than on the day before.

'Well, thee hast about been and done it, with thy ticket and thy friend B.,' quoth he.

'Yes,' said I cheerfully, 'you're right: I rather flatter myself I have. Sixty-seven pounds of fish, my man' (triumphantly).

'Sixty-seven pounds!' said he, with a ghastly grin.

'Ay,' said I, 'not an ounce less: thirty pounds of carp, twenty pounds of trout, and seventeen pounds of—I'm hanged if I know what fish.'

'Thirty pounds of carp, twenty pounds of trout, and seventeen pounds of he's hanged if he knows what fish,' repeated the keeper, as if he was going to cry.

'Yes,' added I; 'and all out of one little bit of a pond.'

'Pond!' cried Piscator, entering the room at this juncture, 'you never told me anything about a pond, Bob.'

'Well—no,' said I, blushing a little. 'I confess I thought it better to say stream. I did catch them in the pond close by the Hall.'

'Why, you've been fishing in the marquis's private stew, Bob!' cried my uncle horrorstruck.

'Yes,' cried the keeper, blowing into his fists, as if preparing for a murderous assault upon my countenance; 'he's been a-fishing in the stew-pond, in his friend B.'s private stew.'

And this was the only really good day's fishing I ever had.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

GROWING OLD.

Do ye think of the days that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night?
Do ye wish that the morn would bring back the time,
When your heart and your step were so light?
'I think of the days that are gone, Robin,
And of all that I joyed in then;
But the brightest that ever arose on me,
I have never wished back again.'

GROWING old. A time we talk of, and jest or moralise over, but find almost impossible to realise—at least to ourselves. In others, we can see its approach clearer: yet even then we are slow to recognise it. 'What, Miss So-and-so looking old—did you say? Impossible: she is quite a young person; only a year older than I—and that would make her just—. Bless me! I am forgetting how time goes on. Yes'—with a faint deprecation which truth forbids you to contradict, and politeness to notice—'I suppose we are neither of us so young as we used to be.'

Without doubt, it is a trying crisis in a woman's life—a single woman's particularly—when she begins to suspect she is 'not so young as she used to be;' that, after crying 'Wolf' ever since the respectable maturity of seventeen—as some young ladies are fond

of doing, to the extreme amusement of their friends—the grim wolf, old age, is actually shewing his teeth in the distance; and no courteous blindness on the part of these said friends, no alarmed indifference on her own, can neutralise the fact that he is, if still far off, in sight. And, however charmingly poetical he may appear to sweet fourteen-and-a-half, who writes melancholy verses about 'I wish I were again a child,' or merry three-and-twenty, who preserves in silver paper 'my first gray hair,' old age, viewed as a near approaching reality, is—quite another thing.

To feel that you have had your fair half at least of the ordinary term of years allotted to mortals; that you have no right to expect to be any handsomer, or stronger, or happier than you are now; that you have climbed to the summit of life, whence the next step must necessarily be decadence. Ay, though you do not feel it; though the air may be as fresh, and the view as grand—still, you know that it is so. Slower or faster, you are going down-hill. To those who go 'hand-in-hand,'

And sleep thegither at the foot,

it may be a safer and sweeter descent; but I am writing for those who have to make the descent alone.

It is not a pleasant descent at the beginning. When you find at parties that you are not asked to dance as much as formerly, and your partners are chiefly stout middle-aged gentlemen and slim lads who blush terribly and require a great deal of drawing out. When you are 'dear'-ed and patronised by stylish young chits who were in their cradles when you were a grown woman; or when some boy, who was your plaything in petticoats, has the impertinence to look over your head, bearded and grand, or even to consult you on his love-affairs. When you find your acquaintance delicately abstaining from the term 'old maid' in your presence, or immediately qualifying it by an eager panegyric on the solitary sisterhood. When servants address you as 'Ma'am' instead of 'Miss,' and if you are at all stout and comfortable-looking, strange shopkeepers persist in making out your bills to 'Mrs Blank,' and pressing upon your notice toys and perambulators.

Rather trying, too, when in speaking of yourself as a 'girl'—which, from long habit, you unwittingly do—you detect a covert smile on the face of your interlocutor; or, led by chance excitement to deport yourself in an ultra-youthful manner, some instinct warns you that you are making yourself ridiculous. Or catching in some strange looking-glass the face that you are too familiar with to notice much, ordinarily, you suddenly become aware that it is *not* a young face; that it will never be a young face again; that it will gradually alter and alter, until the known face of your girlhood, whether plain or pretty, loved or disliked, admired or despised, will have altogether vanished—nay, is vanished: look as you will, you cannot see it any more.

There is no denying the fact, and it ought to silence many an ill-natured remark upon 'mutton dressed lamb-fashion,' 'young ladies of a certain age,' and the like—that with most people the passing from maturity to middle age is so gradual, as to be almost imperceptible to the individual concerned. It is very difficult for a woman to recognise that she is growing old; and to many—nay, to all, more or less—this

recognition cannot but be fraught with considerable pain. Even the most frivolous are somewhat to be pitied, when, not conducting themselves as *passés*, because they really do not think it, they expose themselves to all manner of misconstructions by still determinedly grasping that fair sceptre of youth, which they never suspect is now the merest 'rag of sovereignty'—sovereignty deposed.

Nor can the most sensible woman fairly put aside her youth, all it has enjoyed, or lost, or missed—its hopes and interests, omissions and commissions, doings and sufferings—satisfied that it is henceforth to be considered entirely as a thing gone by—without a momentary spasm of the heart. Young people forget this as completely as they forget that they themselves may one day experience the same, or they would not be so ready to laugh at even the foolishness of those foolish old virgins, who deems herself juvenile long after everybody else has ceased to share in the pleasing delusion, and thereby makes both useless and ridiculous that season of early autumn which ought to be the most peaceful, abundant, safe, and sacred time in a woman's whole existence. They would not, with the proverbial harsh judgment of youth, scorn so cruelly those poor little absurdities, of which the unlucky person who indulges therein is probably quite unaware—merely dresses as she has always done, and carries on the harmless coquetties and *minanderies* of her teens, unconscious how exceedingly ludicrous they appear in a lady of—say forty! Yet in this sort of exhibition, which society too often sees and enjoys, any honest heart cannot but often feel that of all the actors engaged in it, the one who plays the least objectionable and disgraceful part is she who only makes a fool of herself.

Yet why should she do it? Why cling so desperately to the youth that will not stay? and which, after all, is not such a very precious or even a happy thing? Why give herself such a world of trouble to deny or conceal her exact age, when half her acquaintance must either know it or guess it, or be supremely indifferent about it? Why appear dressed—undressed, cynics would say—after the pattern of her niece, the belle of the ball; annoying the eye with beauty either half withered, or long overblown, and which in its prime would have been all the lovelier for more concealment?

In this matter of dress, a word or two. There are two styles of costume which ladies past their *prime* *jeunesse* are most prone to fall into: one hardly knows which is the worst. Perhaps, though, it is the ultra-juvenile—such as the insane juxtaposition of a yellow skin and white tariatane, or the anomalous adorning of gray hair with artificial flowers. It may be questioned whether at any age beyond twenty a half-costume is really becoming; but after thirty, it is the very last sort of attire that a lady can assume with impunity. It is said that you can only make yourself look younger by dressing a little older than you really are; and truly I have seen many a woman look withered and old in the customary evening-dress which, being unmarried, she thinks necessary to shiver in, who would have appeared fair as a sunshiny October day, if she would only have done nature the justice to assume, in her autumn-time, an autumnal livery. If she would only have the sense to believe that gray hair was meant to soften wrinkles and brighten faded cheeks, giving the same effect for which our youthful grandmothers wore powder; that flimsy, light-coloured gowns, frilled over with

trimmings, only suit airy figures and active motions; that a sober-tinted substantial gown and a pretty cap will any day take away ten years from a lady's appearance. Above all, if she would observe this one grand rule of the toilet, always advisable, but after youth indispensable—that though good personal 'points' are by no means a warrant for undue exhibition thereof, no point that is positively unbecoming ought ever, by any pretence of fashion or custom, to be shewn.

The other sort of dress, which, it must be owned, is less frequent, is the dowdy style. People say—though not very soon—'Oh, I am not a young woman now; it does not signify what I wear.' Whether they quite believe it, is another question; but they say it—and act upon it when laziness or indifference prompts. Foolish women! they forget that if we have reason at any time more than another to mind our 'looks,' it is when our looks are departing from us. Youth can do almost anything in the toilet—middle age cannot; yet is none the less bound to present to her friends and society the most pleasing exterior she can. Easy is it to do this when we have those about us who love us, and take notice of what we wear, and in whose eyes we would like to appear gracious and lovely to the last, so far as nature allows: not easy when things are otherwise. This perhaps is the reason why we see so many unmarried women grow careless and 'old-fashioned' in their dress—'What does it signify?'—nobody cares.

I think a woman ought to care a little for herself—a very little. Without preaching up vanity, or undue waste of time over that most thankless duty of adorning one's self for nobody's pleasure in particular—is it not still a right and becoming feeling to have some respect for that personality which, as well as our soul, heaven gave us to make the best of? And is it not our duty—considering the great number of uncomely people there are in the world—to lessen it by each of us making herself as little uncomely as she can?

Because a lady ceases to dress youthfully, she has no excuse for dressing untidily; and though having found out that one general style suits both her person, her taste, and convenience, she keeps to it, and generally prefers moulding the fashion to herself, rather than herself to the fashion. Still, that is no reason why she should shock the risible nerves of one generation, by shewing up to them the out-of-date costume of another. Neatness invariable; hues carefully harmonised, and, as time advances, subsiding into a general unity of tone, softening and darkening in colour, until black, white, and gray alone remain, as the suitable garb for old age: these things are every woman's bounden duty to observe as long as she lives. No poverty, grief, sickness, or loneliness—those mental causes which act so strongly upon the external life—can justify any one (to use a phrase probably soon to be obsolete when charity and common sense have left the rising generation no Fifth of November) involuntarily 'making a Guy of herself.'

That slow, fine, and yet perceptible change of mien and behaviour, natural and proper to advancing years, is scarcely reducible to rule at all. It is but the outer reflection of an inward process of the mind. We only discover its full effect by the absence of it, as noticeable in a person 'who has such very "young" manners,' who falls into raptures of enthusiasm, and expresses loudly every emotion of her nature. Such a character, when real, is unobjectionable, nay, charming, in extreme youth; but the great improbability of its being real, makes it rather ludicrous, if not disagreeable, in mature age, when the passions die out, or are quieted down, the sense of happiness itself is calm, and the fullest, tenderest tide of which the loving heart is capable, may be described by those 'still waters' which 'run deep.'

To 'grow old gracefully,' as one, who truly has

exemplified her theory, has written and expressed it, is a good and beautiful thing; to grow old worthily, a better. And the first effort to that end, is not only to recognise, but to become personally reconciled to the fact of youth's departure; to see, or, if not seeing, to have faith in, the wisdom of that which we call change, yet which is in truth progression; to follow openly and fearlessly, in ourselves and our own life, the same law which makes spring pass into summer, summer into autumn, autumn into winter, preserving an especial beauty and fitness in each of the four.

Yes, if women could only believe it, there is a wonderful beauty even in growing old. The charm of expression arising from softened temper or ripened intellect, often amply atones for the loss of form and colouring; and, consequently, to those who never could boast either of these latter, years give much more than they take away. A sensitive person often requires half a lifetime to get thoroughly used to this corporeal machine, to attain a wholesome indifference both to its defects and perfections—and to learn at last, what nobody would acquire from any teacher but experience, that it is the mind alone which is of any consequence; that with a good temper, sincerity, and a moderate stock of brains—or even the two former only—any sort of body can in time be made useful, respectable, and agreeable, as a travelling-dress for the soul. Many a one, who was absolutely plain in youth, thus grows pleasant and well-looking in declining years. You will hardly ever find anybody, not ugly in mind, who is repulsively ugly in person after middle life.

So with the character. If a woman is ever to be wise or sensible, the chances are that she will have become so somewhere between thirty and forty. Her natural good qualities will have developed; her evil ones have either been partly subdued, or have overgrown her like rampant weeds; for however we may talk about people being 'not a whit altered'—'just the same as ever'—not one of us is, or can be, for long together, exactly the same; no more than that the body we carry with us is the identical body we were born with, or the one we supposed ours seven years ago. Therein, as in our spiritual self which inhabits it, goes on a perpetual change and renewal: if this ceased, the result would be, not permanence, but corruption. In moral and mental, as well as physical growth, it is impossible to remain stationary; if we do not advance, we retrograde. Talk of 'too late to improve'—'too old to learn,' &c. Idle words! A human being should be improving with every day of a lifetime; and will probably have to go on learning through all the ages of immortality.

And this brings me to one among the number of what I may term 'the pleasures of growing old.'

At our outset, 'to love' is the verb we are most prone to conjugate; afterwards, we discover that though the first, it is by no means the sole verb in the grammar of life, or even the only one that implies (*vide* Lennie or Murray) 'to be, to do, or to suffer.' To know—that is, to acquire, to find out, to be able to trace and appreciate the causes of things, gradually becomes a necessity, an exquisite delight. We begin to taste the full meaning of that promise which describes the other world as a place where 'we shall know even as we are known.' Nay, even this world, with all its burdens and pains, presents itself in a phase of abstract interest entirely apart from ourselves and our small lot therein, whether joyful or sorrowful. We take pleasure in tracing the large workings of all things—more clearly apprehended as we cease to expect, or conduct ourselves as if we expected, that Providence will appear as *Deus ex machina* for our own private benefit. We are able to pass out of our own small daily sphere, and take interest in the marvellous government of the universe; to see the grand workings

of cause and effect, the educing of good out of apparent evil, the clearing away of the knots in tangled destinies, general or individual, the wonderful agency of time, change, and progress in ourselves, in those surrounding us, and in the world at large. We have lived just long enough to catch a faint tone or two of the large harmonies of nature and fate—to trace the apparent plot and purpose of our own life and that of others, sufficiently to make us content to sit still and see the play played out. As I once heard said: 'We feel we should like to go on living, were it only out of curiosity.'

In small minds, this feeling expends itself in meddling, gossiping, scandal-mongering; but such are only the abortive developments of a right noble quality, which, properly guided, results in benefits incalculable to the individual and to society. For, undoubtedly, the after-half of life is the best working-time. Beautiful is youth's enthusiasm, and grand are its achievements; but the most solid and permanent good is done by the persistent strength and wide experience of middle age.

A principal agent in this is a blessing which rarely comes till then—contentment: not mere resignation, a passive acquiescence in what cannot be removed, but active contentment; bought, and cheaply, too, by a personal share in that daily account of joy and pain, which, the longer one lives the more one sees, is pretty equally balanced in all lives. Young people are happy—enjoy ecstatically, either in prospect or fruition, 'the top of life;' but they are very seldom contented. It is not possible. Not till the cloudy maze is half travelled through, and we begin to see the object and purpose of it, can we be really content.

One great element in this—nor let us think shame to grant that which God and nature also allow—consists in the doubtful question 'to marry or not to marry,' being by this time generally settled; the world's idle curiosity or impertinent meddling therewith having come to an end; which alone is a great boon to any woman. Her relations with the other sex imperceptibly change their character, or slowly decline. Though there are exceptions, of old lovers who have become friends, and friends whom no new love could make swerve from the fealty of years, still it usually happens thus. If a woman wishes to retain her sway over mankind, not an unnatural wish even in the good and amiable, who have been long used to attention and admiration in society, she must do it by means quite different from any she has hitherto employed. Even then, be her wit ever so sparkling, her influence ever so pure and true, she will often find her listener preferring bright eyes to intellectual conversation, and the satisfaction of his heart to the improvement of his mind. And who can blame him?

Pleasant as men's society undoubtedly is; honourable, well-informed gentlemen, who meet a lady on the easy neutral ground of mutual esteem, and take more pains to be agreeable to her than, unfortunately, her own sex frequently do; they are, after all, but men. Not one of them is really necessary to a woman's happiness, except the one whom, by this time, she has probably either seen, or lost, or found. Therefore, however uncomplimentary this may sound to those charming and devoted creatures, which of course they always are in ladies', *young ladies'* society, an elderly lady may be well content to let them go, before they depart of their own accord. I fear the waning coquette and the ancient beauty, as well as the ordinary woman, who has had her fair share of both love and liking, must learn and shew by her demeanour she has learned that the only way to preserve the unfeigned respect of the opposite sex, is by letting them see that she can do without either their attention or their admiration.

Another source of contentment, which in youth's fierce self-dependence it would be vain to look for—is

the recognition of one's own comparative unimportance and helplessness in the scale of fate. We begin by thinking we can do everything, and that everything rests with us to do; the merest trifle frets and disturbs us; the restless heart wearies itself with anxieties over its own future, the tender one over the futures of those dear to it. Many a young face do I see, wearing the indescribable *Martha*-look—'troubled about many things'—whom I would fain remind of the anecdote of the ambassador in China. To him, tossing sleepless on his bed, his old servant said:

'Sir, may I put to you, and will you answer, three questions? First, did not the Almighty govern this world very well before you came into it?'

'Of course.'

'And will He not also do the same when you are gone out of it?'

'I know that.'

'Then, do you not think, sir, that He is able to govern it while you are in it?'

The ambassador smiled assent, turned round, and slept calmly.

Alas, it is the slowest and most painful lesson that Faith has to learn—Faith, not Indifference—to do steadfastly and patiently all that lies to her hand; and there leave it, believing that the Almighty is able to govern His own world.

It is said that we suffer less as we grow older, that pain, like joy, becomes dulled by repetition, or by the callousness that comes with years. In one sense this is true. If there is no joy like the joy of youth, the rapture of a first love, the thrill of a first ambition, God's great mercy has also granted that there is no anguish like youth's pain; so total, so hopeless, blotting out earth and heaven, falling down upon the whole being like a stone. This never comes in after-life, because the sufferer, if he or she have lived to any purpose at all, has learned that God never meant any human being to be crushed under any calamity like a blindworm under a stone.

For lesser evils, the fact that our interests gradually take a wider range, allows more scope for the healing power of compensation. Also our strongest idiosyncrasies, our loves, hates, sympathies, and prejudices, having assumed a more rational and softened shape, we do not present so many angles for the rough attrition of the world. Likewise, with the eye of that Faith already referred to, we have come to view life in its entirety, instead of agonisingly puzzling over its disjointed parts, which are not, and were never meant to be, made wholly clear to mortal eye. And that calm twilight, which by nature's kindly law so soon begins to creep over the past, throws over all things a softened colouring which altogether transcends and forbids regret. I suppose there is hardly any woman with a good heart, and a clear conscience, who does not feel, on the whole, the infinite truth of the verses at the head of this paper, and of the other two verses which I here add—partly because a pleasant rhyme is a wholesome thing to cling about the memory, and partly in the hope that some one may own or claim this anonymous song:

Do ye think of the hopes that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night?
Do ye gather them up as they faded fast
Like buds with an early blight?
'I think of the hopes that are gone, Robin,
And I mourn not their stay was fleet;
For they fell as the leaves of the red rose fall,
And were even in falling, sweet.'

Do ye think of the friends that are gone, Jeanie,
As ye sit by your fire at night?
Do ye wish they were round you again once more
By the hearth that they made so bright?

'I think of the friends that are gone, Robin,
They are dear to my heart as then :
But the best and the dearest among them all
I have never wished back again !'

Added to all these reasons, contentment, faith, cheerfulness, and the natural calming down of both passions and emotions, which give a woman greater capacity for usefulness in middle life, than in any previous portion of her existence, is another—her greater independence. By the time she has arrived at the half of those threescore-years-and-ten, which form the largest available limit of active life, she will generally have become, in the best sense of the term, her own mistress : I do not mean as regards exemption from family ties and restrictions, for this sort of liberty is sadder than bondage, but she will be mistress over herself—she will have learned to understand herself, mentally and bodily. Nor is this last a small advantage, for it often takes years to comprehend, and act upon when comprehended, the physical peculiarities of one's own constitution. Much valetudinarianism among women arises from ignorance or neglect of the commonest sanitary laws ; and indifference to that grand preservative of a healthy body, a well-controlled, healthy mind. Both of these are more attainable in middle age than youth ; and, therefore, the sort of happiness they bring—a solid, useful, available happiness—is more in her power then, than at any earlier period.

And why ? Because she has ceased to think principally of herself and her own pleasures ; because, as I tried to shew in a former paper, happiness itself has become to her an accidental thing, which the good God may give or withhold as He sees most fit for her—most adapted to the work for which He means to use her in her generation. This conviction of being at once an active and a passive agent—self-working, worked through, and worked upon—is surely consecration enough to form the peace, nay, the happiness, of any good woman's life : enough, be it ever so solitary, to sustain it until the end.

In what manner such a conviction should be carried out, no one individual can venture to advise. Women's work is, in this age, if undefined, almost unlimited, when the woman herself so chooses. She alone can be a law unto herself ; deciding, acting according to the circumstances in which her lot is placed.

And have we not many who do so act ? Women of property, whose name is a proverb for generous and wise charities—whose riches, carefully guided, flow into innumerable channels, freshening the whole land. Women of rank and influence, who use both, or lay aside both, in the simplest humility, for labours of love, which level, or rather raise, all classes to one common sphere of womanhood. And many others, of whom the world knows nothing, who have taken the wisest course that any unmarried woman can take, and made for themselves a home and a position : some as the ladies Bountiful of a country neighbourhood ; some as elder sisters, on whom has fallen the bringing up of whole families, and to whom has tacitly been accorded the headship of the same, by the love and respect of more than one generation thereof ; and some as writers, painters, and professional women generally, who make the most of the special gift apparently allotted to them, believing that, be it great or small, it is not theirs either to lose or to waste, but that they must one day render up to the Master His own, with usury.

Would that, instead of bringing up our young girls with the notion that they are to be wives, or nothing—matrons, with an acknowledged position and duties, or with no position and duties at all—we could instil into them, that above and before all, they are to be *women*—women, whose character is of their own

making, and whose lot lies in their own hands. Not through any foolish independence of mankind, or adventurous misogamy : let people prate as they will, the woman was never born yet who would not cheerfully and proudly give herself and her whole destiny into a worthy hand, at the right time, and under fitting circumstances—that is, when her whole heart and conscience accompanied and sanctified the gift. But marriage ought always to be a question not of necessity but choice. Every girl ought to be taught that a hasty, loveless union stamps upon her as foul dishonour as one of those connections which omit the legal ceremony altogether ; and that, however pale, dreary, and toilsome a single life may be, unhappy married life must be tenfold worse—an ever-haunting temptation, an incurable regret, a torment from which there is no escape but death. There is many a bridal-chamber over which ought to be placed no other inscription than that well-known one over the gate of Dante's hell :

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi chi entrate.

God forbid that any woman in whose heart is any sense of real marriage, with all its sanctity, beauty, and glory, should ever be driven to enter such an accursed door !

But after the season of growing old, there comes, to a few, the time of old age ; the withered face, the failing strength, the bodily powers gradually sinking into incapacity for both usefulness and enjoyment. I will not say but that this season has its sad aspect to a woman who has never married ; and who, as her own generation dies out, probably has long since died out, retains no longer, nor can expect to retain, any flesh-and-blood claim upon a single human being. When all the downward ties which give to the decline of life a rightful comfort, and the interest in the new generation which brightens it with a perpetual hope, are to her either unknown, or indulged in chiefly on one side. Of course there are exceptions ; when an aunt has been almost a mother, and a loving and lovable great-aunt is as important a personage as any grandmother. But I speak of things in general. It is a condition to which a single woman must make up her mind, that the close of her days will be more or less solitary.

Yet there is a solitude which old age feels to be as natural and satisfying as that rest which seems such an irksomeness to youth, but which gradually grows into the best blessing of our lives ; and there is another solitude, so full of peace and hope, that it is like Jacob's sleep in the wilderness, at the foot of the ladder of angels.

All things are less dreadful than they seem.

And it may be that the extreme loneliness which, viewed afar off, appears to an unmarried woman as one of the saddest and most inevitable results of her lot, shall by that time have lost all its pain, and be regarded but as the quiet dreamy hour 'between the lights ;' when the day's work is done, and we lean back, closing our eyes, to think it all over before we finally go to rest, or to look forward, in faith and hope, unto the Coming Morning.

A finished life ; a life which has made the best of all the materials granted to it, and through which, be it web dark or bright, its pattern clear or clouded, can now be traced plainly the hand of the Great Designer ; surely this is worth living for ? And though at its end it may be somewhat lonely ; though a servant's and not a daughter's arm may guide the failing step ; though most likely it will be strangers only who come about the dying bed, close the eyes that no husband ever kissed, and draw the shroud kindly over the poor withered breast where no child's head has ever lain ; still, such a life is not to be pitied, for it is a completed life. It has fulfilled its appointed course,

and returns to the Giver of all breath, pure as he gave it. Nor will He forget it when He counteth up his jewels.

On earth too, for as much and as long as the happy dead, to whom all things have long been made equal, need remembering, such a life will not have been lived in vain.

Only the memory of the just
Smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust.

SOMETHING ABOUT BELLS.

BEFORE the great bell for the palace at Westminster was cast, about the middle of last August, a commission was sent to France, while the Paris Exposition was still open, to collect information 'respecting the most esteemed chimes in France and Belgium, and whether there are in those countries makers acquainted with the traditions of the art, or who have applied the discoveries of science to the improvement of bells, or to efficient substitutes for them.' In answer to this inquiry, the commissioners, Professor Wheatstone and Sir Charles Barry, learned that no such efficient substitutes have been discovered, and that no improvement was known on the established mode and materials for casting them.

There were some, however, who thought otherwise, and we were told that cast-steel bells were the things for the nineteenth century, till experiment proved their sound to be too harsh. The Institute of British Architects occupied three evenings of a session with papers and a discussion on the sonorous subject. Why should we, with our advanced knowledge, adhere to the old forms?—why could we not set up large gongs, or great metal basins, or huge tuning-forks, as in the St Nicholas Church at Hamburg? Mr C. H. Smith shewed to the Institute that two cones of soft steel, one being in a certain proportion larger and longer than the other, would, when united at their bases, and there supported horizontally, give out a prolonged musical sound on being struck on the centre of gravity of the whole mass. By varying the proportions of the cones, any accordant musical note could be produced; and if one was made of bell-metal, and the other of steel, the effect was yet more musical.

Then, arguing from the gong, was it not a mistake to make bells so heavy? Would it not be better to hammer them into shape, as is the practice in making brass pans and caldrons. To say nothing of having a compacter metal, and with it a better tone, what a saving there would be in expense. No unimportant consideration this, seeing that the prime cost of the metal for the Westminster bell amounts to £1700.

In the discussions which followed, all parts of the subject came under notice: the casting of bells, the best shape for them, how they should be hung, how rung, and other points interesting only to the initiated; and a good deal was said that appears to be perfectly conclusive. Mr E. B. Denison, Q. C., shewed by direct experiment that although a gong gives out an imposing sound in a room, it cannot in reality be heard half so far off as the sound of a bell of half the weight. Moreover, the gong does not answer at once to the blow, as the bell does—a most essential requirement—neither does it melt off into a prolonged musical sound. The deep solemn tone of the coiled wire upon which American clocks strike is familiar to numbers of persons: it might be taken for the great bell of a cathedral; but they may easily satisfy themselves that an ordinary clock-bell will send its sound to a distance where the other is perfectly inaudible; and so of the steel cones.

Seeing that a hemispherical bell answers so well for an indoor clock, would the same form not be the best for church bells? This question appears to have

been settled by the hemispherical bells shewn in the Great Exhibition. They had a thick rim, and when struck with pieces of wood, gave out a tone deeper than that of some of the Great Toms renowned in bell-dom; but if you walked away to the end of the building, you could not hear it; nor was it then audible, even if the blow was struck with a hammer. We thus see that depth of tone by no means involves penetrating power. Where the sound is not required to travel to a great distance, as in cemeteries, hemispherical bells have been introduced with advantage.

A curious fact with respect to this kind of bells is worth mentioning. If you take a tube, the diameter of which is half, and its length the same as the diameter of the bell, and hold it near the rim of the bell, the sound given out is greatly increased, and different qualities of tone may be produced by employing tubes of different sizes. But the penetrating power of the sound is not increased; a bell of the same weight and of the ordinary form is heard further off. The phenomenon is confined to the hemispherical bell, for no increase of sound is obtained by applying a tube to the pyramidal bell. 'If I am to offer a guess at the reason of this,' says Mr Denison, 'it is that the upper part of the common bell, which is nearly a tube in shape, does really act as the sounding tube to the vibrations of the bell when struck.'

That the bells of former ages are generally better than those of the present, will astonish if it does not mortify those who hold modern science to excel all that has preceded. The old founders had some method of treating their bells, which, if not entirely lost, is never practised. They had some law of proportion between the inside and the outside. An illumination on a mediæval manuscript represents a man grinding the inside of a bell; and it is a fact that a bell finished off in a lathe, quite smooth on both sides, gives a better note than one left in the rough. On this point, Mr C. Varley stated 'he had witnessed the full effect on the occasion of Lord Macartney's embassy to China, near the end of the last century, when two splendid musical snuff-boxes were taken as presents to the emperor; they played five tunes each, and opening the lid started one tune. It being desirable to obtain the utmost perfection, the musical part, and the tuning and fitting of the bells, were intrusted to his late uncle, Mr Samuel Varley; and though the bells were smoothly cast, in that state they were like bells in dampers, when compared with the musical sound from the truly turned and polished bells. The inside being made quite true to the outside, caused the entire co-operation of the whole bell to produce the sound.'

Mr Wheatstone says, touching this part of the question: 'The very unsatisfactory result of the chimes constructed for the Royal Exchange, which have been twice recast, without any ultimate advantage, shows that no known bell-founder in England can be relied on.' A fact by no means flattering; although it appears that testimonials as to the 'very fine' qualities of bells are as readily producible, as for the effects of Life Pills or Taffy's Elixir. Who that has heard the carillon at Bruges, and other places on the continent, will not regret our lack of skill in this particular? Mr Denison says there are many much bepraised bells which he would not 'buy at a penny a pound, except for the purpose of selling again at ninepence.' [Since this was written, the Big Ben of Westminster has given it a remarkable commentary by cracking.]

However, not to throw too much discouragement on modern bell-founders, we cite another passage from Mr Denison, which shows that our forefathers, with all their knowledge, were sometimes at fault. 'Most Oxford men,' he observes, 'believe that Great

Tom is a very fine bell, just because it makes a loudish noise; and they have no idea, and cannot have any, whether it is either the quantity or quality of noise which ought to come out of a bell of seven and a half tons. Whereas, I know that a good bell of half that weight would give a much louder, and a much pleasanter sound, and that, in fact, the bell is about as bad as possible.' This Oxford Tom was cast in 1680. The great bells of York and Montreal, and the new Tom of Lincoln, though not quite so bad as it, are described as 'all very far short of what they ought to be, and very inferior to the old Tom of Lincoln, which was cast in 1600, and was considered the finest large bell in England.'

A fiddle improves by age and use; a piano does not, neither does a bell. There is, perhaps, a slight improvement for the first few years, but afterwards the quality deteriorates. Metal, we know, is altered by repeated and long-continued hammering. Thump a piece of iron, and you change the quality of its magnetism: the shock of the waves modifies the magnetism of an iron ship; and some of the music is knocked out of a bell by long-continued use of the clapper. A peculiar effect is noticed in the bell of Cripplegate Church when it strikes twelve: the first two or three strokes are distinct and clear, then a discord begins, which accumulates with every stroke, until with the eleventh and twelfth a complete double sound is produced. Unsoundness in the metal may have something to do with this; and a fault of this sort, which is more often present than is commonly supposed, is aggravated by age. Mr Varley once blew the two surfaces of a brass air-pump plate nearly half an inch apart, when in appearance it was perfectly sound. The clapper, as a rule, injures bells much more than the clock-hammer; it wears them thin in certain places. They then crack, and become useless. As a remedy for this, methods have been proposed—and one has been patented—for turning a bell from time to time on its point of suspension, so that the clapper may not play too long on any one part.

Bells should be hung so that their mouth will be just above the sill of the belfry windows. Tourists, while walking round a foreign church, not unfrequently remark that they can look up into the bells from the ground. The reason is obvious—that the sound should all escape through the windows. In English belfries, the bells are sometimes hung so much below the windows, that great part of the sound is lost. Another defect is, that the windows are made too small, and are too much choked with louver-boards. The proper way is to have large windows with but two or three stone louvres, and a wire-netting to keep out birds.

Bell-ringing is often said to be injurious to the church tower: the oscillation is great, and the vibration of the masonry perceptible. But the old builders knew what they were about; they supported the timber framework to which the bells are hung on corbels or brackets built into the wall, and left a clear space all round, whereby the effect of vibration was sensibly diminished. But it happens that the timber frames become weak in course of years; and churchwardens, to save the expense of proper repair, seek to strengthen the wood-work by driving wedges between it and the wall. The consequence is, that the wall is forced outwards, and being loosened every time the bells are rung, it eventually cracks; and instances have occurred in which the tower fell, or was obliged to be pulled down and rebuilt. Sometimes new strengthening timbers have been fixed, and in such a way, that as the bells swung, the beams moved to and fro as battering-rams against the walls. The old way of placing the framework is thought to be the best, if not left at the mercy of ignorant interference.

We learn from the foregoing particulars, that very

much more goes to make up the proper effect of a peal of bells than would be supposed. From the earliest stage in the production of a bell, the same nicety is required. The metal is generally composed of four parts of copper to one of tin; and as metals, while fluid, throw off vapours, and diminish in bulk as water does while boiling, the metal which melts most easily must not be put into the furnace with the other. It is sometimes desirable to melt the metals in different furnaces; then especial pains have to be taken to insure proper cooling, so that the whole mass shall be of one homogeneous texture. If cooled suddenly, the metal becomes stringy inside, and appears to have twice as much tin in it as when cooled slowly. The smoother the bell is, the better; hence all mouldings, ornaments, and inscriptions on the outside, are so much taken from the goodness of the tone. The addition of silver to the metal does not improve the sound, though it is thought that aluminum, being very sonorous, might be added with advantage.

We conclude these loose remarks on bells with a few particulars of the weight of some of the most famous bells of Europe. The great bell of Moscow, which was broken in 1787, weighs 193 tons; the bell at the Kremlin, which fell down in 1855, weighs 68 tons; the bell at Novgorod, 31 tons; at Vienna, cast in 1711, 17 tons 14 cwt.; at Notre Dame, Paris, 12 tons 16 cwt.; at York, cast 1845, 10 tons 15 cwt.; St Peter's, Rome, 8 tons; at Exeter, cast 1675, 5 tons 11 cwt.; St Paul's, London, cast 1709, 5 tons 4 cwt. There is at Peking a bell which weighs 53 tons.

THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S REPORT ON 1855.

THE Registrar-general's report on 1855 has been lately published. It is rather voluminous, from the variety of tabular statistics it contains, and is somewhat lengthened by the addition of an interesting letter from Dr Farr on the causes of death in that year.

One hundred and fifty thousand marriages, 635,000 births (exclusive of the still-born), and 425,000 deaths, were registered in 1855.

It appears that early marriages among women have increased rapidly in the last few years, being most frequent in Stafford, Durham, and Monmouth, the great coal-districts, and most rare in London, Middlesex, Devon, and North Wales. Early marriages among men have also increased; but, as might be expected, three-fourths of those who marry under age are females. In 1855, there were upwards of 3,000,000 of married couples in England. Of these there were 900,000 in which only one of the couple could write, and 700,000 in which neither husband nor wife could sign their names—a lamentable fact, deserving the attention of that useful personage, the 'schoolmaster at home.'

In 1855, one child was born to every thirty of the population, the ratio of births having slightly increased from 1838, when the proportion was only one to every thirty-three persons living. Births were most numerous among the collieries. In Durham, there was one birth to every twenty-two of the population; while in Westmoreland there was only one to every thirty-seven. Twenty-six boys were born for every twenty-five girls; and of every sixteen children born, one was illegitimate. The latter births were most frequent in Cumberland, Norfolk, and Westmoreland, where the average was one to every eleven, and most rare in Huntingdon and Monmouth, where the ratio was only one to twenty-three.

The records of the last eighteen years shewed the mortality to have been lowest in 1850, when there was one death out of every forty-eight persons living, and highest in 1849, the year of the cholera, when one in every forty died. In 1855, there was one death to every forty-five of the population, the mortality of

the year being below the average of the preceding ten years for ages under forty-five, and above it for all ages after fifty-five. The latter fact is mainly attributable to the severe cold in the earlier part of the year, which was probably the cause of more than 20,000 deaths.

'The cessation of the epidemic of cholera,' says Dr Farr, 'and the diseases induced by the cold winter, are the great facts of the year. . . . The cold led to an increase in the consumption of coal; people approached nearer to the fire than in ordinary years, and the cold was thus the indirect cause of probably more than 400 deaths by burns alone.'

Eight hundred and fifty infants died from want of their natural nourishment, and one mother died for every 213 children born. The deaths from poison were 380; in 1848, they were 467. This decrease is partly attributable to the fact of arsenic being now much less easily obtained. Upwards of 800 deaths are ascribed to 'alcoholism,' 1800 to hanging and suffocation, and 2500 to drowning. Of those who died, only one in fourteen had reached old age.

The most fatal of all causes of death was consumption. To bronchitis and pneumonia, a fourth of the deaths is to be ascribed, and the same number is attributed to old age, convulsions, premature birth and debility, scarlatina, and typhus. Thus half the mortality was owing to eight causes.

A comparison is made between the registration returns of France and England for the year 1853. The mortality of France, on the whole, exceeds that of England and Wales; but among the middle-aged, death is much busier in England than in France. The French suffer severely in times of famine, having no poor-laws or other provision as an insurance against starvation. They fall rapidly, too, before the cholera, on account of a defective supply of water, and an abominable system of cess-pools. The deaths in France exceeded the births by nearly 70,000. Some have attributed this to cholera and scarcity; but be this as it may, it is an indisputable fact that the births in France are actually decreasing. To a population of 1000, there were, in 1854, thirty-four births in our country, while in France there were only twenty-six.

An analysis of the relative numbers who did not sign their names, but made their marks in the marriage-registers, has been taken to shew the state of elementary education in the two countries. It appears from this, that among the men of the two countries the proportion is nearly the same—thirty-four in every hundred not signing their names; but among the women it is different, for in France fifty-five in every hundred made their marks, while in England the number was only forty-eight in every hundred.

Nearly 177,000 persons emigrated in the year 1855. Of these 63,000 were of English or Welsh origin; of whom 30,000 sailed for our Australian colonies, 28,000 for the United States, and only 5000 for our North American possessions; 25,000 of them were adult males, 22,000 adult females, 1800 children under fourteen years of age, and 2000 infants.

We cannot conclude without drawing attention to the fact, that 'Ireland is the only civilised country which is without a system of registration of births, deaths, and marriages.'

THE YOUNG UN.

This is the vulgar colonial name of the dugong, or sea-cow of Australia, scientifically, the *Halicore Australis*. It is described as something resembling at once the whale, the porpoise, and the seal; and is found in the shallow waters on the coast of Moreton Bay, browsing upon the marine herbage that grows upon the flats. When full grown, it is ten or twelve feet long; it rises to the surface to breathe, and suckles its young. Its sense of hearing is very keen, which makes its capture (by the

harpoon) difficult. But the properties of the animal as food are deserving of the greatest attention. We take the following from the (Australian) *Argus*: 'Its flesh is not only palatable and nutritious, but actually curative in a very high degree, and is particularly good for all forms of scrofula and other diseases arising from a vitiated condition of the blood. In its fresh state it is something like tender beef; and salted, it very nearly resembles bacon—so nearly, indeed, that I unconsciously ate it at friend Cassim's for bacon, and was rather startled by his assurance afterwards, that the morning's rasher consisted of the flesh of a "young un." But the principal value of this animal consists of the oil, which is extracted from it in large quantities. An intelligent medical man, in long practice in Brisbane, has found that this oil possesses all the virtues, and more than all, of the celebrated cod-liver oil of the pharmacopoeia. When properly prepared, the dugong oil is almost entirely free from all unpleasant odour or flavour, and the quantities which can be administered are, therefore, very much greater than is the case with the cod-liver oil, without risk of offending the most delicate stomach. With a little management, it could be obtained in large quantities, as each full-grown animal will yield from eight to twelve gallons of the oil.'

WE REAR NO WAR-DEFYING FLAG.

[This piece is from *The Poetical Works of Robert Story* (Longman), a volume of minor poetry, written throughout a course of more than thirty years, yet, from first to last, exhibiting a curious equality in tone and merit. The most spirited are the political poems, which, being of a high conservative tendency, are remarkable as the productions of a peasant at a time of great popular discontent.]

We rear no war-defying flag,
Though armed for battle still;
The feeble, if he like, may brag—
The powerful never will.
The flag we rear in every breeze,
Float where it may, or when,
Waves forth a signal o'er the seas
Of 'Peace, good-will to men!'

For arms, we waft across the waves
The fruits of every clime;
For death, the truth that cheers and saves:
What mission more sublime!
For flames, we send the lights afar
Outflashed from press and pen;
And for the slogans used in war
Cry—'Peace, good-will to men!'

But, are there states who never cease
To hate or envy ours?
And who esteem our wish for peace
As proof of waning powers?
Let them but dare the trial! High
Shall wave our war-flag then,
And wo to those who change our cry.
Of 'Peace, good-will to men!'

NEW ROMANCE BY MAYNE REID

On the 2d of January 1858 will appear in this Journal
the commencement of

OCEOLA:

A STORY OF THE SEMINOLE WAR

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID,

AUTHOR OF THE 'WAR-TRAIL,' &c.

To be continued weekly till completed.

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THE POETRY OF PUSS.

A clean-swept hearth, the soft wavering light from a blazing fire, dancing shadows on the walls, a sighing of wind in old trees without doors, a kettle singing on the hob, a cat purring softly on the hearthrug—form a picture of domestic comfort and repose, familiar, probably, to every reader of this Journal. Of this truly English interior, the Cat is the crowning feature—the living link between inanimate comforts and our reflecting selves.

We ourselves are always conscious of this fact, and sensible of Pussy's beauty and slumberous grace, although, from some peculiarity in our constitution, we cannot bear a cat in the room. Poor puss! we were born with one of those strange antipathies to cat-kin which no effort of reason can overcome. We acknowledge the picturesque effect of her presence, but we cannot abide her near proximity; it induces a coldness and sickness, unlike any other feeling. Nor are we alone in this antipathy; we are acquainted with several persons who suffer from, and are conscious of a cat's presence, even when she herself is unseen. We were once told by a scientific friend that the reason might be found in the great amount of electricity contained in its fur, manifested by the sparks proceeding from the skin when rubbed in the dark.

Might not these occasional sensations, and the known fact of the emission of visible sparks from a black cat's skin, have originated the 'demonology' of these quadrupeds?

Be that as it may, the cat has obtained a high place in the imaginative literature of the people. Very early we meet with her there. It is she who is the sole friend of the lonely 'prentice-boy in his wretched garret; she lies at his feet, as he sits by the wayside listening to the weird chimes; and, finally, she wins for him the wealth and state they prophesied. Pussy and Sir Richard Whittington have gone down to posterity together.

Pussy has her place also in the nursery rhymes known to us as 'Gammer Gurton's,' those strange fantastic jingles, full of wit run mad, which have come down through the lapse of three centuries. In them she is a very distinguished and elegant personage. Her dress, her fashionable carelessness, her choice of society, are all flatteringly described. *Par exemple*:

Pussy cat, mew! jumps over a coal;

she would not soil her delicate paws—a fact, for cats are scrupulously clean;

—she has a choice of garments—

Pussy cat, mew, shall have no more milk,
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

Then comes 'The travelled Puss,' so elegantly translated in the *Arundines Cami*. We give the English and its Latin:

Pussy cat, Pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to see the queen.*
Pussy cat, Pussy cat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under the chair!

In Latin thus:

Dic ubi terrarum, dulcissima Felis, abires?
Augustæ in plateas, Reginam ut cernere possem.
Et quid in Augusta tibi contigit, optima Felis?
Attonitum feci murem sub sede latentem.

Amongst fairy legends, Pussy's poetical place is also distinguished. She is the confidant and friend of the miller's desolate son, in the French tale which so well matches with our Whittington legend; her inventive and rather swindling ingenuity transforms him at length into a veritable Marquis de Carrabas, and unites him in marriage with the daughter of the somewhat credulous and avaricious king. This tale can be traced to an Italian origin;† and indeed *Puss in Boots* may be said to belong to European literature.

There is another very amusing French fable—*apropos* of instinctive nature—in which a prince falls in love with his cat, and desires a benignant fairy to transform her into a woman. The request is granted; but the palace happening to swarm with mice, the prince's slumbers are disturbed by his bride springing out of bed to go a-mousing, which so disgusts him, that he sees her without regret restored to her original shape. Very significant of a *mésalliance*.

As the *White Cat*, Pussy charmed our childhood by a certain melancholy grace. There was something very touching in her hopeless love for the errant prince, reminding one of the exquisite lines in Shakspeare:

The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated with the lion
Must die for love.

Scandinavia, as well as England, France, and Italy, boasts of its cat-legend—not so pretty and domestic as the English, not so subtle as that of France and Italy, but whimsically grotesque. As it is not so well known as *Whittington, Puss in Boots*, &c., we transcribe it.

There goes the story that an old Troll, or Dwarf, of Bröndhöi, who had married a young wife, grew jealous of her interest in a young Troll—the Trolls are the

* Elizabeth.

dwarfish hill-men of Scandinavia, good-natured, sociable, and very ugly spirits—and vowed he would take his rival's life. The disturbance his jealous *lunes* occasioned amongst the little people, caused him to be nicknamed Knurremurre—*Anglice*, Rumble-grumble. The object of his malignity thought it expedient to leave the hills till his enemy's wrath and jealousy had subsided; so, turning himself into a fine tortoise-shell tom-cat, he journeyed to the neighbouring town of Lyng, in Jutland, and established himself in the family of a poor, honest man named Plat.

Here he passed his days easily enough, being treated kindly by the family, who never dreamed that they were entertaining, in Pussy's person, a Troll crossed in love; a fact which by no means affected his appetite, as he devoured every day plenty of milk and good grout—a species of food like frumenty, made of shelled oats or barley.

Plat happened to return from work rather late one evening, and, as he entered the room, the cat was sitting in his usual place, scraping meal-grout out of a pot, and licking the pot carefully.

'Hearken, dame,' said Plat, as he came in at the door, 'till I tell you what happened to me on the road. Just as I was coming past Bröndhöi, there came out a Troll, and called to me, saying:

Hör du, Plat,
Säg til din Kat,
At Knurremurre er död.'

(Hark ye, Plat,
Tell your cat,
That Knurremurre is dead.)

The moment the cat heard these words, he tumbled the pot down on the floor, sprang out of the chair, and stood up on his hind-legs. Then, as he hurried to the door, he cried out, to the amazement of the worthy couple: 'Knurremurre is dead! I may go home as fast as I please.' They followed him to the door, and beheld him scampering up the Troll's hill with wonderful eagerness. We are not aware of the result—that is, whether he wedded the widow or not; but this legend of the Troll turned cat is still told in the lowly homes of Denmark.

A very similar tale is told in Ireland, the only difference being that the personages in it are all cats in pure good faith, and address the countryman as he passes the village churchyard.

But it is time to turn from these pleasant and playful pictures of Pussy to her darker and more poetical one. Doubtless, her pretty, graceful movements, her love of domesticity, and her shrewdness, originated the fables of faëry, and the characteristics ascribed to her in them. But the very subtlety which gave her a place next to *Reynard the Fox* in the literature of the middle ages, obtained for her an unenviable position as regarded the superstitious fears of the period. She is the attendant of the witch; the malicious familiar who is supposed to advise the mischiefs which those feared and detested unfortunates perpetrated. To be old, ugly, and to have a black cat, was a dangerous thing in those twilight days. The fiend, eschewing his former choice of a serpent, was supposed to inhabit the feline form; and the glittering eyes, so plainly to be seen in darkness, the electricity of the fur, the arched back, and the spitting of Pussy when offended, all tended to confirm the superstitious awe attached to her. The very name given her, *Greyalkin*, modernised Grimalkin, was that of a fiend, though now we connect no such notion with it. The dramatists of the day confirmed this cruel slander, and have immortalised the superstition. Middleton, who preceded Shakspeare, has the following scene:

Voices of spirits in the air. Come away, come away!
Hecate, Hecate, come away.

Hecate. I come, I come, I come, I come;
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stadlin?

Voices. Here.

Hecate. Where's Puckle?

Voices. Here,

And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too:
We lack but you, we lack but you;
Come away, make up the count.

Hecate. I will but 'noint, and then I mount.

[*A spirit like a cat descends.*]

Voices. There's one come down to fetch his dues;
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse, I muse,
Since th' air's so sweet and good.

Hecate. Oh, art thou come?

What news? what news?

Cat. All goes still to our delight;
Either come, or else
Refuse, refuse.

Hecate. Now, I am furnished for the flight.

Firestone (Hecate's son). Hark! hark! (*The cat sings a brave treble in her own language.*)

Hecate (going up). Now I go, now I fly,

Greyalkin, my sweet spirit, and I.

Oh, what a dainty pleasure 'tis
To ride in the air
When the moon shines fair,
And sing, and dance, and toy, and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains;
Over seas (our mistress' fountains);
Over steep towers and turrets
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits.
No ring of bells to our ears sounds;
No howl of wolves, no yelp of hounds;
No, not the noise of waters' breach,
Or cannon's throat our height can reach.

Cat. No ring of bells, &c.

Few of our readers can be unacquainted with Shakspeare's allusion to the same superstition. In the dark cavern where the witches wait Macbeth, the first sound that breaks the awful silence, is

Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed;

an augury evidently of some important event; probably like the pricking of the witches' thumbs on the approach of Macbeth.

Sometimes the poor animal is supposed to suffer for the completion of the witches' incantations. Ben Jonson in his *Masque of Queens*, makes a witch sing thus:

I, from the jaws of a gardiner's bitch,
Did snatch these bones, and then leapt the ditch;
Yet went I back to the house againe,
Killed the blake cat, and here is the brain.

But the fairy and demoniacal power of Pussy is now only a remembrance or a myth.

Gray's *Ode to a Favourite Cat* contains something of the same allegorical, playful character as the fairy tales anent her. Wordsworth restores her to nature in her prettiest, and yet most ordinary appearance. Our readers may compare these two poems, with which we finish our talk of cats.

ODE TO A FAVOURITE CAT.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw, and purred applause.

Still had she gazed ; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The genii of the stream ;
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw ;
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretched, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise ?
What cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent,
Again she stretched, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between—
Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled—
The slippery verge her feet beguiled ;
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mewed to every watery god
Some speedy aid to send :
No dolphin came, no nereid stirred,
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard ;
A favourite has no friend.

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wondering eyes
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters, gold.

Contrast this with the natural beauty of Wordsworth's kitten :

* * * * *
See the kitten on the wall
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves—one, two, and three,
From the lofty elder-tree !
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink,
Softly, slowly ; one might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending,
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute
In his wavering parachute.
But the kitten, how she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts,
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light, and just as yellow ;
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop, and there are none ;
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire !
With a tiger-leap half-way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again !
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjuror ;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd ?
Over-happy to be proud,
Over-wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure.
* * * * *

The end of this little poem contains so sweet a lesson, drawn from Pussy and her freaks, that we cannot refrain from adding it :

I will have my careless season,
Spite of melancholy reason,
Will walk through life in such a way,
That when Time brings on decay,
Now and then, I may possess
Hours of perfect gladness,
Pleased by any random toy,
By a kitten's busy joy,
Or an infant's laughing eye
Sharing in the ecstasy ;
I would fare like that or this,
Find my wisdom in my bliss ;
Keep the sprightly soul awake,
And have faculties to take
Even from things by sorrow wrought,
Matter for a jocund thought,
Spite of care, and spite of grief,
To gambol with life's falling leaf.

Commend us to Wordsworth for finding

Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Scottish heraldry has also some claim on Pussy. The motto of the famous Clan Chattan is : 'Touch not the cat but (i.e., without) a glove'—a warning which proved fearfully significant in the combat à l'outrance commemorated and rescued from the gloom of history by Walter Scott in his *Fair Maid of Perth*.

Everybody knows how Ireland immortalises the valour of her Kilkenny cats, who fought in a shamrock-like duel of three, and were so well matched that they all conquered and ate up each other, leaving nothing to commemorate the deadly combat but *three tails* !

With this climax, we shall close the poetry of cats, adding only one trait of Pussey, so romantic as to deserve a place in her poetical memorial, though it is strictly true : When the Duke of Norfolk found himself imprisoned in the Tower for the sake of the unhappy Mary of Scotland, the faithful friend who sought and shared his captivity was his favourite cat. She made her way into his unknown and unseen prison-chamber, by getting down the chimney.

THE SILK-WEAVERS OF LYON.

THE operatives of Lyon have gained for themselves a sinister name in the history of the period extending from the accession of Louis-Philippe to the establishment of the present empire in France ; and although the strong hand of power, which, under the present régime, holds every element of disorder in check, has subdued these turbulent masses also, the name of 'the right arm of socialism,' which still clings to the silk-weavers of Lyon, proves that though the volcano may be at rest, it is not considered extinct. This fact, together with the peculiar organisation of the industry of Lyon, invests with a special interest the vast agglomeration of about 250,000 individuals, all more or less directly engaged in the manufacture of one species of merchandise which maintains an undisputed superiority in all the markets of the world ; and a sketch of their life and activity may therefore not be unwelcome.

The character of the city of Lyon bears a strong affinity to the character of its population. Unlike other towns, it does not form a compact, homogeneous mass. Its various parts, on the contrary, are separated from each other by natural barriers, which at the same time indicate the social barriers that separate the various classes of the inhabitants. Built partly on the slopes of the steep hill which is bathed on the right and on the left by the Saône and the Rhône, whose waters here still remain distinct, and partly in the small plain that stretches from the foot of this hill towards the confluence of the two rivers, Lyon, not content with remaining thus pent up between the two

streams, spreads herself along the heights of Fourrières, on the right bank of the Saône, where was the cradle of the ancient city, and along the left bank of the Rhône, where the suburb of La Guillotière extends itself freely in a vast plain; and within these great divisions there are smaller ones, so strongly marked, that they seem to make a distinct town of each quarter of the city.

In the centre of the city at the foot of the hill, and along the quays on the right bank of the Rhône, dwell the merchants and commercial agents, still busy building up fortunes for their descendants, while the classes whose fathers did this for them seek quiet far from the bustle of trade on the southernmost slope of the hills towards Perrache. In La Guillotière, separated from this the most aristocratic quarter of the town by the waters of the Rhône only, are encamped those nomadic and deeply degraded classes which form part of every large population, and which are more especially distinguished by calling into constant activity the vigilance of the police; and up the steep slopes towards the Croix-Rousse climb the houses of the *fabricants*, rising tier above tier, and few of them less than six stories high. The parent nucleus of the industrial activity of Lyon will be found on the right bank of the Saône, in the old quarters of St George and St Just, the native home of the docile, inoffensive, puny race, known under the name of *canuts*, which formerly represented the silk-weavers of Lyon, but which has now entirely disappeared, or only survives in the person of some dwarfed old man, with spindle shanks, obese body, and sallow, lantern-jawed face, who may be seen from time to time hovering round the precincts of the sombre cathedral of St John, the former headquarters of *la canuserie*. But on the summit of the heights overlooking the centre of the town, in the famous *quartier* of La Croix-Rousse, is gathered together the great mass of the present proud, discontented, and turbulent race of silk-workers; and from these heights it was that in 1831, 1834, and 1848, they went forth undaunted to confront the trained troops of their country.

The manufacturing activity of which Lyon forms the centre, extends over several of the departments bordering on that of the Rhône, and comprises from 60,000 to 70,000 looms, of which from 30,000 to 35,000 belong to the city itself, or to the communes which have of late been incorporated with it. The spectacle, so familiar to the dwellers in our manufacturing towns, of thousands of operatives thronging into one great building, there to perform their daily task, is never seen in Lyon. Here the workshop is represented, not by a huge edifice with tall chimneys and hundreds of glazed windows, but by a humble dwelling, as a general rule containing no more than four or five looms, and in which the workmen live and work entirely independent of the so-called manufacturers who employ them; for these latter keep no stock on hand, and do not maintain in their pay large masses of men, who are considered as their special hands; but when orders come in, either directly from the shopkeepers, or through the agents established in Lyon or in Paris, they send out their clerks to recruit weavers, as in the middle ages, before the introduction of standing armies, men were sent out in times of necessity to enrol soldiers, who were disbanded again when no longer needed. The choice of designs, on which some houses spend annually enormous sums, devolves upon the manufacturer, and he also furnishes the raw material to the chiefs of the workshops or *chefs-d'atelier* whom he has engaged; but here his authority and his activity cease, except in as far as regards a certain superintendence, for the exercise of which it was a rule up to 1789 that the door of the atelier should never be kept locked. The industrial contract entered into between the manufacturer and the chef-d'atelier ceases on

delivery of each piece of goods ordered, and though the former may continue for some time to employ the same workers, the contract must be renewed each time a piece of work is finished. The chef-d'atelier is the owner of the looms, and is aided in his labours by hired workmen and workwomen, who are termed *compagnons* and *compagnoines*.

It has been calculated that two looms require the services of five persons; and the 70,000 looms comprised within the manufacturing districts of Lyon thus occupy about 175,000 individuals, half of whom are gathered together in the city itself. This army of workers is recruited in two ways—either by hereditary transmission of the trade from father to son, or by the enrolment of new hands from the country, who are tempted by the allurements of the city to leave their fields or their herds, and are engaged by the chefs-d'atelier first as apprentices, and are afterwards promoted to be *compagnons*; but who, once admitted into the trade, are never known to leave it again, though a certain love of change, and a somewhat overwrought sense of dignity, which is very apt to take offence, lead to frequent changes of atelier. The wages of the *compagnon* depend upon the price paid by the manufacturer to the chef-d'atelier for each piece of goods, the invariable custom being for the latter to give half to the *compagnon*, and to keep half for himself. The prices paid are generally low: the following is cited as a fair example by M. Andiganne in his work on the working-classes of France,* from which we borrow our facts. For plain black silks of ordinary quality, the merchant-manufacturer pays 70 centimes per metre, and the weaver can make little more than four mètres a day, though he works from five o'clock in the morning until ten at night. This gives a daily gain of three francs, of which half falls to the share of the chef-d'atelier, and half to that of the *compagnon*. Some goods are more profitable to the maker, and some less; but M. Andiganne is of opinion that the above will be found a correct average, if all the various kinds of goods produced in this great centre of labour be included in the calculation. The numerous women employed in the workshops are paid the same as the male workers. To them almost exclusively is left the weaving of the plain silks, which demands less physical power than the manufacture of the figured goods; and they are also employed as dressers, winders, &c.

Considered individually, as well as *en masse*, the character of the Lyon weaver of the present day is very different from that of the ancient *canuts*, whose gentleness, docility, and submissiveness were proverbial. The actual representatives of this class, according to M. Andiganne, are, on the contrary, proud, sensitive, self-important, and very independent in their bearing. In the chefs-d'atelier, these tendencies have manifested themselves in political turbulence; in the *compagnons* they have led to a spirit of disaffection and insubordination in relation to the chef, and to an entire severance of the more intimate bonds which used to exist between them; for, until a comparatively very recent period, it was customary for the chef to board and lodge his *compagnons*, who, living under his roof, came to be considered in a measure as members of the family. But while such was the case, little domestic services were expected from them, against which the jealous independence and touchy dignity of the men of the present day revolt; and in most cases, therefore, this custom has been discontinued, to the great detriment of both parties—the men being loathe in point of money, as the employers never made any charge for lodging, and allowed them their board at the usual rate of six or eight sous per day for the so-called 'pittance,' which includes neither bread nor

* Du Mouvement Intellectuel parmi les Classes Ouvrières.

wine; while the masters, though freed from many little daily annoyances, have less security as to the regularity and assiduity of their men.

The changes which have taken place in the physical characteristics of the manufacturing population of Lyon since the days of the ancient *canuserie*, are equally striking; and these, which are all in favour of the modern worker, are chiefly owing to the great improvements introduced in the construction of their dwellings and their looms in the course of the present century. The improvements in the domestic architecture have further led to the development of a taste for home-comforts; for, in spite of his political turbulence, the Lyon weaver is domestic in his habits. The aid of a woman being indispensable in many of the accessory processes of the manufacture, and the whole organisation of his business being such as to keep him almost constantly at home, the chef-d'atelier invariably marries at a very early age; and even during periods of slackness, or entire cessation of business, the weaver will be found the greater part of the day sitting in front of his inactive loom, sunk in gloomy meditation; while in happier times it is not unusual to see him employing his leisure hours in adorning his dwelling or adding to its comforts. The habit of mixing in political clubs, and taking part in secret societies, has, however, in some measure slackened the domestic bond; and of late years, the silk-weavers are seen less frequently amusing themselves *en famille* on a Sunday, though their tastes still remain more refined, but perhaps also more expensive, than those of the working populations of other parts of France. They have not the fatal habit of gorging themselves with brandy two or three times a day, which, M. Andiganne asserts, prevails almost universally among the operatives of France. Even in the use of wine, the chefs-d'atelier are very moderate; and although among the compagnons inebriety is less rare, they stand, nevertheless, as regards this point, immeasurably above their fellow-workmen of the north and east of France.

The Lyon weavers frequent coffee-houses in preference to pot-houses, and more especially the *cafés-chantants* of late years imported from Paris, and which are as great favourites on the banks of the Rhône as on the banks of the Seine, the population of the south being great lovers of music and of theatrical representations of all kinds. It has also been observed that the operatives of Lyon give more attention to their outward appearance than is usual with the same class in other parts of France. It is their ambition to appear on Sundays in the same dress as the classes immediately above them; and the picturesque blouse and cap, which is the distinguishing costume of a workman in France, give way, on the Sunday, to the more prosaic frock-coat and hat of the citizen of the middle class. Unfortunately, however, these tastes are frequently indulged in without any reference to the means at command, for provident habits do not figure among the prominent virtues of the manufacturing population of Lyon; and yet never was providence more needed than in the case of this population, for the silk-manufacture being entirely subject to the capricious rule of fashion, and in a great measure dependent on foreign markets, frequently passes, in a few days, from extreme activity to complete immobility. A workman who for a month, perhaps, has been obliged to work sixteen or seventeen hours a day, will then have to submit to weeks of perfect idleness; and to the great mass of Lyon weavers these fluctuations are the conditions of their existence. Various means have been devised to counteract the evils arising from this precarious nature of the trade, and among these M. Andiganne mentions, in terms of high praise, two modern institutions, which have in a great measure superseded the older savings-banks and provident societies, which were very limited in

their action. These are, a mutual aid society (*Société Générale de Secours Mutuels*) and a superannuation fund (*Caisse de Retraite*); in addition to which, we may notice a yearly sum allowed by the municipality to provide for persons whose advanced age does not admit of their benefiting by the *Caisse de Retraite*. The mutual aid society is richly endowed by means of a special duty levied in its favour on the *Condition des Soies*,* and constituting a species of voluntary taxation imposed by the trade on itself. By means of this, in addition to the subscriptions of the honorary members and the regular payments of the beneficiaries—namely, two francs per month for every male member, and one franc and a half for every female member—the society is enabled to allow a daily sum of the same amount to every member labouring under illness; while an additional sum of twenty francs per annum paid into the national *Caisse de Retraite*, insures to each a pension for life when grown too old for labour.

In spite of the misery that reigns among the working population of Lyon at times of deep depression in the silk-trade, the weavers are never found swelling the number of beggars that encumber the streets of the city. They run into debt, they endure the direst privations, but they look for no assistance; and it is never at such epochs that insurrections break out among them. Indeed, although the hardships to which they are in various ways subjected, are no doubt at the bottom of the spirit of discontent and revolt so often evinced among them, their turbulence seems to arise from the speculative tendencies of their intellects, rather than from any distinct practical views regarding reforms to be introduced. The active imagination of these men, which renders them incapable of dwelling long on one subject, or of contemplating it on all sides, prevents them in most cases from forming a correct judgment of their own position, or of the circumstances that bear upon it; and therefore, notwithstanding their affectation of independence, says M. Andiganne, they submit with extraordinary readiness to the influence of the ideas and passions of others. Abstract subjects, hazy ideas, vague solutions, most easily captivate them. It is not necessary that they should understand a speech to be carried away by it; if it contain but some high-sounding generalities such as these: 'the antagonism of labour and capital,' 'the sacredness of insurrection,' 'the organisation of labour,' 'universal fraternity.' He who inscribed on his standard those famous words, 'We will live working or die fighting!' knew well the character of this population; so easily roused to violent but purposeless action by a few striking words; and the deputation of Lyon workmen despatched to Paris during the insurrection of 1831, to lay their grievances before the government, and who, when interrogated by M. Casimir Perrier as to the measures of relief they wished to propose, found that they had come away without a definite idea on this head, affords a true measure of the mental condition of their class.

In a country where free-trade principles have as yet gained so small a number of adherents, even among the educated classes, and where political economy thus proves itself to be but little understood, we cannot wonder that the working-classes should not yet have learned to understand that no arbitrary standard can be imposed on wages, and we are not therefore surprised to find that the rate of wages is the constant theme of declamation among the silk-weavers. Looking to their peculiar mental tendencies and to the difficulties by which they are surrounded, owing to the peculiarly precarious nature of the trade in which they are engaged, we can also readily understand how it is that

* An establishment formed for the purpose of ascertaining the specific weight of silk, independently of the moisture which it absorbs.

this population has shewn itself above all others willing to receive the teachings of modern socialism, and we can only hope that the ruler who has known so well how to check the ebullitions of this popular frenzy in France, will find means to introduce such material improvements in the condition of the labouring classes, and more especially of the silk-weavers, as will render them less liable to grasp after shadows.

THE TWIN QUADROONS.

'TWENTY minutes to two!' exclaimed my friend Stokes, after looking at his watch. 'How slowly we jog on! I'm afraid we shall be too late for church; I'm sorry for that.' This exclamation rather surprised me, for Stokes is not renowned for his attention to religious observances; but I contented myself with making some remark on the probability of his being in time at least for the sermon.

'Hang the sermon!' said he, in the most irreverent manner. 'The sermons preached in that church are got up for nigger hearers, and all the beloved brethren are black. Many of the congregation have their backs well cut in the morning, and go there in the afternoon to learn that it is done upon the authority of the gospel. No; it's not the sermon—it's the music I'm after. I tell you what,' continued Stokes, growing enthusiastic, and wheeling round on the seat, so as to face me more completely—'I tell you what, I've heard your Jenny Linda, your Grisia, your Kate Hayes, and your Bishops, but I'd rather hear those two yaller gals that sing in the choir of the Old African Church at Richmond, than any opera-singer you could scare up between Naples and London. I tell you what,' concluded he, with a confident look, 'them gals can't be beat; them gals are *some*: now mind, I tell you.'

'That's so,' said a lank individual at my elbow; 'that's quite so. Them two gals are screamers. I hear one of 'em sing *Home Sweet Home* at a concert the darkeyes giv at their church, and it couldn't be beat easy nohow, I reckon. Why, I went home to my old 'oman, and our dirty old log-hat looked jest as fine as the White House at Washington: it did, by jingo. I give it to you, stranger, as my 'pinion, that that air gal can't be got over on *Sweet Home*. I'll back her on that song agin anything you kin start up anywhere.'

I was a traveller in America. I went over to see our Brother Jonathan under his own vine and fig-tree. One of the particular objects of my journey was to see for myself whether he did treat his black fellow-countrymen as people often say he does. For this purpose I was making an excursion, in company with Stokes, into one of the strongholds of slavery; was travelling into the great state of Virginia—the state that has given birth to so many of the chief rulers of the American confederacy—the land of the F.F.V.s, as the poverty-stricken, negro-breeding aristocracy of that sovereign state are pleased to denominate themselves.

'What is F.F.V.?' said I to Stokes, the first time I heard it. 'What is F.F.V.?'

'Oh, you ignoramus,' he replied; 'it means First Families of Virginia.'

'Who are the F.F.V.s? Are they a large class?' I innocently inquired.

'Quite a large class,' replied Stokes; 'for every man who is possessed of two niggers is an F.F.V.; every old woman who owns a palsy-stricken darkey, that she hires out for five dollars a month, is an F.F.V.; every dirty boy, whose uncle used to own a nigger, is an F.F.V.; in fact, everybody who is connected with niggers in the way of ownership, either directly or indirectly, is an F.F.V. There, now,' concluded he, 'you have the whole thing; treasure it in

your mind, for it is not every one who can get so lucid an explanation of what an F.F.V. is.'

On we went, clattering over the rough road between Aquia Creek and Richmond. As we whisked by the farms that here and there dotted the side of the railway, I could not help noticing that the houses were a dilapidated look; that the tillage seemed rude and imperfect; that the fences were falling, and the growing crops very indifferent. I couldn't help thinking, for the life of me, that something was wrong; that the glowing descriptions of the state's prosperity, which I had so recently read in the *Richmond Inquirer*, were a little overdrawn; for the country through which we were passing certainly would not have impressed a stranger with an idea that any very remarkable prosperity existed in that region at least.

'Things don't wear a very flourishing appearance around here,' I remarked to my lank neighbour.

'Wall, I kaint say they do; things air pretty much at sixes and sevens about here. The land on them farms ain't worth much, I reckon. You see them air's breedin'-farms.'

'Oh, stock-growing places,' I replied—'sheep or cattle?'

'Nuther one ner tuther. Stranger, we don't raise nuther sheep ner cattle down here; we turns our attention to something more valuable; we raises niggers, and a tolerably large crap is turned out every year, I reckon.'

'You don't mean to say you raise men and women for the purpose of selling them, do you?' I asked with some astonishment.

'You've hit it, stranger; we do that air very thing; and we turns out the tallest crap of niggers every year that can be scared up south of Mason and Dixon's line. That's so, ain't it, carnal?'

'To a superficial observer,' replied the colored—starched-looking individual—one, sir, entirely unacquainted with the workings of our peculiar institutions—this great and prosperous commonwealth of Virginia must appear to be upon the brink of ruin. He does not hear the sound of the forge or the anvil; he does not see manufactories rearing their heads beside our creeks and rivers. We admit, sir, that the sound of the spindle is seldom or never heard within our borders. What of that, sir? Virginia, sir, scorns all these. She leaves the manufacturing of railroad iron, of cotton goods, of wooden pails, of shoes, and linsey woolsey, to the greasy operatives of northern cities: hers is a higher mission, here a nobler aim. Virginia, sir, has assumed the duty of raising slaves to cultivate the fields of the far south, to raise cotton, rice, and sugar to clothe and feed the poor, oppressed, priest-ridden, and king-cursed pauper nations of the Old World. I repeat it, sir, Virginia's great, and her greatness is in her niggers. With them she is building herself an ebony monument which shall tell the story of her greatness to coming generations. On the top of this great monument, sir, she will kindle the beacon-light of freedom, towards which will rush the down-trodden millions of European despotisms in search of the liberty, equality, and fraternity they are denied in their native lands. The lying traducers of our noble state have dared to say that we are relapsing into barbarism, that we improve nothing; but I need only point to our niggers as a refutation of the vile slander. Sir, what were those niggers when they were first brought to the shores of Virginia? Sir, they were flat-footed, crooked-legged, and bandy-shinned, with black skins and woolly heads. Now, sir, look at them; see what they now are. Sir, we have bleached them out to a Saxon standard of fairness: the serf of Virginia is now almost as white as the serf of Russia, and more valuable; for with the infusion of American blood, he has acquired American energy and

intelligence. Sir, if the sons of Virginia have done no more, they have done *this*; and the world will one day do them justice for the ability they have displayed in this direction.'

'That's so,' said the lank individual before mentioned. 'Go at it agin, curnel; it takes you to spread yourself on that air question.'

Thus encouraged, the colonel proceeded: 'I see, sir, you are a stranger; travelling, I presume, with the intention, sir'— But here the eloquent colonel was interrupted by the entrance of the conductor, whose sonorous cry of 'Tickets, gentlemen; tickets, if you please,' completely drowned the voice of the defender of the cherished institution of the southern states.

Stokes quickly found the porter of the Exchange Hotel, and sent up our luggage.

'Now for it!' cried he—'come on.'

'Nonsense,' replied I; 'you are not going to church in this guise? Why, we are both covered with dust.'

'Never mind the dust. There is no one to see us but niggers; and while you are jabbering here, they will have sung the first hymn—so let's have no more talk, but come on.'

On we went, pushing our way through crowds of neatly dressed people of every shade of black, brown, and yellow, that lined the side-walk of the wide street through which we were walking.

'Oh, we need not hurry so, after all,' said Stokes, pointing before him; 'there goes the minister. We need not trouble ourselves to catch up to him; there is a desperately long prayer before the singing; and I'm not particularly anxious to hear it.'

And so we sauntered on until we came in front of the church, around the door of which a knot of well-dressed gentleman-like young men were standing.

'Do you see those dandy fellows there?' said Stokes, pointing to the group just mentioned. 'Ten chances are to one, they are all slaves. Some of them I know are: business brings me here so often that I begin to know the people.'

'You don't mean those nice-looking young men?'

'Yes, I mean just them. They might be put on the auction-block to-morrow. Notice particularly that one in the handsomely fitting surtout—the young man with an Italian-looking face and black hair. I know him: his name is William Sykes. He belongs to a company of gamblers.'

'Impossible!' replied I. 'Why, the man's white.'

'In complexion, I grant you; but he has African blood in him notwithstanding—and is a slave for life.'

'How well dressed they all are. They don't look as if they endured much suffering.'

'That's the way,' said Stokes, 'with all you English travellers. Your idea of a slave is in accordance with the wood-cuts in the popular geographies—a bare-headed black man, with a piece of cotton round his loins, a ball and chain at his ankle, and a hoe in his hand. You travel over the country from city to city, and often, because you don't see the counterpart of the picture, you go home with an idea that the whole thing has been dreadfully misrepresented. It's a matter of pride to a rich slave-owner to dress his negro well; he puts fine clothes on him as he does a silver-mounted harness on his horses—to display his wealth. Why, you numskull, it is not for the man's sake any more than it is for the horses'. Let me tell you, you stupid beef-eating Britisher, that there is many a master who takes the skin off his nigger's back, and then covers it with a broadcloth coat at five dollars a yard. Don't judge them by their feathers. But it's time to go in church,' concluded he, as he opened the door and stepped in, followed by me.

Service had not yet commenced; so, after we were seated, I had an opportunity to look about me. There were assembled nearly, if not quite, three thousand people of every shade, from the jet-black colour of

the negro, to the fairness of the Anglo-Saxon, yet all identified as one people, all coming under the denomination of 'niggers.' In the great number of quadroons and mulattoes present, I began to have a realising sense of the exertions of the sons of Virginia in the bleaching process referred to by the colonel.

Just then I heard a voice behind me ask—'Haven't you got over it yet, Aunt Molly?'

'No, chile, and never shall. He was my last boy, and they've sold him. I tell you, girl,' said she, with sudden energy, 'don't you never get married—never. I know you are thinking 'bout it, honey; but don't you, chile, that's a dear. If that George Barkley wants to marry you, tell him he must buy you fust, for den, you see, your children will all be free.'

'He's too poor, Aunt Molly; he got nothing but his barber-shop to support him—he can't buy me.'

'Then don't you marry him, girl: take the advice of a broken-hearted old woman, who has seen every chick and child she ever had sold away from her, and don't you marry him; if you do, unless you are free, every little baby you have will be a knife in your breast. Take my advice, chile; don't get married till you are free, or maby you'll live to be a poor miserable broken-hearted old woman like I is.'

'Did you hear that?' I asked of Stokes.

'O yes, I heard it; but it's none of your business nor mine—we can't help it.'

'But I tell you it is our business,' said I wrathfully; 'it's every man's business—every man worthy of the name must feel it his duty to protest'—

'Protest fiddle-sticks!' said Stokes. 'There is to be one sermon from the pulpit, I don't want another from the pew; so please shut up instanter, for they are going to sing.'

I looked up into the pulpit, and saw a hatchet-faced individual clearing his throat preparatory to reading the hymn.

During the reading of the verse, Stokes had turned in such a manner as to enable himself to face the choir.

'Who are those white ladies dressed in mourning, sitting in the front row of the choir?' I asked of him.

'They are not white. Those are the gals we were talking of in the cars—those are the Twin Quadroons. One of them, you see,' whispered he, 'is taller than the other—she is the prettiest; her name is Kate; the other is her sister Rachel; but hush, they are about to begin.'

Now, I don't pretend to judge music critically or artistically; any school-girl of thirteen can tell you more about an Italian bravura than I can. I've been to the opera numberless times: I've heard Grisi, Piccolomini, Amidei, Alboni, and every other si and ni that has been before the public for the last ten years—I've heard them all, I say; but they never produced such feelings in my bosom as were aroused by the sweet voices of those two girls. I felt a sensation beneath my waistcoat to which I had been previously a stranger; and, as the sweet mournful wailing notes of the hymn floated through the long low building, a film came over my eyes.

The words, 'My dear hearers,' coming from the pulpit above, drew my attention to the coming text: 'Content, with godliness, is great gain.' I will not attempt to review the whole of the abominable discourse, nor to describe how the meaning of the Scripture was perverted to give sanction to the iniquitous system of slavery; but these were some of the words:

'My dear hearers, don't you know that when you wish to change the condition in which you have been placed by a watchful Providence, that knows what is best suited to your wants; when you rebel against your situation, and want to be free men and women; when you entertain hard thoughts and ungrateful

feelings towards the kind masters and mistresses that God, who knows how unable you are to take care of yourself, has provided you with: don't you know, my dear hearers, that this is being discontented, and that you thereby lose the great gain that godliness associated with content would bring you.'

When I heard this, I was almost choked with indignation; but when the preacher went on to assure his beloved brothers and sisters, that their masters and mistresses stood to them in the place of God, and ought to be obeyed as cheerfully—that when their skins were torn from their backs by the scourge, it was a chastisement from on high—and that when husbands, wives, and children were sold away from each other, it should only teach them pious and contented submission—I had much to do to retain my seat. At length the sermon was finished; and then, whilst a collection was being made, we had another piece from the choir, in which a solo was admirably sung by one of the quadron sisters; then came the benediction and dismissal.

'If we hurry out,' said Stokes, 'we shall have an opportunity of seeing the two gals as they leave the church.'

We accordingly pressed forward to meet them as they descended the stairs. They were sweet-looking creatures, with a marked resemblance to each other. Kate, the taller, was a trifle handsomer than the other; her lips were not so full, and her face more perfectly oval; and a shade of pensiveness rested on her whole physiognomy, that did not distinguish the countenance of her sister. But they had the same wavy black hair, deep hazel eyes, and fair complexions; and when they smiled, the strong likeness between them was brought more strikingly out.

Stokes and I by some means became separated by the crowd, and I suffered myself to be borne on the current that set strongly from the church.

It was early spring-time, and the air was balmy with the breath of roses and lilacs. I felt glad to escape from the close air of the church, and had no inclination to go to my hotel, so I determined to wander for a while to take a look at the city.

On I went through quiet streets, pausing now and then to peer into gardens and admire their luxuriant beauty. At last I found myself in a retired spot upon the outskirts of the town, where a clear stream of water dashed over a bed of shining pebbles.

Being a little fatigued with my walk, I sat down upon a large stone by the water-side, and listened to the musical ripple of the creek. I had been enjoying my solitude for some time, when I was aroused by the sound of approaching footsteps. I was a few feet from the pathway, and concealed by the bushes that fringed the edge of the stream. As the footsteps approached nearer, I began to distinguish voices in earnest conversation.

'It's of no use, William,' said a voice which I instantly recognised to be that of Kate, one of the twin quadrons; 'it is better, far better that we should remain as we are. We have no security that if we were married to-morrow we might not be separated the next day for ever. No, no; it's folly to think of it; you must give up all hope.'

'Give up all hope, Kate! that's impossible. Hope is all that's kept me alive for years: when that fails me, I shall cut my throat, or do some other desperate thing.'

'O William, William, for God's sake, do not talk in that rash way: my heart is almost broken now; pray, don't you add to my sufferings—I have enough to bear.'

'Kate, I've something to bear too. Don't I love you better than my own life?—haven't I waited for years, in hope of some favourable change in our fortunes; and then to hear you talk so calmly of my giving you up

almost drives me crazy. Kate, don't you think your master would let you buy your time? I've saved up some few hundred dollars; and, with care, I might in time raise sufficient to buy you out and out.'

'O William, I didn't want to tell you; I thought to let you find it out when I was gone; but I must tell you now, and let my heart break at once. William,' said she, whilst her sobs almost choked her utterance, 'you're too late. God help us both to bear it. William, I'm sold. Master sold me on Saturday to his son-in-law, and I'm going to Missouri with him next Wednesday.'

After this revelation there was a long silence, broken only by the sobs of Kate, and the half-stifled groans of the young man.

'O Kate,' said he, 'has it come to this at last, after all my hopes, and all my struggles. When you are gone, Kate, there will be nothing to bear me up—nothing;' and in his agony, the young man sobbed as loud and uncontrollably as poor Kate herself.

'Kate,' said he suddenly, 'are you afraid to try to escape; have you ever thought of running away? If I am willing to try it, will you run the risk with me?'

'I'd run any risk with you, or for you; but the chance of our getting off is so small, that it seems folly to try.'

'I know the chances are against us; but we are to be separated anyhow; so, if we failed, we should be no worse off: and we might succeed—we are both so very fair, that we might pass for white.'

'O William! I am afraid not—every one knows us here: my face, in particular, is as well known as any in Richmond. No, no; it won't succeed—we should be detected at once; besides, we have no friend who would help us—no way of procuring any disguise. Do you know any one who would help us?'

'No, Kate, not a soul. There are many I know who would not lay a straw in the way of our escape, yet they dare not run the risk of assisting us. No; my plan should be, to go boldly up to the station at night, and ask for tickets: in the confusion and hurry of departure, the chance is we might get them; then, once away from Richmond, I have but slight fear of detection.'

'William, the risk is too great; we should be certain to be detected at the station. As I said before, we are both too well known; we must be disguised in some way. O God, if we could only find some friend to aid us!'

I had been on the point of offering my services several times during their conversation, but had restrained myself. Now, however, I could stand it no longer, and rushing precipitately from my concealment, exclaimed: 'I'm your man—I'll be your friend—I'll stand by you to the last; just tell me what to do—tell me how to help you, and I'll do it in spite of all the slaveholders in Richmond.' I had not calculated the effect my abrupt appearance would produce, and was therefore greatly shocked to see poor Kate sink fainting on the ground. William, who was the young man pointed out by Stokes as the property of gamblers, looked the personification of fright, and for a moment seemed undecided whether to run away or jump into the creek. 'Don't be alarmed, my good fellow,' said I, raising Kate from the ground; 'I'm an Englishman, thank God! You need not have the least fear of me. I hate slavery as much as you do; and I'll help you to escape with all my heart, without inquiring about the consequences.'

The young man looked at me suspiciously as he took Kate from my arms, exclaiming: 'God will judge between us if you betray us, for my blood will be on your head!' Then turning to the reviving girl, he continued: 'Kate, love, look up; here's hope come at last—don't be frightened; the gentleman says he'll be our friend. He's an Englishman, Kate.'

Kate looked at me with beseeching eyes.

'For God's sake, don't betray us, sir!' said she. 'It was only idle talk—we can't escape, sir; and we know it.'

'But I say you shall escape!' said I indignantly. 'Do I look like a liar and a traitor? I tell you again, I'll break all the laws on the statute-book of Virginia but I'll get you off, if you will only trust me. Only tell me how I can serve you. I heard all your conversation, and I'm deeply interested in you. Here my hand upon it!' Kate took the hand I extended her, and as she held it, leaned her head on her lover's shoulder, and wept.

'Where can I find you again?' asked William.

'Here,' said I, 'is my card; I'm at the Exchange Hotel.'

'I will come to you to-morrow, and let you know what you can do for me; but, for Heaven's sake, sir, don't betray us! Oh don't be angry,' continued he, as he saw my face flush; 'we have never received anything but oppression and unkindness from white people, so you should not be surprised if we hesitate to trust one immediately.'

'True, true,' I replied, as I wrung Kate's hand; 'I don't wonder; but I hope I shall be able to prove that we are not all alike. Good-bye;' and I walked slowly up the lane, turning occasionally to look at them until their forms became indistinguishable in the dusk of coming night.

Night had fallen ere I reached the hotel. I found Stokes in a towering rage, pacing up and down the apartment. He saluted me, on my entrance, with: 'You're a pretty fellow, now, ain't you? Here have I been waiting without my supper, expecting you every moment in the last two hours; and you have been racing all over Richmond, I suppose. Do you think, sir, that every one is, like yourself, able to eat enough at one meal to last through the week? I'm no bear, sir—I don't live upon my own fat!' I mildly ventured to remark, that he could eat with his own mouth, and could have gone to tea without me; whereupon I heard him grumble something about impertinence and ingratitude, as he led the way to the tea-room.

We did get tea; and such a tea as that was can be got up nowhere but on that side of the Atlantic. There was the huge pile of buckwheat cakes—a winter delicacy, that had lingered a little beyond its appointed season, that it might catch a glimpse of the fine white perch and delicious shad that had made their appearance with the early spring-flowers; there was corn-bread, corn-dodgers, flap-jacks, and jonny-cake, Indian pone, and corn pound cake—in fact, Indian meal in every description of cake that American ingenuity could invent. Then the oysters, stewed, fried, and pickled—oh, you little copper-flavoured natives of Old England, hide your diminished heads! I thought I had tasted oysters before I left my native shores, but on this eventful night I was cured of my vanity. I took two of the fried on my plate, and they covered it. I tasted them; and then, to use Stokes's language, 'went in for myself.' I ate 'em stewed, I ate 'em raw, I ate 'em pickled; and then I ate 'em fried, and commenced on the stewed again, till the black waiters grinned; and Stokes told me he was ashamed of me, and expected they would charge me double board. I ate a respectable tea, or supper, as they call it in America, and then went to bed, and had a respectable nightmare. I dreamed I was a locomotive, with a pair of brazen wings, and a furnace in my breast; and that Kate and William got astride of my back, and I flew off with them, with all the authorities of Richmond in pursuit. I soared about in my dream until I had got quite out to sea, and was flying away to England. The chalk cliffs of my old home were visible when I began to tire; and after the most

frightful efforts to sustain myself, I sunk exhausted into the sea, and woke to find I had fallen out of bed, and that my head had got into the foot-bath I had been using the night before.

The next morning, William made his appearance punctually at the hour appointed. He looked suspiciously round him, after accepting the chair I had placed for him, and hesitatingly whispered: 'I think I've hit upon a plan that will be successful, if we can carry it out. I discovered it by the merest accident. I was in a confectionary kept by an Italian, and while I was buying some fruit, an organ-grinder came in. He was dumb, and his wife, an Englishwoman, I think, carried on the conversation. I find they are going to remain here, and give up going about the country; and she wanted to get work in the store. The man is of my size, and wears his beard very much as I do; and it struck me that if I could get his organ and clothes for my disguise, I could make free with a dress that our cook owns, which in the pattern and colour is very like the woman's. I in his clothes, and Kate in a dress similar to hers, we might escape; but the difficulty would be to get the organ and the clothes, and it's at this point I want your help: if we can get them, we will run the risk. I followed the man and his wife home; here is the number of the house, and the name of the street.'

'A capital plan—capital!' said I. 'I'll go at once and hunt them up. But how shall I let you know if I succeed?'

'That's easily arranged. Are both these hats yours?' asked William.

'Yes, both.'

'Then let this be the signal: you come to the saloon where I attend the billiard-tables—White's Saloon 'tis called—if you get the things, wear the white hat; and in that case you'll bring them to where we met yesterday evening. We'll be there at eight o'clock to-night. I've trusted you, sir: I may almost say my life is in your hands. If you are not true to me—'

'Never fear,' replied I. 'You'll find me all right; rely on it, I'll do my best.'

'Here, sir, is the money for the organ and tickets. Good-bye; remember I've trusted you.'

Everything went on well, as was projected; and at the appointed time I was at the place of rendezvous with the organ and clothes, and Kate and William very soon made their appearance.

'Come now, my good fellow,' said I, 'there is no time for parley. Here are the clothes; slip them on over your own.'

William hastily did as I directed; then handing him the tickets, I said:

'You have twenty minutes to reach the cars; here are the tickets. Now, good-bye, God bless you; I shall come and see you off; but it will be at a respectful distance—we must not recognise each other.'

Kate took my hand. I saw by the light of the moon, that had just come out, that her eyes were glistening.

'Good-bye, man or angel, I don't know which to call you! Good-bye. Look above,' said she, with a trembling voice—'He rewards.'

William could only press my hand again and again—gratitude had made him speechless.

I followed them at a safe distance, saw them enter the cars, which a few moments after were flying with lightning speed toward the north star.

A week passed away, and still there came no tidings of the fugitives. I began to be anxious, and was daily inquiring of Stokes whether anything had been discovered respecting them, as their escape was a topic of great discussion in Richmond.

'Have you heard any news?' said I.

'What kind of news?' answered Stokes.

'About Kate and William.'

'Kate and William be darned,' said Stokes wrath-

fully; 'you are always bothering me about Kate and William. One would think you were part owner of both. No, I know nothing about them. One thing I do know, that the sister, Rachel, is to be sold at auction to-morrow, unless previously disposed of by private sale.'

I said nothing more to Stokes, but put on my hat and bolted from the room.

In ten minutes after, I was at the well-known establishment of Messrs Pulam and Davis, brokers in the bones and sinews of their fellow-men. 'Go,' said I to the clerk, 'to General Bleucher, who has advertised that young girl for sale; go and buy her: make the best bargain for me you can.'

'What! you going into it so soon?' said he.

The man had seen me before. I had visited the pen they kept, under pretence of examining their stock.

'Yes,' said I; 'I've made up my mind to buy that girl, so please attend to the matter at once. I will call again in the morning.'

On returning the next day, I found myself the owner of 'Rachel, aged nineteen, and warranted sound in every particular,' as I took up the bill of sale. When I returned to the hotel, after getting through this stroke of business, I found a letter awaiting me, post-marked 'Niagara Falls.' I tore it open, and read as follows: 'We are safe on the other side. You know who.'

'Hurrah! hurrah!' shouted I, capering around the room—'hurrah! hurrah! they are safe!'

'What the deuce is the matter with you?' said the astonished Stokes. 'Are you going crazy? Who is it that's safe?'

'Why, Kate and William. Who else do you suppose?' said I. 'Hurrah!'

Stokes started up with a look of alarm, and exclaimed: 'Hush, man; for Heaven's sake, hush. Do you want to be ruined for ever? What have you been about? It can't be possible that you've had anything to do with their escape. You certainly haven't been such a fool as to mix yourself up in any such business?' And Stokes rose and looked out into the entry to see if we were overheard by any one; then, returning to his seat, asked: 'Tell me truly, have you had anything to do with it?'

'Yes, I have,' said I boldly.

'Then you are a greater fool than I took you for,' replied Stokes. 'Don't you know,' he continued, 'that you have exposed yourself to the possibility of being incarcerated in the state's prison for life? How did you do it?'

I then related to him the whole affair, concluding with the boast that I did not fear the whole of Richmond, although at that very moment I was shaking all over in contemplation of the risk I had run. When I had finished, Stokes, putting on a long face, replied:

'Do you know, sir, I've a great mind to give you up to justice. I'm out of all patience with you, you abandoned malefactor. Here I brought you into the hospitable state of Virginia, confiding in your honesty, and you signalise your advent by conspiring with and assisting runaway niggers; spiriting them off with as much facility as if you had been born on the underground railway, and been a conductor of the line ever since you left your cradle. Go, sir; pack your trunk, and make tracks for some dirty abolition city; take the girl you have bought with you, and shew me your face no more.' And, as he concluded, he crushed my hat down over my eyes, and left the room, shouting with laughter as he went: 'Queer fellow that, Stokes!'

A week after this occurrence, a gentleman of remarkably prepossessing appearance might have been seen seated in the cars which were to take him from Niagara to New York, where, it is said, he took the steamer for Europe. On the platform beside the train,

a group of three persons were standing as it moved away; they waved their handkerchiefs and kissed their hands. William Sykes, his wife Kate, and sister Rachel, formed the group, and the prepossessing man in the cars was your very humble servant.

THE CUCKOO MYSTERY.

THE truth of Lord Bacon's saying, that 'an admixture of a lie hath ever something pleasant in it,' is well illustrated in some points of natural history, where a fiction, which a single observation would shew to be false, has held its ground for centuries. It is difficult to account in any other way for the obstinate vitality of many simple and almost obvious lies. One of these cases is that of the cuckoo. This bird has been a favourite subject for poets and naturalists to exercise their imagination about; though the latter have far exceeded the former in the boldness and originality of their fictions. It is lucky for some of these daring romancers that the cuckoo cannot bring an action for libel against them, or the case of *Cuculus canorus* versus Pliny, Ælian, and others, might terminate unfavourably for the defendants.

Setting aside the reckless inventions of authors, there is much that is curious and interesting about the habits of the bird. It is a well-known fact that the cuckoo never builds a nest of its own, always committing its young to the care of other birds; accounts of this strange habit are to be found in every popular book of natural history, and every school-boy has his own particular legends concerning it. It is singular, however, that though the young cuckoo itself has furnished the subject for so many tales and pictures, the egg, in English books at least, has hardly been noticed. In Germany, the case is different; there the bird is much commoner than with us; and the observations of some German naturalists have established one of the most remarkable facts in the science of ornithology. We find their observations recorded in a German quarterly publication, entirely devoted to ornithology, named after the distinguished ornithologist, Naumann,* and edited by one well known in the science, Mr K. Baldamus.

It has always been remarked that the egg of the cuckoo is exceedingly variable in colour; sometimes a light greenish blue, and sometimes spotted with different shades of gray and brown, like that of many song-birds. This strange variableness is curiously illustrated by Mr Baldamus.† 'Before me lies, in a box with many compartments, a small collection of birds' eggs; at first sight, it might be taken for a collection of the eggs of various warblers. I ask a lad, who is pretty well acquainted with the common eggs of the neighbourhood: "What is this egg?"—"A garden warbler's." "And this?"—"A wheatear's;" and so on.' But the fact is, all these eggs are cuckoos, which 'are found, as most ornithologists know, resembling those of almost all the common warblers—the water-wagtail, blackcap, skylark, meadow pipit, &c.'

He afterwards gives a list of twenty-eight birds, whose eggs the cuckoo's have been found to resemble among which are those we have mentioned, as well as the redstart, the reed warbler, the red-backed thrush, the redbreast, &c.‡ Now, the singular thing is that, with few exceptions, these have been found in the eggs of the birds whose eggs they resemble; or, in other words, the egg of the cuckoo agrees in colour and shape with the egg of the bird among which it is laid. This remarkable fact has been established by numerous observations, which Mr Baldamus has reduced to a tabular form. From this

* Naumannia; Archiv für die Ornithologie.

Hoffman. London: Williams and Norgate.

† Naumannia, 1863; p. 307 (2d quarter).

‡ He also gives a plate representing a great number of varieties; no one could believe, at first sight, that these were cuckoo's eggs.

appears that out of seventy-six cuckoos' eggs, sixty-four agreed in colour and markings with those they were associated with; the remainder mostly resembling those of the white wagtail and the reed-warbler.

It also appears that the reed-warbler is favoured with the largest number of cuckoos' eggs—nine out of the seventy-six, of which eight exactly resembled its own eggs. The white wagtail comes next, taking seven eggs coloured like its own, and one like the reed-warbler's. The hedge-sparrow, which is supposed to be so frequently the young cuckoo's foster-parent, has only one. This is, at all events, enough to shew that the rule holds good in most cases, and the exceptions will presently be seen to be easily explicable. The end attained by this is, obviously, that the bird which has the care of the young cuckoo treacherously committed to her, may not recognise the stranger's egg among her own. Another question is, how it is accomplished—whether the same cuckoo always lays eggs of one colour, or of colours varying according to the nest they are laid in?

It has been supposed by some, that the sight of the eggs lying in the nest, so works on the imagination of the female cuckoo, that the egg she is about to lay takes their colour, as Jacob made Laban's ewes bring forth spotted lambs by putting half-peeled rods before them. This is not without analogies in physiology; but the facts are against it. For instance, cuckoos' eggs are sometimes laid in empty nests; and two cuckoos' eggs, of different colours, have been found in the same nest: also, observations seem to shew that the same bird always does lay eggs of the same colour. *First*, The colour of cuckoos' eggs seems, in some measure—Temminck says, entirely—to depend on the locality; and it is well known that the cuckoo always haunts a certain small district year after year. Three cuckoos' eggs have been found in the same district in different birds' nests, but undistinguishable from each other. Each bird must, of course, if this is the case, be provided with the instinct to lay its eggs in the nests of a particular species; and it will only occasionally, when it cannot find a nest of this species at hand, have recourse to the nests of other birds. This also explains why the exceptions almost always resemble the eggs of those species which are the principal favourites with the cuckoo, such as the white wagtail and reed-warbler, as mentioned above.

Secondly, Various observations shew that the colour of the egg is fixed before the cuckoo sees the eggs it intends to deposit it among. For instance, a female cuckoo was caught alive on a haystack, in the neighbourhood of which was a redstart's nest it probably intended to visit, and, when in confinement, laid a greenish-blue egg like a wheatear's, and thus, of course, very much resembling the blue eggs of the redstart. Again, a cuckoo was observed slowly and quietly flying into a small bush near a wood: though frightened away, it returned again; and when at last it left the bush entirely, a pratincole's nest was found on the ground, with the bird sitting on it, and, close by on the ground, an egg resembling the pratincole's, but larger—exactly like what the observer declares he has occasionally found in pratincoles' nests before, and believes to be cuckoos' eggs.

The cuckoo had obviously been looking for a nest for its egg, but was prevented from depositing it here by the obstinate sitting of the pratincole. Why, then, was the egg on the ground? It is a curious fact that the cuckoo always lays its egg on the ground in the first instance, and conveys it to the nest in its mouth. In many cases, this is necessary; for instance, it would be impossible for the cuckoo to lay its egg in the ordinary manner in the nest of a redstart or a water-wagtail in the hole of some tree or wall. Female cuckoos have been shot with the egg in their mouth. Levaillant observed the same habit in the yellow

cuckoo of Africa—many which he shot in this way either half-swallowed the egg, or cast it out of their mouth in the death-spasm. This is no doubt the origin of the stories of the old writers that the cuckoo laid its egg from its mouth. It must require a pretty wide gape to take in the egg, and with most birds it would be impossible; but the extreme smallness of the cuckoo's egg in proportion to the size of the bird permits it. Such an arrangement as this must also be very necessary when so small a nest as the golden-crested wren's is chosen—for this tiny creature sometimes has a monster of a young cuckoo foisted upon her—the weight of the cuckoo laying an egg in the ordinary way, would quite break down the little nest.

Mr Baldamus speaks of having found cuckoos' eggs in the nests of the red-backed shrike, which imitated the two varieties of the egg of that bird, in having either a greenish or reddish-gray ground colour. This, of course, gives a certain amount of difficulty in distinguishing the cuckoo's egg; but it can generally be recognised, in the first place, by its size, which varies very little; it is very small in proportion to the size of the bird, being generally smaller, and never larger, than that of the skylark. There is generally, too, a perceptible difference of colour from the eggs it is associated with, and the spots are seldom if ever arranged in a ring round the larger end, as in so many eggs. The shell is very thin, and has a peculiar grain, which is difficult to describe, but may be seen by comparing the cuckoo's egg with some other under a lens.

The facts we have mentioned are all taken from German sources. There are special facilities in Germany for inquiry, in consequence of the bird being much commoner than with us; but we have already seen some definite confirmations in English specimens, and there is no doubt that further investigations would elicit still more remarkable results. Here is a field where even our younger readers may do good service to science; let each bird-nesting school-boy who reads this, see in the ensuing spring whether the cuckoos of his own neighbourhood have the same habits. Nothing is required but intelligent observation. It is important to discover whether the same bird really returns every year to the same district or beat; and whether cuckoos' eggs of one colour are especially characteristic of each district.

FESTIVITIES IN BALLYGARRIFFE.

IN Ballygarraffe we don't manage things exactly like other people; we rather pride ourselves on some of the peculiarities which serve to distinguish ours from the plebeian villages in our neighbourhood. We are remarkably aristocratic—rather painfully so towards any luckless wights who come amongst us without proper credentials of gentility. They had far better go to Austria without a passport, or to London without money! Any hardy resident who ventures to call upon them, invite them, or recognise their existence in any shape or form, runs a very great risk of being tabooed in his or her own proper person; our code of gentility resembling in this respect the laws of quarantine—that contact with the suspected brings even the healthy under *pratique*.

Even amongst ourselves, we have little cliques and coteries, which maintain a sort of skirmishing and border warfare with each other; and some of us who form a portion of the 'cream of the cream,' are willing occasionally to take an unlawful and venturesome dip into the skimmed milk of society.

Men, unmarried men especially, are very scarce amongst us; and, of course, like everything else, they are esteemed precious in proportion to their rarity.

At one time, there were forty marriageable ladies residing in and about Ballygarraffe—'the forty thieves,' as a sarcastic old bachelor called them; while the number of gentlemen at all likely to assume the gilded chain of matrimony, was actually limited to three.

'Forty deplorables, and but three availables!' exclaimed a visitor one day; 'what a dreadful disproportion!' Matters have somewhat mended since then—not matrimonially speaking, however; for although we have a few more bachelors amongst us, yet, like fish that have been often angled for, and foxes that have frequently run before the hounds, they have become so wary, so difficult to catch, that our village is known almost proverbially as the worst place in Ireland in which a young lady may practise the exciting and profitable sport of husband-hunting. On account of this paucity of gallant knights and squires, we ladies are wonderfully independent of their company and escort; indeed, Ballygarraffe, albeit situated in 'our troublous kingdom of Ireland,' as good Queen Bess used to call it, is about the quietest and most peaceable spot in the dominions of Queen Victoria. Miss Saunders remarked to me one day: 'My dear, one may walk about here at any hour of the day or night without even an umbrella.' The non-essential character of which implement, however, referred exclusively to its secondary use as a warlike weapon; for our often-weeping skies render its legitimate office anything but superfluous.

We have pleasant little tea-parties now and then at each other's houses, where the usual programme of the evening is as follows: First, excellent strong well-creamed tea and coffee; and such a Sally Lunn, rich, light, gold-coloured, as I never saw equalled at any trans-Ballygarraffe party. This commendable meal is partaken of by the guests, comfortably seated round a table; Mrs Bennett, indeed, once resolved to be genteel, and to have the tea, coffee, and cold sweet-cake—a miserable substitute for the glowing Sally Lunn—handed round properly on trays; but one handmaiden managed to upset a cup of coffee over a pink silk-dress; and the other sent cake, cream-ewer, and sugar-bowl flying into the centre of an ottoman, covered with satin patchwork, the 'box-pattern,' and the very pride and delight of its owner's heart.

So the trays were voted a bore, and the handmaidens a nuisance; and every one was glad to return to the bright mahogany-table and the pleasant hissing urn.

After tea, follow *de rigueur* Annie Laurie, *To the West*, and *Excelsior*, sung and performed by one or more of the company. We all say that we're extremely fond of music; that, in fact, it is quite a passion with us; but I sometimes cannot help suspecting that in reality we are all very glad to get to the third act of the evening—namely, a round game. This is usually either 'Club the Constable,' played for love, and therefore very honestly; or extremely limited loo, of which so much cannot be said. Indeed, the cheating is so barefaced, so avowed, so much a matter of course, and so general, that it becomes quite honest; and the laughter, fun, and jesting, the comical disputes about the ownership of a disputed threepenny, and the transparent flirtations conducted beneath the equivocal of winning or losing queens, hearts and knaves, render our Ballygarraffe card-playing the merriest and most innocent gambling in the world. But the 'seeing each other home' after these festivities is the most amusing part of the business. Sometimes there are five several sets of ladies going in different directions, while the whole available protecting contingent consists of two housemaids, one dog, one lantern, and two gentlemen.

One of these latter, being an old married man, tucks his wife under his arm, and walks off in total disregard of 'the girls he leaves behind him.' The

other, one of our very few availables, as Miss Saunders's maid remarked: 'Poor gentleman, has to divide himself.'

We seldom have a moon on those tea-party evenings; and as to gas, such a thing is not to be named amongst us. The upstart town, indeed, on the other side of the river, lately set up a gasometer, and offered, half scornfully, to lay subaqueous pipes across, and give us the benefit of its illumination. But, as we all agreed, 'gas would spoil Ballygarraffe: the dirty, narrow streets of Merton, filled with drunken sailors and squalling brats, might indeed require to be lighted at night; but our pretty terraces, our clean, quiet roads, our village street, which has houses at one side only, and trees at the other, quite like a boulevard—they surely require no other illumination than that of the twinkling stars and silvery moon.' This latter clause was the contribution of a sentimental maiden, Miss Angelina Stammers, who resides in a romantic cottage with her widowed sister, Mrs Bennett. The moon and stars are certainly all very well, when they happen to be so courteous as to shew themselves; but when we have to go home in the dark, funny little scenes do occur.

Our lanterns, like most articles under the surveillance of Irish servants, generally contrive to be *hors de combat* when they are wanted.

'Why won't the lantern continue lighting to-night, Leary?' inquired Miss Allen of her servant, as the flickering flame expired in the very darkest part of the strand-road.

'Why, thin, myself doesn't know, miss, unless 'tis on account of the wick.'

'What's the matter with it?'

'Tis the way, miss, Norry couldn't find the wick anywhere from the top to the bottom of the house; and so she unravelled one of the master's worsted socks, and put in a bit of the yarn, thinking 'twould do beautiful; but I'm afeard it won't light.'

If the moon, according to the ancient legend, be the receptacle of everything lost on the earth, she certainly must contain a good many of our lanterns. Mine, at all events, like Miss Allen's wicks, was not to be found 'from the top to the bottom of the house,' when I wanted it one dark evening that I and a young friend who was staying with me were going to drink tea at Mrs Allen's.

'What shall we do without the lantern, Mick?' I inquired of my butler.

'Oh, don't be afeard, ma'am; I'll light ye there in style, never fear!'

So, trusting to this oracular promise, we proceeded to array ourselves for our expedition. It happened that my young friend had brought nothing with her in the way of a head-covering but a particularly stylish, and, therefore, an especially small bonnet; so, for reasons partly of economy and partly of comfort, and trusting to the darkness of the night, she, in the absence of the master of the house, coolly put on his wide-awake hat. I offered her, in addition, the loan of another portion of his garments, which, however, she declined, on the plea of their utter incapacity to contain the vast circumference of a steel petticoat. Well, we were ready at last, and standing in the hall.

'Mick!'

'Coming, ma'am, immediately.' And up walked our satellite, looking as brilliant as a primary planet, from the ingenious contrivance which he carried in his hand. It consisted of an end of thick mould-candle, lighted in a cracked tumbler, which, after all, served admirably to light us on our way, and shewed off to such advantage the laughing blue eyes and rich nut-brown hair beneath the saucy wide-awake, that I really think if we had met any beaus that evening, they could scarcely have retained secure possession of their hearts.

There was rather a sharp breeze sweeping along the strand-road; and Mick, a martyr to his own discovery, was fain to keep his hand on the top of the tumbler, until the sensation of burning becoming intolerable, he used to remove the aggrieved member for a moment, and shake it well. We could hear him, at the same time, mutter *sotto voce*: 'Bad luck to it!—'tis more trouble than the lantern, after all!'

At length we reached our friend's house in safety, guided, as her son remarked, 'by a Will-o'-the-Wisp, if not by a Jack-o'-the-Lantern.'

Mrs Bennett returned with us that night, her homeward path lying in the same direction as ours. The wind had gone down and the moon risen, and very calm and beautiful was the scene around. On one side were fields and groves stretching down to the road; on the other, the gently plashing tide washed the low parapet-wall which bounded the footpath. Not a human being did we see during our walk. Mick kept close behind us, ostensibly in dutiful attendance, but really because he was fully persuaded that the road was 'airy'—that is, haunted by ghosts; and nothing, I suppose, would have induced him to travel it alone.

'What a lovely night, Mrs Bennett,' I said. 'I am sure, only for the sake of appearances, we do not want a servant, or any one else, to protect us.'

'No, indeed. Angelina and I often walk here until it is quite late, and we never met any one to speak to, except one night, when a poor, civil, drunken man asked us to allow him to walk along with us, in order to prevent the police from arresting him.'

'And did you consent, Mrs Bennett?' I asked, with some curiosity; for although I knew her and her sister to be about the most good-natured women in Ballygarraffe, I really scarcely thought their kindness of heart would carry them *that* length.

'To be sure we did; and he walked along with us quite civilly, until we got to our own door; only saying now and then: "Do you think, ma'am, the police will take me up?" And we used to say: "O no; make your mind easy, we'll protect you!" So he thanked us, and got into the ferry-boat, and I hope the men in it took good care of him, and did not let him fall overboard.'

'Good-night, Mrs Bennett,' I said, cordially pressing her hand; 'I'm glad we did not meet any drunken men, whether civil or uncivil, to-night.'

It was duly announced one day in Ballygarraffe that Miss Saunders was going to give a large party, a real undeniable ball; and in order to furnish the necessary quota of partners for the young ladies, our village contingent being quite inadequate, and the demand far exceeding the supply, the hostess was obliged to have recourse to the nearest garrison-town.

The officers then stationed there were all English, and being quite fresh arrivals, they knew nothing whatever of our village or its society; but finding their quarters extremely dull, they were delighted to accept Miss Saunders's invitation; and, accordingly, five gay military heroes made their appearance at the appointed time.

It happened that amongst the native guests invited were Mr Taylor, his wife and sister; and it so chanced that they arrived rather fashionably late, some time after the officers had made their appearance. Having, according to our primitive custom, walked from their home, the two ladies were shewn up-stairs by their hostess's neat maid, in order to have an opportunity of bestowing a little mutual adjustment on their coiffures. And this process proving of somewhat a lengthy nature, Mr Taylor was left far longer than he approved of, to stand in the hall and await, with what patience he might, the tardy descent of his fair womankind. Being naturally of an active disposition, he looked around

for some means of whiling away the time; and his attention being attracted by a basket of visiting-cards lying on the table, he began to turn them over, without, however, deriving much amusement from the mere perusal of a set of well-known names. Raising his eyes from this profitless employment, he happened to glance at the opposite wall, where the officers' great-coats were hanging in a row; and a bright idea struck him. We know, on good Dr Watts's authority, *who* it is that 'finds some mischief still for idle hands to do;' and assuredly the inspiration seemed not wanting on the present occasion. Hastily selecting a number of ladies' cards, appertaining to our single as well as our married notabilities, he stuffed them promiscuously into the pockets of the greatcoats; and then, in a calm and complacent frame of mind, accompanied his wife and sister into the reception-room. A pleasant, merry party it was: the rooms certainly were scarcely large enough for the amount of polking required to fit into them; and the consequent collisions, or 'collusions,' as an old friend of mine always says, were neither few nor noiseless.

'Young Waters trod on my toes,' said Mr Digby, 'but I paid him off in the next polka, for I gave him a blow of Georgiana Wilson, which sent him spinning across the room.' The probably unpleasant effect resulting to the young lady, of being thus made useful in the novel character of an offensive weapon, never seemed to trouble her chivalrous partner.

'Ah!' observed one of the officers, a remarkably tall, stout, and awkward-looking son of Mars, as he endeavoured, with an assumption of languid grace, to walk through a quadrille with a smart, *espègle*, bright-eyed little damsel—'Ah, they might as well ask a man to waltz round a washing-basin, as to daunce in such a room as this!'

'Certainly,' was the reply—and the rosy lips that uttered it scarcely reached the hero's massy shoulder—'even the ocean, you know, appears small when Leviathan taketh his pastime therein.' Thanks to the extremely compressed dimensions of the quadrille, this retort of little Miss Davies was heard by every one engaged in it; and the captain was ever afterwards known at mess by the *sobriquet* of 'Leviathan.'

There was a capital supper; plenty of good things were eaten, and plenty of good things were said during its progress. And then came more dancing, and the mirth grew fast and furious; nor was it until long after daybreak that the young ladies and the officers found themselves restored to their respective quarters.

It was rather late the following day when the military gentlemen discovered the fair ones' cards lying snugly concealed in their pockets. A council of war, or rather of courtesy, was held, and it was decided *nem. con.*, that it must be the custom among the wild Irish, when they wish to make the acquaintance of strangers, for the ladies to take the initiative after this singular fashion.

'Hang it, there were some smart, pretty girls among them,' said one gay lieutenant; 'and I vote we go down in the next train, and pay a round of visits at Ballygarraffe. It would be a pity to disappoint the dear creatures.'

The proposition was carried by acclamation; the ladies both young and elderly, quite innocent of foregone conclusions, were charmed with the affable small-talk of their military visitors. Walking-parties, boating-parties, dinners, and picnics, were speedily organised; papas, husbands, and brothers amiably consenting to leave their cards at the barracks; and an inordinate quantity of flirtation was of course the natural and necessary result.

Two *bond fide* matches also, which, I am happy to say, are likely to turn out very well, trace their origin to Mr Taylor's idle five minutes in Miss Saunders's hall; and I have just heard of a third as on the *tapis*.

Little Miss Davies has actually determined to tempt the perilous ocean of matrimony in company with Leviathan, who, she thinks, is likely to prove a better partner for life than he did in that memorable quadrille.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

BEFORE this goes before the public, the launch of the *Great Eastern* or *Leviathan* will probably have been accomplished. The disappointment in the first attempts was the greater, that the company are in want of money, and hoped to raise L.100,000 on mortgage of the big ship, when once she should be in the water. The delay revived the question as to the economy of such a monster. Certain shrewd shipowners say that 1500 tons is the largest size that *pays*, and they ask sagaciously, whether any government will risk ten thousand troops at once in one vessel? Only let the *Leviathan* take her plunge, and these and other interesting questions will be answered.

Nothing came of the electric light, which we were told was to be used on the same occasion. It has been tried, however, a few miles higher up the Thames, to light the workmen employed on the new Westminster Bridge, and with a result which appears fatally objectionable. Its intensity produces shadows so very black, that the workmen were continually betrayed in their movements, and fell off the stages into the water. Something yet remains to be done to make the electric light practically available: for operations under water it answers well.

Some years ago we noticed a series of promising electrical experiments made by Mr Bagge at the Polytechnic Institution; and we are glad to find that he continued his researches. He has now a scheme for accelerating the transmission of messages by the electric telegraph—a useless scheme, as some will think. But although the signals fly fast enough along the wire, the manipulation by which they are produced is comparatively slow. A clerk cannot by any possibility spell more than a certain number of words in a minute, and Mr Bagge purposes to get over the inconvenience by employing steam. He takes a band of gutta-percha which is pierced with holes; into these holes, pins are inserted, which represent the message, and the bands being set in motion by the steam-engine, the pins make contact in passing with the signal apparatus, and thus deliver the message to the wire with all desirable rapidity. This application of power to telegraphy, if it can be realised in practice, involves important consequences, especially with a sub-Atlantic cable in prospect, and the under-sea lines to the Levant. It may be necessary to remind our readers that Mr Bagge employs frictional and not galvanic electricity, finding it better suited to the required work.—The lines of telegraph across the Mediterranean are coming into operation, and Paris has been brought into communication with Africa. The first messages were sent from Algiers to Bon; thence by way of Sardinia, Corsica, Spezzia, Piedmont, Savoy, Chambéry to Marseille.

The Institution of Civil Engineers opened their session with papers on practical subjects: 'On Lighting Mines by Gas,' for example, the importance of which may be inferred from the fact that the estimated cost of the oil and tallow burnt in the mines of England is L.500,000 a year. In one of the Cornish mines the expense is L.7000; and taking the two

counties, Devon and Cornwall, it amounts to L.90,000 per annum; and all the while the light is imperfect, and the effect on the air of the mine highly deleterious. Mr Wright, the author of the paper, described an experiment made at Baleswidden Mine, which proved entirely successful. Gas was forced by pressure down the shaft—a depth of 780 feet—and all the ladders and workings were lighted, to the satisfaction of all concerned. The annual cost of candles had been L.834; of gas, it was not more than L.487; and, besides, 'the ventilation was better, there was an entire absence of the sickening smoke and bad odour previously pervading the mine, arising probably from some particular compounds of hydrogen and carbon, given off during the imperfect combustion of the candles.' Indeed, the introduction of gas appears to be advantageous in every respect; and although there is no risk of explosion in the Cornish mines, Mr Wright sees no 'reason why the system should not be extended to mines generally, and under certain precautionary measures, to coal-mines.'

Mr Peter Barlow is busy with the subject he brought before the British Association at Dublin, 'On the Mechanical Effect of Girders and Suspension-chains,' he demonstrates by reasoning, and seeks to do so by experiment, that the most economical bearer of a railway bridge is a suspended iron girder. He proves, what Mr Fairbairn admits, that the Britannia Bridge over the Menai is five times as heavy as it ought to be, and might have been with perfect safety. The people at Montreal might perhaps save a million or two of dollars were they to adopt Mr Barlow's method.—But of all the projects recently initiated or revived, those for effecting railway communication direct between France and England are the most astonishing. M. de Gamond proposes a tunnel to run under the bed of the Channel, with shafts rising at intervals as towers above the water, to insure ventilation; and an artificial island to be formed midway, as a convenient station and universal port. He has published a quarto volume, with map and plans on the subject. An English engineer, on the other hand, is for building a bridge, to rest on great piers erected at intervals of about 500 feet all across from Dover cliffs to Cape Grisnez. We mention these schemes as characteristics of the age; not that we think them likely to be carried out, or that it would be desirable to attempt by any such means to abolish the 'narrow seas.' Less magnificent, but more useful, is the proposal—which at last seems to be made in earnest—to get parliamentary sanction for omnibus-tramways along some of our principal metropolitan thoroughfares.

When the calculating-machine, invented by Mr Scheutz of Stockholm, was exhibited at Somerset House and in other places, we more than once drew attention to its merits. We rejoice for the inventor's sake—father and son—to hear that our government have bespoken one of their machines for the use of the registrar-general. That useful and industrious functionary will employ it to calculate the tables, and arrive at the data which add so materially to the value of his periodical *Reports*. Another kind of machine, talked about by Mr Mechi, at an agricultural meeting in Essex, seems to foretoken a marked change in the cultivation of farms. It is described as an implement combining a railway, 'adapted for agricultural purposes, patented by Mr Halkett, by which he promises to plough land at 1s. 7d. the acre; hoe it at 1s. 3d.; get in the harvest at 1s. the acre; and carry the manure, &c., of the farm at 1d. per ton per mile.' If all this can be realised, it will be interesting to watch the effect of such an implement on the condition of the rural labourers.

Mr Wyatt Papworth's paper, read at the Institute of British Architects, entitled 'An Attempt to determine the Periods, in England, when Fir, Deal, and Elm

Painting were First Introduced,' is worth attention, and as likely to be acceptable to the general reader as to the profession. Mr Papworth shews that deal boards were imported from Norway at the early date of 1272. In Elizabeth's reign, fir was largely used; hence it is a popular error to believe that our ancient houses were built exclusively of oak timber. Painting of wood-work begins to be mentioned in the thirteenth century; but in that and the fourteenth, whitewash was the favourite mask of walls inside as well as outside the house; and in London, the thatch even was whitened—perhaps as protection against fire. Mr Papworth concludes his paper with some excellent practical remarks on house-painting, which explain wherein consists the difference between good work and bad work, and reveals some of the tricks of the trade; but as this is a part of the subject we have heretofore noticed, further mention of it here may be dispensed with.

The first meeting of the Royal Society—the first of a session as important to science as that of parliament is to the nation—was made attractive by General Sabine's *vidæ voce* exposition of his paper on the magnetic observations made by the captain and officers of the *Plover*, while they lay for three years at Point Barrow during the search for Franklin. To an outsider there may not appear anything very astonishing in such a work; but these observations are of especial interest, inasmuch as they shew that what are called 'magnetic storms'—that is, unusual disturbances of the magnets—take place simultaneously at Point Barrow, and at Toronto in Canada, but in precisely opposite directions. In this opposition General Sabine believes a clue may be found to one of the causes of terrestrial magnetism, and that if observations were made in a spot about midway between the two, a neutral point would in all probability be discovered; and this point once clearly made out, the way, full of promise, would be open for further discoveries. The question is considered to be of such importance that government have been asked to send out an expedition to the arctic coast to make observations about the mouth of Mackenzie River, in which latitude it is thought the neutral point will be found. Three years of observations would be required to furnish trustworthy data, and to admit of the necessary comparison with those made in other places.

St Andrew's Day brought, as usual, the anniversary meeting of the Royal Society—their first in Burlington House. Lord Wrottesley, the president, shewed in his address from the chair, that science has not been idle of late: he summed up her achievements, spoke confidently of the future, and then distributed the rewards by which the Society mark their appreciation of meritorious achievements. He gave a royal medal to Professor E. Frankland of St Bartholomew's Hospital for his valuable chemical researches, particularly on the constitution of the alcohols; another to Dr Lindley, the well-known botanist and author of works on botany; and the Copley medal to Michel-Eugène Chevreul, a French savant to whom chemistry and art are largely indebted. By his investigations and experiments upon saponaceous compounds, he determined the true cause and nature of saponification, and opened thereby the way for a new branch of industry, now highly appreciated by thousands in the form of stearine and composite candles. But for Chevreul's experiments, the obtaining of hard and valuable fats from coarse low-priced oils would probably not yet have been possible, nor would organic chemistry have become the master-science it now is. Although aged, Chevreul still pursues his researches with enthusiasm. His recent work on *The Law of the Contrast of Colours*, has made his name familiar to a large class of students who are not chemists. We are glad to observe that the Royal Society maintain their

commendable practice of ignoring nationalities, and of seeking only to encourage science in the award of their honourable distinctions.

Dr Livingstone has set off on his return to Africa, rich in fame and fortune, but not beyond his deserts. We hear that the sale of his book has produced him not less a sum than £5000. He goes first to Lisbon, to confer with the Portuguese government on the question he has so much at heart; and in the course of a few months we may hope to hear of his doing great things towards the introduction of trade among the natives of Africa. He is now independent; and being so thoroughly self-reliant, he will not be one to shrink from any labours which may seem to him a duty. Apart from the story of his adventures, his book is valuable for the incidental glimpses of character it affords, for its plain dealing with the faults and blunders of the Cape government, and with the want of moral conscience among the Boers. We may mention here that Lord Clarendon has promised that a vessel shall be despatched forthwith to explore the Zambesi. Good news this for cutlers and cotton-spinners.

Mr Fortune, who has come home, and written a third book about China, has had an offer from the United States government of the agency for the introduction and culture of Chinese productions within the States.—We are to have now a weekly mail to India, and there is some talk of introducing our alphabet for native use into that country.—At Irkutsk—far away within the Arctic Circle—the Russians have a gymnasium or college, in which German was one of the languages taught. By a recent ukase, German is to be dropped in favour of English, or, as the imperial document has it, 'the American language.' The Russians have a settlement at the mouth of the Amoor, to which the Americans trade; hence, to facilitate intercourse, this language is to be studied in the schools. A few years ago, we gave a brief summary of an American's project for an exploration of the Amoor, and to penetrate to the interior of Tataria along the great stream.

News has been received from Mr Palliser, who, as we mentioned some months ago, started with an expedition to explore unknown parts of British North America, between the head-waters of the Missouri and the Saskatchewan. The region comprehends 112,000 square miles, inhabited partly by Indians. A primary object of the expedition is, to find a practicable passage across the Rocky Mountains in that latitude, by which safe communication may be established between Canada and Vancouver's Island—a matter likely to become of great importance. At the date of his dispatches, Mr Palliser was at Red River settlement—a place of which it is said that it has been helped into helplessness; and he intended to winter at Carlton House Fort, and to get across to the Pacific in the course of 1858. He had visited the Kakabaka Falls on White Fish River, which plunge down a height of 171 feet, and he considers that they form a grander spectacle than Niagara.

We learn from Norway, that the last winter in Greenland was so unusually severe, that five hundred persons died of hunger, owing to their ordinary supplies being cut off by the terrible weather. Let us hope that the present winter is merciful to Captain M'Clintock and his little band of adventurers who are out to search for relics of Franklin.—We add to this a fact about our own weather. On that wet Thursday, October 22, which broke up the dry season, two and a half inches of rain fell, thus giving in one day more than a tenth of the whole annual rainfall. The London districts included in the Registrar-general's Reports comprise 78,000 acres, and it has been computed that twenty million tons of water fell within that area on the day in question.

BANK-NOTES.

BANKS AS THEY WERE, ARE, AND OUGHT TO BE.

BANKERS used to consider themselves [some still do] bound to have a positive knowledge of the soundness of the parties upon whose bills they advanced the money of their customers. They discounted, in fact, within the circle of their own acquaintance; they gave legitimate help to legitimate trading, they distributed the help fairly; and they kept, besides, a sufficient reserve to make them easy about the demands of their depositors. Of course, on this system no large interest, if any interest at all, could be allowed upon deposits; and fortunes were not to be made in a few years.

Gradually, however, has grown up a totally different system, and, under stress of unhealthy competition, banking has been driven from its safe and honest course. The banks and bill-brokers have become the upholders of fictitious credit, and the finders of capital for the conduct of enormous businesses by men of no means. Instead of discounts belonging to real trade, they keep afloat millions upon millions of bills that represent no value whatever; and uphold a rotten competition, that robs fair traders of their rightful profits, and involves honest men in the ruin of rogues. The joint-stock banks keep little or no reserve of their customers' money: it is out on mortgage, out on ships, out on loans at fixed periods, out on bills, out on call with the bill-brokers. By these shifts, they pay large dividends, and run large risks, at the peril of their shareholders and depositors.

Surely no one imagines that the Liverpool Borough Bank, the Western of Scotland, the Staffordshire and Wolverhampton, or the Northumberland and Durham district bank, have been compelled to close their doors from losses in the true business of banking. It is not as bankers, but as traders, as money-lenders, as builders of ships and warehouses, as pushers of trade and stampers of worthless bills for bankrupts or penniless men, that they have failed. The closing of their doors comes of a career deserving exposure and punishment, and the non-exposure of which, more than the failure of the banks, is a public calamity.—'R.' in the *Leader*. The remedy proposed is, that the Bank of England shall charge 1 per cent. additional on re-discounts.

CURRENCY AND CAPITAL.

The omission to keep in view the double function performed by gold and convertible bank-notes of serving at once as *capital* and *currency*, has led the public mind into inextricable confusion on the subject of restriction, of which the advocates of unrestricted issues have largely availed themselves. The mystery may be cleared up by calling the managers and directors of the Western Bank, and others in similar circumstances, and the insolvent merchants to whom they have advanced the capital and deposits of their confiding customers, before a committee of the House of Commons, and examining them as to the causes of the present commercial embarrassments. Let the merchants be asked—When you had funds of your own in any of the banks of your district, did you find a difficulty in obtaining *currency* with which to conduct your exchanges both at home and abroad?

They could give only one answer—'No.' Let the next question be—'When you extended your transactions beyond the limits of your own resources, was it *currency* as a medium of exchange that you wanted, or *capital*?' Only one answer could be returned to this question—'It was capital.' Then let them be asked: 'Do banks supply capital to manufacturers and merchants?' They would probably answer, 'Yes; that is one of the objects of their institution.' 'Whence, then, do the banks derive the capital which they lend?' 'From their shareholders and depositors.' 'When you say that the *currency* is deficient, do you mean that all the gold and convertible bank-notes in the United Kingdom are not sufficient to enable merchants to buy goods and pay debts in any part of the world, provided they possess a legitimate command over these by having deposits or balances at their credit with their bankers?' We should like to hear their answer to this question. It could not, consistently with reason, be in the negative. We should follow it up by asking: 'Or, do you mean that persons who are carrying on trade greatly beyond the limits of their own resources, and have no balances of their own with their bankers, find it difficult, especially when their solvency comes to be doubted, to obtain gold and bank-notes, on easy terms, to serve them as *capital* in sustaining their overgrown transactions?' The answer to this question would, we think, bring out the fact, that *currency* has never been wanting to those who hold balances with their bankers; and that it has been gold and bank-notes to *officiate as capital* that embarrassed traders have really been demanding.

We should then proceed: 'When the banks have advanced, in loans and discounts to merchants, all their subscribed capital, and as large a portion of their deposits as they should, in prudence, part with—if these do not suffice to supply the wants of men who are trading on borrowed capital—is it the duty of government to come to the aid of such borrowers, and permit the banks to issue notes for their accommodation, without reference to their ability to convert them into specie on demand?' The answer to this question would, in our opinion, shew that the opponents of the Bank Restriction Act, under the equivocal that the *currency* is deficient, really demand an unlimited supply of inconvertible bank-notes, which may serve them as *capital* in maintaining their speculations.—*Scotsman newspaper*.

NEW ROMANCE BY MAYNE REID.

On the 2d of January 1858 will appear in this Journal the commencement of

OCEOLA:

A STORY OF THE SEMINOLE WAR.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID,

AUTHOR OF THE 'WAR-TRAIL,' &c.

To be continued weekly till completed.

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